

MOSSES FROM AN OLD MANSEI

The minister's wife had just finished her chores,
By calling on all the church people;
And some she'd found open as both the church doors,
And some she'd found stiff as the steeple:
For while all the deacons had slept on the wall,
A committee had come like a lion;
And by giving her husband a generous oill,
Had shaken the bulwarks of Zion.
For years they had paid him who taught them the word,
About six hundred dollars or seven;
For they felt that a preacher should "trust in the Lord,"
And grow fat on the "manna from heaven."
And so the cash question had come to annoy;
Which with so many ministers rankles;
For the Lord had sent children; three girls and a boy,
And the boy—hollow down to his ankles.
Sister Blodgett, the wife of the "pillar," had cried
(They supported a carriage and horses.)
"Beware! lest you sin against God," she had sighed;
"A rolling stone gathers no mosses."
The preacher looked up from the book which he read,
And his merry eyes twinkled with laughter.
"Why didn't you tell Sister Blodgett," he said,
"That moss isn't what we are after."
—Geo. Thos. Dowling, D.D.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

He—Will you marry me? She—No, you drink. He—Then marry me and save me.
Teacher—What is the proper time to gather apples? Pupil—When the big dog isn't in the orchard.
He (seriously)—Do you think your father would object to my marrying you? She—I don't know; if he's anything like me he would.
Don't be angry, old fellow—it's only my way. Well, I wish you'd emulate the babes in the wood. How? Lose your way. It's no good.
He—Don't you think it is wrong for people to marry their intellectual inferiors? She—Yes; always wrong, and in some cases quite impossible.
Have you Goldsmith's Greece? Inquired a customer of the new clerk in a drug and book store. Just out of it, replied the clerk. Won't vasaline do as well?
Bertha—Grandma, is or teef good? Grahma—No, darling; I've got none now, unfortunately. Bertha—Then I'll give oo my nuts to mind till I came back.
Hostess—Mr. Trotter will take you into dinner. He is a charming man, but a confirmed dyspeptic. Chicago Girl—Oh, how nice! He can do all the talking while I eat.
Hicks—Do you believe there is such a thing as a haunted house? Wicks—Oh, yes, indeed; but it depends a good deal on how good looking the girl is who lives in it.
Little Wife—I saved \$30 to-day, Loving Husband—You're an angel. How? Little Wife—I saw a perfectly lovely easy chair that I knew you'd like, and I didn't buy it.
Smythe—I dropped a penny in front of a blind beggar to see if he'd pick it up. Tomkins—Well, did he? Smythe—No; he said: Make it a sixpence, mister, and I'll forget myself.
I hear Bronson sang Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep, at a concert. Yes, Did he do it well? He did, indeed. It was so vivid that five persons left the hall, overcome with seasickness.
Watts—What was Figg licking his boy or last night? Potts—They had company all afternoon, and every time Figg got off a joke the blamed boy would tell what paper it was stolen from.
Oh, that must be too lovely for anything, said Hortensia, when she read an account of a stage robbery in the far West. Lovely to be robbed? asked Uncle John. Lovely to be held up, said Hortensia, with a roseate blush.
Head of Firm—Mr. Travers, while you were out a man came in to collect a bill from you for an ulcer which he said had been running for a year. Can't you pay for your clothes, sir, out of the liberal salary we give you? Travers—No, sir; I can't do it and be a gentleman.
A father was very much annoyed by the foolish questions of his little son. Johnny, you are a great source of annoyance to me. What's the matter, pa? You ask so many foolish questions. I wasn't a big donkey when I was of your age. No, pa, but you've grown a heap since.
Anxious Mother—What in the world did you do during the terrible thunder storm? Little Dick—I got under a tree. Mother—Horror! Don't you know that the shade of a tree is the most dangerous of all places in a thunder storm? Little Dick—Oh, yes; but I jumped out every time it thundered.

A Mixture of Physics and Politics.

D. Clemenceau, the eminent Parisian physician, is also a member of the French Legislature, and divides his attention between the political maladies of his country and the physical ailments of his patients. He is a brisk and busy man, keenly cognizant of the fact that time is money, and the other day, while he was in attendance at his Montmartre consulting room, two men simultaneously solicited an interview with him. One of them, admitted to his presence and asked what was the matter with him, complained of a pain in his chest, whereupon he was ordered to take off his shirt and Dr. Clemenceau subjected him to a careful examination. But before the doctor sat down to write his prescription he rang the bell and ordered his servant to show the other patient in. As the latter entered the doorway Dr. Clemenceau, without looking up from his desk at which he was writing, said to him: Just undress yourself, too, if you will be so good. We shall save time by your doing so.
By the time the doctor had finished writing his recipe, taken his fee and dismissed the preceding patient, the second, stripped to the waist, was ready for inspection.
Turning toward him the doctor observed, You are also suffering from pain in the chest, are you not?
Well, no, doctor, the man replied; I have called to beg you will recommend me to the government for a place in the post office.
Tableau.
The Judge's Little Story.
A certain well known judge was once violently attacked by a young and very talented attorney. To the surprise of everybody the judge heard him quite through as though unconscious of what was said and made no reply.
After the adjournment of the day, and when all had assembled at the hotel where the judge and many of the court folks had their refreshments, one of the company asked the judge why he did not rebuke the impertinent fellow.
Permit me, said the judge, loud enough to call the attention of the company, among whom was the lawyer in question—permit me to tell you a story. My father, when we lived in the country, had a dog—a mere puppy, I may say. Well, this puppy would go out every moonlight night and bark at the moon for hours together.
The judge paused as if he had finished his story.
Well, what of it? exclaimed half a dozen of the audience at once.
Oh, nothing—nothing whatever; but the moon kept shining on just as if nothing had happened.
Good Advice.
Mose Schaumburg, who owns a second hand clothing store on the Bowery, has a new clerk whose name is Jake Silverstone, who is pretty good in dragging in country customers and selling them goods before they know it. But he has a bad memory. Yesterday Mose said impatiently:
Silverstone, has you checked off dot invoice of schentlemanly undervear?
Please 'scuse me, Mистер Schaumburg, but it was escaped my memory already some more.
So it was escaped your memory some more already, don't it? I tells you vot, Silverstone, ven you vas such a tam stupid shack-ass vy don't you make a note of dose dings shoot like I do once.
Why She Thought They Had Been Fishing.
Young Wife (gloomily)—Do you suppose our husbands really went fishing last Saturday?
Second Young Wife (confidentially—I am sure of it.
First Young Wife—They didn't bring home any fish.
Second Young Wife—That's my principal reason for believing they went fishing.
He Had Them Where They Couldn't Talk Back.
I have a word to say, said the preacher. Are all the brethren in church?
All here, sir.
Well, I may as well tell you that you must cease to bring your politics to meeting. You can't discuss politics and religion at the same time. Vote for me for sheriff and let politics alone.
Fiction with Modern Improvements
Author—I believe in bringing my fiction up to date.
Publisher—Yes?
Author—Now, in my new story I have for hero a government rainmaker. He has the thing arranged so that when he and his girl elope he brings down such a heavy rain on her father's ranch that every stream instantly rises so high that the old man can't follow them.
The skilled toymakers of Nuremberg receive astonishingly low wages. The girls receive 5 cents an hour, while the boys average only 2 cents and the skilled men receive 8 cents an hour.

THE TOILERS' LAMENT.

How tired we grow of useless beating
Against the frowning walls of fate,
Which sphinx like every hope defeating
Bid our poor hearts in patience wait.
Like poisoned birds we vainly flutter
Against the bars of cruel wrong,
That stop our speech if we but utter
The words that make the soul grow strong.
With bodies bound—the rich man's debtor,
Robbed of our rights at every turn,
We lose the real to grasp no better
Than the poor pittance we can earn.
The laws are made to bind us tighter;
We ask for bread, but get a stone;
The world grows dark instead of brighter,
We reap but chaff where we have sown.
'Tis hard to bear the keen regretting
That follows from our vain despair,
At thought of losing all our getting,
Through growing greed and haunting fear.
—George Edgar Frye.

MESSAGE OF MACHINERY.

Mechanical aids to labor are in response to conditions that make them necessary. They increase in ingenuity as mind develops in intelligence, and are multiplied in resource and efficiency as the consumption of products demands an increasing supply. In the economics of civilization machinery is as essential to its progress and prosperity as is the fertile brain and cunning hand that utilizes mechanical forces for human service. It is part of a development, as the second molar in the human jaw or the added inches and pounds to the original avoirdupois of an infant. It has, of course, displaced the aboriginal and cruder forms of labor, and in the process of change has caused much local and temporary hardship, but in this it has been no exception to any other like radical changes in political or social life, or even in climate or diet. In the long run it has not diminished, but multiplied industries, and while reducing the strength and time, has added to the purchase power of its money and the comforts of its surroundings.

The needle and the seamstress is no longer equal to the demands of the public shirt; the hand-made nail is in a hopeless minority of supply to the modern carpenter, and the stage coach as a public carrier is as diggardly efficient as a dry goods box would have been for one of Noah's elephants. We have come out of the old condition as a bird out of an egg, and are as impotent as an adult ostrich in finding our way back again. In all our industries, from digging a fence hole to building a bridge; from knitting a stocking to launching a ship, and from making a match to putting a dome on a church or state house, we are daily illustrating the advantages of mechanical aids to industrial progress. In the calculation of the contrasts in wages, comfort and hours of labor between this century and its immediate predecessor, we are apt to overlook the real causes of the difference, and to associate human progress with legislation as a primal factor and not what it really is—simply an illuminant and not a creator of its surroundings.

The inventor and the mechanic, more more than the soldier or the statesman, have been the real forces of modern progress. The position of every civilized country of the present day, in the development and extension of industry and commerce, is in fouch with its progress in the general applicability and adaptability of machinery. In our iron industries, as an example, the results are conspicuous. Work is performed more cheaply, more rapidly, more uniformly and in greater quantities, and with less discomfort or stress for the worker. We have multiplied one-man product in some instances to three times that of the European competitor, for which increased output, on purely economic grounds, we can build his wages two stories higher. In the puddling process, by mechanical means the exhaustive toil of the puddler can be reduced, while in every detail of labor involving heavier strains on muscular endurance, the application of machinery has made labor more a test of skill and manipulation than a task on bodily force. In mining, quarrying and other industries where the tension on tissue and endurance is necessarily severe, the use of mechanical aids has not only facilitated the output, but emancipated the toiler from a muscular task from which the brick makers of Pharaoh would have shrunk or run away.

These results are not incidental, but logical, and are the preliminaries of conditions of which as yet our present civilization is but a prediction. We are crossing the threshold of the industrial age, in which the aim of nations will be commerce rather than glory, and markets rather than empire. The Hivites and Hittites of the past will merge into a higher intelligence; facilities of production will reduce the hours and methods of labor, while the skill developed in handling machinery will not be without its fitness for the higher aims of life, and every new machine added to the productive power and labor saving means of industry will be

a contributor to the general good of man. It may have its abuses, its victims and its greedy conscienceless owners. Muscular exhaustion with a handspike may be changed into nervous exhaustion at a lathe, and shorter days means less of beef and more of headache, but in the trend of economic laws resulting from the use of machinery, the voice heard at Sinai will be heard in the mill and the market, and in spite of exceptions the world will be the better for the wheels and pulleys in its workshops.—Age of Steel.

Mental Telegraphy.

I write no letters to my wife when I am away and I get none from her, said Walter Kipling, a commercial traveler now at the Lindell House. Correspondence by mail is too slow and telegraphing costs too much money. We have hit upon a plan that saves stamps and telegraph tolls and is much more satisfactory. No matter what part of the world I am in I go home at ten o'clock every night and remain half an hour, sometimes longer. How do I manage it? Easy enough. At that hour my wife goes into the sitting room, closes the doors, places two easy chairs vis-a-vis, sits down in one, closes her eyes and concentrates her thoughts upon me. I go to my room at the hotel, turn out the light, close my eyes, concentrate my thoughts upon my home, and especially upon my wife, and presto! I occupy the easy chair in our little sitting room directly in front of her. A perfectly intelligible conversation ensues between us, although not a word is spoken. She tells me how things are going on at home, whether the children are well, about her own health, which has been delicate for years: her trials, hopes and fears. We have had this mental telegraph in successful operation for two years past and the service is constantly growing better and more satisfactory. We have verified its accuracy a thousand times and rely upon it as implicitly as others do on the written pages. Neither of us is a spiritualist and we discovered our ability to communicate in this manner purely by accident.—Globe-Democrat.

Old Man Bolliver.

Old man Bolliver was already established in Utah when the saints reached Salt Lake. He was well-to-do and had a reputation for honesty which was a fortune in itself in those days of pioneer uncertainty. Pretty soon Mormons began to look around for a bank for their wads, when some one suggested Old Bolliver. The saints kept on depositing "in the name of the Lord" until a good deal of their stuff was in the hands of their chosen banker. All went on smoothly until some of them wanted to draw out, then the trouble began.
"Stuff's here," said Bolliver, "all right enough, but we've got to hev this here business ez straight ez er string. That money's all deposited in the name of the Lord, and ther can't no one git it out unless they hev an order signed by the proper party."
The news of this decision made it prudent for Old Bolliver to move to California before the run on the bank began.—Kate Field.

The Discovery of Tea.

By whom and when the virtues of tea as a beverage were discovered is "lost in the wide revolving shades of centuries past." The famous herb is spoken of in Chinese annals as far back as 2,500 B. C., at which time its cultivation and classification was as much of an art as it is to-day. Tradition says that its virtues were discovered by accident. King Shen Nung She, "The Divine husbandman," who flourished forty centuries ago, was boiling water over a fire one evening when some tea leaves hanging over the vessel were loosened by the heat and fell into the steaming fluid. Nung She partook of the decoction while it was hot "and felt himself renewed in limb and sight for seven days thereafter." Then and there she consecrated tea as the sacred beverage of China.

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