

THE COMING MAN.

Oh, not for the great departed,
Who formed our country's laws,
And not for the bravest-hearted
Who died in freedom's cause,
And not for some living hero
To whom all bend the knee,
My muse would raise her song of praise—
But for the man to be.

For out of the strife which woman
Is passing through to-day,
A man that is more than human
Shall yet be born, I say.
A man in whose pure spirit
No dross of self will lurk;
A man who is strong to cope with wrong,
A man who is proud to work.

A man with hope undaunted,
A man with god-like power
Shall come when the most is wanted,
Shall come at the needed hour,
He shall silence the din and clamor
Of clan disputing with clan,
And toil's long fight with purse-proud night
Shall triumph through this man.

I know he is coming, coming,
To help, to guide, to save,
Though I hear no martial drumming,
And see no flags that wave,
But the great soul-travail of woman,
And the bold, free thought unfurled,
Are heralds that say he is on the way—
The coming man of the world.

Mourn not for vanished ages,
With their great heroic men,
Who dwell in history's pages
And live in the poet's pen.
For the grandest times are before us,
And the world is yet to see
The noblest worth of this old earth
In the men that are to be.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Truth.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

Ladies do not like to grow old, and yet they're the very first to adopt new wrinkles.
The most attentive man to business we ever knew was he who wrote on his shop door: Gone to get married; return in half an hour.

Blushing Girl—Yes, Dick. My heart is in you keeping. Young Baggageman—My own darling! I will give you a check for it.
Colonel Mooney says it is a mistake about it being unhealthy to sleep in feathers. Look at the spring chicken and see how tough he is.

Teacher—Name some of the most important things existing to-day which were unknown one hundred years ago. Tommy—You and me.

She—Papa, may I marry Jack? I could go further and fare worse. He—You could not fare worse. She—Then what's the use of my going further?
Cook (ruminating in the kitchen)—I wonder what I must do to-day to rile the missis. Shall I burn the roast meat to a cinder or boil the potatoes to a hash?

Well, Rastus, what would you do if you had a million? asked Barbbery. I'd eat de whole business, returned Rastus. I see powerful fond o' millions, sah.
Where does this milk come from, anyhow? asked Miggles. Cows, I fancy, said Wagg. That accounts for it, said Miggles. Cows is a famous watering place.

Figurante—What do you do, Olga, when one of your admirers sends you a bouquet? Casino Star—I always open it directly it comes to see if there is a bracelet in it.
McFingle—Did you have much of a time with the boys last night? McFangle—Time! Well, I should smile! You ought to have had the headache I woke up with this morning.

The young dramatist telling the story of his new play to the new manager, said: As the two robbers crawl in at the window the clock strikes one. Ah, said the manager, which one?
Lady (to tramp)—This is the third time you have called here to-day. Tramp—It is true, madam; but I'm sure you wouldn't want a man to get along with less than three meals a day.

I never knew Cumcash to have but one failing, said a friend of his to a business man. Yes, replied the business man, that's about all; but I understand he made a good deal of money out of that.
Mrs. Longwedde—Such a charming husband Mrs. Von Pickle has! So tender after ten years of marriage! Mr. Longwedde—Quite natural. It would make a rhinoceros tender to be kept in hot water for ten years.

A man imagines that he has lots of fun in telling how difficult it is for even a woman to find her way into her own pocket, but all the varnish comes off the laugh when he begins to remember how easily she gets into his pockets.
I do hate to hear a man grumble all the time as that fellow is doing over there, said a disgusted passenger to the conductor of the train. My dear sir, exclaimed the conductor in surprise, you evidently do not understand rairoading. That man is traveling on a pass.

Minister, said an old woman in the north of Scotland, I'm going away fast and I'll soon be in Judas' bosom. Hoots, toots, Janet, said the minister, ye mean Abraham's bosom. Ah, minister, if ye had been as lang a single woman as I've been ye wouldn't be particular whose bosom it was.

The Sunday-School Precept Does Not Always Work.

This Sunday-school precept business is all very well in its way, says ex-Senator Waller Young, of St. Joseph, but it doesn't always work in the rush of practical life. When I was a boy I had the prettiest notions about confessing a fault, never telling a lie, and all that sort of thing. One day I threw a stone carelessly and it broke a large pane of glass in the college building. Nobody saw me. I could have escaped without detection, but after reviewing all my Sunday school precepts it occurred to me that the grand and noble course for me to pursue would be to call at once upon the president and tell him how I had accidentally broken the window pane. It was a brilliant resolution, and as I started toward the president's office I could almost hear him say: Brave boy, your manly conduct is worth a dozen panes of college glass. Go thy way, my son, and be more careful in the future. The president was a stern, dignified man, and I approached him with a great display of humility.

Mr. President, said I, I broke a pane of glass just now, but I didn't go to do it. What's that? he thundered, laying down his book and freezing me with a look. You did what?
Broke a pane of glass in the chapel, sir. You did? Well, young man, you bring two dollars with you to-morrow morning to pay for it, or I'll send the bill to your father. Understand that, sir?

Ye-ye-yes, sir, I faltered.
You bet I understood it. It meant another humiliating confession at home and a possible thrashing for my carelessness. But it taught me a lesson. The next time I broke a window glass I ran like a turkey and let the durned old college find out who did it. And they never caught me on another two dollars, either.

A Little Girl's Prayer.
A little girl in Connecticut was taken by her mother to a dentist, who removed a tooth. That night at prayers she said: Forgive us our debts as we forgive our dentists.

Pressed Into It.
I thought you said you never would accept Charlie, said Maud.
So I did—but he put his arm around me when he proposed, and—well I yielded to pressure, returned Ethel.

His Name Was Denis.
Judge (sternly)—What's your name, prisoner?
Prisoner—Denis, Yer Honor.
Judge—I thought so. Six months.

Baseball Courtship.
Were you ever in love before? she asked, looking trustfully at her athletic lover.
He was a baseball crank, but he was truthful, so he was compelled to answer: Many a time, but—
But what? Tell me about them?
Well, yca see, I was out on first—
Oh, that means your first girl went back on you?
Of course. Then I tried to steal second. Eloped?
That's it. But I was thrown out.
Her father?
No. Big brother. Next time I fouled.
The girl wouldn't have anything to do with you?
You've got it. And then I batted a fly and the left fielder got it.
Some fellow had you out out before?
Sure. But this is the first time I ever hit safe, and I'm going to make a home run. See.
Well, I guess not, broke in the gruff voice of the girl's pa. You're going to be struck out.
And he suited the action to the word in a way which brought the baseball courtship to a sudden close.

A DEFECTIVE SYSTEM.
The Present Style of Emitting Money is Faulty.

Did it ever strike you that the present condition of the National finances is owing to a defective system of emitting money from the Treasury which will be recognized by all who make a careful examination of the situation? Over \$72,000,000 has been paid out by the Secretary of the Treasury as premiums in the purchase of bonds not yet due since 1888. The premiums paid on these bonds ranged from an average of about 25 per cent, on the 4 per cents., due in 1807, to about 6 per cent, on the 4s, due in 1891. This vast amount of money was paid as tribute to the bond owner under a plea of the necessity of getting the money hoarded in the Treasury out among the people. About \$400,000,000 of bonds have been retired in this manner, at a cost of an average of about 18 per cent. The plain

facts about the transaction is, the Government paid 18 cents on the dollar to the bond owner to change \$400,000,000 from the vaults of the Treasury, to the vaults of the banks. The people were compelled to pay the banks the usual bank rates to obtain its use. When it is realized that the people are taxed to pay the whole, the enormous tribute paid for a circulating medium is seen as it really exists. It is hardly fair to expect the American people to remain quiet under such a system of plundering, when once awakened to the true condition of affairs. It would seem absolutely necessary that some plan should be devised whereby the people might be furnished with sufficient currency without being compelled to pay such an enormous tribute. A close study of the present system of emitting money from the Treasury will disclose the need for an immediate change.

Shirtmakers Protest Against Convict Labor.

The laboring men of Troy, N. Y., who make shirts, collars and cuffs, came before Governor Hill through representatives and informed him that one of his appointees, Austin Lathrop, Superintendent of Prisons, has taken away their bread and butter by permitting the State Prison convicts to make shirts, cuffs and collars. The competition of the convicts with the honest workmen of Troy, they stated, had been severe. Mr. Hill declared that he had no legal power over the Superintendent of Prisons. The delegation had at its head Mayor Whelan of Troy, City Attorney Roche and all of the members of the Common Council. Mr. Roche was the spokesman. He narrated the story of Troy's wrongs at the hands of the State Prison convicts. First the stove industry and then the shirt industry had suffered at their hands. The stove industry had been killed. "Now," said Mr. Roche, "the shirt and collar industry is being crushed. The convicts do as good work as our skilled workmen in Troy, and yet they are supported at an expense to the State of only eighteen cents a day. Can you expect workmen to compete with men whose lives are sustained by such a small expenditure? In all, 578 men have thus been employed. They manufactured in the month of May nearly 200,000 shirts. Everywhere the salesmen of our shirt and collar men go they find themselves undersold by the salesmen of Clinton Prison, where these convicts work. We have complained to Superintendent Lathrop that we were being injured, and he promised to reduce the number of men employed at the prison in shirt and collarmaking; but he has not redeemed his promise. We are not here to ask the number of convicts at work upon shirts and collars be reduced but that none be employed."

Clothing in Its Relation to Health.

Dr. Hibberd says: It seems time that the relation of clothing to the health of the people of temperate climates engaged in civil industries should be reviewed, and the points for investigation may be summarized thus, viz.: (1) The popular and professional estimate of the hygiene of the skin is much below its real importance. (2) The physiology of the skin can not be largely interfered with without endangering the general health. (3) One of the influential factors in the sound health of man is to establish and maintain in his organization a resisting power to the causes of disease. (4) The tendency is overdress, enervating the skin and curtailing its power, and thereby the power of the whole system, to resist the causes of disease. (5) A proper exposure of the surface of the body to envioning low temperature is a valuable general tonic. (6) Ventilation of the skin is indispensable to good health. (7) Habit may enable one to bear wide differences in clothing under similar surroundings without detriment, and this should impress the necessity of cultivating correct habits of dress.

National Nicknames.

Most of the nations of Europe have nicknames, which willingly or unwillingly they have accepted. The appropriateness of some of them is evident, but to explain the origin of some would be difficult. A writer in Lippincott's Magazine has collected some interesting facts on this point.

Englishmen have submitted to the name of John Bull, as suited to the national character. A Scotchman is Sandy; the Irishman derives his name, Paddy, from his national patron saint; while an ancient nursery rhyme records the fact that Taffy was a Welchman. English sailors call the Frenchman, in contempt, John Crapaud; but in France he is Jacques Bonhomme, or as a bourgeois, Monsieur Prudhomme.

Cousin Michel is the name by which the German is known to the Continental nations. Mynheer Clesh, an abbreviation of Nicholas, sums up the Hollanders, who are often known simply as the Mynheers; while the Switzer rejoices in the name of Colin Tampon.

Don Whiskerandos is almost a national nickname for the Spaniards, dating from Elizabethan times. Italians are known as Lazzaroni, and Danes as Danskers.

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