

under the government. This committee will conduct tests and experiments with a view of determining what shall constitute the standard in each class of products, and the result obtained in the case of goods in that class shall be the standard of quality, whether the quantity be great or small.

The benefits of this plan will be felt both by the government departments and by the manufacturers and others supplying the commodities. The quantities ordered will be large. The manufacturer will recognize the importance of the purchasers, and will endeavor to give material uniform and well up to the standard. In the past, the requirements of some of the departments varied so little from those of the other departments that it was misleading and confusing to the seller. The attempt to vary the material to suit the peculiar conditions in each department was not only expensive, but aggravating.

Such a system could be adopted here and work out to great advantage. It would make it possible for our government to furnish for themselves and others standard specifications. Many of our Canadian standards are rather the result of copying than a compilation from results of experiments. Such a central bureau would make it possible to prepare standards and improve many of our present specifications.

—The Canadian Engineer.

MY BUNGALOW.

Oh if you could see my bungalow,
Delight would stir your heart,
'Tis such a cozy entrancing place,
Where the elm trees bend in their careless
grace
And the summer swallows dart.

Soft blows the breeze on my bungalow,
Beside the placid sea,
The sun shines white on the distant sail,
And summer odors are on the gale,
And Life is glad and free.

The roses bloom on my bungalow
In the beautiful days of June,
Wistaria, and clematis, too,
With its wide-spread blossoms of luscious
blue,
Dark-blue in the golden noon.

And there's a porch on my bungalow,
So deep and so wondrous wide,
And leaded windows in every room,
And flowered curtains to light the gloom
And hardwood floors inside.

And there is cheer in my bungalow,
The rubble chimney high
Has an old-time fireplace oceans wide,
The biggest logs it will joy to hide,
The flame delights mine eye.

O brother, come to my bungalow,
And I shall be wondrous kind.
'Tis not completed, but what of that?
Some time just come, and hang up your
hat,
I am building it,— in my mind.

The Toronto News.

A JUNIOR CLERK'S LAY.

(The following poem is from the pages of "The Civil Service Review" of 1893, and is "respectfully dedicated to the Superannuation Bill," which had just been introduced in Parliament.)

Air—The Vicar of Bray.

Fill up the pipe, fill up the bowl,
Let smoke and drink abound,
And every grievance of the soul
In merriment be drowned.
What reck's if we are poor or rich,
When 'tis by statue stated,
If we but live to sixty five, we're
Superannuated.

Throw care aside to-night my boys,
And thus we quaff our glass;
The trouble that to-day annoys
To-morrow o'er may pass.
For should our years reach sixty-five,
And we to live are fated,
We'll lay back on the Government,—as
Superannuated.

There was a good old book at home,
That once I loved to read,
Which told that men of olden times
Lived very long indeed.
I wish that civil servants' lives
Were by these figures rated,
And that I was Methusaleh, and
Superannuated.

But let our years be what they will,
Our pay be what it may,
To-night let not one anxious thought
Cloud o'er the coming day.
And when we reach that silent shore,
O'er the dark valley freighted,
That best abode may we all gain—none
Superannuated.

The cost of living is declining in San Francisco. Orchids have been cut from \$2 to \$1.50, and the pressure upon the poor is relieved.—Philadelphia Inquirer.