



SKETCHES AT DOMINION OF CANADA RIFLE MATCHES.

1. "Eleven o'clock tickets must be handed in." 2. A common experience—name not on prize-list.

**CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.**

**CHEAP \* EXCURSION**

:: TO ::

**Toronto Industrial Fair**

:: AND ::

**AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION.**

**\$7.00 MONTREAL To TORONTO AND RETURN**

**ON SEPTEMBER 13 and 15.**

**\$10. MONTREAL To TORONTO AND RETURN**

**SEPTEMBER 14 to 19 INCLUSIVE.**

All tickets good for return journey commencing not later than September 22, 1890.

For sleeping and parlor car reservation, tickets and other information apply to any Canadian Pacific Railway agent.

**Montreal Ticket Offices :**

266 St. James Street,

Windsor Street and

Dalhousie Square Stations,

Windsor Hotel.

**HUMOROUS.**

**MYRTLE:** Florence, is that Fred Dumley's handwriting? **Florence:** Yes, dear; I'm engaged to him, you know. **Myrtle:** Yes, I know it. I was engaged to him last summer. **Florence:** The dear boy! I wonder who will marry him eventually.

**A PRACTICAL MEMENTO.**—Sir James: And were you in Rome? **American Lady:** I guess not, (To her daughter.) Say, Bella, did we visit Rome? **Fair Daughter:** Why, ma, cert'nly! Don't you remember? It was in Rome we bought the Lisle-thread stockings! **American lady is convinced.**

**MISS LENTILS** (in Boston): I have just discovered a poem in this magazine which I can't understand. **Miss Beans:** Oh, how nice! Let us organize a club immediately.

**AS OTHERS SEE US.**—Tekelheimer: Vere are you shtaying dis summer, Mr. Isaacstein? **Isaacstein:** Down by Bath beach. **Tekelheimer:** Is dere many Christians dere dis year? **Isaacstein:** No, not a great many; dot is to say, not enough to make it disagreeable.

**TRYING TO BE POPULAR.**—"I guess I'll quit trying to be popular," said Willie Washington, dejectedly. "Why?" "A young woman to whom I was talking lawst night intimated verwy bwoadly that I made huh tiahed." "Did you make any reply?" "No, only I told huh that even that was something of an achievement foh me, considering that she appeahed pwetty wobust, you know."

**MAMMA:** Ethel get up, my dear. Don't you know it's naughty to play that way? **Mr. Smith's little girl** doesn't play so. She is a good little girl. **Ethel** (quickly): Well, Mamma, Bessie Smith ought to be a better girl than I am. Her papa's a Minister and my papa's only a Deacon.

**AT AN EBB.**—Mr. Van Etten (trying to conceal a yawn): Where did you say you were going this summer? **Miss Marigold** (who has seen his trouble): Mr. Van Etten I am having just as hard a time as you are, and I should feel indebted if you would yawn for me also.

**MAMMA** had found it necessary to discipline Georgie for being naughty one day and the usually forgiving nature of the child was held in check until his father came home when the little boy ran to him and said: "Papa, I want you to do sumpfin for me; I want you to discharge mamma."

**A WELL-KNOWN** violinist was sitting in a village inn when a strolling player in the street began a melancholy performance on his creaking fiddle. Our artist went out, requested the instrument for a short time, and played a few airs in exquisite style. When he had done, the owner of the fiddle stepped up to him, and, tapping him on the shoulder, said in a patronizing tone: "A little more practice, young gentleman, and you'll soon be as good a player as myself!"

**Weeping Trees in the Northwest.**

In the forests of Washington and British Columbia I have frequently seen trees dripping copiously during clear, bright days, when no dew was visible elsewhere. The dripping was so profuse that the ground underneath was almost saturated. The phenomenon in this case was caused by the remarkable condensing power of the leaves of the fir, and it occurred only when the relative humidity was near the dew point. The dripping ceases after ten or eleven o'clock in the morning, but resumes at or near sunset. In Hakluyt's Voyages there is an account of Hawkins' second voyage to Africa and America, written by a friend who sailed with Hawkins, in which we are told that in the Island of Ferro there is a weeping tree that supplies all the men and beasts of the island with drink, there being no other available water supply. Further, he states that in Guinea he saw many weeping trees, but of a species different from that at Ferro.

**Artificial Ivory.**

As the manufacturers abroad claim that the supply of ivory is too small to meet the demands of industry and art, an extensive industry has arisen in France to supply an artificial substitute for natural ivory. Until recently the substitute used has been obtained by interjecting white wood with chloride of

lime, under strong pressure. Within a short time, however, it has been established that a substitute may be prepared with the bones of sheep and waste pieces of deer and kid skins. The bones are for this purpose macerated and bleached for two weeks in chloride of lime, then heated by steam along with the skin so as to form a fluid mass, to which are added a few hundredths of alum; the mass is then filtered, dried in the air, and caused to harden in a bath of alum, the result being white, tough plates, which are more easily worked than natural ivory.

**Half a Loaf.**

It is an enviable spirit which is always ready to feel that half a loaf is better than no bread. The most of us are so grasping that we would gladly have the whole, and are correspondingly dissatisfied if we fail to obtain it. We met the other day a young lady who had taken a two weeks' vacation from a busy life. Seven of the days she was severely sick, but her face beamed all over as she told of the pleasure the other seven brought. Scores of children who go out on a single excursion, having the whole pleasure of the summer crowded into the few hours of a summer day, find even these crumbs of happiness better than none at all.

**Anecdote of George III.**

One day when George III. arrived from Windsor at Weymouth there was a great crowd to see him go to Cumberland House on the Esplanade. He was always very shy and, hating display, wanted to avoid the shouting, and asked the landlord whether there was any way by which he could get out at the back. The man told His Majesty of a path through the fields by which he could go round, and the King went alone. Through a field he saw a woman very busy making hay, and went up to her, saying: "What, all alone, working so hard and no one to help! Where is your husband?" "Oh," said the woman, "he is gone into the town to see the King." "Ah, well," observed His Majesty, "you have stuck to your work, and he will miss his object." Then handing her a guinea, he added, "You have kept to your duty and seen the King."