

A VISION.

Last night, in the sweetest dream,
I saw my mother's face
Aglow with warmest love,
As we met with fond embrace.
O brightest, holiest hour!
Where lay thy mystic power!
A wind sighed 'mong the leaves;
The clouds hid all the light;
My dream was o'er. My heart still grieves
For her who came last night.
This morn on a grassy mound,
The summer sun shines bright;
The lily lowly bends
Robed in her garments white.
The rose its petals cast;
Too sweet, too bright to last.
Sweet saint, serene and bright!
To me the bliss was given
To lure her from her home of light.
But ere the morning skies were bright
She wandered back to Heaven.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

Jagoon says he has found more grass wid-
ows in clover than in weeds.
Man wants but little here below. But
woman wants something all the time.
Women will always confess their sins, but
I never knew one to confess her faults.
One reason why some people are not so
wicked as others is because they haven't had
so good a chance.
Jack—Did she sit on you? Cholly—No.
Her mother was in the room, but she let me
hold her hand.
Twice during the year man feels the need
of rest—just before his vacation and again
immediately after.
Maud—I wonder why they call it the
angry sea. Webb—Perhaps because so many
people persist in crossing it.
Is there no hope, doctor? asked the dying
Congressman. No. Then if I must die tell
the boys to place the limit at \$5 and drink
nothing but champagne on the funeral train.
Jake Ikenstein—Rebecca, on mein knees
I imbrores you to pe mein vife! Rebecca
Lowenkrantz—Shake, git oop! Vat vosh
you dinking out; dose bants gost more as
tree dollar.
Inspector of School—Now, children, what
can birds do that we cannot? expecting, of
course, that they will say fly, but they do
not. One bright lad puts up his hand and
says: Please, sir, lay eggs.
Visitor—So your poor husband has passed
away, Mrs. Murphy. He died happy, I
hope? Mrs. Murphy—O! think so, mum.
The larsh thing he did was to crack me
over the head wid a medicine bottle.
Look here, said the wrathful young law-
yer, I thought you swore to give a verdict in
accordance with the facts? Wal, answered
the juryman, thoughtfully pulling his beard,
the facts didn't turn out as I expected 'em
to.
Dutiful Daughter—Now, mother, don't
ask me to marry that man. I admire and
respect him, but I do not love him. Practi-
cal Mother—Oh, that don't matter. You
won't see him often enough to grow tired of
him. He's a politician.
Now, little boys, can you tell me, said a
Columbus teacher, what the effect of tobac-
co is upon the system? Little Billy, who
has wrestled with his first chew, promptly
held up his hands. Well, Billy, what is the
effect? Makes ye wisht ye wuz dead.
He Had a Dead Sure Scheme.
Wiggles is a large, healthy looking col-
ored boy who worked in a popular down
town resort last winter and through the
spring. As soon as the racing season opened
he disappeared, but yesterday he turned up
again with a scrupulous suit of clothes and a
tie that could beat Ajax defying the light-
ning.
Where have you been Wiggles—what are
you doing now? asked one of the barkeep-
ers.
Oh, I've got a dead sure scheme to make
de dus now, I has, he replied.
How do you work it?
In, I've tontin.
What's that?
Why, it's easy. You g'wover to de races
ad spozen de's five hosses in de race, you
jest gives five diffrent fellers tips. You
gives each one a diffrent hoss, an' one of
um's sure to win. He's got ter. Den w'en
de race is over you hunts up de man you
gave de winner to, an' collect from him an'
steer clear of de oder guys, see.
It Was Such a Bargain.
A peripatetic Levi, son of the chosen race,
entered one day a dressmaker's place and
showed for sale a small cheap cotton duster
of the color of the linen ones.
Here, said he, is a nice, cheap lit' linen
dress, joost right for lit' girl twelve years
old. I sell you this for twenty-five cents,
only twenty-five cents.
Thank you, said the dressmaker, but I
don't want it.
The peddler urged and urged and was re-
fused.
Haf you, then, no lit' sister? he asked;
that joost fit a lit' sister, and only twenty-
five cents! Such a bargain!

He was told there was no little sister in
the house.
Oh, that's too bad, said Levi; then, it al-
most would pay you to adopt a lit' girl for
such a bargain as that.
All Broke Up By Temperance.
I don't know what I will do, said a Wash-
ington woman.
Family trouble? asked her neighbor from
the next porch.
That's what it is. It all came of his
keepin out of nights.
I can sympathize with you.
Well, I don't know whether you can or
not. You see, about three weeks ago he
started out, promising to be back at half
past eight. He didn't come back till ten,
and as soon as I saw him I knew there was
something the matter with him.
Intoxicated, I suppose?
No, indeed. He'd got into the society of
some of these temperance people and signed
the pledge. Now that he's done it of course
he's got to stick to it. First his digestion
and then his nerves give way, an' now there
ain't any livin' with him, much less cookin'
for him. I declare, she said with an explo-
sion of woe, I never heard of a husband yet
that was fit to be trusted away from home a
half hour at a time.

A Professor's Theory and Woman's
Reply.
This is not so bad when you get through
the preface. A professor at Ann Arbor,
Mich., was discussing the process of fertil-
izing plants by means of insects carrying the
pollen from one plant to another and to
amuse them told them how old maids were
the ultimate cause of it all. The humble
bees carry the pollen; the field mice eat the
humble bees; therefore, the more field mice
the fewer humble bees and the less pollen
and variation of plants. But cats devour
field mice and old maids protect cats.
Therefore, the more old maids the more cats,
the fewer field mice the more bees. Hence,
old maids are the cause of variety in plants.
Thereupon a sophomore, with a single
eyeglass, an English umbrella, a box coat,
with his trousers rolled up at the bottom,
erose and asked:
I sa-a-y, professor, what is the cause—ah
—of old maids, don't you know?
Perhaps Miss Jones can tell you, suggest-
ed the professor.
Dudes! said Miss Jones sharply and with-
out a moment's hesitation.

Boys' Odd Definitions.
A recent school examination stability
was defined as the cleaning up of a stable.
What comes next to man in the scale of be-
ing? inquired an examiner. His shirt, was
the reply. Asked to give the distinction, if
any, between a fort and a fortress, a boy
nicely defined them: A fort is a place to put
men in and a fortress is a place to put wo-
men in.
A teacher asked a very juvenile class
which of them had ever seen a magnet. A
sharp urchin at once said he had seen lots
of them. Where? asked the teacher, sur-
prised at the proficiency. In the cheese.
Being asked what conscience was, a boy re-
plied, An inward monitor. Asked what a
monitor meant, the ready answer was, An
ironclad vessel.
An examiner was dealing with grammat-
ical diminutives, and particularly with the
force of the suffix "kin"—maunikin, a lit-
tle man, etc. On his asking the lads to give
him a few examples of such diminutives, a
number of eager hands were soon raised.

The gentleman, much gratified at such a
ready response to his question, pointed to
one of the lads for an answer.
Lambkin, a little lamb, was the reply.
Very good, indeed, said the examiner, and
pointed to another lad.
Tomkin, a little Tom, was the answer.
Now, my lads, he pleaded, do take time
before you speak. The last answer was a
little off. And he pointed to a little fellow
behind, who had been trying to attract his
attention. Well, you my lad.
Pumpkin, sir, a little pump.

Spolling a Sure Thing.
Witnesses are often too much for the law-
yers, sighed Senator Frank McGowan yes-
terday. I was once employed to defend a
case up in Humboldt County, and after ex-
amining into the merits of the question, I
decided to attack the character of the plain-
tiff, who was a most vulnerable man. As a
result I found any number of witnesses wil-
ling to testify, but the evidence of one par-
ticular man was needed to clinch the case. I
went to him and told him I wanted to have
him subpoenaed. He acknowledged that he
was familiar with the plaintiff's record, but
objected to appearing in court as a witness,
saying that it would injure his business.
Deaf to his appeal, I had him subpoenaed,
and when he was called to the stand I
fancied that my case was as good as won.
Mind you, I had already produced a great
array of evidence to prove that the man was
a perfect moral obliquity and I smiled con-
fidently. As my last witness took his seat I
said, looking him squarely in the eye, You
know the plaintiff, do you not?
Yes, sir.
What is his character in the community,
so far as you know?

The witness eyed the ceiling thoughtfully
for a moment and as he directed his gaze to-
ward me he replied, slowly: Well, I should
say it was just about the same as your own,
Frank, just about the same as your own.
The spectators broke into laughter, which
of course was frowned down by the court,
but I deemed it best to let the matter drop
at that point and dismissed the witness.
Folks From the Country May be a
Little Green, but They're Smart.
He was a Farmers' Alliance advocate
right out of the first furrow from the fence
corner and it showed on him badly, but he
did not think so at all.
He had come to the hotel late in the eve-
ning and had repaired to his room at once.
Half an hour later his bell rang and a boy,
answered it and he called for the clerk.
When that accommodating necessity of hotel
life appeared the guest enquired with
great composure of manner:
What kind of hotel do you call this, any-
how?

We call it a good one, sir, answered the
clerk, showing off a bit.
Well, I don't.
Why not? What's the matter with it?
I'll show you in a minute. Look there,
pointing to the hand grenades in the rack
on the wall. Why ain't there a corkscrew
with them bottles? Do you s'pase a gentle-
man opens bottles with his pen-knife or a
nail when he wants a drink?
You're quite right, assented the clerk
meekly. It was an oversight, and I'll go
right down and send up one. I hope you'll
excuse us for putting you to so much trouble.
That's all right, young man, he said pat-
ronizingly, as the clerk started to go out; us
people from the country may be green about
some things, but we know just a little about
how a hotel ought to be run. By the way,
he went on as the clerk was trying to get
away, I guess you'd better send up a pair of
snuffers for this gas, too. I notice you've
got a sign up not to blow it out, and I ain't
been able to find a pair of snuffers high or
low.
Then the clerk, promising many things,
went down stairs, sent up the corkscrew and
the snuffers and left the office in charge of
a large, muscular night watchman, with
maps and diagrams of the situation up in
No. 18.

Another Step.
A large number of important private con-
cerns in various branches of industry and
trade have lately been transformed into
stock companies, whose shares have been
eagerly taken by the "public at large."
While the apparent effect of such trans-
formations is to be distributed among a
comparatively numerous class of small
capitalists—including the better paid em-
ployees, agents, etc., who can afford to take
some shares—profits that were heretofore
pocketed by a few wealthy partners, they
are in reality a part of the process through
which greater concentration of industry and
wealth is finally accomplished.

It was originally argued in favor of the
corporate form of association that it afforded
to the humblest but thrifty worker the
means of becoming pecuniarily interested in
the enterprises which his labor built up and
made prosperous. Knives asserted and
fools believed that a tighter bond of union
between capital and labor—that is, between
the capitalist and the laboring classes—
would thus inevitably be formed. And it
must be granted that the immediate effect
of throwing open to the public the subscrip-
tion books of stock corporations to which
public franchises and public functions had
been granted, was to pour into the coffers
of those companies the small individual
savings of many, considerable in the aggre-
gate and without which, under our economic
system, the first large enterprises could not
have been so readily carried out. Another
effect was also to convert every small share-
holder—clerk, foreman, servant, etc.—into
a mean gambler, strongly attached to the
capitalist system by the hope of profit with-
out work. But we know the final result;
we know how the corporation wrecker, the
stock manipulator, the banker, the broker,
the fellows who gamble with loaded dice,
froze out the small fry and came into ex-
clusive possession of the industries.
Not only is the transformation of private
firms into stock companies, that is now go-
ing on at an unprecedented rate, a mere
continuation of this same pickpocket pro-
cess, but it is a further step toward trustifi-
cation. Individual firms or partnerships
are naturally averse to combinations in which
their operations and affairs become more or
less subject to the control of others; where-
as corporations have a natural tendency to
first combine, federate, and finally merge
into one body under the management of the
"fittest."
It is safe to predict that within a few
years no branch of industry or commerce
will to any extent be carried on by indi-
vidual firms. Corporations will have entirely
taken the place of the latter, and the stocks
of all will have passed into the hands of a
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