

At Last.

He had wooed, but never had asked consent
Of this maid to be his wife,
And she had begun to think he meant
To court her all his life.

They went to a restaurant one night,
And when opening soda there,
Through his awkwardness the cork took
flight,
Nearly hitting the maiden fair.

But she did not shrink as the missile near
To her ivory forehead passed;
With a rippling laugh, she cried, 'Oh, dear,
Has something popped at last?'
—New York Press.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

Whiskey lowers the man and raises the
devil.
If you are slandered, never mind it; it
will all come off when it is dry.

What is that out there in the water? It's
the bell buoy. Why, it's ringing wet.
Contrary to the proverb, the lawyer who
proves himself a necessity usually knows
some law.

The man who leaves a woman best pleased
with herself is the one she will soonest wish
to see.

Watts—How is old Gilfillan? Is he out
of danger yet? Dr. Bowless—I don't know.
He died this morning.

There goes a spanking team, remarked
Willie Brown to Tommy Jones as the two
boy's mothers walked down the street to-
gether.

Soker—I wonder who first invented
whiskey. I suppose he is forgotten in the
dim and distant past. De Tanque—Yes,
but his spirit still lives.

Riggs—And they married and he is now
living very happily. Oliver—But the woman?
Riggs—Oh, she's got a divorce and
married me.

Pat—Phwat place is that beyant? At-
tendant—New Jersey. Pat—Begobs! I
came on the wrong ship. I wanted to come
to Ameriky.

One half of the world doesn't know how
the other half lives. It is just as well per-
haps. It saves thousands of divorces and
cyclones of family troubles generally.

Mrs. Homebody—See here, do you call
this good measure? This can isn't half
full. Milkman—That's all right, mum, it's
condensed milk, you know, mum.

Poverty stricken Sutor—Be mine,
Amanda, and I will treat you like an angel.
Amanda—I should think so. Nothing to
eat and still less to wear. Not much!

She—Do you drink? He—No. She—Do
you smoke? He—Never. She—Have you
any vices? He—Certainly not. She—Well,
run away to your mamma. There's a dear.

The first thing a man does on reaching
the rural regions is to loudly rhapsodize over
the beauty and purity of untrammelled nature.
The next is to start back to town, where
there is some fun going on.

Scene: A cheap restaurant in Paris.
Waiter—Have you any cats in this estab-
lishment? Yes, sir; two fine ones. Bring
them here. The waiter does so. Now,
leave them here, and order me a nice rabbit
stew.

Frenchman—Your society is so different
from zat of France. You haf no political
saloons. That's where you're entirely mis-
taken. Why, everyone of the aldermen
keeps one.

Ethel—Jack and I hit on a far better
scheme than counting the stars last night.
Clara—What was it? Ethel—We watched
the clouds and whenever one hid the moon
he gave me a kiss and I kept it till another
cloud came up.

At Saratoga—Paresis—Do you know what
I've been thinking? Sillinate—What?
Paresis—I've been thinking if the horses
were one half as fast as some of the society
girls the world's record would be smashed
inside of a week.

Planter—So that melon I gave you last
night made you sick, eh, uncle? No, sah.
Dat fruit nebber ruffle de ole man's feelins
ter dat egstent. Ter be sho' dar was a sorter
double twist kink in de gesterum, but dat
warn't nuffin but de man's conshins pining
for anudder watermillion.

Just the Other Way.

Adonis—There's one thing that I couldn't
stand, and that's a wife who would be eter-
nally putting her hair up in our papers.

Matronly Friend—Have no fear, Mr.
Adonis. Girls don't go to any such trouble
after they are married.

A Great Deal of Waiting.

Any person waiting on you, sir? asked a
floor walker of a man in a crowded store.
No, replied the customer; I'm doing the
waiting on somebody to come and get me
what I want.

What Alled His Finger.

For those who have eyes to see the present
always bears the impress of the past.

Why do you stick out the middle finger of
your left hand so straight while you are eat-
ing? asked a lady of a tramp. Was it ever
broken?

No, Madam; but during my halcyon days
I wore a diamond ring on that finger, and
old habits are hard to break.

A Knowing Parrot.

A gentleman was boasting that his parrot
would repeat anything he told him. For ex-
ample, he told him several times before
some friends to say uncle, but the parrot
would not repeat it. In his anger he seized
the bird and, half twisting his neck, said:
Say uncle, you beggar, and threw him into
the fowl pen, in which he had ten prize
fowls. Shortly afterwards, thinking he had
killed the parrot, he went to the pen. To his
surprise he saw nine of the fowls dead on the
floor with their necks wrung and the parrot
standing on the tenth, twisting his neck
and screaming, Say uncle, you beggar, say
uncle.

Laid it on the Mouse.

A young society man who moves in the
younger circles of Louisville, told something
out of the usual run the other day to a Com-
mercial reporter. He is a handsome fellow,
tall and erect, and a prime favorite among
the girls. He said he attempted to kiss a
pretty girl and just as he got his arm around
her slender waist and was about to kiss her
she said if he dared he would scream.

Not wishing to have a scene, which such
an action would cause, he withdrew his arm
and resumed his seat at the other end of the
sofa. In an instant the pretty girl said: O,
I thought you were braver than that. She,
however, obstinately refused to let him kiss
her, and she likewise threatened to scream
if he attempted it. He thought he would
profit by his former experience, and paid no
attention to the warning.

He kissed her; she screamed; her mother
came in and demanded an explanation. The
girl came to his rescue, however, and said a
mouse was in the room and that she had
screamed as it ran across the floor. Fur-
thermore, by saying that the young man
had gallantly tried to catch the mouse, she
explained his blushes to the mother's satis-
faction.

She Decided to Do Without One.

John, I think we had better advertise for
a girl, said a newly married lady to her hus-
band the other evening.

I think so, too, my darling, was the reply.
Then the sweet young thing brought pen-
cil and paper to write out the ad.

Wanted—A young girl to do general
housework, she wrote.

That is not enough, interposed John. Put
in something about being neat. I do not
want a girl that is not neat.

All right, darling. Wanted—A neat, good
girl for general housework.

Better say at the end: No red headed
girls need apply.

Why, dearest
Oh, I do not want any red headed girl
about the house.

Very well. Wanted—A neat, good girl
for general housework. No red headed girls
need apply.

Might add: Black-eyed, plump girl pre-
ferred. The husband looked reflectively at
the ceiling.

John.

The pencil and paper dropped to the floor.

What is it, my love?

I don't believe I want a girl. They are
more bother than they are worth. No. I
have decided not to advertise for a girl,
John.

A Contest in Cooks.

A source of constant and generous rivalry
here, quite as ardent in its way, and in one
sense, at least, quite as interesting and en-
joyable as the competition for the posses-
sion of the finest art treasures, is the emu-
lation among the millionaires for the hon-
or of having the best cook. It is diffi-
cult to decide who has the best cook in
town, for the reason that each culinary
master has some special quality of excellence
not possessed by the others. This is a bless-
ing, for it insures a delightful degree of
variety, and makes the task of reciprocal
hospitality a diversion fraught with pleasure
and surprise.

One cook is a specialist on snakes, another
without a peer at an omelet, or a pate, or a
pudding, and so on. Of the half dozen lead-
ers, the one that is most highly esteemed by
his employer is Mr. Theodore Havemeyer's
chef. Mr. Havemeyer thinks this chef is
the best cook in the metropolis, and he cer-
tainly is an artist, but other connoisseurs
of good eating yield the palm of excellence to
the chef of Mrs. William Astor.

Mrs. W. C. Whitney has a chef of ac-
knowledged fame and capacity. The cooks
employed by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Elbridge
T. Gerry and George Peabody Wetmore
rank among the best six of Gotham's private
chefs. What they don't know about cook-
ery it would be a waste of time to try to
learn. Mr. Havemeyer's cook is Emil
Perriere, and he has pastry cooks to aid him
in preparing feasts, and two pastry cooks
help William K. Vanderbilt's chief, Louis
Collas, to get up the daily menu. Mrs.
Astor's cook is Edward Dalleine, and Joseph
Klein is lord of ex-Secretary Whitney's
kitchen.

Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt's kitchen is re-
garded as the most costly in equipment of
any of the famous New York mansions.
Mr. Vanderbilt has a retinue of about
thirty servants, with his chef, Frederick
Hammerle.—New York Sun.

WHAT THE MARKS INDICATED.

I never saw such funny writing as George's
is said the beautiful young girl, as she held
an envelope up for the inspection of her mar-
ried friend.

It is rather illegible was the reply.

O, I don't mean that was the quick re-
sponse. He puts such funny marks in it.
You know he's only written me three or four
letters since we've been engaged because he's
been in the city all the time, but when he
does write one it looks so funny. It's all
filled with marks like this—¶—and then he
makes character and like this—&—and
puts a ring around them. And at the end
of all his sentences he puts a cross like this
—x. Then when he makes a figure he puts
a ring around it, and always draws two
lines under his signature. And sometimes
he draws a line down through capital letters,
and once he crossed a word out and then
drew a ring around it and marked it stet.
It's awfully funny. I can't make anything
out of it.

My dear, said the married woman, as
quietly as her excitement would allow, have
you no suspicions?

Suspicious! exclaimed the beautiful
young girl, in alarm. No, no! Of what?

Has he never confessed? persisted the
married woman, with Spartan firmness.

George confess! cried the fair maiden.
Martha, you alarm me. Are they counter-
feiter's marks?

Worse, was the solemn answer. Ethel,
your husband will be out nights. He will
come in at all hours. Most of his work will
be done under cover of darkness. He will
miss his dinners and be constantly chang-
ing his hours. He cannot be depended on
to be at home at any certain time or to leave
at any certain time. Ethel, the man you
are engaged to is a newspaper man.

No, no; it cannot be! cried the dark-eyed
beauty. I will not believe it.

Ethel! She was very impressive. Did
he ever draw a straight line through all the
pages of a letter?

Yes, and it was one of the best he ever
wrote.

Alas, Ethel, it is too true. He is a news-
paper man, said he has absent-mindedly put
in the marks for the printer. Poor girl!
try as he might, he couldn't conceal his
identity.

Then the young girl cried, Horrible! and
burst into tears and refused to be comfort-
ed.—Chicago Tribune.

He Reminds Us.

The man who stops his paper because
something has appeared in its columns of
which he does not approve, and does it with
an air of regret that it is necessary to drive
the publishers into bankruptcy, reminds us
of the train dispatcher who requested an in-
crease of salary and threatened to quit if he
didn't get it. The superintendent replied to
his request by relating a story:
'When I was a young man,' said he, 'I
once did as you are doing—I told the super-
intendent of the road what you have told
me. He refused my demand and I quit;
and, would you believe it? That darn road
is running yet!'—Lima News.

Class Distinctions in America.

No one will ever pretend to deny that cer-
tain individuals are superior to certain other
individuals in acquirement, in intellect, in
goodness; but when it comes to planting whole
classes on platforms and stages of eminence,
the idea is constantly to be reprobated, and
no American motion can allow her children to
make such distinctions uncorrected. Such
classification of our citizens into upper and
middle and lower tiers, once well established
in the popular mind, would help to make it
easy for the next step—a monarchy upheld
among these classes by the oppression and
taxation and restriction and resulting igno-
rance of the people.

The children of the ordinary mother in
America may in such an order of things by
possibility be found near the throne; they
may, by more probability, be found with the
peasantry, or with the armies that will keep
the peasantry crushed so close to earth as to
be no more than clouds—anywhere but where
they can share or help the progress of human-
ity upward; as today, it is to be hoped, hav-
ing a chance to do so, they do.

And in a country founded upon the doctrine
of equality in rights, a country whose insti-
tutions have raised to personal sovereignty those
who would be serfs and peasants had their
grandfathers of one or two removes remained
in the old lands, a country whose institutions
have lifted woman to an altitude that is allow-
ing her to display and use the best there is in
her, it ill becomes any woman or the daughter
of any woman to speak of any of her country-
men or countrywomen as of the middle class.—
Harper's Bazar.

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