

as the mouthpiece of the Major-General, stated that there was not in Canada an officer qualified to fill the position of Quartermaster-General, although many knew to the contrary, the statement was accepted. But when this Napoleon, 'in petto' takes upon himself to dismiss the oldest officer of the Militia Force without adequate reason, the point has been reached where submission ceases to be a virtue.

The C. P. R. are wise in their generation. The rates charged by them for the transport of grain having been denounced as extravagant, the company has requested the Government to make a full investigation into the subject. Mr. Secretary Drinkwater says the company give as fair rates for grain as any company in the world, and are willing to demonstrate this on sworn evidence.

There are a good many young men in this city who are spending more than their salary. It is in times like these that our people realize the result of youthful extravagance. I wish I could impress upon every man, particularly the clerks and wage earners, the importance of saving each week or each month, a portion of his earnings. If he is unable to earn no more than five dollars a week, learn to live within that sum and put aside one dollar. If you are getting fifteen a week put five away. Not only live within your income but keep constantly in mind the rainy day. Under no circumstances run in debt where the way out is not clear. Don't feel compelled to ape your companions in the matter of clothes, excursions, billiards and so on. Curb your wants to tally with your salary with a surplus for the savings bank. Remember that he who has the means to supply his wants, whether it be one dollar or a thousand, is rich, while he whose wants outruns his means is poor, though he may count his herds by the millions. Establish the habit of saving something each week, cultivate contentment and you will soon be rich.

The great problem as to whether or not an exclusive fish diet really nourishes the brain is likely to be solved. Some time ago, the morning paper of this city sent that genial philosopher, Mr. John Franklin Bledsoe, on a long journey to the West Coast to enquire into not only the merits of fish as a brain producer, but also into the habits of the finny tribe generally. If, reasoned the *Colonist* people, the phosphorous of fish does stimulate cerebral development, Mr. Bledsoe, as a philosopher, is bound to discover it. From the report which Mr. Bledsoe has made to his paper, it is learned that immediately upon his arrival at the fishing grounds, he

secured the services of an Indian, who was subjected to a conscientious regimen of bivalves. This was continued until there was a noticeable shortage in the supply of oysters and clams. "This," says Mr. Bledsoe in section 19, sub-section (a) of his report, "was not stimulating. It is true it had a soothing effect on the brain and engendered philosophical musings of an epicurean nature, but it was more of a sedative than a stimulant. Soft-shelled crabs and lobsters were then tried, and on that diet began the stimulating experience desired." Continuing his experiments, halibut, mackerel, shad, bluefish, flounders, sea bass, sea perch, haddock, herring, sword fish and every other kind of fish that could be found in those waters were tried in succession, and notes were made of the different results obtained. "There was a constant increase in vigor," remarks Mr. Bledsoe further on in his report, "but it remained for a course of fresh codfish, boiled in firewater, to produce the greatest amount of intellectual activity. The phosphoric stimulation of this diet on the brain of the Indian exceeded my most sanguine expectations, and I then realized that I had discovered something of inestimable value to mankind." Carrying his experiments still further, he found he could extract and condense the stimulating juice of the cod so that it could be administered hypodermically as a never-failing cure for paresis and kindred diseases of the cerebrum. The name of this new remedy will hereafter be known in *materia medica* as "Codacea."

Here, I might remark, that THE HOME JOURNAL has made arrangements with Mr. Bledsoe to take charge of the expedition which it is sending out to discover the source from which Goodacre Lake receives its never-failing supply of aqua pura. It is expected that the camels for the use of the explorers will arrive early in August. Charlie Gibbons, Oscar Bass, Mart Egan and several other old-time explorers will accompany Mr. Bledsoe on his next expedition. The public schools will close on the afternoon of the departure of this daring body of men, and it is suggested that the beauty of the spectacle would be greatly enhanced if Mayor Teague would say a few words on the occasion.

There is a story going the rounds of the press which demonstrates the accuracy of the old adage. "It's better to be born lucky than with a silver spoon." Some six years ago a boy from the Canadian side of the lake went to Rochester, N. Y., to reside. He secured a position in a dry goods store and worked faithfully for two years. The boy had ambition, and so he left that city and located

in New York. He continued to work as a dry goods clerk, but while so doing made a large number of friends, some of whom knew the drift of the stock exchange. He got a tip one day, and by a little transaction cleared \$10,000. He speculated again and won \$36,000. He pursued the market and in the course of a year had made an actual profit of something over \$120,000. He then branched out and invested in various enterprises, and it seemed that everything he touched turned into gold. In the four years that he has operated he has been able to net something like \$750,000. He has a magnificent mansion on Riverside, New York. He drives a team of spanking horses and lives like a prince. The gentleman referred to is only 27 years old now.

When a woman looks up at you with a twist about her eyes,
And her brows are half uplifted in a nicely feigned surprise
As you breathe some pretty sentence, though she hates you all the while,
She is very apt to stun you with a made-to-order smile.

It's a subtle combination of a sneer and a caress,
With a dash of warmth thrown in to relieve its iciness,
And she greets you when she meets you with that look as if a file
Had been used to fix and fashion out that made-to-order smile.

I confess that I'm eccentric and am not a woman's man,
For they seem to be constructed on the bunco-fakir plan;
And it somehow sets me thinking that her heart is full of guile,
When a woman looks up to me with a made-to-order smile.

Now, all maidens, young and aged, hear the lesson I would teach—
Ye who meet us in the ball room, ye who meet us at the beach—
Pray consent to try and charm us by some other sort of wile,
And relieve us from the burden of that made-to-order smile.

The administration of justice in Great Britain is much more expensive than in any other country in the world. While the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States is only paid \$10,500 a year, Lord Chief Justice Russell will receive \$40,000. The difference between the salaries of these two officials is no greater, however, than that between other high officials in Great Britain and the United States. The lord chancellor receives \$50,000 a year while in office, and a pension for life of \$25,000. The lords of appeal get \$30,000, and all the other judges \$25,000. The income of the British attorney-general is at least \$60,000 a year, against a salary of \$8,000 for the attorney-general of the United States. The latter figure is the salary of the U. S. secretary of state, while all the English secretaries of state get \$25,000 a year, and