



WHEAT AT ST. FELICIEN, LAKE ST. JOHN RAILWAY. (Livernois, photo.)

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Greyhounds for Canadian Wolves.

It is officially estimated that no fewer than 170,000 wolves are roaming at large in Russia, and that the inhabitants of the Vologda last year killed no fewer than 49,000, and of the Casan district 21,000. In the Canadian North-West there are also wolves, but these are not, like the European ones, of a very dangerous character. The coyotes are, however, at times very troublesome on the plains, especially to flocks of sheep. Some time ago, Sir John Lister-Kaye imported a number of Belgian and French wolf-hounds and Scotch deerhounds for the purpose of hunting down these coyotes, while other breeds of dogs have been tried with fair success. By means of these the number of coyotes has been much reduced, as many as seventeen having been brought down in a single day on the Cochran ranch. The hounds are, however, scarcely fast enough, and with a view to giving them a greater turn of speed, Mr. Dan. Gordon, the veterinary surgeon of Ottawa, Canada, has just imported two of the fastest and best bred greyhounds ever shipped from England—namely, Justinian by Cui Bono out of Stylish Lady, and Jetsam by Royal Stag out of Castaway.

Cardinal Lavigerie and Carthage.

The ancient See of Carthage is bursting into new life, full of hope for that dark continent on which the eyes of ambitious European statesmen are now so constantly fixed. And Carthage is promising because it is under the jurisdiction of a prelate who for activity may, without irreverence, be compared to the great saint—Augustine of Hippo. Six years ago, when Leo XIII. restored to Carthage the dignity of an archiepiscopal see, he advised the erection of a cathedral church, in connection with which a canonical Chapter could be held, and he also urged that a seminary should be provided for the education of the clergy. Since that time Cardinal Lavigerie has done the work of a score of men in promoting the anti-slave crusade throughout Europe, but, despite all this, there has been no inaction

in his diocese. The Chapter of Canons has been appointed, the seminary opened, and the cathedral built on the hill of Byrsa, from which Carthage first received its name. The consecration of the cathedral took place on Thursday, 15th July, and on the same day Cardinal Lavigerie will preside at the first Council of Carthage. It will be a great day for the Catholic Church in Africa.—*Catholic Times.*

Children's Sayings.

LITTLE BOY, brought down to see two old aunts, much made up, and dressed very youthfully, being told that one was Aunt Jane, inquired, "What's the other girl's name?"

CLERGYMAN trying to show his little girl the sin of disobedience in Eve eating the apple. Child replies, after consideration: "I think it should have been hung out of her reach!"

A LITTLE GIRL had just been read the story of Jonah and the whale from the Bible, and on its completion she remarked: "Oh! do read that to Georgie (her brother); he likes that kind of story so much, and I daresay he'll believe it."

A LITTLE BOY was told by his mother that he would never see his aunt (who had just died) again. He said: Yes, I shall. His mother said: Oh, no, you will not, dear, never again. The boy replied: Yes, I shall, at the last trump.

MOTHER (to Elsie, aged three, repeating her evening prayer): Now say "Make me one of Christ's Lambs." Elsie: No, I don't want to say that. Mother: But Elsie would like to be one, would she not? Elsie (emphatically): No, no! Mother: My darling, why not? Elsie (in tears): 'Cause I'd rather be a little moo-calf.

A BOY under six years of age was bemoaning to his mother the escape of one of his white mice, which had disappeared through a hole in the floor of his nursery, but a happy thought struck him, and he seemed reconciled to his loss, as he remarked quite cheerfully to her: "Oh, mamma, won't it go amongst the black mice just like a missionary to the black men?"

HUMOROUS.

AN INTERESTING MOMENT.—Crowd (in elevator): How soon does this elevator go up, boy? Elevator Boy (reading a weekly paper): Jes' as soon as I find out if the gal who leaped from the cliff was caught by her feller, who stood on the rocks one thousand feet below.

FORGOT WHAT HE WAS CRYING FOR.—A little boy sat on the floor crying. After a while he stopped and seemed buried in thought. Looking up suddenly he said: "Mamma, what was I crying about?" "Because I wouldn't let you go out to play." "Oh, yes," and he set up another howl.

AN ENGLISHMAN was boasting to a Yankee that they had a book in the British Museum which was once owned by Cicero. "Oh, that ain't nothin'!" retorted the Yankee. "In the museum in Bosting they've got the very same lead pencil that Noah used to check off the animals with as they went into the Ark!"

SMART ALECK (from college).—Say, farmer, if I can prove that your two horses are equal to three will you give me one? Farmer: Done; it's a bargain. Smart Aleck: Well, the bay horse is one, and the white 'up two, and one and two make three. There! Now, which one may I have? Farmer: Oh, you can have the third.

A POPULAR Glasgow clergyman recently announced that he would take as his subject, "A Young Man Worth Imitating," on the next Sunday evening, and before twenty-four hours had elapsed he had received 350 letters from the "gilded youth," each intimating that he would rather not be spoken of personally from the pulpit—his modesty would not allow it.

THE GREATEST HONOUR.—An Englishman once boasted that he had been mistaken for a member of the royal family. A Scotchman, hearing this, replied that he had been addressed as the Duke of Argyll. Whereupon an Irishman said that he had been taken for a far greater person than either, for as he was walking along the street one day, a friend came up to him, exclaiming, "Holy Moses! is that you?"