



OFF THE COAST OF NEWFOUNDLAND; A "BANK" FISHING BOAT IN THE FOREWATER.

CANADIAN * PACIFIC RAILWAY

TO THE

White Mountains

... AND ...

SEA-SIDE.

The only Line running Parlor and Sleeping Cars through the heart of the White Mountains to PORTLAND and OLD ORCHARD BEACH.

Through Sleeping Car

leaves Windsor Street Station at 8.15 p.m. every day, and

Through Parlor Car

at 9 a.m. every week day.

Ticket Offices:

266 St. James Street, Windsor Street Station and Windsor and Balmoral Hotels.

Lucknow.

Mr. Archibald Forbes, in his recently published book, "Havelock," in connection with relief of Lucknow, thus describes the dash of the column headed by the 78th Highlanders: "The word was given, the advance began, and presently the foremost soldiers entered the narrow street which led with several sinuosities, up to the Bailey Guard Gate of the Residency. Then, from side streets, from the front, from every window and balcony, from the top of every house, there poured a constant stream of bullets upon the men doggedly pushing forward, savage at their inability to return evil for evil. For, except where now and then a section, facing momentarily outward, got a chance to send a volley into the teeth of the mass holding the head of a cross alley, there was little opportunity of retaliation. The natives, Sepoys, and townspeople, ensconced on the flat roofs, fired down into the street and then drew back to load hurriedly that they might fire again. The very women, in the passion of their hostility, plied muskets, some of them; others hurled down on the passing soldiery stones and pieces of furniture. One woman stood on a parapet with a child in her arms, disdainingly in the madness of her hate to take cover, and yelled and hissed Hindoo maledictions, till, having lashed herself into ungovernable fury, she hurled her babe down upon the bristling bayonet points. The Highlanders spared her, but the Sikhs behind them had no compunction, and the wretched woman, riddled with bayonets fell on the roadway with a wild shriek."

Colophons.

At the International Conference of Librarians in 1889 one of the most interesting papers was that of Dr. Garnett, of the British Museum, on Printers' Colophons, or private symbols affixed to the books printed by them. Colophons, or attestations of the execution of a book occurring at the end of a volume, were, he said, much older than title-pages, and for a time supplied the place of the title-page, which was unknown until about 1476 and not generally used until 1490. The delay in the application of so obvious an idea as the title-page

was very singular, but might be regarded as fortunate, inasmuch as the colophon, though less practical than the title-page, was often more communicative. Early colophons frequently gave interesting information respecting the book and the printer which could not well have found a place upon the title-page, and thus helped to elucidate an interesting but obscure department of literary history.

An Historical Goblet.

On January 15, 1815, Her Majesty's ship Endymion captured the American frigate President, and shortly after went to Bermuda, where the inhabitants presented the captain with a piece of plate, and the officers with a goblet, which latter gift was "to be considered as attached to that or any other ship which might bear the gallant name of Endymion." now, at this very time, a new Endymion is being built for our navy, and in the interest of the officers who will probably be ere long appointed to her, the pertinent question is being asked, "Where is that goblet now?" and in the interest of naval *esprit de corps* the question is one which should most certainly be answered.—*Truth*.

Effect of Music.

That which I have found, says Bishop Beveridge, to be the best recreation both to my mind and body, whensoever either of them stands in need of it, is music, which exercises at once both my body and soul; especially when I play myself; for then, methinks, the same motion that my hand makes upon the instrument the instrument makes upon my heart. It calls in my spirits, composes my thoughts, delights my ear, recreates my mind, and so not only fits me for after business, but fills my heart, at the present, with pure and useful thoughts; so that when the music sounds the sweetest in my ears, truth commonly flows the clearest into my mind.

The Essential.

Live not without a friend! The Alpine rock must own its mossy grace, or else be nothing but a stone. Live not without a God! However low or high, In every house should be a window to the sky.

W. W. STORY.

Seismoscopes.

The new seismoscopes, made by Brassart Brothers, of Rome, and adopted at the Italian meteorological stations, are described in the *Rivista Scientifico-Industriale*. They are of a very simple nature, the one consisting merely of an iron rod, about 5 inches long, leaning slightly against an adjustable screw support near its middle, and with its lower pointed end in a cup. When a shock or tremor occurs, the rod falls away from its support, and is caught by a fixed metallic ring, making electric contact and ringing a bell. In the other instrument the ring is connected with a hinged lever arrangement, which stops the mechanism of a timepiece, showing when the shock occurred.

HUMOROUS.

SHE DIDN'T OBJECT.—W. Childers Kydd (looking for board): Oh, I forgot to mention that two of my party of four are small children. I hope that will make no difference. Mrs. Hashton (sweetly): Oh, not all! I shall charge just the same as if they were grown up.

MAMMA (to Tommy): I'm sorry you and your sister quarrelled over that orange and that James had to interfere. Whose part did he take? Tommy: Whose part? He took the whole orange.

MISTRESS (to new Highland servant): Did you tell those ladies who called just now that I was not at home? Servant: Yes, mem. Mistress: What did they say? Servant: They said, mem, "hoo fortinit."

AN Irishman, in addition to his duties as gardener, had the care of the furnace which heated the house. To the irritation of the household, there came a morning, bitterly cold, when the furnace gave forth no heat, for the very good reason that, an investigation showed, there remained not one spark or ember in the grate. "Mike," cried the angry paterfamilias, "the furnace fire went out last night!" "So did I, sorr," returned the culprit, serenely.