

A Gentleman of the Old School.

Leisure is gone . . . fine old Leisure.
GEOFFREY ELIOTT.
He lived in "Farmer George's" day,
When men were less inclined to say
That "Time is gold," and overlay
With toll their pleasure;
He held some land, and dwelt thereon,
Where, I forgot—the house is gone;
His Christian name, I think, was John,
His surname, Leisure.

Reynolds has painted him—a face
Filled with a fine, old-fashioned grace,
Fresh-coloured, frank without a trace
Of care to shade it;
The eyes are blue, the hair is drest
In plainest way—one hand is prest
Deep in a flapped canary vest,
With buds brooded.

He wears a brown old Brunswick coat,
With silver buttons—round his throat
A soft cravat—in all you note
A by-gone fashion,
A strangeness, which, to us who shine
In shapely hats, whose coats combine
All harmonies of hue and line,
Inspires compassion.

He lived so long ago, you see;
Men were untravell'd then, but we,
Like Ariel, post by land and sea,
With careless parting;
He found it quite enough for him
To smoke his pipe in "garden trim,"
And watch, about the fish tank's brim,
The swallows darting.

He liked the well-wheel's creaking tongue—
He liked the thrush that stopped and sung—
He liked the drone of flies among
His netted peaches;
He liked to watch the sunlight fall
Athwart his ivied orchard wall,
Or pause to catch the cuckoo's call
Beyond the beeches.

Yet still he loved the chase, and held
That no composer's score excelled
The merry horn, when Sweetlip swelled
The jovial riot;
But most his measured words of praise
Cared for the angler's easy ways—
His idly meditative days—
His rustic diet.

Not that his "meditative" rose
Beyond a sunny summer dose;
He never troubled his repose
With fruitless prying;
But held, as law for high and low,
What God conceals no man can know,
And smiled away inquiry so,
Without replying.

We read—alas, how much we read!
The jumbled strifes of creed and creed,
With endless controversies feed
Our growling tables;
His books—and they sufficed him—were
Cotton's "Montaigne," "The Grave," of Blair,
A "Walton"—much the worse for wear—
And "Keop's Fables."

One more—the Bible. Not that he
Had searched its pages as deep as we;
No sophistries could make him see
Its slender credit;
It may be that he could not count
The race of Kings to Jesse's fount,
He liked the "Sermon on the Mount,"
And more, he read it.

Once he had loved, but failed to wed,
A red-cheeked lass who long was dead;
His ways were far too slow, he said,
To quite forget her;
And still when time had turned him grey,
The earliest hawthorn buds in May
Would find his lingering feet astray,
Where first he met her.

Lie softly, Leisure! Doubtless you
With too serene a conscience drew
Your placid breath, and slumbered through
The gravest issue;
But we, to whom our creed allows
Scarce space to wipe our weary brows,
Look down upon your narrow house,
Old friend, and miss you!

—St. Paul's Magazine. A. D.

Labour Congress Notes.

"The detailed reports of the sittings of the Trades Union Congress at Liverpool, form instructive reading. The aspirations of the working man, and some of the nostrums discussed and adopted, remind one of the agenda of the Paris revolutionary clubs at the close of the last century. The nationalization of land, of workshops, and of mines, legislation to prevent the subletting of contracts, resolutions advocating eight-hour labour by legal enactment, and other proposals of universal interference with private freedom, contributed to draw the Congress down to the level of the continental Anarchist. The picked representatives of the industrial intellect of Great Britain have poured forth floods of mischievous twaddle, painfully illustrating the ambition of our would-be masters."

We observe that delegates to a Labor Congress at Ottawa are not content to confine their attentions to the needs and rights or wrongs of the laborer, but drag into their Congress the following Resolution which we doubt not grossly violates the feelings of the best men they are delegated to represent:

The following is the resolution adopted:—
Whereas This Congress is of the opinion that the people of Canada at present are capable of finding a man among themselves to perform the functions of the Governor-General of Canada, therefore be it

Resolved, That we demand, on behalf of the people of this country, the right to hereafter elect our governor instead of having one appointed by the British government.

A British Girdle Round the World

When the Canadian Pacific Railway places its new steamers on the Pacific Ocean in January next, Canadians will be able to take a trip around the world for \$600. The first of the new armed cruiser steamships, the "Empress of India," will be dispatched on or about January 15th next, to take up its station on the Pacific; and the other steamers, the "Empress of China" and the "Empress of Japan," are to follow on or about February 15th and March 15th respectively. The route is to be from Liverpool, Southampton or Plymouth, calling at Marseilles or Naples, Alexandria, Port Said or Ismailia (with sufficient time allowance to make a trip to Cairo and the Pyramids), Bombay, Colombo, Penang, Singapore, Hong Kong, Shanghai, Nagsaki, Kobi and Yokohama, Vancouver, thence by Canadian Pacific Railway to New York, Boston, Montreal, Quebec or Halifax, the passengers having choice of Atlantic steamers from any of these ports to Great Britain. The fare for the complete trip has been fixed at \$600, and it is expected that at this rate an increasingly large number of old world travellers will make the tour through Canada.

Italy.

The law on the *Opere pie* has duly received royal sanction. This means that 135,000,000 francs (almost \$5,500,000 sterling) of yearly income, which belonged to the poor, and had been so long confiscated by the Romish clergy to their own interests, are given back to the needy people of the nation. The two chief reforms instituted by this law will soon be carried on—namely: (1) Conversion into homes for orphans or old people of money heretofore used for masses and other priestly items, (2) administration of these properties by local committees, composed exclusively of laymen, and elected by the people through their municipal representatives. The Rome correspondent of Evangelical Christendom pertinently observes:—"Little by little, things are assuming in Italy such a shape as to take away from the Pope's church any privilege, and to place Protestants and Romanists absolutely on the same level to all intents and purposes."

English Language Good Enough.

The absence of Premier Mercier from all the entertainments to Prince George of Wales, as in the case of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, is again causing comment.

The French-Canadians are a little put out by an incident which occurred at the reception to the Prince in Montreal on September 9th. The Mayor proceeded to read the address first in French, when the Prince remarked:—"In English first, please, Mr. Mayor."

The Prince in reply spoke in English and French.

Our Neighbours.

The bulk of the people of the United States are in a continual state of deception. Even well informed people among them, as a rule, have utterly distorted views and mistaken notions concerning the United Kingdom, British statesmen, and, in fact, almost everything that is British. Indeed, one is tempted to think, sometimes, that this state of deception is voluntary upon their part, and that they prefer to remain in this state of delusion rather than to come to a knowledge of the truth, and see things as they are. But whatever may be said of the politicians, beyond question the bulk of the people are the victims of delusion, which is the result of the persistent misrepresentation of everything British by the foreign caterers for the news columns of their newspapers.

Now, the mischief of all this is that it tends to produce and to perpetuate a feeling of alienation and dislike between two great nations, which ought not only to be at peace with each other, but to be warm friends and strong allies. With a common origin a common language and a common faith, sharing the same literature, the same traditions, the same political institutions, there ought to be a friendship between the United Kingdom and the United States unlike that which exists between any other two nations on the earth. That this is not the case is a fact too obvious to admit of doubt. There is, perhaps, no other country toward which there is such a deeply seated feeling of ill-will in the United States as toward England. And there is all the less hope of removing it, because it is founded entirely on ignorance and unreasoning prejudice, and has neither reason nor facts to support it. It is true this feeling is entirely one-

sided. It is not shared at all by the people of our mother country. The reason of this is that they know little, and, perhaps, care less about the state of feeling on this side of the Atlantic. They are too busy watching the moves that are being made on the chess board of Europe, and studying the unfoldings of the new and rising nations of the south and the great British Empire in the east to bestow very much time or attention on the United States. It is remarkable how little space the great American republic with its sixty millions of population, more or less, occupies in the British press. It is, perhaps, well it is so. If the English newspapers had a corps of caterers in the United States, as enterprising and unscrupulous as the papers of the United States have in England, the result would be even a worse state of things probably than that which actually exists.—*Empire*.

An Un-English Englishman.

(British American Citizen, U.S.A.)
Robert P. Porter, head of the United States Census Bureau, is an Englishman by birth, but he is an American for dollars and cents. He is a hanger-on to the Republican party, and has been richly rewarded. He is not a man to be trusted,—no man is who vilifies his native land as he has done in the past. His assumption of the term "we Americans" is somewhat grotesque, for he is not an American in spirit, neither is he a model gentleman.

We would commend to men of the Porter-Carnegie stamp the following lines:—

From Polar seas to torrid climes,
Where'er the trace of man is found,
What common feeling marks our kind,
And sanctifies each spot of ground?
What virtue in the human heart
The proudest tribute can command?
The dearest, purest, holiest, best,
The lasting love of Fatherland.

Then who is he who would deface
The scutcheon of his country's fame?
Who calls each conquest a disgrace,
Each victory the vilest shame?
One wretch alone on earth you'll meet,
Though all the universe you scan,
So steeped in treason and deceit,
The Anti-English Englishman.

Britain's Flag.

United Canada (Irish Organ) under the heading—"WHAT WE THINK," unbosoms itself as follows:—

"The *Empire*, of Toronto, is giving a flag to the schools of Ontario to be hoisted on every day of importance in our history. We would advise our friend to be careful in this matter and consult the authorities in many localities, as the generation now growing up care less for the flag than their bigger brothers, England's despotic treatment of Ireland has taught thousands of our young people to hate Britain's flag. This may be plain talk but it is true, and if the flags on our schools should be destroyed or disrespected it would give Americans ample room to smile loudly.

The English Race.

An American Girl's Pride in It.

(Miss Bland in the *Cosmopolitan*).
Starting two months ago from a vast continent which the English race have made their own, where the English tongue, English laws, customs and manners reign from sea to sea, in my whole course around the globe I have heard that same tongue, seen the same laws and manners, found the same race. Have had proof with mine own eyes of the splendor of their empire, of their power, their wealth, of their dominance and orgullosness, of their superb armies, their undreamable commerce, their magnificent possessions, their own unrivalled physical beauty and force—and lo! now at last I find from a tiny island, rigged with grey seas, has sprung this race of kings. It fills my soul with a passion of pride that I too am an Anglo-Saxon. In my veins, too, runs that virile tide that pulses through the heart of this lord of the earth—the blood of this clean, fair, noble English race!

It is worth a journey round the world to see

"This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress built by nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in a silver sea;
This blessed plot of earth, this realm, this England.
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Feared by their breed and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds so far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry;
This land of such deep souls, this dear, dear land—
England, bound in with the triumphant sea—
And I understand now the full meaning of this trumpet cry of love and pride from the greatest of earth's poets—an Englishman."

Colonial and Indian News.

Australia—

Mr. Justice Windeyer gave judgment in favour of the Government in the action instituted by the Pacific Mail Company for an alleged breach of agreement in connection with the San Francisco mail contract.

The early closing movement in Sydney received an impetus on August 17, when special sermons were preached in about 50 city and suburban churches, and a conference of citizens was held in the Centenary Hall in furtherance of the agitation.

The remains of King Billy, a well-known aboriginal, the last of Upper Lachlan tribe, were recently found in the camp at Trunkay, near Bathurst. At the inquiry death was found to be due to senile debility. King Billy was 90 years old.

Two hundred and seventy-five horses 587 cattle, and 467,000 sheep have been lost through floods in the Bourke, Wallgett, and Brewarrina district.

The beginning of what is destined to become a great industry in Australia was marked by the receipt, the other day, by the Director of Agriculture in Sydney of several hundred-weights of Zante currants grown in the Corowa district.

According to a new rule introduced by Colonel Spalding, C.M.G., a member of the New South Wales Permanent Force, before being permitted to marry, must have served three years in the ranks, been of good character for two years, and possess £12 in the Savings Bank.

The Commissioner of Public Works has ordered that an examination should be made of the country between Farina, Leigh's Creek, and the ranges to the east, in order to definitely settle what will be the best starting point and route for the first part of the proposed railway to the Queensland border.

The *Griffin* arrived at Cooktown from Dinner Island on August 11, with 70 ozs. of gold. The men on the island at the gold fields are reported to be just making tucker, and fever is very prevalent.

There is now with the blacks in Maytown a real Albino child. The picaninny is very fair, with white hair and eyelashes, and is about six months old.

Cane crushing was in full swing on the Richmond River when the last mail left. The Broadwater mill alone was crushing about 1,000 tons of cane daily. During the month of July 908,180 acres of land were thrown open in this colony for selection as grazing farms.

South Africa—

It is stated that an Italian gentleman is now in Natal endeavouring to make arrangements for the immigration of peasantry from Savoy, Piedmont and Lombardy, skilled in the art of sericulture, Natal being well adapted for silk-worms.

Sir Henry Loch, the Governor, and party, have started from Cape Town for a tour in Bechuanaland.

The export of gold from the Cape during last month amounted in value to £180,000.

Encouraging reports have come in of gold prospecting in British Zululand: large areas are pegged out and surface indications are excellent.

India—

There was recently a police case in Calcutta in which two policemen entered a zenana in the exercise of their duty. It has excited warm discussion in the vernacular papers. One of these remarks—"The Bengali blood is cold, and that is why Inspector Kingsley and Constable Panchu had not their heads severed from their bodies when they ventured to enter into the zenana of Nabadwipa Babu."

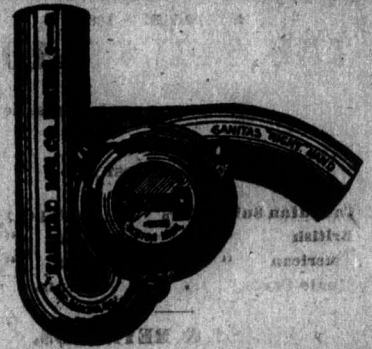
Lala Gobind Doss, B.A., is the successful candidate who proceeds to England this year from the Punjab as holder of the Government scholarship of £200 a year for three years to enable him to complete his studies. He has chosen the University of Cambridge.

It has been satisfactorily settled on the experimental plantation at Mergui, in Burma, that Liberian coffee will grow and bear fruit freely in that part of the country. The plant has established itself, and has fruited abundantly for the past four years.

The States of Junagadh and Bhownagar in Kathiawar have made offers of troops to assist in the scheme of Imperial defence, which have been accepted by the Government of India.

Recent inquiries into the number of lepers in India give the following results:—There are 71,287 lepers in the Bengal Presidency, 13,944 in Madras, and 13,842 in Bombay. This does not include the native States, and 13,842 in Bombay, and it gives an average of 54 lepers for every 100,000 of the inhabitants.

SANITAS TRAP.



It is sometimes asserted that the seal of the Sanitas trap can never be broken under any conditions. This is erroneous. Its seal can be pumped out by a force-pump, or by laboratory pumping apparatus, especially devised to destroy the seals of traps by siphonage. But the seal of the unvented Sanitas trap never can and never has been destroyed by siphonage in good plumbing work.

Furthermore, the unvented Sanitas trap will stand a severe TEST OF SIPHONING ACTION than will the vented S-trap. This has been demonstrated over and over again, and the demonstration can be repeated at any time to the satisfaction of any who are interested, provided care be taken to vent the S-trap in a manner which is practical in plumbing, using a vent-pipe of the size, length, and average number of bends found in ordinary practice. The seal of the Sanitas trap will be lowered by severe siphoning action, but it cannot be broken.

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