

UPS AND DOWNS.

Scraps of Knowledge.

LUCIFER matches were formerly retailed at four a penny. The middle verse of the Bible is the eighth verse of the 118th Psalm.

A NEEDLE passes through eighty operations before it is perfectly made.

THE world's blind are computed to number about one million—about one sightless person to every 1,400 inhabitants.

IT is estimated that 90,000 conversations take place daily over the telephones in New York.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL was built out of money that was raised by a coal tax.

DURING the last 2,000 years Britain has been invaded by foes from over the sea no fewer than forty-eight times.

THERE are 14,500 miles of rabbit-proof fencing in New South Wales. This is an expense entailed by the rabbit nuisance in the Australian colonies.

IF the surface of the earth were perfectly level, the waters of the ocean would cover it to a depth of 600 feet.

EVERY animal kept by man, excepting the cat, is taxed in Austria, and now there is actually a proposal to tax cats.

IT is recorded of those greyhounds of the Atlantic, the Campania and Lucania, that they consume 600 tons of coal every day they are driven at their utmost speed.

A MACHINE has been invented that will paste labels on one hundred thousand cans in a day of ten hours. There is an endless procession of rolling cans on a chute, and each can picks up a label as it passes.

CANADA lacks only 237,000 square miles to be as large as the whole continent of Europe; it is nearly thirty times as large as Great Britain and Ireland, and is 500,000 square miles larger than the United States.

THE driest place in the world is that of Egypt between the two lower falls of the Nile. Rain has never been known to fall there, and the inhabitants do not believe travellers when told that water can fall from the sky.

A SCIENTIFIC authority states that by covering a bullet with vaseline, its flight may be easily followed with the eye from the time it leaves the muzzle of the rifle until it strikes the target. The course of the bullet is marked by a ring of smoke, caused by the vaseline being ignited on leaving the muzzle of the gun.

FLAG AT HALF-MAST.—The custom of flying a flag at half-mast high as a mark of mourning and respect arose out of the old naval and military practice of lowering the flag in time of war as a sign of submission. The vanquished always lowered his flag, while the victor flattered his own flag above it from the same staff. To lower a flag, therefore, is a token of respect to one's superior and a signal of mourning and distress.

A RAILWAY train on the Darjeeling line in India was recently stopped by an unusual obstacle—a herd of wild elephants. The huge beasts would not stir from the rails, disdaining to be frightened by the steam-whistle, and the driver was obliged to back the train out of their way. When at last they left the passage free, and the train ran swiftly past, one of the biggest elephants tore after it, trying to charge the carriages.

UNDERGROUND London contains 3,000 miles of sewers, 34,000 miles of telegraph wires, 4,500 miles of water mains, 3,200 miles of gas-pipes, all definitely fixed. What can be more marvellous than the harmony of these things as viewed when a street is up, and one is permitted a furtive peep at the bowels of London? Yet not even these compare with the vast cellars area beneath the feet of the pedestrian. In Oxford and Regent Streets alone the capacity is said to exceed 140 acres.

A MOVING MOUNTAIN.—America has got a moving mountain. Near the cascades of Columbia it rises, a gigantic mass of dark basalt, six or eight miles long, and 2,000 feet high, with a three-pronged pinnacle to tempt the adventurous. Year by year this mountain is moving down towards the river, and some day it will dam it, and form a vast lake. The forest at its root are being gradually pushed beneath the water, and is fringed with submerged stumps. The railway that runs along it has been displaced to the extent, in parts, of 10 feet within a few years. The cause of the phenomenon is supposed to be a gradual subsidence of the soft sandstone at the base of the mountain, which is continually washed away by the swiftly-flowing waters of the Columbia river.

Mrs. Potts—I suppose you have a wife and seven children at home starving. Everett Wrest—Of course I ain't. Do you suppose I would be out workin' sich weather as this here of I had a family to support me?—Cincinnati Tribune.

The average critic is a man who couldn't have done it himself.—West Union Gazette.

"And this—this is elocution!" sighed the poet, as the recitationist finished his pet poem. "Yes, what did you think it was?" "Execution," returned the poet, with a moan.—Harper's Bazaar.

How the Fight Began.

AN old woman living some distance from Manchester, Kentucky, was summoned as a witness to tell what she knew about a fight at her house several nights before, in which three or four people were killed.

She mounted the stand with evident reluctance and many misgivings, and, when questioned by the Court as to what she knew about the matter, said:

"Well, jedge, the fust I knowed about it was when Bill Sanders called Tom Smith a liar en Tom knocked him down with a stick of wood.

"One of Bill's friends then hit Tom with a knife, slicin' a big piece out of him. Sam Jones, who was a friend of Tom's, then shot the other fellow, en two more shot him, en three or four others got cut right smart by somebody.

"That caused some excitement, jedge, en then they commenced fittin'."

Johnny Had the Third.

"FATHER," said a young hopeful, the other day, "how many fowls are there on this table?"

"Why," said the old gentleman, as he looked complacently on a pair of nicely roasted chickens that were smoking on the table, "there are two."

"Two!" replied the smart boy. "There are three, sir, and I'll prove it."

"Three!" replied the old gentleman, who was a plain, matter-of-fact man. "I'd like to see you prove it."

"Easily done, easily done. Is not that one?" said the smart boy, laying his knife on the first; "and that two?" pointing to the second; "and do not one and two make three?"

"Really," said the father, turning to his wife, who was stupefied at the immense learning of the son; "really, this boy is a genius, and deserves to be encouraged;" and then, to show that there's fun in old folks as well as in young ones, he added: "Wife, do you take one fowl, and I'll take the second, and John may have the third for his learning."

All Gone.

THERE is a French story of some travellers in Africa who, while on an exploring expedition, ran out of supplies. By chance they came upon a native hut, but it was empty, and the only visible edibles in it were several strings of mushrooms suspended from the rafters to dry. For lack of anything better or more substantial, they stewed these and made a meal of them.

After a while the owner of the hut, who was a powerful native chief and warrior, returned from a hunting expedition, and, having greeted the explorers in a friendly manner, set up a wild howl of despair.

"What is the matter?" asked the explorers.

"They are gone. My evil spirits have stolen them," wailed the chief.

"What are gone?"

"Those, those!" shrieked the chief, pointing to the cut cords on the rafters.

"Why, no evil spirits took them," said the explorers. "We ate them."

The chief seized his stomach in both hands and rattled the bones inside his skin. "Ate what?" he gasped.

"Those dried mushrooms."

"Oh! suffering Moses!" roared the warrior, or words to that effect, "why, you've eaten the ears of all the enemies I killed in battle."

A Warning to Illegible Writers.

"It's a bad thing not to write a legible hand," said the philosopher, knocking the ashes from the end of his cigar. "Sometimes most unpleasant complications arise from the habit of not writing clearly. I remember a row I once had with my friend, Darby, because of it. Darby had sent me a photograph of his wife with her four little ones, two on her lap and one peering over each shoulder. The children were great friends of mine, and he knew I'd like to have it. I immediately acknowledged its receipt to Mrs. Darby, and closed by saying that she looked like a beautiful rose tree—the idea being that she was the tree and the children the roses."

"Very nice idea," said I.

"Yes," returned the philosopher, sadly, "but my handwriting ruined it all. Darby met me in the street a few days later, and coldly inquired what I meant by writing to his wife and telling her she looked like a 'dutilful rooster.'"

Went Right Along.

Customer—You give light weight. The pound of evaporated peaches you sold me did not weigh over three-quarters.

Dealer—Well, mum; I didn't warrant 'em not to go on evaporating.—New York Weekly.

The Sergeant Passed out of Sight Forever.

DOHERTY was drilling with his squad of recruits in London. Doherty was nearly 6ft. 2in in height, and at that time the sergeant-major was a man whose height was only 5ft. 4in. On this day he approached the squad looking sharply about him for some fault to find.

All the men squared up except Doherty, and the sergeant-major at once accosted him.

"Head up there, man!" called he. Doherty raised his head slightly.

"Up higher, sir!"

The head was raised again. Then the sergeant-major managed, by standing on his toes to reach Doherty's chin, and he poked it higher, with the remark:—

"That's better. Don't let me see your head down again."

By this time everybody was interested at seeing Doherty staring away above the sergeant-major's head, when a voice from above said in a rich brogue:—

"Am I to be always like this, sergeant-major?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I'll say good-bye to ye, sergeant-major, for I'll niver see yez again."

No Parallel.

AN amusing story is told of a small boy in a large Toronto store, who approached his employer and asked for an advance in salary.

"How much are you getting a week now?" said his employer.

"Three dollars, sir."

"How old are you?"

"Twelve, sir."

"Why, my boy, at your age I wasn't paid so much."

"Well," replied the shrewd lad, "maybe you weren't worth it to the firm you were working for, but I think I am." He got his rise.

A Mild Offence!

"Look here," said a lodger to his landlady, "your daughter has been using my comb and brush again."

"I beg your pardon," said the landlady, indignantly, "I never allow my children to meddle with my lodgers' belongings in any way."

"But I am sure she has been using them," said the lodger, "for there are long black hairs on them, and she is the only person with black hair in the house."

"Oh, now I remember; she did have them to comb and brush our dear old poodle," said the landlady; "but I am quite sure she did not use them for herself—she's too honest to be guilty of that sort of thing."

Windmills and Pumps.

THE Ontario Wind Engine & Pump Co'y of Toronto manufacture a most complete line of pumping and geared windmills, and the greatest variety of pumps of any firm in Canada, being the pioneers in this line. They have proved to the public that the wind can be harnessed and made to lighten the many toils of life, and have thus created a universal demand for their goods. They also manufacture tanks and tank fixtures, feed grinders, haying tools, and windmill specialties, and are offering great inducements to the trade, and to those engaged in the sale of windmills and water supply material.

We recommend our farming friends to make further acquaintance with the creations of this progressive and thoroughly reliable firm.

Toronto Industrial Fair.

AN unbroken record of successes in the past is the best possible guarantee that the Toronto Industrial Exhibition of 1895, which opens on the 2nd of September, will be a display of unrivalled attractiveness. Many improvements in the buildings and grounds have been made to further the convenience of exhibitors and the public, and with the return of an era of prosperity the enterprise of the management will doubtless be rewarded by a thorough appreciation of the inducements offered. The volume of exhibits this season will be larger and more diversified than ever before, and special attractions of a brilliant and exciting character will be presented, including the novel military spectacle "The Relief of Lucknow," with gorgeous Oriental accessories and pyrotechnic effects on a scale of grandeur and variety hitherto unequalled. The system of cheap railway fares and special excursions from far and near enables all to visit the fair at trifling cost and everyone should take advantage of the opportunity, as it embodies all that is best worth seeing and knowing in mechanical progress and scientific invention.

A Bad Example.

Twickenham—That boy of mine has been hanging around a young ladies' seminary now for a month and I don't like it.

Von Blumer—It hasn't hurt him any, has it?

Twickenham—Hurt him! Why, the youngster has learned to smoke cigarettes.—Brooklyn Life.

Insurance Agent—Any poetry in your family? Poet—Why, yes—that is—I— Insurance Agent—Sorry you mentioned it. There are some risks the company won't take.—Atlanta Constitution.