THE WAR CLOUD.

London, Feb. 27.—Advices from Metz report there is no cessation of French barrack. making around Verdun and Belfort, and that work on the fortifications at Verdun continues night and day. All commerce has been suspended at Metz excepting in food. The inhabitants are storing their houses from cellar to garret.

WHAT WILL FOLLOW THE ELECTIONS. On the issue of the German elections hangs the peace of Europe; that is, if a majority is not elected favouring Prince Bismarck's Septennate bill in the Reichstag, war is certain in April. In the event of a majority of Prince Bismarck's side war will be postponed, if not avoided. The prospects are that the Chancellor will carry the day and have majority of forty-three. Such are the advices from Berlin this evening.

FRANCE ANXIOUS FOR BISMARCK'S SUCCESS. France, oddly enough, is praying for Prince Bismarck's success. The Ministry know well that if he is defeated and declares for war he will call to the colours the 40,000 extra troops he demands, law or no law, and raise all the money he needs, with or without the consent of the imperial parliament.

A SOCIALISTIC REBELLION Mr. Hyndman and others of the Socialist party here are convinced that in case of war there will be a Socialist rebellion in Germany, and possibly one also in the iron manufacturing region of France, as a protest against the mutual slaughter of the Gal lic and Teutonic Democracies.

A COMPLICATED ISSUE

The above three views of the Franco-German situation show how complicated the problem is, leaving the questions of alliances with other powers out of the question. What Russia would do in the event of war is widely discussed, but without definite answer. Her statesmen, a Vienna despatch says, are convinced that with Prince Bismarck at war the Czar would become the arbiter of Europe, and no pledge will be given in advance to either side, though that would mean an end to the alliance with Gerby an many.

A GERMAN WITH A LOAD OF FRENCH HELMETS. Paris, Feb. 27.—A German sergeant, while driving a waggon into Metz, refused to submit to inspection. The altercation attracted a crowd of inspectors, who forcibly removed the cover and found a waggon load of French dragoon helmets.

A COUNCIL OF WAR.

VIENNA, Feb. 27.—The Emperor presided
yesterday at a council of war. Archdukes
Albrecht and Wilhelm, Count Bylandt,
General Von Beck, Prince of Croy and Barons Salins and Popp were presented.

MILITARY ENTHUSIASM IN AUSTRIA. Twenty thousand applications have been already received for officers' commissions in the Hungarian Landsturm. Rich women are seeking positions in the ambulance ser-

CREDIT FOR THE HUNGARIAN LANDWEHR.

PESTI, Feb. 27.—The Lower House of the Hungarian Diet by an unanimous vote yesterday passed the extra credit of \$3,110,000 for the equipment of the Hungarian

BUYING BACK RUSSIAN SECURITIES.

St. Petersburg, Feb. 27.—It is estimated that Russian securities to the value of \$125,-000,000 have been bought back from Berlin by Russian operators during the present

London, Feb. 23.—French and German Government agents are visiting all the fairs in the north of England, and are making large purchases of horses suitable for military purposes.

ALSATIAN DISLIKE FOR GERMANY.
PARIS, Feb. 27.—The newspapers of this
city are jubilant over the result of the election in Alsace Lorraine. They say Germany
is not able to obtain the hearts of the inhabitants of the annexed provinces.

A SOLUTION OF THE BULGARIAN PROBLEM. CONSTANTINOPLE, Feb. 27.-Gadban Paconstantinople, Feb. 27.—Gadban Pasha, the special agent of the Porte in Bulgaria, it is said, nas informed the Grand Vizier that the only solution of the problem is in a Russian occupation of Bulgaria and a Turkish occupation of Eastern Roumelia,

The Midshipman's Grave.

A Stonington, Conn., correspondent says: decorating of the soldiers' graves in our village cemetery on last Decoration Day. To give it full effect a little story historic of itself must be related. During the war with Great Britain in 1812 the ninety-gun ship Superb was on our coast off Stonington, and during an action with a privateer fitted out under the American flag, midshipman Powers was pierced by a bullet in his forehead and fell dead in his boat while attempting to board the privateer. The bod the young midshipman was brought The body of shore at Stonington, and buried in the old Phelps burying ground, now a part of our beautiful cemetery, and by his fellow officers a marble monument was erected on the spot. Some years after peace was declared, elderly gentleman arrived in Stonington from England, and sought out the parish clergyman, Rev. Ira Hart, saying to him:

"I have come from England to see the grave of my boy, my only child. In a coach they went to the cemetery; at the gate the Englishman said to the clergyman, "Tarry here please; let me visit the grave like scarecrows than anything clse. They alone." It is related that the man prostration would come sailing along, and gradually ed himself upon the grave of the boy mid-shipman and wept bitterly, as beneath the grass upon which he reclined lay the object of his tenderest affections, the hope of his declining years; and in addition to his cup of sorrow, then full, was the thought that he would never again see the grave of his boy. More than half a century has elapsed since the above occurred, and the midshipman's father has long since passed away, but the grave of his boy has been remembered. For seven years it has been the custom of Miss Grace Stanton, a young lady of Ston-ington, to especially decorate the midshipman's grave in a quiet manner; but last Saturday, while the band was playing a dirge and volleys of musketry were being fired within the cemetery enclosure, a squad of veterans of the G. A. R. visited the grave of the young Englishman, and upon it placed two American flags and a wreath of beautifal flowers. The act of itself was full of simplicity, but how beautiful! Upon the monument is inscribed the following: "Thomas Barratt Powers, aged 18, late midshipman of H. B. Majesty's ship Superb, who was killed in action in a boat, on the 31st of July, 1814. A native of Market Bosworth, in the county of Leicestshire, England."

YOUNG FOLKS.

DICK'S ADVENTURE.

Dick lives in a large house on the bank of summer day, Dick's mother was asleep in a chair on the piazza, and he, after playing a while on the lawn, ran down the path which led to the river, where the boat, with its gay, striped awning and cushioned seats, half out of water, on the beach.

Dick romped about on the soft, warm sand for a while, chasing the butterflies which flitted up and down the beach; and watching the little flashing waves which plashed gently on the shore, coming nearer and nearer with the slowly rising tide.

Pretty soon he climbed into the boat and settled himself among the soft cushions in the stern.

It was very warm in the sun, and Dick thoroughly enjoyed the cool breeze which whispered among the overhanging branches The conversation ruffled the water into the wavelets which plashed a merry song against the boat's side.

Perhaps Nature's gentle music made him drowsy—perhaps Dick was sleepy anyway—however it may have been, the fact remains he presently curled himself up on the cush-

ions and fell fast asleep.

Waking suddenly, he found himself sprawling on the bottom of the boat, which was pitching and rolling in a most unpleasant fashion.

Jumping quickly to the seat again, and looking about him, his poor little heart stood almost still with terror to find that the boat was far away from land and tossing up and down on the waves of the bay.

Poor little Dick was uttterly helpless—to be sure, the oars were in the boat, but he could not row, nor swim, a single stroke. He cried awhile, and called as loudly as he could, but nobody heard, nobody came to rescue him. No sound could be heard but the washing of the waves, and minute by minute the land grew fainter and fainter the big house on the hill grew smaller and

By-and-by, tired of calling and looking across the dizzy, restless waste of water, Dick lay down on the bottom of the boat

and was soon asleep again.

How long he slept he could not tell, but he was suddenly and rudely awakened again, by a hand which seized him by the nape of the neck and lifted him out of the boat into another, larger one full of sailors in blue, while a great rough voice cried: "A wee little cat, I declair!"

Dick and the boat reached home in safety, and without further incident, and to this day although he is a grown-up sedate old cat, he is quite satisfied to let this remain his only sea-voyage, and much prefers to remain on shore.

BEING A BOY.

There is nothing in the world of which a boy is so proud as of the fact that he is a boy. He doesn't despise girls, but he pities them heartily. No one has better told the story of boyhood than Charles Dudley Warner. You will all own the truth of what he says:

One of the best things in the world to be is a boy. It requires no experience, though it needs some practice to be a good one. The disadvantage of the position is that it does not last long enough. It is soon over. Just as you get used to being a boy, you have to be something else, with a good deal more work to do, and not half so much fun. And yet every boy is anxious to be a man, and is very uneasy with the restrictions that are put upon him as a boy.

There are so many bright spots in the life

of a farm boy that I sometimes think I should like to live the life over again. I should almost be willing to be a girl, if it were not for the chores. There is a great comfort to a boy in the amount of work he can get rid of doing. It is sometimes astonishing how slow he can go on an errand. Perhaps he couldn't explain himself why, when he is sent to a neighbor's after yeast, he stops to stone the frogs. He is not exactly cruel, but he wants to see if he can hit'em. It is a curious fact about boys that two will be a great deal slower in doing anything than one. Boys have a great power of helping each

A very touching incident occurred at the do all the errands, go to the store, the postoffice, and to carry all sorts of messages. He would like to have as many legs as a wheel has spokes, and rotate about in the same way. This he sometimes tries to do, same way. This he sometimes tries to do, and people who have seen him "turning cartwheels" along the side of the road have supposed that he was amusing himself and idling his time. He was only trying to invent a new mode of locomotion, so that he could economize his legs and do his errands with greater dispatch. Leap-frog is one of his methods of getting over the ground quickly. He has a natural genius for combining pleasure with business.

Fighting Sharks Under Water. A sea diver tells the following story of the way he managed to keep out of the jaws of the sharks: I dived once in Mobile Bay, where I put over 300 chains under an ironclad. The greatest annoyance that we had like scarecrows than anything clse. They would come sailing along, and gradually swim toward us with their big mouths wide open; but when within a few feet of us they would stop and lie there flapping their fins, and looking, it seemed to me, like the evil one himself. Finally, we devised a way to scare them off that never failed to frighten them, so that they would stay away an hour or longer before they dared to come back. The armor we wear is air-tight, you know. Our jacket-sleeves were fastened round our wrists with an elastic, so that the air could not escape. By running my finger under the sleeve of my jacket, I could let the air out, and as it rushed into the water it would make a sort of hissing noise, and a volume of bubbles shoot up. So, when-ever those sharks would come prowling around me, I would hold out my arm toward them, and putting my finger under the elastic of my jacket sleeve, I would let a jet of air out and send a stream of bubbles into the shark's face with a hissing noise, like steam from a gauge-cock. The way those sharks would go scooting off, was furny to behold.

"Good-bye, sweet tart, good-bye!" sang the baker's apprentice when his master discharged him.

AN ADVENTURE IN MUSKOKA.

Away up the river, a half dozen of as jolly a crowd as ever paddled a canoe or ran a rapid, were camped on a bright summer evening last autumn. They were coming down the river from Hollow Lake, intending to run through to Musquash, on Georgian Bay, and hence by Penetang. The river was fall high, the trout plentiful and sport good. The day had been spent in hunting deer, and one fine buck had been had been the capped of the large and brought down to the capped. good. The day had been spent in hunting deer, and one fine buck had been hauled out of the bush and brought down to the camp in a canoe just before dark. We were just where the big portage is half a mile of rapids and small falls, not large to be sure, but with the river swellen and the current swift, no canoe-man would ever go through and live. Any one who has been up there will know the sport. At the end of the portage coming down the current continues very age coming down the current continues very awift but smooth enough to paddle up for Musquash in this and shall run every bless. swift but smooth enough to paddle up for

The conversation took various channels The conversation took various channels, and the talk had been quite desultory, until one of the party, Mr. R., of Toronto, spoke of running the rapids instead of carrying the camp truck over the portage. He never was seriously inclined to work. The whole crowd yelled out its disapprobation as it would be ruination and loss of everything. A doctor in the crowd spoke up thing. A doctor in the crowd spoke up and told Mr. R. that his pocket case had a number of medicines in it which would accomplish his (R.'s) object without any need of getting a ducking or losing anything, and that if he did not wish longer to cling tenaciously to life, that he could take the whole of the physic, and "go off" decently where he was. This the others considered a very generous and thoughtful offer on the doctor's part, and argued it would be more consistent with R.'s dignity and less labor for them than committing suicide by the vulgar means of a canoe accident. Mr. R.'s temper was riled considerably that his knowledge of canoeing should be called thus n question—and as many a brave general had made a masterly retreat, by a general advance that turned it into a victory so he became boastfully aggressive and asserted "that he could run the rapids without a cance at all," and that he could beat them the half mile, he in the water and they on land, to the other end of the portage. Such an astounding challenge made Mr. M., a lawyer, suggest that the legal preliminary, a will, had better be drawn up at once, and proceeded to do so with a big square of birch bark and the end of a burnt stick from the fire. He had not got further than the feira facies lispendens sequi part of the will when R. said, "I can do it for any man's twenty-five dollars." But no one in the party would bet with an insane man, as all early lead him to be It wouldn't be all considered him to be. It wouldn't be legal, Mr. M. explained. Having bluffed them into silence—and the will having been submitted and approved—quiet again over-came the camp, and the melody of the Doc-tor's snoring alone awakened response from a persistent screech owl, who got so enraged that every few minutes it would make a swoop down on the camp, yell its discordant disapproval of the Doctor's nasal labors, and quickly disappear, while occasionally a quiet chuckle from M. or his relative Q. testified that they were wrestling over the great scheme and audacious chal-longe of R. The latter had wrapped himself up in his dignity and a grey blanket, having stretched out the large buckskin on three strong sticks, and put it on the smoky side of the fire. Two or three times he was warned that the skin would get burnt, it was in such a hot place. But he only answered that he knew more about what he was doing than they did. By and by all was hushed and the tired hunters were safely in the arms of Morpheus. If you had been that screech owl and watched the camp, you would have seen Mr. R. rise cautiously several times and attend to that deerskin, and then quickly slip back under his blanket.

Morning came and with it no end of chaf-fing at R. The Doctor again kindly offered nowhere to be found when packing up to start began. A regular search was made. It had evidently been stolen during the night, was the opinion generally held. other do nothing.

But, say what you will about the general usefulness of boys, a farm without a boy would very soon come to grief. He is always in demand. In the first place he is to large the water rouse. So down to the river edge he went. Already Harvey and the cook had gone on by the portage with the canvas. The party followed R. to see what the water canvas. The party followed R. to see what the water canvas. The party followed R. to see what the water canvas. The party followed R. to see what the water canvas. The party followed R. to see what the water canvas. he was about. They found him busy smooth ing the end of a stout pole about six feet long and sharpened at one end. He said he was going to pilot himself down the river and off the rocks with it. All knew him to be a capital swimmer, but also that it was next to death to tempt the tumbles on that dreadful half mile of chutes and rapids. then to our surprise brought out the big deer skin and took off everything but his guern seys and stockings, then he slit four holes in the skin, into two of which he put his feet. The holes were just large enough to let his feet through. Then he put his arms through the other two holes made at the other end of the skin, and had the flaps of he front legs of the deer drawn back on his shoulders and tied together. The long neck of the deer extended stifly above his head, He then took a little stout stick of dry ce dar and braced the skin apart at the middle -to keep it from folding under him. The fur was next him, and the oily, fat, fleshy side next the water. Just then Harvey re turned, and seizing two paddles, quickly put the handles together and lashed them into one long double-bladed paddle. This he presented to R., telling him that it would be better than his stick. "Right you are, Harvey," remarked R. as he took it, and with a "good-bye, till I see you, boys," he plunged into the rapid and tumbling water. Down he went, carried rapidly towards the rocks and falls. His friends are in the greatest state of excitement and anxiety. Harvey assuring them he would be all right if he didn't strike his head, and says they better "git" over that portage to the canoe and be ready to help him if he required it. No faster time unrecorded was ever made by party, even with the sheriff after them. Two lacrosse with the sheriff after them. Two lacrosse veterans beat the professional gentlemen, and sprang into a canoe. But they could see nothing. They hullo, but no answer is received. They wait anxiously. At last Harvey and the cook appear on the rocks up the river, and shout that he is no where up the rapids. They examined every eddy and falls, and had followed R. right down the bank. At one point where they stood the bank. At one point where they stood they saw him and said he floated down like a duck. One rapid he dipped over, he went under and only one end of the paddle was visible for fifty yards. But he bobbed up serenely and then for a change at the lace goods counter.

turned on his back, and looked like some bloated monster impossible to describe. For a couple of hundred yards he continued on his back, not swimming, but floating. Then with his paddle he righted himself and swept away out of sight. Down the river both canoes turned and fairly flew with all their speed. Twenty minutes had been wasted looking up stream. Down they went until a mile was covered. Then they saw the furniset looking chiest that they saw the funniest looking object that Musquash in this and shall run every blessed rapid between here and there. I have an idea how to rig a sail, and you don't know what you have missed by not being with me. I had no idea it was so good. Harvey put me up to it."

THE GREAT NORTH-WEST.

It may interest some of our readers to read a little of the sport to be had in the Great North-West. First I must describe the general appearance of the country. It is what is known as "park-like," that is, rolling prairie dotted here and there with groves and trees, bluffs they are here called, in the proportion of about one acre of timber to twenty of prairie, sufficient to supply the settler with building and fencing timber, without interfering with his cultivated land, which is a wise dispensation of Providence. West of Winnipeg along the line of the C. P. R. one sees timber, and nothing but wave after no timber, and nothing but wave after wave of bare prairie, that may be described as grand and awe inspiring, but it is not picturesque. This northern country carries off the palm for soil, climate, beauty

and sport. Every mile or two through this country size from an acre to two or three hundred.
These lakes are the summer resort and breeding ground of myriads of water fowl. Hue, Grey, Brant and Laughing Geese, Mallard, Seal, Red Heads, Long Necks, Whistlers, Wragion and Black Duck breed, while in the spring and fall the Arctic goose, White Swan, Pelican, White and Sandhill crane make a temporary stay when going north and returning to summer climes in the spring and returning to summer climes in the spring and returning to summer climes in the spring and sand put each in a baking tin; make a dozen indentures with the finger on the top, put a small piece of limits. ary stay when going north and returning to summer climes in the autumn. Of birds that stay with us in the winter we have the Prairie Chicken, Willow, and Spruce Part-ridges, and occasionally a Ptarmigan.

Of big game there is the Moose, Elk, Nimping or White tailed, and the Black-tailed deer; Black, Cinnamon, and Grizzly bears, and of fur-bearing animals of a small er size, wolves, foxes, cayotes, badger, wolverines, fisher, martin, mink, otter, beaver, muskrat, and last, but least sayory, the skunk. This is not a bad list for a sportsman or trapper to commence on. In the Beaver Hills, which commence their rise about four miles from here, all the above animals may be found, but it requires patience, skill, and endurance, to succeed as a sportshing man or trapper. Even amongst the Indians it is the exception and not the rule, to be a good moose hunter. The keen sense of smell and hearing possessed by these animals, and the almost inaccessible thickets haunted by them, make their capture a work of difficulty to the meet capture a work of difficulty to the most experienced. Sixty-five moose were killed last winter by one camp of Indians, which serves to show their numbers, and the skill of their pursu-ers. The elk and other deer, and bears are less difficult to hunt, and more of them are killed, and by less skillful hunters. At the end of the close season, Sept. 1st, the ponds and lakes are teeming with waterfowl and good bags can be made everyhis quickest and most infallible granules and the lawyer brought the primitive looking will modestly forward. The deer skin was nowhere to be found when real-inwas Beaver, Pigeon, and Egg lakes, and are joined by the millions of birds which have bred further north. Then is the time for extraordinary sport. Lakes twenty miles long by half as many wide, are literally exerced with wild fowl, and all kinds and conditions of goese swans ducks greber lands or shores. Myriads of snipe, plover, and curlew, fly calling along the banks or circle in flocks of thousands. Such a scene is enough to drive a sportsman wild. He hardly knows on what to commence, but generally ends by turning his attention to the larger birds, the beautiful wavy generally suffering the most, as their flight is more sluggish and their senses are not so sharp as the wary grey goose and swan.

Immense bags are sometimes made, 100 to the gun per day is not considered out of the way. Last fall two gentlemen killed a the way. Last fall two gentlemen killed a thousand during about a fortnight, twenty-four fell to four barrels, thirteen to two barrels, and nine to one discharge of No. 12 single. These birds are cured in various manners. Some salt down in barrels, others make dried meat of them, but, however cured, they are a welcome addition

to winter fare. The wavy or arctic goose is pure white in plumage, except about 7 inches of black on the tips of the wings. They weigh about 7 lbs. Their breeding place is unknown; as far north as whites or Esquimaux have pene-

trated, the wavy goes still further.

A noticeable point in all white plumaged birds, is the black tip to the wings. The white swan, wavy, pelican, crane, and ptarmigan all haveit, and it adds greatly to their beauty. But I should like to hear some reason given why birds of different species should be marked in such an identical manner. Perhaps some naturalist will explain. When we consider the quantity of game of various sorts to be found in this region, one is surprised that sportsmen with time and money do not more generally seek it out for two months at least in the year, September and October. The farmer makes practical use of the game that frequents the pond before his door, and many a hearty meal of game is secured with a shotgun, that otherwise would have consisted of sowbelly.

To the housewife-Don't imagine the pillow displayed at the warerooms of a furniture dealer to be filled with live geese feath ers just because they are marked down.

The youthful and inexperienced married man may not have known it, but, it is a fact all the same: Corsets cannot be purchased

HOUSEHOLD.

FLAP-JACKS.—One cup of sour milk, half cup of sour cream, one teaspoon of soda, salt, one egg, flour enough to make a batter. Bake on a greased griddle.

WHITE CAKE.—One cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, two cups of sugar, three cups of flour, whites of six eggs, two teaspoons of baking powder.

WHITE SPONGE CAKE. - One and one-half cups of sugar, whites of eight eggs, threefourths of a teaspoon of cream tartar, one cup of flour ; flavor with lemon.

SHORT CAKE. - One cup of sour milk, twothirds of a cup of sour cream, one teaspoon of soda, a little salt, flour enough to make a soft dough; roll out a half inch thick and bake on pie tins.

BEATEN BISCUIT.—Two pints of flour, one teaspoon of salt, one tablespoonful of lard, mix into a stiff dough with equal parts of water and milk; beat thirty minutes with a wooden spoon; bake in a quick oven.

Muffins.-One pint of milk, two beaten eggs, two tablespoons of melted butter, two tablespoons of sugar, two teaspoons of cream tartar, one teaspoon of soda, flour enough to make a batter that will drop from the spoon. HOMINY MUFFINS. - One cup of cold

cooked hominy, one beaten egg, three table-spoons of melted butter, two thirds of a cup of milk; stir into this mixture two cups of flour in which has been sifted two teaspoons of baking powder. Bake in muffin rings in a quick oven.

Boiled Icing.—One cup of sugar, two teablespoons of water; boil till it threads from the spoon, stirring often. Beat to a stiff froth the white of one egg. Put in a deep dish, and when the sugar is boiling pour it over the egg, stirring rapidly together.

CREAM BISCUIT.—One cup each of sour milk and cream, one teaspoonful each of cream tartar and soda, half teaspoon of salt, flour enough to make a dough. Mix as soft as can be handled, roll out half inch in thickness, cut in round cakes and bake in a wick execution.

indentures with the finger on the top, put a small piece of butter in each and sift over the whole one tablespoonful of sugar mixed with the same quantity of ground cinnamon. Let stand till light, then bake in a quick

WINTER EVENING'S FUN.

Magic Table by Which Ages can be Infallibly Told.

There is a good deal of amusement in the There is a good deal of amusement in the following table of figures. It will enable you to tell how old the young ladies are. Just hand this table to a young lady, and request her to tell you in which column or columns her age is contained, and add together the figures at the top of the columns in which her age is found and you have the in which her age is found and you have the great secret. Thus, suppose her age to be 17, you will find that number in the first and fifth columns; add the first figures of these two columns. Here is the magic

1	2	4	8	10	32
3	3	5	9	17	33
5	6	6	10	18	34
7	7	7	11	19	35
9	10	12	12	20	36
11	11	13	13	21	37
13	14	14	14	22	38
15	15	15	15	23	39
17	18	20	24	24	40
19	19	21	25	25	41
21	22	22	26	26	42
23	23	23	27	27	43
25	26	28	28	28	44
27	27	29	29	29	45
29	30	30	30	30	46
31	31	31	31	31	47
33	34	36	40	48	48
34	36	37	41	49	49
37	38	38	42	50	50
39	39	39	43	51	51
41	42	44	44	52	52
43	43	45	45	53	5 3
45	46	46	46	54	54
47	47	47	47	55	55
49	50	52	56	56	56
51	51	53	57	57	57
53	54	54	53	58	58
55	55	55	59	59	59
57	58	60	60	60	60
59	59	61	61	61	61
61	62	62	62	62	62
63	63	63	63	63	63

It is leaning against a lamp post waiting for offices to come along that is keeping so many young men poor.

Several deaf persons in a Massachusetts rural community are circulating a petition praying the Legislature to give them a hear-

If all the wealth in this country was divided up per capita, as Socialists and Anarchists hanker for, none of them would have enough to keep them in idleness six months. As it is now they loaf the whole year 'round.

The annual report of the U. S. Commissioner of Patents, which was laid before Congress the other day, proves to be a very interesting document. From it we learn that the total number of applications filed during the last year, requiring investigation and action, was 41,442, and the number of pa-tents issued was 23,915. The total receipts were \$1,154,551, and the expenditures \$992,-503, leaving a balance of receipts over expenditures of \$162, 048. The amount to the credit of the patent fund in the Treasury was \$3,107,453.

The Week in referring to the Montreal Carnival says:—"We hear, we confess without regret, that this Carnival at Montreal is likely to be the last. These glacial festivities are advertising Canada as an Arctic region. No wonder an ice-castle is carried as her symbol in a Lord Mayor's show. But apart from this, we cannot help doubting the good effect of popular dissipation on so large a scale. It can hardly fail to unsettle or even in some degree to demoralise. That it is good for trade is a fond delasion. Tle hotels and a few steres of fancy wares may gain, but regular trade can only suffer by unprolitable expenditure. The money which would pay ordinary bills is squandered in the Carreival. Montreal has done the thing exceedingly well, and may rest content with her success.