

SERENADE.

The birds have gone to sleep, love,
The flowers are drunk with dew,
The stars their vigils keep, love,
And I appeal to you.

My heart my song confounds, love,
It sings in a minor key;
My joy would know no bounds, love,
If you'd but come to me.

Awake, awake, O true, true heart,
Awake to love and me;
The morn draws nigh and we must part
'Tis night—and we are free.

The sky is flecked with clouds, love,
Like lace upon your breast;
Day's corpse in its pale shrouds, love,
Is buried in the west.

The dead may tell no tales, love,
The day is dead and gone;
Thy courage never fails, love,
I'm waiting here alone.

Descend, descend, oh true, true heart,
Descend to love and me;
The morn draws nigh and we must part
'Tis night—and we are free.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

When a fly lights on a piece of sticky paper he realizes that he was better off.

I dread to go to Mrs. Chicago's reception this evening. Why, dear? Four of my old husbands are going to be there.

The Italians may be a light hearted enough people in their own country, but here it is common enough to find them in the dumps.

You like hot corn, Miss Flypp, said young Hunter, as she munched a roasting ear. Yes, I like it it pretty well; but I much prefer pop corn.

Johnny Briggs—Ain't you sorry winter is coming so soon? Tommy Figg—Naw. When it's winter I get time to stay up longer after dark.

Wilhe—Pa, are soubriquet and soubrette the same? Pa—They are very much alike, my son, in the way they stick to a man when they get hold of him.

I see Miss Sanders and Miss Smiley are together all the time. What dear friends they must be! Not at all. You see, each of them has an unmarried brother.

Begorra, said Bridget, as she opened a bottle of champagne for the first time, the blamed tool that filled this quart bottle must a' put in two quarts instid av wan.

There is one thing I don't understand, said little Harry, that's why good tasting things like pie make me sick, while bad tasting things like medicine make me well.

Isn't Mr. Dukane cross-eyed? asked Mrs. Bloomfield of Mrs. Shingiss. Well, was the reply, I should hardly like to go so far as to say that, but I think his eyes might be called misfits.

As winter draws near the bald headed man feels his heart give a bound of delight No more pestilent flies, no more use for a fan—

And the ballet, hooray, every night.

Clara—I got a note from a drummer the other day who said he would give the world to kiss me. Maude—What did you reply? Clara—I told him to call on me with a full line of samples.

God bless papa and mamma, and Annie, and— Well, say the rest, said her mother. Amen! she responded. But you didn't ask God to bless Helen, was suggested. No, mamma, Helen ain't in it.

In an Irish daily there recently appeared this advertisement: Wanted—A gentleman to undertake the sale of a patent medicine; the advertiser guarantees that it will be profitable to the undertaker.

Daughter (at West Hampton, L.I.)—Mr. Sliherly asked me last night to marry him, mamma. Would you advise me to accept him? Mamma—Certainly, my child, the season is too nearly over to be squeamish.

English actress and her manager are on the steamer approaching New York. She—My dear, is that a light 'ouse h'over there? He—Don't talk of light 'ouses to a manager. I may be an inspector of light 'ouses before we get back.

Michael—Wiz Brian Boru raaly so glorious an' wilty as they make him out to be, Pat? Patrick—Och, musha, didn't he hev a naygur always wid him to shpit on his hands win he threw his sword an' waded in for a ruction?

A Bird Could Do What He Couldn't
At a recent school examination a trustee was examining a class of little girls, taking for his object lesson a bird.

After the little ones had answered the questions he put to them about the feathers, bill, feet, wings, etc., to his satisfaction, he put a question which he thought might puzzle them.

Now, my little girls, he said, tell me this: What is it a bird can do which I am unable to—(wanting the answer fly.)

For several moments the little ones thought, but could give no answer. At last a bright little girl held out her hand.

Well, my little girl, what is it?

Lay an egg, sir.
The trustee was carried home in a dead faint.

No Umbrella in Sight.
Mr. and Mrs. Bridgman were on their first ocean journey and were in their stateroom one day when Mr. Bridgman remarked to his wife:
I think it must be raining.
Mrs. Bridgman rose, peeped out of the porthole upon the broad ocean and said:
I guess 'tain't rainin' much. I don't see anybody out with an umbrella.

Had no Experience, but was Willing to Learn.
A lady in Edinburgh having advertised for a parlor maid, who, in addition to the ordinary duties of such a situation, would be required to valet and carve, received the other day an application in which the following occurred: I have not been in the habit of carving, but am most anxious to learn and have no doubt will be able to give satisfaction.

He Convinced the Old Man.
A New York man was paying his addresses to a young lady, but her father objected to the marriage.

What objection do you have to my marrying your daughter, you blasted old fool? asked the suitor.

My principal objection is that you are rough and disagreeable in your manner.

I am compelled to be so by my position. I would be discharged if I behaved myself like a gentleman, you old mutton-headed gorilla.

What is your position? the parent asked.
I am an elevated railroad official.

An Answer that Turned Away Her Wrath.
A little eight-year-old Irish boy in one of our public schools was reproved by his teacher for some mischief. He was about to deny his fault when she said:
I saw you, Jerry.

Yes, he replied, as quick as a flash. I tells them there ain't much you don't see with them purty black eyes of yourn.

That was the soft answer that turned away wrath.

Change of Diet.
Doctor—Well, Rastus, how are feeling to-day?
Rastus—I reckons, doctor, I done feels jus' erbout no bettah, sah.

Doctor—Indeed! What did you have for dinner to-day?
Rastus—Chicken, sah.

Doctor—Why, man alive, that was what you had yesterday, and I distinctly told you then you needed a change of diet.

Rastus—I war mighty 'ticklar 'bout dat, doctah; dis wuz altogedder anudder chicken dat I done eat terday.

Why She Classed a Kiss Among the Staples.
It was the prettiest little nest of a room, with one window that opened straight toward the sunrise and one all cool and shady, with maple boughs. There were all manner of pretty little femininities scattered about, and in addition, a photograph of a very roguish young gentleman.

And then, continued Primrose, hiding her face on her visitor's shoulder, he—he—kissed me!

Just as any sensible man would, the latter remarked.

Mamma never lets me accept presents, from gentlemen, she said; that is, anything substantial, you know. Flowers or candy or fruit—of course that's different; they're what I call perishable goods. But books or jewellery, things of that kind—what I call staple goods—she never allows me to accept.

And a kiss you classed among the perishables, I suppose, to be kept?

No, said Primrose demurely, among the staples. I returned it.

Stunned by His Wife's Unanswerable Argument.
A remarkable instance of the convincing power of feminine logic is recorded by a gentleman who was one day standing on the edge of a crowd which was besieging the doors of a bank supposed to be on the point of suspending payment.

The dialogue was carried on between a rosy cheeked Irish woman and her husband, who were standing close to the gentleman's elbow.

Nora, said the man stolidly, we must push up, so ye can draw yer money out.

But I don't want to draw it out, Phalim, replied the placid Nora.

Nora, an' don't ye know they'll lose yer money for ye if ye don't hurry up and draw it out?

An' sure, Phalim, ain't they better able to lose it than we are?

Phalim, remarks the listener, was apparently stunned into silence by this unanswerable argument and meekly followed his wife as she elbowed her way past the crowd and down the street.

Fortunately for this trusting pair the bank's difficulties were but slight and temporary, so that its ability to stand the loss of Nora's balance was not tested.

THE NINETY AND NINE.
There are ninety and nine who toil and sweat
In this beautiful land to-day
That one in splendor may idle fret
And fritter his time away;
'Mid a surfeit of riches, clothes and food,
And a prodigal waste of coal and wood,
He lolls in the lap of indolent ease,
While the ninety and nine must starve and freeze.

There are ninety and nine sweet children fair
In our cities' noisome cells,
Dying for want of light and air,
While one 'mid plenty dwells.
These helpless babies, these lambs of God,
His heirs to sunlight and air and sod,
Are crowded out of this beautiful land
By the cruel acts of a brother's hand.

If he "who notheth the sparrow's fall"
Concerneth himself in rain or shine,
Some day a vision will sure appall
The one who robbeth the ninety-nine.
Was Cain more guilty of murder's ban
Than he who starveth his fellow man?
If a brother's keeper, since Adam's line,
Who keepeth the weal of the ninety-nine?
—Dr. A. S. Houghton.

THE BUFFALO DEFEAT.
GRAND MASTER SWEENEY'S EXPLANATION.
He Says His Cause Was Just.

The following under the head of "The Buffalo Defeat," and written by the switchmen's leader, Frank Sweeney, appears in the September number of the Switchmen's Journal, published in Chicago:

In the defeat of the switchmen in the Buffalo strike there is a lesson which the laboring people should thoughtfully consider. If ever a cause was just this one was. If ever a strike was launched with the eternal principles of common justice behind it, this was the one; and if ever an effort to better the condition of labor merited the unanimous and enthusiastic support of all labor organizations, the Buffalo strike deserved it, but the strike is lost. The three labor leaders who alone could have extended a helping hand have folded their arms behind them. Not only has this crushed the struggle for justice, but, because of the fact that they stand at the head of allied branches of labor in the same occupation, it has given color to the statement of labor's enemies that the Buffalo strike was beyond the pale of legitimate support. To allow this impression to go forth is a stinging injustice to the gallant men who have fought many battles for other people, only to find help denied them in the hour of their distress.

The laboring people of all classes will marvel much at the refusal of the leaders to help win the strike, and still more that any constitution written by those who toil can stand between beleaguereed comrades and advancing reinforcements. And the wonderment must increase when it is remembered that the demand made by the strikers was most reasonable, while the conditions against which they rebelled were simply outrageous; that they demanded the same pay received by other men doing the same work in the same city; that they demanded the 10-hour day enjoyed by their comrades and legalized by the Legislature of their State; that they rebelled against working regularly 11 hours a day and frequently 14, 16 and 18; that cases are on record in the Erie yards of 36 hours on duty without rest or sleep; that cases of 17 to 20 hours without time for meals were common; that in the 11 and 12-hour day but half an hour was given for meals, and that those who protested against this white slavery had been discharged. Never in the history of railroad labor have employees thrown down the gauntlet to corporate power with a more righteous cause to contend for or a better right to presume that all organized labor would stand by them to the last ditch.

That a cause so pre-eminently just should fail of success simply because those who could and should help to win it stand idly by, naturally arouses honest indignation among the laboring people, and demands that the real causes responsible for the disaster shall not be hidden beneath the smooth words of the switchmen's pretended friends, but actual betrayers. The chiefs of the firemen, conductors and trainmen give as their reason for not supporting the strike that their respective constitutions prevented it. No other reason is given, and the laboring people are left to guess as best they can why a piece of printed paper was allowed to hold at bay the eager rank and file, while the three leaders complacently watched the triumph of the wage robbers. This apparent mystery is readily understood by those familiar with the record of railroad labor during the past 18 months. The simple truth is that the three men in question went to Buffalo full of hostility for the switchmen and devoutly wished their defeat. They had not the slightest intention of assisting the strikers and knew the text of their constitution at home quite as

well as after they got to Buffalo. Their course is most remarkable in view of the fact that when the Canadian Pacific discharged all conductors and brakemen last March the first act of Clark and Wilkinson was to telegraph Sweeney imploring assistance on the ground that the company "refused to treat with us as representatives of organized labor."

Constitutions have long been the coverts behind which cowards hide, and the Buffalo strike proves that they can also be used as the shield of treachery. The plea that there was no power to set printed rules aside is too puerile to deceive anybody. These very men won the Canada Pacific strike by the help of those who had no grievance and no constitutional right to strike. It is not yet a year since Sargent, distracted by the fear of defeat in St. Louis, sent a plaintive wail for help to Sweeney, although he knew that the constitution must be ignored to save him. And yet with these facts fresh before them the three "leaders" folded their arms at Buffalo and said that they were very sorry that the constitution prevented interference!

The switchmen's record is one of loyal support of others and shameful abuse in return. Whenever and wherever railroad men have asked for justice the switchmen have gallantly stood by them, and times, when there was nothing for them to gain, they have flung themselves into the breach and gone down in defeat through pure sympathy for their struggling comrades and devotion to union principles. Their only reward has been mock friendship, and when the call for help went out it was answered by a heartless quotation from a constitution.

Man's Duty to Man.
The father may think to hide certain parts of his character from his child, not wishing him to imitate them, and may give him precepts that he has never followed, but the child absorbs what he fancies is concealed and forgets the words which contradict it. Commands and exhortations may produce or restrain certain acts, but they are powerless to inspire emotions or create desires. Often they have a reverse effect.

To give every one his due, to refrain from taking unfair advantage or in any way enriching one's self at the expense of another, are supposed to be duties which are simply to be inculcated and obeyed, yet how is the desire of gain, so intense in many minds, to be made to yield when it conflicts with these duties? Chiefly by crediting within the breast a stronger desire for justice and integrity. The love of rectitude, the faith in honor, the desire to deal fairly and squarely with all men, must be aroused and strengthened before and one can be thoroughly and truly just. And the same is true with regard to every good quality.—B. of L. E. Journal.

Sympathy For Labor.
The entire plutocratic press is making a most pitiful wail for the right of non-union men to work. Fifty days have passed since the union men were locked out at Homestead. There is not a particle of evidence that violence has been used by organized labor to prevent non-union men going to work. Why haven't they run the mills? To help them do so there has been a place to work, and high wages offered; all the millions of the Carnegie steel company, limited, and all the consolidated plutocracy of the world behind them; 300 Pinkerton thugs to guard them; 8,000 militia to hold down the job for them; the sheriff and all the civil authority of Allegheny county, and all the courts and judges of Pennsylvania to ditto; all the plutocratic papers of the United States to sweat and swelter in glowing sympathy with them. Did "rats" and "scabs" ever have such backing in their noble efforts to take the bread out of other men's mouths and put it into their own? The State of Pennsylvania has already poured out \$400,000 and the Carnegies have donated \$1,000,000 in this noble work. Why, then, does it go so slow? Why, oh why, with all this outflow of charity to help them, don't the non-union men make the Carnegie mills hum?—Nonconformist.

JUBILEE DRUG HALL
1341 ST. CATHERINE ST.
Branch: Corner Fullum and St. Catherine streets.
ROD, CARRIERE,
TELEPHONES—6041, 6207.

MONEY TO LOAN.
\$25,000 to lend on City or Country Property, interest from 5 to 6 per cent., by sums of \$500 and upwards; also money advanced on goods. Commercial Notes discounted. House and Farm for Sale or to exchange.
JOHN LEVEILLE, Agent
St James st.

A. L. BRAULT
MECHT TRILOR,
53 — BLEURY STREET — 53
MONTREAL.

R. SEALE & SON,
Funeral Directors,
413 & 43
St. Antoine St., Montreal.
Bell Telephone 1022.
Fed. Telephone 1691.

Every Workingman
SHOULD READ
THE ECHO
A BRIGHT, NEWSY,
ENTERTAINING WEEKLY
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.
ONLY \$1.00 A YEAR.
Job * Printing!
— FOR —
SOCIETIES,
LODGES
ASSEMBLIES
— AT —
REASONABLE PRICES.

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY
AUTHORISED BY THE LEGISLATURE
BI-MONTHLY DRAWINGS IN 1892:
7th and 20th JANUARY. 3rd and 17th FEBRUARY. 2nd and 16th MARCH.
6th and 20th APRIL. 4th and 18th MAY.
1st and 15th JUNE. 6th and 20th JULY. 3rd and 17th AUGUST.
7th and 21st SEPTEMBER. 5th and 19th OCTOBER.
2nd and 16th NOVEMBER. 7th and 21st DECEMBER.
8184 PRIZES, WORTH \$52,740
CAPITAL PRIZE WORTH \$15,000.
Tickets, - - - \$1.00 Do. 25c.
S. E. LEFEBVRE, Manager,
81 St. James st., Montreal, Canada.
Ask for Circulars.