lure

nd, with our backs to the he left and I on the right shikari" and one of the ge post the stops on either and finally joining the into line and the beat luty of the "stops" rock or the tree on which a stick or stone to denote at that some one is there. of the beat was marked pandemonium of men ins and blowing of horns. aters were three-quarters the noise they made was

life is aroused, pea fowl iackals come into view a hyena trots into sight. noves on again and then ly my eye is caught by owly towards the river course in the bottom of ds still, moves on again, stening to the beaters bew 300 yards away and it rtainty that one of us will my eye off him for a e has gone. At that modirected to a "stop" 250 bles backwards from his the same moment I hear peat is nearly finished and the beaters finish in good A consultation is held. is solved.

sappeared from my sight, watercourse into the the ravine, and hearing concluded it would be wine there than face the "stop" above him had was absentmindedly when suddenly he saw rom his seat. This was d he fell off his seat backriek of terror at the same h the carelessness of one to be an absolute cernto a mortifying failure. r camp for a few days in er returning, but he eviof risking his skin again, ks no more.

and downs of sport, withlose all its charm, all its uld hardly be worth cul-

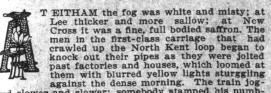
CRUSOE.

ongking. He insists that mpetuosity, and inconsisrry, France would have China much sooner than day Macartney is entitled are he had in terminating Great Britain and China n of Upper Burma. We Boulger, however, in his efence of Sir Halliday's illegal detention of the rein the Chinese Legation uestion of the character of the principles involved. liday must have been well all clear why Mr. Boulger t it necessary to sneer at Chinese Minister of more

cartney's judgments upon on of the Chinese Empire nand approval. He seems it China must "go to the not accommodate herself the times and live; and he s no single instance of "a r declined from a high nations of the world and place among them." We Salisbury's resolute rea race numbering four ith the history and the e Chinese, could ever beis very doubtful whether ver seriously declined in es essential to continued Those qualities may have hant, but they have not recent developments have Admiral is likely to write The Break-Up of China." ut China were sometimes the time of the Russian wrote to Macartney: "If eking for the centre of be an end of the Manchu exactly what happened in he Manchu dynasty still hough Macartney was not his political perceptions, bt that he understood the r than most Europeans the Chinese Government sometimes earned for him when they wished to se him "they sent him s porcelain or Orders that rough their grotesque applace in the Chinese serardian of international inwhole, we do not think regrets on this account.

The Younger Ledbetter-A Short Story





Cross it was a fine, full bodied saffron. The men in the first-class carriage that had crawled up the North Kent loop began to knock out their pipes as they were joited past factories and houses, which loomed at them with blurred yellow lights sturggling against the dense morning. The train jogged slower and slower; somebody stamped his numbed feet and sighed; somebody emitted a fog-dispersing theory that was received with considerable disparagement; and the conversation, punctuated by the bang-bang of explosive signals, became general.

Alec Ledbetter, who had no lively anticipation of the day ahead of him, folded his Times and frowned at the surrounding gloom. He had done the journey, winter and summer, for three years now, and fog was no novelty.

He was a young man, perhaps abnormally sensitive to atmospheric drawbacks, and today he shrank from the stale smell of the carriage, the irksomeness of the delays, the uncongeniality of his fellow travelers. He wondered why Fortune had given him the cold shoulder. He was not aware of having done anywher bern reglect.

ers. He wondered why rotane and average of having done anything to deserve her neglect.

His brother Ralph, his chum, and his senior by a year, had been a soldier since his teens. They had loved the same things, cherished the same ideals, hearkened with the same enthusiasm to the maxims of the father who had been a soldier before them.

Ralph had passed into Sandhurst without difficulty when the time came, and Alec, who went up the year after him, had been spun for a physical undevelopment since, by the irony of Fate, outgrown. And now Ralph was a brevet-major of Indian Cavalry, a V.C., and a popular hero known in England and the East for his elan and bravery, while Alec was no more than a struggling young solicitor, launched with difficulty and earning six-and-eightpences with an indifference that on such mornings as this merged into a positive distaste.

a positive distaste.

It was not that he grudged his brother his honors; he was, on the contrary, intensely proud of them; but he, too, had desired his chance, his fighting chance, and it had been denied him. It looked as if he might go on quill-driving all his life, attaining the meagre portion of success which is commonly allotted to the man whose heart is elsewhere than in his job.

So he mused drearily, while scraps of the carriage talk drifted obscurely through his preoccupation.

"A bad day for the French President's luncheon at the Guildhall."

"It generally is a bad day when these Continental fellows come over. They're very welcome, and we're glad to see them in the city, but why do they persist "There's one visitor from the Continent who won't be exactly welcome."
"Who's that?"

"Ferrol, the Anarchist, the man who escaped from "Ferrol, the Anarchist, the man who escaped from New Caledonia. They say he's in London."

"The chap who tried to blow up the Louvre—wasn't it the Louvre? I remember something—"

Ledbetter lost himself, and found an external interest. He turned his head to the other men, and spoke with some show of heat.

"I remember Ferrol. He was tried in Paris three years ago, and condemned to penal servitude for life. The French make a mistake in not reserving capital punishment for wild beasts such as he."

"Did you see him?" said the stockbroker in the opposite corner, struck by the personal note in the utterance.

the Republic today! He'd be jolly well able to score off humanity if he chucked a bomb at him in Cheapside. The crowd's bound to be packed like herrings

side. The crowd's bound to be packed like herrings in a barrel. What?"

Somebody laughed.

"Thresher, you're a nice soothing companion. My office is not a stone's throw from the Guildhall. I should probably find myself in a front seat for the demonstration. Thanks."

"Pooh!" another man said peevishly. "When the newspapers biether about a mysterious criminal being in London you may be pretty sure it's the last place to look for him in. The police circulate these fairy tales purposely—Confound this crawling train! Is it going to get to London Bridge at all today?"

"It's just there," Ledbetter said, rubbing the moisture-laden pane and peering out, "We passed Southwark Park ten minutes ago. Look, there are the signals." Faint daubs of light could be seen through the fog. The train lumbered on for a couple of minutes, "The platform, by Jove! Three-quarters of an hour late."

'It might have been more with a fair show of reason this morning," the stockbroker said, as the men prepared to leave the carriage. "I remember once in 1903—"

But no one was inclined to linger over the ancient history of fogs. The brake threw them against each other; a porter flung open the door, and the darkness took them to its bosom. took them to its bosom.

Ledbetter jumped out, struggled with the rest past the barrier, and found himself outside the station, drifting towards the bridge. The befouled air smote at his eyes and throat as the current above the river dragged it athwart his path. He crossed the roadway with a hundred other impatient, burrying toilers, dodging the clattering 'busses, the hansoms that slid in and out of invisibility, the great drays lumbering down to the Borough.

The stream set in full flood for King William Street over the water, and Ledbetter, marching with it, stepped out briskly, braced, in spite of the yellow twilight by the raw smell of a Thames morning.

He was advancing thus, steering by the balus-

He was advancing thus, steering by the balustrade, when a man's figure loomed up unexpectedly at his side. He was not going with the stream either eastward or westward; he was for the moment side-tracked and motionless, watching the passing faces with a fixed expression.

Ledbetter glanced at him, seeing at first only Ledbetter glanced at him, seeing at first only a squat man, chin on chest, a cap jammed low on his forehead, a muffler high over his coat-collar. He was standing with curiously hunched shoulders, his bowed, powerful legs apart, and a pair of hairy hands embracing a brown paper package, cylindrical, the size of a two-pound tin, which he held cuddled to him. Something in the attitude was strangely threatening, alien to a world in which, if men wanted to trample out the lives of their fellow men, they did it decently in the course of business. Ledbetter, shocked by the predatory poise, looked higher to the man's eyes. Then he froze; and he stopped aghast. He would never forget them. It was Antoine Ferrol, the Anarchist.

Anarchist.

A man behind pushed on unceremoniously. It was all borne in upon Ledbetter upon the instant, and for so long it paralzyed him. This was Ferrol with the instrument of death in his hand, ripe and over-ripe for murder.

"I remember Ferrol. He was tried in Paris three years ago, and condemned to penal servitude for life. The French make a mistake in not reserving capital punishment for wild beasts such as he."

"Did you see him?" said the stockbroker in the opposite corner, struck by the personal note in the utterance.

"Yes; that's why he made such an impression on me. I was in Paris at the time, and by way of getting experience in French legal methods I attended his trial at the Palais de Justice. I shan't forget his defiance of civilized humanity after the President had sentenced him. Ferrol is not born to die with his mission unrulafilied; he will return and shake your cowardly little world to its foundation. Mol, I am implacable, and I hate—I hate—I hate; and I will strike at the heart! Then the policeman whisked him away, and everybody recovered themselves and wiped their faces."

"The dickens!" the stockbroker said uncomfortably. "Nice sort of animal to have loose in London."

"T say," plped a youthful tea merchant, with an exuberant appreciation of his suggestion, "supposing he was out on the war path after the President of the form under.

Instrument of death in his hand, ripe and over-ripe for murder.

He moved forward but he was not quick enough. Whether the Frenchman had seen that he was recognized was doubtful, but he sprang in among the conditive and dived to the heart of the fors.

He moved forward but he was not quick enough. Whether the Frenchman had seen that he was recognized was doubtful, but he sprang in among the conditive and dived to the heart of the fors.

He moved forward but he was near, too, for no man could go at high speed through that close-placed his and dived to the heart of the fors.

He was there in the press with his infernal machine between his two hands. He was near, too, for no man could go at high speed through that close-placed him and the pression of man could go at high speed through that close-placed him and the was near too, for no man could go at high speed through the was recognize

tion had for a perceptible fraction of time disordered his pulses and dried the roof of his mouth. Now he was quite cool again and steady; all his senses alert and his brain working with a clearness it had never certainly bestowed upon any of his legal problems.

So, he supposed, finding time to explore the odd little pocket of thought as he used his elbows on his fellow-citizens, Ralph must have felt when he went forward alone, up a rock-strewn gorge where the bullets piped and men lay thick, to quicken a foriorn hope to victory. The odds, Alec reflected, with a serious nip of satisfaction, were quite as great against him as they had been to Ralph, who had set his teeth and worried through, and won.

"Look out—mind who you're shoving of, young man," an indignant voice said in his ear, 'breaking upon the flying thought.

"Sorry," Ledbetter apologized, pushing ahead "Sorry," Ledbetter apologized, pushing aneau cheerfully and with energy.

He emerged at last on the ampler pavement before the Fishmongers' Hall, and the fog, with the capricious flicker of a melting mood, lifted to let him see Ferrol ahead in the act of turning up towards Cheapside. Then it was the President. Alec did not think he had doubted it. He made a spurt, and the yellow coursels sweet down again.

he had doubted it. He made a spurt, and the yellow curtain swept down again.

He hurried on blindly, lost time at a crossing, recovered it in the funnel of Walbrook, found the crowd thickening and the fog lifting as he ran north and west, and so came to the first glimpse of bunting and the silvery lilt of Bow bells, ringing up their welcome over the populace. He was in the Poultry, and he had seen Ferrol, still running, dart past the Lord Mayor's door not twenty paces before him.

"Tve got him," Ledbetter exuited to himself, noting the traffic stopped and the barrier of the crowd ruled across the great city artery where King street turns from it to the Guildhall.

No one would be permitted to pass—nor, indeed, was it possible—until the President's procession, pa-

was it possible—until the President's procession, parading up Holborn to the East, should have come and

gone.

Ferrol, ignorant of the density of London crowds, had landed himself in a cul-de-sac.

The young lawyer stopped and drew breath. The fog disentangled itself from the roof tops, where people clung like flies to the copings. It rolled away from the great swaying trophy, emblematic of liberty and the arts, that hung above the spot where the carriages would wheel to the left to vanish from the cheers of Cheapside. Red covered window-sills, with men and women chattering over them and the heads of the throng, became visible, and the dancing, curt-seying strings of flags narrowing in a many-colored perspective to the vanishing point.

perspective to the vanishing point.

The people were packed thirty deep, all with their faces towards the west, all swaying and heaving in their endeavors to see beyond the policemen who shepherded them about a hollow square where the Life Guards' band was playing Gallic music. For most of them, and for Ledbetter, too, as he hung upon the outskirts, there was nothing to see but the wink of a brass helmet, the fleck of a white horsehair plume, the heavy gold and crimson of a state trumpeter's cap. That for the distance, and for nearer vision the unclean, rif-raff seum of humanity that rises from the abyss to the surface, a check upon the national pride, at such times as these.

that rises from the abyss to the surface, a check upon the national pride, at such times as these.

They were undersized without exception, the loafers who fringed the crush. Ledbetter had no difficulty in seeing for some distance over the heads of them, and in presently discerning a squat figure of fighting calibre working its way with a corkscrew movement, hands low and head boring doggedly further and further into their midst. His mouth parched again. When Ferrol swung his arms upand the brute strength of Him would give him the opportunity when he desired it—be would imperil not only one life but a hundred.

When! The time was not far off. The President was due at half-past twelve and Bennett's clock was already well past the quarter. The band boomed its final chord, and the bells danced into a peal. There was a murmur which ran down the street like an electric current—a murmur and a rattle. The Life Guard troopers sitting a-row had drawn their sabres.

Alec pushed in desperately, more than thankful to find his weight and training were able to drive him past the half-starved wretches who stood between him and the goal. They were good-natured enough, but it did not fit in with their sense of fair play that

the latest arrivals should insist so strenuously on get-"Another! Kip back, carn't yer, and let a pore man have a chanst?" "Fair play, matey!" "Ere's a bloke wot wants to get into the stalls!" They echoed the protests of the stream on the bridge, where the chase

wot wants to get into the stails!" They echoed the protests of the stream on the bridge, where the chase has first began.

"Tm awfully sorry," Alec said again. "Tve got a message to give a friend of mine in front. It's pressing; it's business. Do, like good fellows, let methrough!" And, being tolerant enough, most of them packed yet a little closer and made a way for him. Those that did not he rammed aside. He was not in a case to stand upon ceremony.

Ferrol, meanwhile, had succeeded in planting himself in a position favorable to his object. He was not far enough forward to let his burden catch a policeman's eye, and he was not too far back to make a long, steady throw impracticable. He kept his eyes alert and ahead, and with a lifetime's bitterness and hatred straining out of them. He was looking, just as all the rest were looking, for the white hair and the benign countenance of the first Republican in Europe—for that, and the pomp of monarchy which was sweeping to the city today in compliment to him. There was to be a royal prince in the second carriage, if not in the first.

Alec felt the squeeze of the crowd tighten upon him. He was soon well in, working grimly and surely

Alec felt the squeeze of the crowd tighten upon him. He was soon well in, working grimly and surely towards Ferrol's right hand from the back. A fat clerk, wheezing and grunting, impeded him by sheer solid weight of flesh for a couple of precious minutes. He maneouvred round him in the end, and found himself still half a dozen yards from the enemy. It wanted five-minutes to the half hour. He pushed on silently now, careful to make no disturbance that might come to the bulging ears under the low cap. He could see Ferrol's head moving from side to side, taking stock of the men about him. stock of the men about him.

The bells changed from a peal to the crash of wel-me; the ringers were "firing" them in answer to s roar of a growing cheer.

"He's coming!"

The lieutenant gave an order, and the Life Guardsmen came to the "Present." the flash of steel visible clearly overhead. A thin man in the foreground raised himself on tip-toe, and Alec Ledbetter, selzing his opportunity, supplanted him. His protest was lost in the growl of anticipation that was rolling out of the mass. The lucky ones could see, far down the vista, the leading soldiers of the President's escort.

At last! Ledbetter was two men away—one man—he was at the anarchist's elbow. Ferrol lopked round sharply, and saw a young city man, hard feit ne was at the anarchist's elbow. Ferrol looked round sharply, and saw a young city man, hard felt hat slightly askew, lips smiling and open, edging up with an air of artless curiosity. He twisted his eyes front again with a grunt of contempt. He knew a detective when he saw one, and this fool was not of the meddlesome fraternity.

The first rank of horsemen around.

the meddlesome fraternity.

The first rank of horsemen swept round magnificently into King street, and was gone. There was a brief pause, a swelling chorus, and an outsider's cap bobbed up and down. The crowd swayed like one man. The four grey horses, the coachmen and footmen in royal scarlet—the landau of the President!

Ferrol threw his massive body back, to clear a space for his arms. Ledbetter saw a bead of sweat stand out between his eyes as he forced the people behind him to give way. He lifted his hands, in which his burden was cradled—lifted, and swung them up. an up. At the same moment another pair, slight but

At the same moment another pair, slight but sinewy, descended upon them.

Alec Ledbetter had nothing to rely upon, but the rapidity of his attack. Ferrol, taken unawares by it, loosed his grip. Ledbetter's fingers shot out, curved, and snatched the bomb to his bosom.

"Seize that man!" he shouted; and his voice rang with a sharp-edged intensity into the heart of everyone who heard it. "Keep him back! Seize him!"

He was not a second too soon with his appeal. Ferrol, a savage unloosed, whipped a knife out, and hurled himself upon him. The blade darted at his breast, but it met coat sleeve and arm, and pinioned them through instead. One hand dropped helpless, but with the other Alec clung the more tightly to his prize.

prize.
"Help! Police!" screamed a dozen voices, and a valiant bystander flung his arms round the would-be-murderer.

They threw themselves off their horses, tossed the crowd aside as a battleship charges the foam, and arrived at the spot simultaneously.

Ledbetter lay back against some opportune supporter, dizzy, but hugging the package. He heard shieks; a woman had fainted, and sundry timid souls were in the flight of terror. He saw the three blue-coated constables rise up, pillars of defence between him and a face convulsed with the baffled lust of slaughter. He saw one of them go down gasping, stabbed in the middle, and the other two, across his falling bulk, spring at Ferrol and overpower him.

The crowd that had been a unit became fragments as the soldiers turned their horses and rode into it, ignoring the curses with which their onslaught was received. The lieutenant, who saw that panic would mean suffocation to an unbroken mass, had given or-ders to disintegrate it. The Life Guarsmen broke it up and drove it, shouting and hysterical, out into the roadway that was just freed in the nick of time by the passing of the last carriage of the President's pro-

A drift of rapscallions streamed past them, and one had jostled the hand that clenched his precious A brace of plain clothes policemen and a superior officer of the force, in cocked hat and braided frock, appeared before him.

We've got the man," the officer said.

Ledbetter met his grave eyes.
"D'you know who?"
"I think we do." He was pale and very stern.
"And that is——" His gloved fingers indicated the "His instrument, I believe," Alec said. "Stand clear, sir, and let me hand it over to one of your fellows, please." There was silence upon the three men for a mo-

"Keep the crowd back," the officer said; and a

"Keep the crowd back," the officer said; and a dozen constables, sprung apparently out of the earth, obeyed him. "So." He watched the packet change hands. "Tell off an escort, sergeant." They were flanked by files of heavy men in another moment. "Now we'll go forward, please. And you Mr.—er—" "Ledbetter." Alec said.

"Mr. Ledbetter—will do me the honor, please, to take my arm. Our surgeon will attend to you as soon as we get you in."

They tramped to the police station in a body. Ledbetter and the bomb the centre of the little procession. There was hurrying to and fro there, and messengers arrived from the Guildhall and other places; and Alec sat on a kitchen chair, while the doctor strapped his wound, and watched the brown parcel disappear with a bevy of experts.

They came back presently as he was explaining his reason for action to'a tall soldier with an aidede-camp's aiguillette on his breast, an individual who he learned later was a royal equerry. A French detective led them, and came to Ledbetter and bowed low and very ceremoniously.

"A bomb of the most deadly," he said. "To explode on concussion. A Ferrol bomb—it is the name, monsieur. For the safety of the President and for your heroic courage, I, in the name of my nation, thank you."

you."
I shouldn't wonder if we had something to say to
it, too," the aide-de-camp said, looking down from his
magnificent inches to the wounded man. "Ledbetter,
do you say you are? Any relation of Ledbetter, the
V C?"

"He's my brother," Alec said, with pride.
"I might have known it. Why aren't you a soldier too?"

"Ploughed in the medical, for being under weight and under size. Rotten luck, wasn't it, sir? I grew like a—a haystack between eighteen and twenty, but I never got another chance. By gad, if I only saw my way to a commission—"

The big man touched him kindly on the shoulder. "That's your heart's desire?" he said. "It don't do to make impulsive promises, but—after this—I think the powers that be might see their way to offering you one. And now, Mr. Ledbetter, when these gentlemen of the police have done asking you questions I am commissioned by His Royal Highness to see you safely home."

Lord Milner Discusses the Question of Tariff Reform

HE annual general meeting of the Women's him-perhaps they would say he was very hard to Unionist and Tariff Reform Association was held recently in the Horticultural hall, was held recently in the Horticultural hall, Vincent-square, Westminster. The Hon. Mrs. Maxse presided, and was supported on the platform by Lady Bathurst, Lady Harrowby, Lady Bessborough, Lord Malmesbury, Lord and Lady Ridley, Lady Barrington, Lord Duncannon, Lady Ebury, Lady Leith, of Fyvie, Lady Idina Brassey, Lady Edward Churchill, the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, Mrs. Arnold-Forster, Mrs. Austen Chamberlain, Mrs. Alfred Cole, Mrs. Bridgeman, Mrs. Fietcher, Captain Clive, M.P., Mr. Mitchell-Thomson, M.P., Mr. Rowland Hunt, M. P., Mr. Arthur Lee, and many others.

P., Mr. Arthur Lee, and many others.

The Hon. Mrs. Maxse said she regretted the absence of the president of the association, Lady Ilchester, who was unable to be present, but who wrote that she hoped the meeting would be a successful one, indeed, she did not see how it could be otherwise in view of the great victories of tariff reform in the recent by-elections. The chairman went on to speak of Lord Milner, and said they had the utmost confidence in him. He could not only plan and teach; he could also build, and they had a splendid example in the wonderful work of reconstruction which he had carried on in South Africa. Turning to the work of the association, she said they now had 753 branches, as against 310 last year, and their growth was evidenced in other ways.

Captain Morrison-Bell, M.P., proposed the adoption of the annual report and spoke of the excellent work which the association had done. He said he felt that the association was going to be of lasting benefit to the great and growing cause of tariff reform. One paragraph in the report to which he drew special attention stated that the most valuable educational work could only be done before the turnoil and excitement of an election began, and public meetings alone were not sufficient.

Captain Tryon seconded the adoption of the report.

Lord Milner, who was received with loud applause, said it was natural that at any meeting of tariff reformers in these days they should begin by congratulating one another on the progress of their cause. He had all the more reason to congratulate those whom he had now the honor of addressing because there could be no doubt whatever that the members of that association had had a great deal to do with the spread of tariff reform views and with the great advance they had made, even in quarters where they were formerly most derided. Opinion on this question had developed much more rapidly than he for one ever expected. This was very encouraging, but they should not let it encourage them to the point of over-confidence, or, worse still, relaxation of effort. They should remember what a big enterprise they were engaged in. A mere party victory should not satisfy them. He quite recognized that if tariff reform was ever to be an accomplished fact it could only become so, in the first instance, through a victory of the Unionist party. But if it was to endure there would have to be something like a conversion of the national mind, extending far beyond the bounds of one party, to the new fiscal ideas similar to that which 50 years ago brought, not merely one party, but the bulk of the people, to the side of what had been called free trade. He was glad to believe that at the next election tariff reform would be as great a source of strength to the Unionist party as at one time it was a source of weakness. But he was perhaps even more glad of the signs, the unmistakable signs, that the new leaven was working even in the ranks of their opponents. He believed that if there could be a straight fight tomorrow on the question of tariff reform would win hands down. The old system was breaking down. But that was not enough for Captain Tryon seconded the adoption of the re-

him-perhaps they would say he was very hard to please.

An Elastic System Required

He wanted to see something practical, something comprehensive, something coherent take its place; not certainly a rigid formula, claiming unquestioned obedience regardless of time and circumstance, but a workable and reasonably elastic system, suited to the conditions in which we actually lived, taking account of the policy of other nations, and, above all, taking account of the live forces at work in other parts of the British Empire. He was quite convinced that a change was coming, quite convinced that, within the next 20 years, whatever party was in power, they would see duties imposed in this country which, whether that object was admitted or not, would in reality be aimed at defending British industries against external attack and checking the growth of unemployment. (Cheers,) But his fear was that, unless such duties were imposed by a government capable of taking a broad and comprehensive view of the whole economic situation, both in Great Britain and the other parts of the Empire, unless they were imposed upon some general and systematic plan, and not merely as the result of the impetuous pressure of this or that suffering industry, they might, so to speak, throw fiscal reform away, they might lose the benefit of the more liberal, the more instructed, the more practical spirit in which fiscal problems were now beginning to be discussed, and fall to secure some of the chief advantages which they might derive from a rational tariff. The great problem before tariff reformers was not merely to win a victory, but to prepare to use it well. And it was not easy to be broad-minded, philosophical, constructive, never to make a slip, never to exaggerate when they were fighting tooth and nail for victory. And yet they had got so to fight, because there was no time to lose, Mr. Chamberlain rang the alarm bell late in the day and they had to gather in the house of Lords on the question of preferential frade within the Empire. There we An Elastic System Required

Commercial Treaties They heard rumors of impending negotiations on the part of this country for commercial treaties with foreign nations, especially pernaps with a particular foreign nation, with which our relations had of late years, to our great benefit and satisfaction, become especially friendly and intimate. Now there was nothing in the principles of tariff reformers which should make them look askance at commercial treaties with foreign countries. On the contrary, they were entirely consonant with their principles. But he must own that he should consider that a commercial bargain with any foreign country, however friendly, had cost us dear if it in any way tied our hands in respect of trade arrangements with the Empire, or precluded us from giving to other parts of the Em-

pire, in respect of any duffes we now had or might pire, in respect of any dufies we now had or might hereafter impose, a preference over even the most favored foreign nation. Could we feel sure that in any negotiations which might be undertaken with any foreign nation at the present time such a danger would be rigidly guarded against? He feared not. There was to his mind cause for alarm in the prospect of different parts of the Empire—the United Kingdom no less than the Pominions—making sener. would be rigidly guarded against? He feared not. There was to his mind cause for alarm in the prospect of different parts of the Empire—the United Kingdom no less than the Dominions—making separate trade treaties with foreign countries before they had come to an understanding between themselves; before, to put it quite plainly, the principle of giving specially favorable terms to trade carried on within the family was firmly established all round. He was all for leaving each self-governing community within the Empire free to frame its tariff in its own interest. He was not averse to its bargaining with foreign countries. But he drew the line at any such bargain which was calculated to prejudice the establishment of a system under which in every part of the Empire the tariff, whatever it might be, should be more favorable to importation from other parts of 'the Empire than to importation from other parts of 'the Empire than to importation from other parts of 'the Empire than to importation from foreign countries. He thought it was absolutely essential to be quite clear about what we were driving at. It had been said that tariff reformers must choose, that they might use a tariff to establish a system of mutual preference within the Empire or that they might use a tariff to establish a system of mutual preference within the Empire or that they might use it to bargain with foreign nations, but that they could not use it for both objects. He did not admit that, He held that it could serve both these ends as well, of course, as serving its primary purpose of raising revenue and giving a reasonable degree of security to home industries. But he did admit that it could not be used both for preference and for bargains with foreign countries to the same extent as it could be used for either object, if the other was left entirely out of account. And of the two objects he had no hesitation in saying that preference was the more important. (Cheers, The Canadian system, before it was more or less mutilated by recent negotiat

Now, while on this subject of preference, which was so vast that one could talk about it for hours—but he did not wish to weary them—he wished to deal with one more point about which there seemed to be much misconception. It was said that it was not preference which had benefited British trade in Colonial markets, but the reduction of duties, not the advantage to us as compared with the foreigner, but the fact that the duties on British goods had been put lower. But he maintained that a close examination proved the contrary. Objection had been taken to his quoting the totals of our trade to the Colonies giving us a preference before and after it was given. Very well, he admitted the force of the objection. It would have been better, and his case would have been stronger, if he had not quoted totals but gone more into detail, if he had confined himself only to those classes of goods to which preference was actually applied. What did these show? In the case of Canada this country was losing ground before preference in respect of certain great groups of articles in which Great Britain was supposed to be particularly strong, such as cotton textiles, woollen textiles, goods made of flax, jute, and hemp, carpets, olicloths, etc. In all these classes of goods our importations showed a great decrease before preference, while the increase of foreign imports had gone on slightly increasing, but ours, which previously had decreased, had shown a great increase out of all proportion to theirs. Was it not clear that what had made the difference was not the absolute lowering of duties on our goods but the relative lowering on ours as compared with theirs; in other words, preference, predominantly and above all other factors? In the case of New Zealand, the preference was effected in the main, not by lowering the duties on British goods, but by raising those on foreign. Well, what was the result? British imports on these classes of goods at once shot ahead. Instead of increasing, as formerly, at a lesser rate than foreign impo . The Family in Nations

The Family in Nations

But now, in conclusion, to get away from these figures—instructive and indispensable as the figures were—to the great economic and political objects which they as tariff reformers had at heart. There were two ideals before them—separate and yet akin—and working into one another. He did not say, he never would say, that tariff reform alone was going to accomplish either. He had no superstitious belief in it. But he did say it was essential to both. One was the building up of the several great States of the Empire, including India, as separate units, to the highest state of industrial efficiency, of productive power of which they were individually capable; the other was the drawing together of these units separately built up into an economic and political union, which might be the greatest in the world, the most independent, the most self-supplying, and as a whole the most unassailable. What was the attitude of the people of any of the great self-governing Dominions? With many local differences, there was still one spirit common to them all. "We want," they said, "to be a real nation, with an all-round development, with

varied industries, capable of standing on our feet economically as well as in all other respects. We will not allow any one, not even the Mother Country, not even the sister-States, to cramp or fetter our growth on our own lines. We believe we know what is best for ourselves. Moreover, we believe that the stronger and more independent we are, the more we shall contribute to the strength of the family of States, the Greater Nation, to which we are loyal, and to which we still desire to belong. What more natural, then, than that we should try to help the other members of the family, and expect them to help us in every way not inconsistent with the separate growth of each member? Every one for himself first, but everyone next for the family. Let the family all round recognize a duty and an interest in promoting the prospective of its members. Let us mutually give each other the first chance of supplying one another's wants. Let our external trade, as far as may be, benefit the other members of the family, and theirs, as far as may be, benefit the rather than outsiders. He must say it seemed a reasonable view and a magnificent proposition. And we in this old country had also got to think of ourselves. We had our own special industries, very great and powerful ones, but not beyond the reach of external attack. Against such attack, where they needed it, we too should be wise to defend them. (Cheers,) We too must shape our economic policy with regard to our own requirements, or the Empire, with encouragement from us, would be more and more and more steady employment for our people, our need of an ample and secure supply of food and raw materials, of which the other parts of the Empire, with encouragement from us, would be more and more able to become the chief providers. And in so shaping it we should be able to do more, much more than we did at present, though we could do something tomorrow if we chose, to carry out in the field of commercial intercourse this great idea of the family of British nations. (Cheers,) We

Lady Edward Churchill proposed a vote of thanks to the speakers, and said she would like to express, on behalf of the meeting, its appreciation of how much the British Empire owed to Lord Milner. Whether their sympathies were with the woman suffragists or not, they would all have realized that women were becoming more and more a political power in the land. Mrs. Boyce seconded the resolution, which was carried with cheers, and, on the motion of Lord Milner, a vote of thanks was accorded to Mrs. Maxse for presiding.