

NOTICE TO TOURISTS.

No cards are received by Montreal Typographical Union pending a settlement of the trouble in the Herald newsroom. Tourists would do well to give Montreal a wide berth for some time to come. The Herald newsroom is closed to all honorable men.

THE SUMMER GIRL.

Oh! the Summer Girl is coming; so the dickie birdies say. You can hear her banjo tumming in the old familiar way. From her sea-blown hair so curly to her dainty little feet. She's intensely girly-girly, and she's

Just Too Sweet!

But beware of all her graces and her fetching little ways. Though her net of filmy lace is, yet it's quite a tangled maze. Once her eyes, so brown and mellow, bring you to her slippered feet. You will find some other fellow thinks she's

Just Too Sweet!

SPORTING NEWS

The Gazette says: There is a rumor about that Mr. McKeown will resign the captaincy of the Shamrock Lacrosse club. The reason, it is said, is that the players are not ambitious enough in turning out to practice.

Matt Swift, a well known Quebec horseman, has a green five year old pacing gelding which he claims to have driven on Saturday a half mile in 1 minute 15 seconds, the last quarter being covered in 36 1/2 seconds.

O'Connor, who was beaten by Stansbury, has protested against the payment of the stakes to the latter. O'Connor claims the race on the ground that Stansbury took his water a quarter of a mile from the start, and that a foul ensued. The umpires deny that there was a foul. The Sydney Herald states that O'Connor has claimed the championship because Kemp would not accept his challenge. O'Connor will not row in Australia again. He will challenge Kemp to row on the Thames for £500 a side.

The fight between La Blanche and young Mitchell, which was to have occurred at the California Athletic Club next Friday, has been declared off. The cause most generally assigned is the recent declaration of the Chief of Police that he will arrest the principals and seconds when they enter the ring.

John L. Sullivan pleaded guilty on Wednesday to the charge of prize fighting, and the court fined him \$500.

PEPPER YOUR STRAWBERRIES.

"Pepper on your strawberries?" said a dusky waiter at Dooner's Hotel yesterday.

"What!" exclaimed the astonished guest, trying to think what day it was, lest there might be some reason for playing a joke on him. "No, thank you. What do you mean by that?"

"Well, boss," said the other, "all gentlemen now takes pepper on strawberries. Just try one."

The guest did as directed and to his surprise found it delightful, and soon sprinkled the whole saucer with the condiment.

"Do I now call for salt, mustard and vinegar?" said the guest, "I want to be up to the times."

"No, sah, take 'em jist that way, you'll find 'em elegant."

The guest investigated and soon found that a gentlemen from the Orange Free State, in South Africa, was stopping at the hotel recently and insisted on treating his berries with pepper. This set the fashion, which is rapidly coming into favor.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

THE EXCURSIONIST.

She riseth betimes in the morning and stirreth up her household.

The daughters of her flock doth she array in garments stiff and shining; she decketh them with ribbons gorgeous to behold; the sons thereof she cautioneth as to the care of their Sunday clothes; their heads doth she brush with vigour, and polisheth their faces radiantly.

Then with frugal forethought she layeth out the family luncheon. Into a spacious receptacle the spicy sausage, the crisp biscuit, the buttered roll do go. Yea, there too are found the innocent fowl and the cooling bottled beverage, the rosy apple and the early cherry.

With the partner of her joys and griefs she departeth from her mansion they do hire. She carryeth the infant in arms; he luggeth the lunch and the extra wraps. The brood do follow after.

In the station they await the train; the baby doth lament and yell; the small child falleth down and becometh a stumbling-block to the passer-by; the boys forget their Sunday clothes. The mistress then lifteth up her voice and putteth her household in order. Her better-half lighteth his pipe and puffeth smoke in the nostrils of his neighbour.

The train cometh. Into it she scrambleth and setteth her family and resigneth herself to enjoyment.

Then, the joy of the summer excursion! Oh, the happiness of the excursionist!

The sun shineth on her countenance; the ruddiness of her nose is increased. The wind maketh her parasol to flop inside out, and causeth her daughters' hats to fly afar. The baby weepeth bitter tears; the children lament for bread. As their hunger is appeased, they smear their persons with buttered

roll, they clamber over the fences and ditches, and tear their clothes.

At sunset, they return to the shelter of their dwelling-place. Drenching rain from the heavens pour down upon their weary heads.

The wreck of the Sunday clothes demolisheth the temper of the excursionist; storm and tempest are in her voice.

Her husband soon departeth; the children betake themselves to bed.

In the silence of the night the young apple and the early cherry are heard.

The earnings of a week do not suffice for the settlement of the doctor's bill.

But content doth fill the soul of the excursionist; pride swelleth her heart as she goeth among her neighbors; the excursion hath been accomplished; her duty as a Canadian matron is done. And, yet, when another summer cometh, again will she prepare her family for the yearly struggle.

NOT SO BAD AS HE EXPECTED.

Two soft, white arms go stealing around his neck, and a fair, peach-like cheek is rubbed caressingly against his own. Faintly whispered, "Dear papa," and "Darling old boy," and "Don't you love your own caramel?" reach his startled ears as he vainly attempts to pull himself together and avoid the loving, sugar-coated attack which he well knows is coming.

"Well, daughter mine," he finally asks, "what is it? Not another new dress, surely?"

"Oh, no, papa darling."

"H—m—m, that's good. And it can't be the milliner again?"

"No, papa love."

"H—m—m, better still. It isn't the florist?"

"No, you dearest papa."

"H—m—m, great Scott! You don't want a trip to the Continent, do you?"

"No, you lovely old dear."

"Well, what in the name of goodness do you want, my little girl?"

"Darling papa mine, I don't want anything—ah—that is—Jack wants me."

WHO CAN WRITE FOR THE PRESS.

Anyone having something to communicate that will interest another person can do so. High order of education is not necessary, and if ideas abound it matters little as to correctness of spelling or strict rules of grammar. The less one worries about punctuation the better. The printer will see to this branch of the work, and invariably does better than most writers. As to paragraphing, that also might be left to the revising editor, but it would be safer to indicate the "break" in the matter when practicable. Printing office differ radically as to spelling, capitalizing and punctuation, the use of the colon, dash, parenthesis, bracket, and large and small type. Success in writing for the press is invariably the result of hard work. It is a mistake to suppose that writers are born; on the contrary they must grow into the business through association and sympathy with matters pertaining to the calling. Of all other undertakings, success can only be achieved through indomitable ambition, study, experience and frequent attempts and failures. Thoughts do not grow on trees; neither are they to be found scattered by the wayside. Above all, when talent and inclination exists, there should be reasonable effort made to give it shape and existence. There may be a rich mine of literary talent in the humblest individual, but like the diamond when found in its original state it requires labor and polish to make it valuable. Writing for the press ought to be commenced in youth. The most successful writers, from Franklin's time, and the best equipped newspaper men of the present day, were at one time either printers or reporters, who commenced their work at an early day. If some fail to become successful writers for the press, it is because they persist in a line of action for which they have meagre qualifications.—St. Louis Stationer.

BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW.

Economical Wife—"There, didn't I do well to buy a silk dress with that \$25. Here's elegant jet trimming, and handsome fringe, and lovely buttons, and the very best linings, and every little necessary for a whole suit."

Husband—"Oh, yes; and the silk?"

E. W.—"Oh, my goodness! I do believe I forgot all about that!"

MORE THAN HE WANTED.

Angry caller (at newspaper office)—"Say, I want that little ad. I gave you two days ago—'wanted, an electric battery in good working order'—taken out."

Advertising clerk—"What is the matter? Didn't we give it the right location?"

Angry caller—"Location be dashed! The blamed ad. overdid the business. My house was struck by lightning last night."

CAREFULLY TRAINED.

Miss Antique (taking politely proffered seat in crowded street car)—"Thank you, my little man. You have been taught to be polite, I am glad to see. Did your mother tell you to always give up your seat to ladies?"

Polite boy—"No'm, not all ladies, only old ladies."

DEPARTED ON THE DOT.

Old Moneybags—"Mr. De Stoolle, you must be more punctual. I notice that you are late getting to the office nearly every morning."

Mr. De Stoolle—"Yes, but Mr. Moneybags, did you ever notice how punctual I am in going away from the office every night?"

NO USE FOR A HUSBAND.

A Williamsport girl, who, in the matter of beauty and affectionate exuberance, was not to say "fresh as first love and rosy as the dawn," was asked why she did not get married, and this is what she said in reply: "I have considerable money of my own, I have a parrot that can swear and a monkey that hews tobacco, so that I have no need of a husband."

EXPLAINING THE SYSTEM.

"It's just splendid speculating on margin," said Chappie. "Y' see you leave \$100 with your broker and he buys \$1,000 worth of stock. I don't know how he does it, but that's the secret of his business. Then if the stock goes up you make a pile of money, and if it falls, say down to \$900, you can sell out and there's your \$800 profit."

"Isn't it simple," said Mabel.

"Awful!" returned Chollie. "I left \$100 with my broker this morning."

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