

MEMORIES.

Say, Pete, do you remember, in them happy days of yore, When me and you was workin' in ole Stubbs's gro's'ry store, A-ohewin' Stubbs's apples, nuts, 'n' raisins all day, An' kep' poor Bill a-wonderin' why the biz-niss didn't pay?

'N' how our dads they lectured us for per-petratin' crime, A-playin' penny ante in th' church at sermon time?

'N' how we loved Sal Peterby, as lived to Hickoryville, 'N' how we punched each other's heads, 'n' fit as tho' ter kill, Becuz Sal bowed to me one day, 'n' wouldn't bow ter you, 'N' nex' day smiled so sweet on you, 'n' out me dead in two?

'N' how she jilted both on us, 'n' married Silas Prime, Becuz yer penny anted in the church at sermon time?

Haw, haw! Ye do? Ye got it all stored deep down in yer heart, 'N' from no single mem'ry of them days gone by ye'd part?

Waal, Pete, I'm glad ter hear ye say those words what you has spoke, 'N' jes to prove yer mem'ry's good, 'n' yain't a tryin' to joke, Jest shell out that there dollar, Pete, 'n' likewise that there dime, Ye've owed me sence we played that last small game at sermon time!

—Harper's Weekly.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

To keep apples from decaying, put them in a cool place—where there is a large number of children.

There is nothing more aggravating to a woman with a secret than to meet people with no curiosity.

A gentleman said to a dillitory waiter: Are you the lad who took my plate for this beef? Yes, sir. Bless me, how you have grown.

Sunday School Teacher—Who Joves everybody, Johnnie? Johnnie—My papa does, cos he is trying to get into the town council.

Marie—He broke her heart—the wretch. Celeste—Did he jilt her? Marie—No, he insisted on her keeping her engagement when she had a better offer.

It takes two young women a long time to say good bye to each other, I've heard. Yes. But I've noticed that it takes a young man and a young woman a great deal longer.

What a lovely morning, he said. It is a perfect morning, she replied. Trus, he said. I haven't seen anything this morning that isn't perfect. And he looked her straight in the face. Then she blushed.

Knowledge is Wealth—Druggist—You might have charged that young man five shillings for filling that prescription. Why did you put the price at one shilling? Clerk—He understands Latin.

Trichord (a business like piano manufacturer)—If you don't want to keep that piano that I let you have on approval, Mr. Sheers, I wish you would return it. Sheers (an absent minded editor)—Did you enclose a stamped envelope?

Tangle—Hang it all, Marie, that confounded poodle of yours has bitten a piece clean out of my leg. Mrs. Tangle—Oh, how very annoying, Henry, when poor Fido is ill, and the doctor said that he mustn't have a bit of meat for at least two weeks.

Paterfamilias (furiously)—You scoundrel, why did you elope with my daughter? New Son-in-law—To avoid the insufferable fuss and nonsense of a society wedding. Paterfamilias (beamingly)—Thank heaven, my daughter has got a sensible husband, anyhow.

You shouldn't be so restless in church, Charlie, said the minister to his little son. I could see you moving and jumping about in the pew all through my sermon. I was stiller 'n you were, papa, answered Charlie. You was wavin' your arms and talkin' all through the church.

A house painter once applied for an engagement at the Haymarket Theatre. I enclose you a newspaper cutting, he said, to show you that I have aptitude for the stage. The cutting was as follows: The prisoner, who denied the assault, conducted his own case, and defended himself in a somewhat dramatic manner.

Simeon Easygo, after living sixty years on a farm, finds his quarters on shipboard somewhat cramped. He obviates the lack of space, however, by stowing his garments and shoes into a round aperture in the side of the vessel on going to bed. 7 a. m.—Startling disclosures: Steward, last night I put my clothes in that there cupboard and they ain't there now. That ain't a cupboard; that's a porthole, sir.

The Play That Pleases.

Dramatic Author—I have a new play which I should like you to examine. Great Actress—Pardon me, but I am so overworked that it would be impossible for me to—

The scene is laid on the Continent. Don't want it. At a most picturesque era of medieval times— I have plays enough. It is in five acts— Keep it in your pocket. Fifteen scenes. Won't have it. And calls for ninety-five changes of costume. I'll take it.

The Obstinate Passenger.

In a second class compartment of an express a couple of old friends sat facing each other. During the journey the guard came to examine the tickets, and observing a heavy portmanteau placed on the seat, he said to the stout passenger who sat next to it:

Please put that luggage on the floor. The gentleman pretended not to hear. Don't you understand, sir? I want you to take that portmanteau off the seat. Let me alone, will you? scornfully replied the traveller.

The enraged guard here entered the compartment and exclaimed:

I ask you for the last time, will you take that luggage off the seat?

To which the stout gentleman, growing red in the face, replied:

No, I tell you, and if you won't leave me in peace I shall report you.

We'll see about that said the guard as he left the carriage.

At the next station the train was timed to stop for three minutes. Immediately on its arrival the guard made his complaint to the station master, and the two officials proceeded to interview the refractory passenger.

Please to remove that portmanteau, sir, said the station master.

I have already told the guard that I shall do nothing of the kind, was the aggravating reply.

Then you must get out here, sir; you can't be allowed to proceed any farther.

Never! I mean to stay where I am, and go with this train to Scotland.

Meanwhile all the people on the platform had collected in a crowd to enjoy the fun.

Come out, sir! the station master shouted in a tone of command.

I shan't, and I take all these persons as witnesses to your insulting treatment.

The angry official then sent a porter to fetch a policeman. At this moment an inspector hurried up, saying:

We are already seven minutes behind time, and turning to the obstinate passenger, he added:

Why do you give us all this trouble?

What has that portmanteau to do with me? exclaimed the traveller.

Why, isn't it yours?

Certainly not.

Then perhaps it is yours? interposed the station master, addressing the silent companion of the stout gentleman.

Yes, sir.

At this unexpected reply, which was uttered in a tone of child like simplicity, and accompanied by a pleasant smile, the crowd on the platform set up a roar of laughter.

Why didn't you say so sooner? cried the station master.

Nobody asked me.

Fresh roars of laughter from the crowd. Then, sir, take your portmanteau off the seat.

With pleasure, sir.

It was done.

Sixteen minutes after time! groined the inspector, as the signal was given for the start.

Bromley—Here's an account of a woman who lived forty-eight days on water. That's nothing, Darringer. My father has been living on water for the last ten years. Do you expect me to believe that, eh? Why don't you add that he got fat on it. Well, he did. He's a sea captain.

Gus de Smith—Do you know my father, Miss Birdie? Miss Birdie—I never met him, but I believe he is a very modest, unassuming sort of a man. Gus de Smith—Right you are. You can get some kind of an idea of how unostentatious he is when I tell you he does not brag about having me for a son.

An amateur dramatic company gave a performance a few nights ago. The piece was Hamlet, and Gus Snobberly played the Ghost. Gus expressed his lack of confidence in himself, but the manager reassured him by saying: Now, Gus, all in the world you have to do is to come in and say: I am thy father's ghost, and you must do it in a deep, sonorous voice. Gus said he would try and do his level best. When the ghost's turn came, he spoiled the tragic effect of the whole performance by saying: I am thy father's ghost, and you must do it in a deep, sonorous voice.

UNHEALTHY OCCUPATIONS.

We little think when buying some of the most ordinary articles of daily use that they have been produced at the cost of, or irreparable damage to human life.

Formerly, until the introduction of what is called amorphous phosphorus, those engaged in the trade of match-making were subject to a form of jaw disease, a formidable and most intractable complaint, the jaw slowly decaying away and the teeth falling out, the sufferer either recovering after a long illness with horrible deformity, or dying from exhaustion or consumption. Happily these unfortunate sufferers are not so often met with now, owing to the use of the above-mentioned modification of phosphorus, and because also phosphorus is being given up to a large extent in the making of matches. It is, however, the principle constituent in most "vermin killing" pastes.

Those who are occupied in making mirrors and looking-glasses, and carvers and gilders, frequently become salivated, being poisoned by the mercury used in their trade, and suffer from headache, numbness, and tremor in the limbs. Men employed in these trades should be particular about personal cleanliness, and not eat their meals in the workshops.

The process of electro-plating has done away with a good deal of disease in these trades. A great number of occupations are more or less injurious in proportion to the amount of dust given off in the various processes, and, according to Parkes, the more angular and hard these particles of dust, the more injurious they become. One would expect the coal miner, exposed to great variations in temperature, working in a dusty, vitiated atmosphere, often in a cramped and doubled-up position, to show a heavy mortality from lung disease, but such is not the case, as he heads the list in the matter of freedom from lung troubles, a fact explained by the minuteness, absence of angularity, and comparative softness of the dusty particles, and possibly some specific action of the coal dust in hindering the development of phthisical complaints; while in sharp distinction to this immunity is the heavy mortality in these diseases of the Cornish tin-miner, two-thirds of his total death-rate being from lung complaints. Here the hardness and angularity of the particles inhaled are responsible for the heavy death-rate.

Coal-miners are also subject to an affection of the eyes, produced either by the insufficient light they work in, or, what is more likely, the position they work in. Another class of toilers who pay a heavy toll in sickness and death are those who follow the employments of knife-grinding, pill-making, and needle and pin making. The dust they inhale is particularly irritating to the lungs and bronchial tubes, and produces various forms of incurable and fatal lung complaints, but wet grinding, ventilated wheel-boxes, and the wearing of respirators have done much to obviate the unhealthiness of these employments.

The earthenware and china makers suffer dreadfully from bronchitis and "potters' asthma." They carry on their trades in heated and badly ventilated rooms; they are choked with dust and exposed to great variations in temperature; while masons and bricklayers, who carry on their trade in the open air, do not suffer so much. The fumes from brick-fields and lime kilns when concentrated are quite irrespirable, and we occasionally read of someone falling a victim to these noxious gases; but when these are diluted with air they can be breathed without much discomfort, and are comparatively innocuous.

In cotton weaving, to add to the unhealthiness of the quantities of dust floating about, the operatives, a great many of whom are women and children, get their clothes saturated by the steam playing over the waft, which is used to keep the "sizing" on the cotton. This "sizing" of the goods originated in the American Civil War, when the manufacturers, owing to the scarcity of cotton, resorted to "sizing"—i.e., impregnating—the material with clay, flour, or tallow, to bring the goods up to their proper weight. This practice, owing to the demand for "sized" cotton goods in warm countries, where their extra stiffness seems to be appreciated; has never been given up since. The operatives are subject to colds, bronchitis, and rheumatism.

A disease termed "shoddy disease," characterized by headache, dryness of the mouth, and difficult breathing, is caused by the grinding-up of old woollen materials; and a very fatal disease called in Bradford "wool-sorters' disease," or "charbon" by the French, results from the handling of diseased hides, fleeces, etc., afflicts sorters, carders, and packers. In England "charbon" principally afflicts those who handle skins from abroad, such as tanners.

Painters, plumbers, and those who work in white-lead are very liable to suffer from the well-known "lead poisoning." This may culminate in weakness of intellect or epilepsy. They are also subject to gout and kidney disorders. Here great personal cleanliness, especially as regards the hands at meal times, drinks acidulated with sulphuric acid, and occasionally doses of Epsom salts are essential for its prevention, and it is less likely to occur

in the "moist process" than in the "dry" as regards the manufacture of white-lead.

Wholesale lead-poisoning may occur if the water supply becomes contaminated with the metal, one-tenth of a grain per gallon being sufficient to produce it in some persons.

Brass-founders suffer from what is called "brassfounders' ague," probably a misnomer, and they are often subject to various nervous disorders. The copper used in the making of the brass is probably the exciting agent; and, while the subjects of lead-poisoning show generally a blue line round the gums, those suffering from copper poisoning exhibit a green one. Large draughts of milk are said to be useful.

Artificial flower-makers and those who make wall-papers containing arsenic, taxidermists who use arsenical preparations for preserving the skins of the birds and animals they stuff, are subject to arsenical poisoning, and suffer from smarting of the eyes and nose, swelling of the eyelids, and little ulcers form on exposed parts of the body. Sometimes severe nervous symptoms, which may go so far as complete paralysis, ensue.

Occasionally one hears of a well-sinker being suffocated by the gas at the bottom of a well, and deaths have occurred in the large vats in a brewery from a similar cause, i.e., the accumulation of carbonic acid gas, which, being considerably heavier than the air, sinks to the bottom.

One would have thought that the occupation of those men who work in the London sewers would be exceedingly unhealthy. But such is not the case, for, beyond their being rather subject to inflammatory troubles of the eyes, there is no ground for believing that their work is extraordinarily injurious. The sewers are well ventilated, and those employed are mostly picked men, strong and healthy, but it is certain that many of the new hands have to give up on trial of the work.

The life of the stokers and firemen on the great steamships, and "puddlers" and glass-blowers, is very trying, and strong and hearty as a young man may be, after some years at "stocking" he leaves it with, as a rule, his health permanently and seriously injured.

Among minor ailments produced by occupations, grocers are subject to a very troublesome form of eczema on the hands, due to handling sugar and other materials, and clerks, compositors, violinists, and all those who use their fingers excessively in delicate and complicated motions, such as writing, playing, or setting up type, are liable to a species of nervous disorder called "writers' cramp" or "scriveners' palsy," which may entirely prevent them from following their employment.

Probably, at the present high pressure at which we all live, with competition and the struggle for existence—a bare hand-to-mouth existence in a great many cases—no employment, professional or otherwise, is from a physiological and hygienic standpoint "healthy."—London Tit-Bits.

Pitzlin, middleweight champion of Texas, is in New Orleans, and Upham is anxious for a go with him. They met twice in Galveston, Pitzlin winning the first and Upham the second fight.

BEDDING!

PATENTED FOR ITS PURITY.

Increased facilities for purifying and dressing Bed Feathers and Mattresses of every description at the **SHORTEST NOTICE. A PURE BED IS NECESSARY TO HEALTH.** Where can you get it?

ONLY AT TOWNSHEND'S. PATENTED FOR PURITY.

Beds, Mattresses and Pillows of every kind at Lowest Possible Price.

(ENGLISH BRASS AND IRON BEDSTEADS CHEAP! CHEAP.)

Patentee of the celebrated Stem Winder Woven Wire Spring Bed, for many years in use at the MONTREAL GENERAL HOSPITAL and other large institutions.

J. E. TOWNSHEND,

No. 1 Little St. Antoine st., Corner St. James st. Only.

ESTABLISHED 20 YEARS.

BELL TELEPHONE 1906.

FEDERAL TELEPHONE 2224.

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY

AUTHORIZED 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.

3134 PRIZES, WORTH \$52,740! CAPITAL PRIZE WORTH \$15,000.

Tickets, - - - \$1.00 11 Tickets for \$10.

S. E. LEFEBVRE, Manager,
81 St. James st., Montreal, Canada.

Ask for Circulars.

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,
156 St. James st

DRINK ALWAYS THE BEST!

MILLAR'S

Ginger Beer, Ginger Ale

Cream Soda Cider, &c.

GLADSTONE!

The Best of all Temperance Drinks.

To be had at all First-class Hotels and Restaurants.

69 ST. ANTOINE ST.

R. SEALE & SON,

Funeral Directors,

41 & 43

St. Antoine St., Montreal.

Bell Telephone 1022.
Fed. Telephone 1691.

IF YOU WANT GOOD

PRINTING

[TRY]

THE ECHO

ESTABLISHMENT

769 CHAMBERLAIN STREET.

MONTREAL.