

ing everything, sermons and sugar, law and lollipops, policies and peppermint, medical advice and creature comforts, we may as well abandon all hope of maintaining respect for the learned professions, and permit law, medicine, science, insurance, trade and commerce to be rolled into a conglomerate mass of merchandize and knowledge, and offered for sale at tariff rates.

A Civic Vacancy.

The lamentable drowning of Mr. Alphonse Gosselin creates a vacancy at the City Hall, which the usual number of applicants are desirous of filling. Various suggestions are being made (by those who desire to provide for relatives and friends) with a view to re-organization and the creation of two or three offices.

Judging from experience in civic matters, there is no necessity for making any outside appointment. Mr. René Bauset now holds the position of Assistant City Clerk, which was given him within the last two years. All who know Mr. Bauset acknowledge the justice of his claim to succeed the late Mr. Gosselin, and they also admit his ability to fill the vacancy.

It is only necessary to pay him the salary attached to the position. Two assistant city clerks are surely not necessary. A re-adjustment of the work performed by some of the present staff of clerks would relieve Mr. Bauset of some of the duties hitherto performed by him, and thereby render the creation of more offices with the attendant increased expenditure unnecessary.

Acetylene Gas Again.

The introduction of acetylene gas into that well-known hostelry, the Barker House, at Fredericton, N.B., although attended with an illustration of the explosiveness of the new illuminant, cannot be regarded as proving the gas to be excessively dangerous. In a recent issue of this paper, attention was drawn to the antiquated amusement of searching for an escape of gas with a lighted candle. The finding of the aeriform fluid and the departure of the candle bearer is usually simultaneous. It was so at this Fredericton hotel, where, the installation of an acetylene gas plant having generated an evil smell, the proprietor decided to remove the generator to the back of the house. All the gas, as the mechanics thought, having been allowed to escape out of doors, they proceeded to disconnect the pipes. They lighted a lantern to assist them when at work. There was a flash, a loud report, a crash of glass and the men followed the gas out of doors. The incident does not show acetylene to be highly explosive. It is merely another illustration of the folly of smoking in a powder magazine, of striking a light when we smell gas, a form of stupidity far less excusable than the action of the man from the country who, in simple ignorance of a new light, blows out the gas when he gets into bed for the last time.

Mine host of the Barker House evidently under-

stands the case, and is not inclined to blame the new illuminant for resenting the imputation that it smelt bad enough to be turned out of doors. The generator has been set up again, and all connections made, and the report from Fredericton says: "The house will be lighted with acetylene again to-night."

Parcel Post Packages.

At this season of the year, when the sending of Christmas boxes by Parcel Post across the wintry seas is a common custom, the following circular from the Deputy Postmaster-General to all postmasters is most timely, and we cheerfully assist to call attention to the following extract therefrom:—

PARCEL POST PACKAGES.

The attention of Postmasters is further called to the fact that no parcel can be sent from Canada to any other country by Parcel Post unless it bear a Customs Declaration setting forth the nature of its contents and its value. As the acceptance by a Postmaster of a parcel addressed to any other country, and not provided with a Customs Declaration will result in its being sent to the Dead Letter Office, postmasters are specially directed not to accept such parcels without the Customs Declaration.

The Breezy Broad Arrow.

The Broad Arrow, the semi-official mouth-piece of the military authorities in Britain, has been indulging in some breezy comments upon Major-General Hutton's inspections of the soldiers of Canada. After complaining that these inspections were carried out in the cut-and-dried way of the "sixties" in England, the paper in question adds:—"The result is that each regiment considers itself the best in Canada, and perhaps in the world, whilst a six-months' German or Austrian conscript or any twelve months' 'Tommy' knows more about attack, fire discipline, outpost duty or fire control than does the whole Dominion force."

The self-complacent imbecility of this critic of Colonial troops would be irritating if his dense ignorance was not so over-powering as to provoke amusement. In appearance, physique, intelligence and marksmanship, the Canadian militiaman is fully the equal of his English brother in arms, and it has frequently happened that in matters of drill and discipline he has been found worthy to stand shoulder to shoulder with the best of the Broad Arrow's "Tommys."

If the Broad Arrow will take the trouble to enquire of those who know, it will be found that the half-trained colonist is a bigger, better, brighter, and more useful all-round man than the ordinary Englishman, trained, as the latter is, thoroughly in some one pursuit. Knowing this to be true, we venture to say that the splenetic outburst of the Broad Arrow dis-