



Mr. W. T. Stead, writing to the Daily Mail (Eng.), takes the following view regarding the era introduced by the invention of the airship, upon which we are now ostensibly entering:

"It is probable that the trade of the armorer was never more brisk than in the decade immediately before the use of gunpowder rendered armor a cumbrous and useless impediment to fighting efficiency. The artificers of bows and arrows probably looked down with supreme contempt upon those who warned them that the battles of the future would be decided, not by the gray-goose shaft, but by villainous saltpetre. Nevertheless, coats of armor must now be sought for in museums, and the long-bow and the cross-bow alike survive only as the toys of the schoolboy.

"It does not require much prescience to foresee that armaments will soon go the way of armor, and that 12-inch guns will soon be as obsolete as the six-foot bow. The coming of the aeroplane will revolutionize everything.

"So long as the decisive element in international combat is naval armament, we must, of course, maintain our 'nearer three than two-to-one' supremacy at sea over the next strongest European Power. That was the inheritance of the present ministry, and we may trust to Mr. Winston Churchill and his colleagues to see that it is handed on unimpaired to their successors. But the most ardent advocate of the two-keels-to-one standard need not hesitate to recognize the fact that this is but the last spurt of a struggle the final issue of which will be decided not on the water, but in the air. So long as the competition is kept up, we must hold our leading position. But the future belongs not to Dreadnoughts, but to aeroplanes.

"Austria, it is said, is about to launch out into a huge expenditure on Dreadnoughts. The King of Italy showed a keener insight into the probabilities of the future when he said, two years ago: 'Why should we spend two millions over a huge ironclad, when there is every reason to believe an aeroplane, costing no more than a motor-car, may reduce it to old iron before it leaves the stocks?' I still have a lively sense of the emphasis with which M. d'Aehrenthal assured me on the eve of the late Hague Conference, that peace apostles could not be more profitably employed than in urging the Parliaments of the world to make grants for the building of airships, for when the airship comes, frontiers, fortresses, fleets—everything goes. The German Minister for Foreign Affairs told me in 1907 that they never for a moment allowed themselves to lose sight of the airship, because, when that comes, it will revolutionize everything. The airship has come, and come to stay. The deliberate judgment of the Italian military aeronauts that in 1912 there will be as many aeroplanes in the air as there are now motor-cars in the streets, bids fair to be an accomplished fact. I have been repeating these things for the last five years. Everyone is beginning to admit that there may, after all, be something in it.

"It is admitted that there may after all be 'something in it.' But what that something is, few persons, save imaginative speculators like Mr. G. H. Wells, have even dimly begun

to perceive. What the airship carries beneath its planes is the most far-reaching revolution that has ever transformed the world. That revolution may be beneficent beyond the hopes of the greatest Utopians, or it may be maleficent beyond the fears of the worst pessimist. The aeroplane may be called the avant-courier of the international world-state, or the herald of the ruin of civilization. 'Be my brother or I will slay thee,' the French Revolutionist's formula, will now be revived, with an infinitely wider application to the forces of destruction, because the airship represents an addition to the forces of destruction so vast, so incalculable, that it places human society at the mercy of any of its component parts.

What this means is that the human race, which has hitherto organized itself for defence from enemies on or below the world's surface, is absolutely unprotected from attack from above. The opportunity which this gives to the anarchist and the desperado was perceived some years ago by M. Azef, when he recommended the Russian revolutionists to resort to the aeroplane as the most effective means of destroying the Government. If the Governments do not cease their absolutely fatuous habit of preparing for war with each other, they may find themselves confronted by forces of disorder armed with new and invincible weapons, against which they themselves will be powerless. Should they let hell loose by making war upon each other, heaven itself would rain hell-fire upon the modern cities of the plain. In sheer self-defence, the instinct of self-preservation ought to compel Governments to federate into one international world-State, with international tribunals interpreting the laws of an International Parliament, whose decisions would be enforced by an Executive, without whose command appeal to force on earth, or air, or sea, would be absolutely forbidden.

"This may read like Utopia. But it is the only alternative to the destruction of civilization. If we refuse to recognize that the aeroplane will soon render war impossible, human society may find itself hurled, with hideous ruin and combustion, down to bottomless perdition, like Lucifer and his hosts in 'Paradise Lost.' The minds of men, especially of ruling men, are slow to perceive the signs of the times. But the aeroplane, which renders armaments obsolete, will probably open their eyes to its significance by abolishing frontiers. The smugglers of the air will have everything their own way. It will be impossible to enforce the payment of customs duties on any goods save those which are imported by the ton. The drying up of the customs revenue may predispose Governments first to reduce, and then to abandon their armaments. But meantime, all the more thoughtful among us will do well to fix our minds upon the supreme question: When the aeroplane comes, and the old order goes, what is to take the place of war?"

### The Western Fair.

The Western Fair, at London, continues to hold its own, and draw large crowds; and this year, judging from the number in attendance, and the quality and quantity of exhibits, should prove one of the best in its history. The main building was well filled with displays by various large manufacturing houses, one firm

showing a bewildering variety of cakes, biscuits and candies; agents for different makes of coal and gas ranges, illustrating the advantages of their special stoves by dispensing biscuits, etc., cooked in their respective ovens. Cups of fragrant tea were offered with hospitable impartiality from another booth. The notes of many pianos, all playing at once, mingled with the songs of canaries, the "spiel" of vendors, and the hum and buzz of innumerable voices—all combined to make up that indescribable and inimitable babel of sound which is heard nowhere else but at a "Fair."

An interesting exhibit was that of the London Historical Society, consisting of ancient firearms, cooking utensils, candlesticks, books with "f's" for "s's," and many other relics of the good old times. Some of the sewing machines were displaying a new attachment in the shape of a stocking-darner, which seemed to be very simple and easily handled, and looked as if it might prove a saving of time and trouble, and help to relieve the ever-crowded condition of the family mending-basket, though one woman was overheard saying to her companions, "When I sit down to darn stockings, I want to give my feet a rest." In the department of women's work were some beautiful pieces of hand-made lace, Maltese, Irish crochet, point, and other varieties, some of them almost "cobwebby" in their fineness; but one could not help thinking of the eye-strain necessary to produce such delicate handiwork. The embroidery was very good, the all-white being the most popular, and showing the finest work. Nothing particularly new, either in design or in articles, was noticed, sofa-pillows, tea-cosies, table-mats and centerpieces being in the majority.

The walls of the Art Department were well filled with both oils and water-color sketches, principally amateur work, and some of it very creditable. There was also some fine professional work in portraits, landscapes and still-life, some of the paintings of fruit looking "real enough to eat." Perhaps the largest canvas on the walls, and one which always had a group of spectators in front of it, was "A Fireside Reverie," by A. M. Fleming, of Chatham. A "Sunset," by the same artist, also came in for much admiration. The display of hand-painted china was very large, and some beautiful pieces were seen, decorated in conventional designs, in metallic coloring. The photography exhibit, though not so large as in some previous years, showed some very fine work, both in black and white, and on the sepia paper. In this department was also a large case, sent here from the Canadian National, in Toronto, showing specimens of hand-weaving, etc., done principally by the French-Canadian women of the lower Provinces. Most artistic in design and coloring were some of these materials, which comprised dress-stuffs, portieres, rugs, etc. In this case was also some fine Indian work in weaving, bead-work, etc.

The Horticultural Hall contained a most attractive display of fruits and vegetables, luscious peaches, plums of mammoth size, and bunches of grapes rivaling those of Eschol, tempting one to forget the difference between meum and tuum. The show of vegetables was unusually fine, and all

the different varieties were well represented, extra large in size, and clean, and free from blemish. The flower exhibit was not so large as in some former years, but there were some very fine varieties to be seen: some huge pansies, a tuberous begonia, with blossoms over four inches across, some very large and "Japanese-looking" asters, and a large showing of potted plants, ferns, palms, etc., with others of all kinds, "too numerous to mention," made up a collection to linger over. Some beautiful bouquets and designs for weddings and funerals were much admired, though some of the latter did strike the beholder as rather gruesome.

The tent holding the Cat Show was a popular and much-visited department, and there "puss" reigned supreme. Cats of every variety were there—old cats and young, big cats and little, Persians and Angoras, Siamese and just plain, ordinary mouse-catchers, some of them with their cages adorned with numerous badges and medals, showing them to be the aristocrats of feline society. One huge orange Persian had his cage decorated with twenty or thirty ribbons, badges and medals, captured at various shows, and a handsome Siamese had as many to his credit. We were told that kittens of this last breed were readily sold at \$100 each.

Not the least interesting part of the exhibition was the crowd itself, old and young, the regulation bride and groom, and the omnipresent baby, all on pleasure bent, determined to see everything that was to be seen, and commenting freely upon all—a happy crowd, enjoying itself fully, and carrying home with it pleasant recollections of the Western Fair of 1909.

### Links with the Past.

#### II.

In the introduction to his book, "Collections and Recollections," Mr. Russell tells that the publishing of the little volume has brought him many friends, and some correspondents; among the latter a pauper who had known better days, thanked him for "Enlivening the monotony of a workhouse infirmary." Literary clerks had plied him with questions as to the sources of his information, and he had been told that one of his stories, at any rate, had elicited the gracious laughter of Queen Victoria herself. This latter we may safely take as a guarantee that we shall find running through it a silver vein of humor, which is a good seasoning for any book, and a recommendation to us to turn over a few more of its pages.

Under various headings, such as "Verbal Infelicities," "Flatterers and Bored," "Repertees," "Parliamentary Oratory," etc., we meet with many most amusing allusions. Apropos of a quotation from Leech's "Sketches of Life and Character," in Punch, in which two little chaps, discussing the age of a third, conclude that "Charlie must be very old, for he blows his own nose!" we are told that the existence of "l'enfant terrible," and the somewhat uncomfortable corners into which that ubiquitous child can place his affectionate but unguarded relations, is not confined to any strata of society.

Here is one story: The late Lord —, who had a deformed foot, was going to visit Queen Victoria at Osborne. The Royal parents debated