



P. Q. R. A. MATCHES, COTE ST. LUC: VIEW AT FIRING POINT. (Holbrook, photo.)

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

CHEAP SEASIDE EXCURSIONS MONTREAL

TO: **PORTLAND, ME. } \$6**
AND RETURN.
(Via White Mountains.)

St. Andrews, N. B. } \$10
AND RETURN.
(Via New Short Line or via Portland and boat.)

Aug. 28th & 29th
Tickets good to return until 8th Sept.

Purchase Tickets and secure Parlor and Sleeping Car Accommodation early.

Trains leave Windsor Street Station: -
For PORTLAND—
9 a.m. week days, 8.15 p.m. daily.
For ST. ANDREWS—
7.45 p.m. daily except Saturdays.

Through Parlor and Sleeping Cars
Montreal to Portland.
Through Sleeping Car Montreal to St. Andrews.

Montreal Ticket Offices:
266 St. James Street,
Windsor Street Station,
Windsor Hotel.

HUMOROUS.

HIS MOTHER: What are you doing out there in the rain? The Terror: Gittin' wet.

It is an awful strain on a woman's patience to have a husband who thinks he knows how to cook.

HE: Is not that a fire-fly over yonder tree? She (wearily): No; It's the morning star, I should imagine.

"OH, DEAR!" said the hen when she got home and found three broken eggs in her nest. "This spoils my set."

SHE RECOVERED.—Wife (who is always ailing): You will bury me by the side of my first husband, won't you, John? Husband: With pleasure, my dear.

"WHY do you want your daughter sent to the reform school?" enquired the judge. "She has gone to writing society novels," groaned the stricken father.

GUS DE SMITH: I am head over ears in love with your daughter. Judge Peterby: I suppose those ears are the same ones over which you are in debt.

ONE JOB LOST.—Uncle Abner (entering): Say, is this a barber shop? The Artist: Naw; it's a tonsorial studio. Uncle Abner: Studio, eh? Wa-al, if you're only studyin' I'll go further. I want a man that knows the trade!

CONVINCED.—Police Captain: Have you attended to that burglary at Mr. Goodman's house? Detective: Yes; been at work on it all day. Police Captain: What is your conclusion? Detective: A robbery has been committed. Police Captain: Very well. Now go to work on these cases.

DROWNING MAN: Help! I am drowning! Stranger (on bank, hastily divesting himself of his clothes): Horrible! can't you swim? Drowning Man (rising to the surface and the occasion for the last time): Of course! But don't you see that notice on the bridge: "Swimming strictly forbidden here?"

ACCORDING to a telegram, "lightning struck a man in Springfield, Ohio, killed him, burned the sign of a cross on his back and then dug a hole in the ground the exact size and shape of a grave." It is also rumoured that the electric bolt paid all the funeral ex-

penses, ordered a monument for his grave, and offered to marry his widow, but this report lacks confirmation.

It is a remarkable fact that when a financier discovers a good thing he at once advertises the fact, so that everybody who will may come in. And in order not to crowd those who have taken advantage of his kind invitation, the financier is the first to step out. The kindness of a financier is quite pathetic.

Murders in the United States.

In the absence of a central bureau of criminal statistics in the United States other than an incomplete arrangement in connection with the decennial census returns, an American newspaper, the *Chicago Tribune*, has, for some years past, made an annual collection of all the published announcements of murder throughout the Union. From these the following appalling list for the past six years has been compiled:—

Year.	Murders.	Legal Executions.	Lynchings.
1884	3,377	103	219
1885	1,808	108	181
1886	1,499	83	133
1887	2,335	79	123
1888	2,184	87	144
1889	3,567	95	175
Total of six years.	14,770	558	975

Hence, of nearly 15,000 known murders, less than 4 per cent resulted in legal executions. Further, there were a large number of suicides, and doubtless many unreported murders. In only four of the States—viz: Rhode Island, Wisconsin, Michigan, and Maine—the death penalty does not exist. The lynchings chiefly occur in the southern and western States, where also the frequent habit of carrying weapons by private citizens is declared to be one of the principal causes of homicide.

Murder in England and Wales.

By collating the annually issued "Judicial Statistics" for the decade 1879 to 1888 inclusive, it is seen that during that period 672 persons were committed for trial in England and Wales for the crime of wilful murder. Of these, 299 were sentenced to death, whilst 373

were either acquitted or found insane—namely, 231 acquitted and 142 found insane. Of the 299 condemned to death, nearly one-half, or 145, had their sentences commuted, whilst 154 were executed. Of the 299 sentenced capitally 50 were women, of whom nine were hanged. During the same decade there were 1,766 verdicts of "Wilful murder" returned by the juries at coroners' inquests in England and Wales. Hence rather more than one third of the known murders resulted in arrests. In the above ten years, the convictions resulting from all cases of legal procedure, including summary convictions and fines, averaged 79 per cent. on committals; whilst the convictions arising from criminal trials or indictable offences only averaged 77 per cent. The capital convictions averaged 45 per cent.: but the actual infliction of the punishment of death was under 23 per cent. In the first year of the decade, 1879, there were 60 persons committed for trial for wilful murder, of whom 34 were condemned and 16 hanged. In the last year of that period, 1888, there were 90 persons committed, of whom 36 were condemned and 22 executed.

De Quincey's Great Fault.

One of De Quincey's great faults, it is said, was his inability to adapt his conversation to the intelligence of his hearer. He would address a servant-maid or a porter in the most extravagant diction. While stopping at Professor Wilson's he once gave the cook some directions as to the way in which he wished his meat cut, with the grain or fibre instead of across it, and he delivered himself as follows: "Owing to dyspepsia afflicting my system, and the possibility of any additional derangement of the stomach taking place, consequences incalculably distressing would arise—so much so, indeed, as to increase nervous irritation, and prevent me from attending to matters of overwhelming importance—if you do not remember to cut the mutton in a diagonal rather than in a longitudinal form." The humble Scotchwoman, in telling her mistress of it, exclaimed: "Mr. De Quincey would mak' a gran' preacher, though I'm thinking a hantle o' the folk wouldna ken what he was driving at"!!