

Montreal Hunt Club.

The members of the Montreal Hunt Club gave their annual breakfast last Saturday previous to the hounds throwing off at Petite Cote. The weather was everything that could be desired for the breakfast and the display of pretty dresses, but by no means a morning to charm a huntsman, there being no "southerly wind" or "cloudy sky." The meet was largely attended, the members having asked their friends with that hospitality for which the Club is celebrated. We will call no names as some of our daily contemporaries have done, marrying people who never were married and making the "singular" mistake of erroneously recording names in the plural number, but content ourselves with saying that the breakfast was as usual a great success. His Excellency the Governor General was invited but unable to attend.

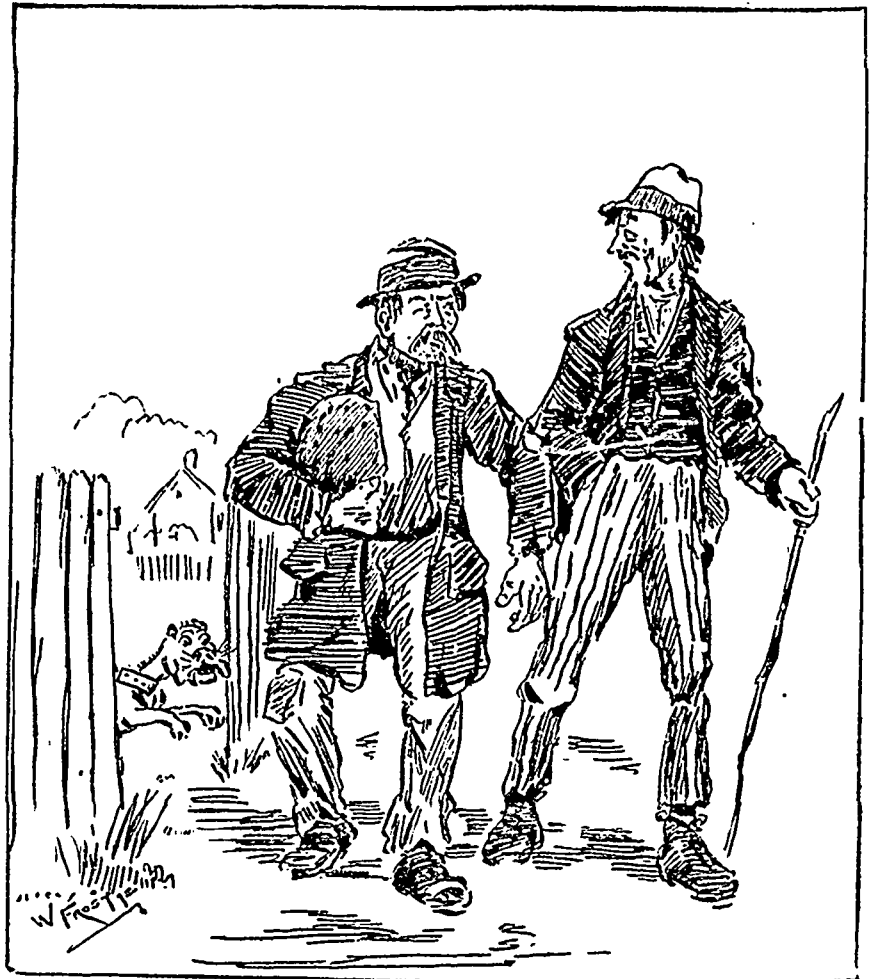
Shakespeare up to Date.

An original feature was introduced into the performance of Shakespeare's "Tempest" when that play was given the other day on the stage of a French provincial town. The actual tempest was produced by fifteen men, hidden under the green cloth which served as the surface of the sea, and producing the "swelling of the voiceful sea" by hobbling up and down. But the theatre did not pay, and the director lowered the wages of the tempest makers from a franc each per night to half that sum. Whereat the men decided to strike. Next evening, when the wind howled over the stage, and hailstones made of beans fell on the boards, the green sea remained sullenly silent. "Swell and roar at once," the director cried, in despair. "If you promise to give us 80 centimes instead of 50, we will." "No, 60; not a sou more." The audience shouted with laughter; the sea remained calm. "Seventy centimes?" "We said 80." And 80 it had to be. Then there began a roaring and swelling of the ocean which, for vigor, had never been equalled. The result was that suddenly the green cloth burst and the heads of the fifteen appeared on the stage to the uproarious delight of the house. The theatre "paid" after this.—From The Manchester Examiner.

SO THE NAXIA SAYS.

Mrs. Keedick (praising young Mr. Adlet to her daughter)—He doesn't smoke, drink or swear. He's a good boy and would be true to you.

Miss Keedick (shaking her head)—He's too good to be true, mamma.—From Truth.



"EXPERIENTIA DOCET."

NEW TRAMP—"Say, Vanderbilt, what sort o' dawg do you call that?"

OLD TRAMP—"Depends which side of the fence yer on. I calls um the sort o' dawg to keep off. Come on,—I've been there."

Fight between Wolf and Eagle

"I once witnessed a battle between an eagle and a big gray timber wolf," said Lieut. Charles E. Crittenden. The wolf had singled out a lamb for its midday meal, but just as he was preparing to gather it in, an eagle swooped down upon it. Before the bird of freedom could rise into the air with its burden the wolf attacked it viciously. For about a minute the air was full of feathers and hair, and then the combatants separated and sized each other up.

"The wolf came to the scratch, but I regret to say that the emblem of this great republic showed the white feather unmistakably. Instead of coming up with that never-say-die courage with which it is accredited, it spread its wings and flew screaming away. I do not believe that a bird that a thieving wolf can chase away from a square meal is a fit emblem for the greatest nation on earth. I would rather see a game rooster on our standard."—From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

How the Mosquito Does It.—A mosquito's bill is an elaborate contrivance, and consists of two sharp saws and a lance inclosed in a sheath, which is also employed as a pump. The saws are bony, but flexible, and the teeth are near the end, which is pointed. The lance is perhaps the most perfect instrument known in the world of minute things. It is first thrust into the flesh, and the opening is enlarged by the saws, which play beside it until the sheath can be inserted. The sawing is what causes irritation when a mosquito is biting.—(Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

A Chicago literary club recently debated the question, "Was the Inventor of the Barbed Wire Fence a Barbarian?" It is safe to say that everybody took sides and nobody got on the fence.—St. Paul Globe.

"What are you doing?" asked the convict of the reporter who was writing up the penitentiary. "I'm taking notes." "Humph! That's what brought me here."—Washington Star.