

has been connected with Wolseley Barracks for the past eight and a half years, being the first officer to arrive after the appointment of Lieut.-Col. Smith. Capt. Denison was greatly esteemed by the officers and men and citizens, and his removal to Toronto is generally regretted. There was a number of prominent officers from outside battalions present. Capt. Wadmore, who goes to London to take the place of Capt. Denison, was tendered a complimentary banquet by his many friends in Ottawa.

8TH HUSSARS—The report by Major Lessard, inspector of cavalry, of his inspection of the 8th Hussars while in camp at Sussex, N.B., shows that the efficiency of the four squadrons is as follows: "D" Squadron (Capt. A. J. Markham), "C" Squadron (Capt. Macdougall), "B" Squadron (Capt. McRobbie), and "A" Squadron (Major Campbell). Capt. Markham thus wins the silver trumpet presented by General Herbert. Major Lessard reports the shooting as being of a very high average, which is no doubt due to the Lee-Metford carbine being a much better weapon than the old Snider.

A WORLD-WRECKER.

THE astonishing progress of electrical science is neatly satirised by a Parisian paper, which imagines Mr. Edison in his laboratory hearing the news of a declaration of war between Great Britain and the United States. A young man—his assistant—rushes in, pale and out of breath, and exclaims to the great electrician:

"Oh, master, war is declared! It is terrible!"

"Ah!" says the master. "War is declared, eh? And where is the British army at this moment?"

"Embarking, sir."

"Embarking where?"

"At Liverpool."

"At Liverpool—yes. Now, my friend, would you please join the ends of those two wires hanging there against the wall? That's right. Now bring them to me. Good. And be kind enough to press that button."

The assistant, wondering and half-amused, presses the button.

"Very well," says the inventor. "Now, do you know what is taking place at Liverpool?"

"The British army is embarking, sir."

The inventor pulls out his watch and glances at the time.

"There is no British army," he says coolly.

"What?" screams the assistant.

"When you touched that button you destroyed it."

"Oh, this is frightful!"

"It is not frightful at all. It is science. Now, every time a British expedition embarks at any port, please come and tell me at once. Ten seconds afterwards it will simply be out of existence; that's all."

"There doesn't seem to be any reason why America should be afraid of her enemies after this, sir."

"I am inclined to believe you," says the master, smiling slightly. "But in order to avert future trouble I think it would be better to destroy England altogether."

"To—to destroy England, sir——"

"Kindly touch button No. 4 there."

The assistant touches it. The inventor counts ten.

"——, eight, nine, ten—it's all over. There is no more England."

"Now we can go quietly on with our work," continues the master. "And if we should ever be at war with any other nation, you have only to notify me. I have an electric button connected with every foreign country which will destroy it when pressed. In ten minutes I could destroy every country in the world, the United States included. Be careful, now, that you don't touch any of those buttons accidentally; you might do a lot of damage." —Tit Bits.

THE LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER.

At the inaugural breakfast of the sheriff of the City of London, held in Clothmakers' Hall, the splendid vintage of 1889 "G. H. Mumm & Co.'s Extra Dry," was specially selected for the occasion. This is the same vintage as is now being shipped to Canada, and it speaks volumes for the quality. The importations into the United States for the nine months ending October 1st, 1896, of "G. H. Mumm & Co.'s Extra Dry" champagne were 50,573 cases, or 29,965 cases more than of any other brand. Remarkable quality, natural dryness and purity are responsible for such popularity.

A story that may or may not have appeared in print before is a good one. During the American Civil War an officer in face of the enemy said, "Men, there's the enemy on top of yonder hill; attack them and drive them out of their position. If you find that they are too strong for you turn around and run, and as I am a little lame you'll excuse me if I start for the rear now."

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