



QUESTIONS IN MENTAL ARITHMETIC FOR MANITOBA.

A party of six strangers left Toronto for Winnipeg in a Pullman Cattle Car, with \$100 in cash each. *En route* each man spent \$99.50 for drinks, cigars and refreshments, and when arriving at Chicago each owed the other \$49.50, lost at poker, seven-up, and other mental relaxations. Find how they managed for drinks for the balance of the journey, and, how many town lots they bought in Winnipeg.

At a Winnipeg hotel, board is \$92 a month, and at a private boarding-house \$70. Find the reason why beefsteaks are only cooked on one side at both places.

A temperance man drove six miles through a blizzard to get a barrel of pure drinking water. Upon arriving at his destination he was informed there was a better quality four miles further on: he drove this distance and was told that he had been misinformed. Find the state of his feelings.

Upon the window of a hotel room in Winnipeg the frost congeals to the thickness of one inch. Required the thickness of glass necessary to produce two inches of frost. Will the glass crack? And give your views as to the amount of moisture suspended in the atmosphere of that room when the frost melts.

If the Winnipeg Street Railway stock is at 192, and carters are making large fortunes; how long does it take to pull a horse's hoof out of the mud in May?

If property is worth \$15.00 a foot in Winnipeg and only 25 cts. a foot in the thriving city of Coboconk, find the reason why the Americans are not investing largely in latter place, at these figures.

A farmer sold his farm at ten in the morning for \$1600. By noon the purchaser had sold it to another party at an advance of \$400, who sold it at nightfall to another at a further advance of \$600. By this time the original owner repented having sold at all, and was obliged to give the last purchaser \$500 on his bargain. Find the original owner's profit on the transaction; who will likely own the farm next winter, and will the owner be able to stand the climate?

A mounted policeman made a raid into Amorlean territory, shot a valuable steer belonging to a farmer, robbed his hen roosts, set fire to the farmer's barns, and eloped with his daughter. Find the policeman's chances of receiving the next republican nomination for the presidency.

Question for Land Surveyors—If the days are hot in summer in Manitoba and the nights cool, how many weeks does it take for a mosquito bite to heal? And do you consider the black flies sharp speculators?

Potatoes get up to \$2.50 a bushel in Winnipeg, the farmers giving as a reason that "the potato-bug is coming next year, sure!" Give,

under these distressing circumstances, the probable price when the bug does arrive.

If the frost at Winnipeg penetrates to the depth of six and a half feet, and at Edmonton to seven, find at Turtle Mountain—if you can *climate*—(the mountain, not the turtles, we mean,) how long it takes the snow there to melt in the spring, or whether it melts at all.

A farmer freezes, in November, seventy bushels of onions for sale in the spring. Give the weight of the onions after they are thawed out, and the amount of water lost in evaporation.

If there has been a valuable find of diamonds at Crystal City? And, if the proprietors of Kingsley deserve great credit for their foresight and ingenuity in locating a town where there was none before? Also, what will be the probable price of corner lots at the Rocky Mountains next July?

Is he not almost too toe?

"Our London letter" in last Saturday's *Mail* is quite a study. It is a very nicely written epistle indeed, and there is an underlying current of poetry throughout its length that indicates the fact that the writer longs to free himself from the prosaic and proscribed domain of a "newspaper correspondent," and soar into the higher, though perhaps less profitable business of which "the Muse" is supposed to be a very necessary patron, and without whose assistance (and sometimes alas! with) the aspiring youth fails ignobly. Yes, the letter is a "daisy," but there are a few observations "Our correspondent" makes in his "Art Criticism" of Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise's pictures of Quebec scenery that are rather hard to "catch on" to. They are obscure, that's the word, *obscure*. He commences very properly with the frontispiece, "Wolfe's Cove," looking up a sunny prospectus of river, and closed in by hills purpled with the shadowy distance. "Purpled with the shadowy distance" is good! In describing "View Three, a glance from the Governor-General's windows" at the Citadel, he says the Princess shows "the same discriminating love for the crumbling bastion on the one hand, and the fair, fresh, sweet scene of sky and river observable in the rest of the Princess' work." This "View Three" description, if not the veritable article, is certainly of the consistency of "taffy;" but No. 4, "Old Poplars on the Citadel," in which "ramparts are the subject of her work," must indubitably takes the pastry. "The two great, green grenadiers with their lofty and leafy bearskins, are beautifully touched to life." What branch of the service the green grenadiers with leafy bearskins belong to is to Garr a profound mystery. The newly enlisted men in the 10th might perhaps come under the head of green grenadiers, but the leafy bearskins! that's where we got it. Then again he says, "No. 5 is a fort ditch, with moss-eaten (?) ramparts on either side." Can he mean *moss-eaten*, well, hardly. Moths might haunt the leafy bearskins, but the Quebec ramparts would be uncomfortable lodgings, especially in winter. "Wolfe's Cove" is fine, but it can't beat the cove who wrote up the works of "Er Royal 'Ighness, ye know."

A fashionable paper tells us that silken hosiery is now all the rage in Paris, "with insertions of portraits and medallions of point lace." Fancy glancing at your ladylove's stockings and finding there the portrait of some other fellow! —*Burlington Hawkeye*. Any young man who would—any young who—any young man—any young man who would so far forget himself as to—any young—well, he would deserve to.—*Rockland Courier*.



AN EVERY DAY AFFAIR.

Why should citizens of Toronto go rushing off to Winnipeg when here they have a regular boom right at their own doors.

The Blizzard.

A TENNESSEAN INVILL.

BY A "SETTLER."

Winnipeg March 24th. Another blizzard is raging * * * A train is snowed in with 150 passengers who have had only one meal to-day * * * A corner on wool has raised the price to ten dollars per cord.

"The mercy falls around St. Paul's, And in the northern prairie regions, There'll be a gale with snow and hail" Are old "Probs." words wired out to legions, The wild geese fly with screeching cry Southward—It don't require a wizard For us to tell what we know well— There's going to be a booming Blizzard.

Blow, Blizzard, blow,
Send the land agents flying;
Blow, Blizzard, blow the agents
Lying, lying, lying!

If I'd known how (as I know now)
These piercing blasts sweep o'er the prairie,
I'd not have bought this cussed lot,
Of dollars I'd have squandered "nary";
But here I'm stuck, confound the luck!
The cold strikes through me to the gizzard;
I can't go way—I'll have to stay,
And face the hyperboreal blizzard.

Blow, Blizzard, blow!
Send the wild scalpers flying,
Blow, blizzard, blow the scalpers,
Lying, lying, lying!

I think I hear that auctioneer,
The beauties of these plains describing,
I sadly fear if he were here
I'd give that flippant fraud a "hiding."
For through his wiles I'm in the toils,
And you can't help but think it is hard:
Through frauds like these I'm left to freeze,
And face the booming, blasting Blizzard!

Blow, blizzard, blow!
Send all the land sharks flying;
Blow blizzard, blow the land sharks—
Lying, lying, lying!

What classical figure would surprise you most to see realized?—"Patience on a monument smiling at grief."

"Now, John," said a father to his gawky son, "it is about time you got married, and settled down in a home of your own." "But I don't know any girls to get married to," whined John. "Fly around and get acquainted with some; that was the way I did when I was young. How do you ever suppose I got married?" inquired the old gentleman. "Well," said John pitifully, "you married mother, and I've got to marry a strange gal."