



HARVEST SCENE, NEAR ST. JEROME.

**CANADIAN
PACIFIC RY.**

EXCURSION

TO

St. John, N.B. and Return, \$13.50

TO

Halifax, N.S. and Return, \$16.50

FROM

MONTREAL.

Corresponding Low Rates from other
Stations.

Tickets good to go Aug. 15, 16, 17
and 18, 1890. Good to return until
August 31st, 1890.

CHOICE OF ROUTES.

Via Short Line (Direct Route).

Via Newport and through the White
Mountains.

Via Quebec and Intercolonial Railway.

All Tickets good to return same
route as on going journey.

Montreal Ticket Offices :

266 St. James Street,

Dalhousie Square and Windsor Street
Stations,

Windsor and Balmoral Hotels.

HERE AND THERE.

A South Kensington professor has produced an apparatus for registering the heat of the moon. It thus appears that the warmth received from the moon is equal to that given out by a candle at 21 feet distance.

Cardinal Manning's aversion to strong drink in every form is so great that twice in articulo mortis he has refused stimulants, and he alludes triumphantly to the fact that he got well each time as a proof that stimulants are never necessary.

The Canadian survivors of the war of 1812 are rapidly passing away. They receive an annual pension from the Dominion Government. The applications for the forthcoming payment only number thirty-seven in all Canada. Last year seventy drew pensions. At the present rate the pension list will be extinguished in a few years.

It is stated that an Australian gentleman claims to have discovered a sure specific for rust in wheat. He is about to submit his process to a series of experiments to be conducted at his own cost, in the presence and under the control of agents of the Australasian Colonies. Should the result of these trials be favourable, he is willing to sell his secret to the United Governments of Australia for \$10,000, and it is reported that in such a case the price would be forthcoming.

A neat application of electricity to domestic uses is a miniature pumping plant. With the use of no more current than suffices for a couple of incandescent lamps, it will pump one hundred gallons an hour or so, and keep the house tank full without a particle of attention. These little electrical devices to lighten labour in the household are particularly commendable; and as the electrical light and power becomes more widely available, will doubtless increase in number and utility.

"The largest fee Sir Astley Cooper ever received," says "The Hospital," "was literally thrown at his head. He operated very successfully on a millionaire, by name Hyatt, and so delighted was the old man with his recovery that he gave three hundred pounds to

each of his attending physicians. 'But you, sir,' cried the patient to Sir Astley, 'deserve something better. Take that, sir!' With that he flung his nightcap at the surgeon. Sir Astley replied with dignity, as he picked up the cap: 'Sir, I will pocket the affront.' And well for him that he did, for the cap was lined with a draft for a thousand guineas."

Fun at the Table.

An Austin man read in a paper that the family should always be the scene of laughter and merriment, and that no meal should be passed in the moody silence that so often characterises those occasions. The idea struck him so favourably that when his family was gathered around the table that evening he said, "Now, this sort o' thing of keeping so mum at meals has got to stop. You hear me? You girls, put in an' tell stories, an' keep up agreeable sort o' talk, like; an' you boys, laugh an' be jolly, or I'll take and dust your jackets with a grapevine till you can't stand. Now begin!" The glare that he sent around the table made the family feel anything but funny.

Carlyle and the Queen.

An unpublished letter of Carlyle gives an interesting account of a conversation between the Queen and the philosopher in Westminster Deanery. Carlyle was telling Her Majesty, whose interest he keenly excited, about Nithsdals and Annandale, and of old ways of human life there in the days of his youth. Among other things, he told her that his father had occasion once to go to Glasgow on some urgent business, and that, arriving about eight in the morning, he found every door shut. Neither himself nor his horse could have entrance anywhere, "for, 'twas the hour of family worship, your Majesty, and every family was at morning prayer." The Queen had never heard anything so astonishing. "But it was the case," went on Carlyle, "and that explains why your Scottish subjects have the place of trust and honour they occupy today in every portion of your Majesty's dominions."

HUMOROUS.

A TENDER HEART.—He: I have three thousand a year. You could certainly live on that. She: Yes; but I should hate to see you starve.

AT BREAKFAST.—Daughter (to father with morning paper): Have you read the weather indications, pa? Pa: Yes. Daughter: What is the weather going to be? Pa: Don't know, my dear; haven't looked at the sky.

After a serious quarrel, two small school-mates ran to their teacher for redress of grievances. The one most fleet of foot was first served, and said vehemently, "Miss Mabel, Belle Baldwin hit me right in the lung!" "Well, and what did you do?" "Why, I never did nothin' at all, only just by accident I pulled her hair!"

In reciting his nursery rhymes before a family party, a little fellow of five was having a hard struggle with his memory; and his elder brother, with an air of superiority, had several times prompted him. When it was to be endured no longer, the little one drew himself up, saying, "Now, you Fred, I'm a speakin' this piece!"

A LITERARY DISPUTE.—At a late meeting of a Scotch mutual improvement society the works of Shakespeare formed the subject of the evening, and a doctor admirer of the bard read a highly eulogistic paper on his plays. After the meeting had dispersed, a tailor approached the doctor and remarked, "Ye think a fine lot o' you plays o' Shakespeare, doctor." "I do, sir," was the emphatic reply. "An' ye think he was ma' clivir than oor Rabbie Burns?" "Why, there's no comparison between them!" said the medico indignantly. "Maybe no," was the cool response; "but ye tell us the night that it was Shakespeare who wrote those woe-kent lines, 'Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.' Noo Rabbie wud never hae written sic nonsense as that!" "Nonsense, sir," thundered the indignant doctor. "Ay, just nonsense! Rabbie wud hae kent fine that a king, or a queen either, disna gang to bed with the croon on their head." "They haug it ower the back o' a chair."