

**PHUNNY ECHOES.**

**Hobson's Choice—His wife.**  
If you want a man's candid opinion of you, make him angry and you'll get it.  
Speaking of the man in the moon, the general impression is that he is "not in it."  
Any man, no matter how lazy, can get into the habit of doing work, by donning a workingman's attire.  
Women may indeed have a sphere that is boundless, but she has to stop when she comes to a barbed wire fence.  
The rate of interest that a broker feels in a woman whom he is courting is liable to depend upon the amount of her fortune.  
What a dear little craft that wife of yours is, eh, Dobson, old boy? Dear? I should say so. I call her my revenue cutter.  
A correspondent wants to know if "fits are hereditary." Any small boy compelled to wear out his father's old clothes could tell him they are not.  
Attendant (in railroad waiting-room)—Say, mister, no going to sleep here. This ain't no church.  
Isabel—What an awfully shoddy girl Genevieve Flyaway is! Everything about her has the air of being marked down.  
May—Yes, even her age.  
Poet (reading his latest effusion to a friend)—Ah! my poem seems to affect you very greatly—you are weeping? Friend—No, simply perspiring!  
Who will venture to say woman is not infinitely the superior of man when it comes to that which, in the vernacular, is familiarly termed "packing a trunk!"  
When the average man says frankly, "I can't afford it," you will usually find on investigation that is something his wife wants and not something that he wants himself.  
She—Here you are getting home late again. And there's a flush on your face.  
He—Just my luck. Been waiting for a flush all evening, and it comes too late to realize anything on it.  
Ethel—Of course, papa, I want to marry him, but you'll have to give me up, poor dear, won't you? Papa—Well, my dear, that's true; but then we'll get rid of your young man, too, you know.  
Omaha housewife—Say, young man—there was a fish in the quart of milk you left us yesterday? Omaha Milkman—I have one cow that persists in going a-swimming in the river.  
Grace—I'm in hard luck. Ethel—What is the matter? Grace—Why I have had three engagements broken, and owing to conventionalities people wouldn't think it looked well if I sued more than one of the fellows for breach of promise.  
Where, where are all the birds that sang a hundred years ago?  
If a man would answer frankly he would say he didn't know;  
But ask him 'bout the chickens of the century that's past,  
He'll swear they're served to boarders,  
To break their daily fast.  
Druggist—If you take this preparation of mine you will never use any other. Customer—Is it as fatal as that?  
He—I am crazy when away from you.  
She—Ah, yes. "Out of sight, out of mind," you know.  
She—Jack, how am I to know that you are telling the truth when you say you love me? He (surprised)—Why, all the rest of the girls believe me.  
Little Jimmy—Is your sister engaged?  
Little Tommy—No, but she's going to be.  
Little Jimmy—How do you know?  
Little Tommy—She gives me a penny every evening to stay out of the parlor.  
Bah! said the scalpsack in the front pew to the plush coat in the rear one; you are a fraud. Maybe, returned the plush, but you are nothing but a skin.  
Parson Drymeter (solemnly)—Young man, do you ever put an enemy into your mouth to steal away your brains? Hunter—How's that? Do I ever do what? Do you ever look upon the wine when it is red? You will have to say it over again, mister, and say it slow? Do you drink whiskey? Of course I do. If you've got a bottle in your pocket, uncle, why don't you say so like a man?  
Professor Zweibeber, of the University of Bonn, is a very absent-minded man. He was busily engaged in solving some scientific problem. The servan. hastily opened the door of his study and announced a great family event. A little stranger has arrived. Eh? It is a little boy. Little boy. Well, ask him what he wants.  
Here is a new story of Paganini. One time in Paris he jumped into a cab, and ordered the driver to make quick time to the theatre, where an impatient audience was waiting to hear him perform a famous piece of music on one string of his violin. What's the fare? he inquired. For you, sir, said the driver, ten francs. You jest, laughed the great violinist. Not so; you charge as much for a place at your concert. Paganini was silent for a minute, and then, with a complacent glance at the over-reaching cabman, said, handing him a decent fare, I'll pay you ten francs when you drive me on one wheel.

**HOUSEHOLD MATTERS**

**How to Roast a Turkey.**—Select a large, fat, tender turkey, and have it nicely dressed, drawn, washed, wiped dry and singed. Rub it all over, inside and outside, with pepper and salt. Make a stuffing of the following ingredients: One pound of light bread crumbs, half a pound of butter, a heaping teaspoonful of finely minced onion, salt and pepper, one raw egg and enough water to mix rather soft. Stuff the breast first, and sew it up, then stuff the body. Rub the turkey all over with melted butter, and dredge well with sifted flour. Lay it in the pan on its breast, and pour in a quart of cold water. Have the oven well heated but not too hot, as the turkey must cook slowly to be done. Allow a quarter of an hour to each pound. Have some butter in a plate with a larding mop. From time to time baste the turkey with the gravy in the pan, rub over with the larding mop and dredge again with flour. As it browns turn from side to side, and last of all brown the breast. Frequent basting, dredging and turning, will insure perfect cooking. When done it should be a rich, dark brown all over, and when a fork is stuck deep into it no red juice should run. Remove it to a hot dish and, if the gravy is not quite thick enough, add a teaspoonful of flour creamed smooth with some of the grease creamed from the gravy. If while cooking, the gravy in the pan boils away too much, more water should be added. When the turkey is done there should be about a pint of gravy.  
**CUCUMBER PICKLES.**—We are asked to give a good recipe for this article. Select small cucumbers for this purpose, taking none over a finger long. Soak twenty-four hours in rather strong brine. Then pour off the brine, and rinse in clear water. To one hundred cucumbers, use three quarts of pure cider vinegar, one cup of sugar, one ounce of whole cloves, one ounce of stick cinnamon, one ounce of small, black peppers, a little horseradish, sliced, and a few small, red peppers. Scald the cucumbers in the vinegar. As soon as the vinegar is scalding hot, dip them out, fill the cans or a stone jar, and then pour the vinegar over them till full. Seal hot. Repeat the process of scalding in two days.  
**PICKLED CAULIFLOWER.**—A friend desires to know how this is done. The following process is given by Marion Harland and if directions are followed, will be successful. Pick the whitest and closest bunches. Cut into small sprays or clusters. Plunge into a kettle of scalding brine and boil three minutes. Take them out, lay upon a sieve or a cloth, sprinkle thickly with salt, and, when dry, brush this off. Cover with cold vinegar for two days, setting the jar in the sun. Then pack carefully in glass or stone ware jars, and pour over them scalding vinegar seasoned thus: To one gallon allow a cup of white sugar, a dozen blades of mace, a tablespoonful of celery seed, two dozen white pepper corns and some bits of red pepper pods, a tablespoonful of coriander seed, and the same of whole mustard. Boil five minutes. Repeat the scalding once a week for three weeks; tie up and set away. Keep the cauliflowers under the vinegar by putting a small plate on top.  
**AN OLD-FASHIONED NUT CAKE.**—Two cups of sugar, stirred to a cream with three-quarters of a cup of butter, a cup of rich milk, a teaspoon of soda, four eggs, four scant cups of flour and a teaspoon of cream of tartar. A cup of hickory nuts chopped very fine is stirred through the cake just before it is put in the oven. It should be baked in large brick-shaped loaves, iced with a thick icing, through which half a cup of hickory nuts have been stirred.  
**SPONGE CAKE FOR TWO.**—Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth; add one teaspoonful of sugar, then the yolks; lastly, one teaspoonful of flour. To be perfect, this cake must always be put together in the order given in the recipe.  
**SPICED GRAPES.**—Ten pounds of grapes, eight pounds of sugar, four tablespoonful of cloves, four tablespoonful of cinnamon, one quart of vinegar. Boil slowly until the fruit is tender. Remove from the fire and rub through a colander; put in tumblers and cover closely. Cherries, gooseberries and currants are nice spiced; the two last need not be strained.  
**BOILED ICING.**—Dissolve one pint of sugar in three tablespoonful of water and boil until brittle. Beat the whites of four eggs, pour over the hot sugar and stir until cool; flavor and beat; spread before the icing gets stiff and cold.  
**ALMOND ICING.**—Take three cups of sugar, one pound of blanched almonds pounded to a paste and flavor with extract of rose. Beat the whites of three eggs and stir with the sugar and almonds.  
**CHOCOLATE ICING.**—Melt three ounces of chocolate, dissolve in a little water, boil in two cups of sugar and stir in the whites of three eggs. Flavor with vanilla.  
**GERMAN PUFFS.**—1 pint sweet milk, 4 eggs, 5 tablespoonful of flour, and a little salt. Bake 2 hour.

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