

The Air Ship a Failure!

The Mount Carmel air-ship, invented by a man named Pennington, has turned out a prodigious failure. The fact was announced that the air-ship would fly from Mount Carmel to Chicago, but the inventor thought better of it, and it reached its destination on a freight train. Now the machine has been turned loose in a large building, where the public is charged 25 cents to go in and see this "air ship" float. In the centre of the room is an electric battery, from which a wire carrying the motor power extends to the ship, which floats slowly around at a height of about 25 feet above the heads of the spectators. The *Chicago Times* says the machine looks like an exaggerated Bologna sausage, and it is evidently far from what it was claimed to be. In a wind, or even in a gentle breeze, it would be entirely unmanageable. The *Times* sums up the merits and demerits of the contrivance thus:

"It moved slowly and vaguely, like a catfish in search of refreshments. A score of spectators with wide-open mouths watched it. It was simply a toy about 30 feet in length and weighing about five pounds. It could be pulled to the floor by a piece of cotton yarn. It was a very one-horse fake. Barnum would grow tired of it in a week, and supply its place by a woman with whiskers."

OUR CARICATURES



THE gentleman whose manly form has been so accurately limned by our artist, is one of the best-known sportsmen in the Northwest. He, like the gentleman whose picture appeared in our columns last week, is a lover of dogs, and where he is seen there also are to be found his inseparable four-footed friends, Blarney, Norah and Miggles. He has a great affection for all of them, but I think little Miggles has the warmest corner in his heart. He is a keen sportsman and one of the best shots in the country. He is president of a Rod and Gun club, in which he takes the deepest interest.



That is a touching poem
Now several cycles old,
About the hairs of silver
That mingled with the gold.

But yet,—for royal splendour,
For wild barbaric strength,
For richness and for fullness,
For height and depth and length—

It can't with Mrs. Blank's remark
An instant brief compare,
When on her husband's silver head
She found a golden hair!