



WATER-LILY STENCIL FOR WALL HANGING. (FROM "PLANT FORM AND DESIGN.")

# BY THE WAY.

The latest specimen of "tinsel" architecture, of which alas! there are already too many examples, is reported from California. The builder of a frame house is said to have applied to the exterior while the paint was still wet, a rough-casting of sand and fine blown glass.

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The purchaser of a furnace sued the manufacturer to recover the price, alleging that the furnace would not perform the guaranteed duty. In proof that the furnace was a poor heater he cited the fact that while it was being run to its full capacity, a barrel of beer placed on top of it had frozen.

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A factory is to be established at St. Mary's, Ont., for the manufacture of Portland cement. The intention is to use in the process crushed limestone instead of marl. The promoters of the enterprise claim that by this means the cement can be produced more cheaply than by the method now employed.

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George Ley, whose luck at cards was proverbial, resolved to build his residence at Combe Martin, North Devon, England, in the form of a pack of cards, split up and erected castlewise. The idea was carried out thoroughly and the edifice equipped with fifty-two windows—one for each card—while its form necessitated a plethora of chimney stacks.

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The visitor to Washington is delighted with its clean streets, its extended boulevards, resembling those of Paris, and its magnificent public buildings, especially the Capitol, the Art Gallery and the Congressional Library. The latter with its beautiful mural decorations is alone worth many hundred miles of travel to see. The domestic architecture of Washington, with few exceptions, is however, the most commonplace of any that I have visited in the United States. We have been accustomed to believe that a few good examples of architecture placed about a city must tend to leaven the whole architectural lump. If that be true, Washington must be regarded as the exception which proves the rule.

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It is reported that Mr. Flavelle's handsome house in Queen's Park, Toronto, is likely to be purchased by the Ontario Government as a place of residence for the Lieutenant-Governors of the province. The house and its surroundings would seem to be well adapted to the purpose. If this change of location of the governor's residence be made, the City Council of Toronto should purchase for park purposes the present government house and grounds. The building, although somewhat

out of date, appears to be in a fair state of preservation, and could be put to some public use, as for instance a museum. The grounds have been carefully kept, and contain some fine trees. They would give a pleasant breathing spot in the center of the city, the lack of which is becoming more acutely felt as population increases.

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Surgeon-Captain K. Tamura, of the Imperial Japanese Army, in a recent address to the military surgeons of the United States, called attention to the use of paper for windows in Japan, in place of glass. He referred

to the fact that where no ventilation can take place through glass, the air passes through the paper quite freely. Moreover, the texture of the paper is such that, while admitting the air, it prevents in some degree the passage of germs through it. This point was determined by counting the number of colonies of bacteria developed on media inside and outside the house. It was thus found that 97 per cent. of the bacteria of the air were removed. The speaker summed up in the adroit Oriental way: "It is well known that a citizen of Paris inhales 7,500 bacteria germs in a day; one in Berlin, 5,000 of them. We Japanese, who live in air containing three times as many as Berlin and twice as many as Paris, inhale only 2,000 bacteria germs in a day, simply because we use paper for the windows of our homes."

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"Punch" in the following lines depicts the sorrows of the professional man who is regarded as being either too young to be trusted or too old to be efficient:—

Two men there dwelt upon a time  
Within a certain city.  
Both were distinctly men of parts  
Well versed in their respective arts.

To fell diseases of the kind  
That everyone who can shuns  
One of the pair had turned his mind,  
The other's forte was mansions.  
They were, as you'd no doubt expect,  
A doctor and an architect.

The latter, when but twenty-nine,  
Planned a Titanic building,  
A house of wonderful design,  
All marble, stone and gilding,  
Said he: "My fortune's made, I wis,  
Men can't resist a thing like this."

With eager hope his heart beat high,  
He took his plans up boldly,  
And thrust them in the public eye:  
The Public viewed them coldly.  
"Pray take that rubbish right away,  
You're far too young for us," said they.

The doctor's was a novel treatment for consumption,  
but the public sternly rejected it also—

Apparently you quite forget  
That you are barely thirty yet.

The years rolled on,

And then—the Public changed their mood!  
Their hearts began to soften.  
They felt the doctor's cures were good ]  
(They'd had that feeling often).  
They also chanced to recollect  
The merits of the architect.

"Come plan us mansions, bring us pills."  
Their cry no answer rouses.  
No one alleviates their ills,  
No one designs them houses.  
Upon enquiry it appears  
Each has been dead for several years.

On April 26th the feast day of St. Mark, the Count of Turin, representing the King of Italy, laid the corner stone of the New Campanile at Venice in the presence of 30,000 spectators.