

rushed out as "leading lines," being, in many cases, sold at a loss, thus causing a permanent fall in their value. When a manufacturer places an attractive novelty before the trade, very often he places nothing more than the samples which were secured by some wholesale merchant, in order to be submitted to a rival manufacturer, with instructions to make it at a price fixed below that of the firm which was at the cost of producing the article in the first instance. They have now fallen into the trap which they themselves have set.

MEANDERINGS IN MERRY ENGLAND.

(Correspondence of CANADIAN JOURNAL OF FABRICS.)

The merry homes of England!
 Around their hearths by night,
 What gladsome looks of household love
 Meet in the ruddy light!
 There woman's voice flows forth in song,
 Or childish tale is told,
 Or lips move tunefully along
 Some glorious page of old

After seven years' absence from the "free, fair homes of England," it was a joy to find oneself, on a sultry summer's afternoon, gliding down Halifax harbor with a south-west breeze sweeping over the dancing waves, growing ever cooler and more bracing as the good ship, "Halifax City," turned her eager prow to the open sea and left the city of her name a lessening and still lessening picture on our quarter. It was pleasant to lean over the deck rail and let the salt wind fill your nostrils with that unique aroma from the fresh ocean, which is more grateful than "all the perfumes of Arabia," and, filling your lungs with this sea elixir, to listen to the sighing of the multitudinous waves, with their "slumbrous sound—the sound that brings the feelings of a dream," while the good wishes and kind words of friends upon that fading shore still echo in the ear, and their faces come before the mind's eye from out the reflecting waves. The sun, reddening and beaming, reels towards the hazy horizon, while as I dream of Halifax and home, of empire and England, the city disappears, the harbor has merged into the thin line of the Nova Scotia coast, and that dull and dim and distant band is the last I shall see of Canada for many a day.

"Adieu! adieu! my native land
 Fades o'er the waters blue;
 The night winds sigh, the breakers roar,
 And shrieks the wild sea mew"

Good-bye, thou vast and wondrous land. Thy untrodden cliffs are built of the oldest rocks* ever formed by earth's Almighty Architect; yet thy peopled plains hold the most fresh-limbed, the most alert, the youngest of the nations of the earth! Thy lakes are the ocean's fairest daughters linked hand-in-hand by rivers whose beauty never fades, whose forms were never shrunk by drought. Thy prairies—who

hath measured them? Thy mountains—who hath explored their solitudes or determined their wealth? Tiller of the soil, dost thou seek a goodly land?—behold the richness of the ages wrapt in her western plains! Lover of nature, wouldst thou view "a full fair sight?"—behold it from the ocean on the east to the ocean on the west, behold it on the seas of lakes, behold it along the interminable rivers, behold it from the cloud-capped mountains, behold it in the arctic solitudes, behold it in the green isles of the Gulf and the balmy islands of the Pacific. With such thoughts we turn our eyes seaward and the gently heaving ship glides into the mist and clouds that come from the Banks of Newfoundland.

Passing by the incidents of a voyage that was pleasant from beginning to end, we come to the subject of this letter—England—the first glimpse of which we catch at the Lizard, near Land's End; for the Furness Line steamers from St. John and Halifax run direct to London, and the voyage up the English Channel in fair weather is one of the delights of the trip. The channel is not always choppy, and the winds that work such dismay to passengers crossing to and from the continent give little trouble usually to a Furness liner going with the wind, or in the wind's eye.

For days together on the high seas we had not seen a single ship, but now, with clear weather, we were not a moment out of sight of vessels. A dozen or more at a time are often seen, varying in size and character, from the trim and white-winged yacht, or the dirty-sailed devil-may-care fisherman, to the majestic ocean liner, or the grim and awe-striking man-of-war. As we glide along the coast and the channel becomes narrower, the craft multiply in numbers, till when we turn into the mouth of the Thames, our steamer forms an insignificant item in one vast procession of vessels from every port in the wide world steaming to and from the world's great city, London. Welcome its slimy banks, its dark green slopes, its red-sailed barges, its puffing, pugnacious, cheeky tugs, its granite quays, its endless docks, its coal sheds, its wilderness of masts, beyond which stand the factory chimneys like the stumps of a burnt-out Canadian woods. Welcome the smoky sky, the dull roar of its traffic, the thronged streets moving with the ceaseless tides of humanity, its quaint landmarks, familiar to the eye of the school boy of earth's remotest village; welcome its street cries (once heard, never forgotten), and welcome, thrice welcome, its coffee-house odors, with reviving memories of fried soles and water-cress.

THE WOOL TRADE OF AUSTRALIA

In Australia immense tracts of land which were once considered nothing but a desert, have been cultivated by the aid of sunken wells and made productive. During the year 1860 the total export of wool from the Australian group of colonies was but 160,997 bales; it increased from that time until 1882, in which year 845,982 bales were exported. Since 1882 the increase

* These rocks (of the Saguenay), at one time known as Azolic, being supposed to be destitute of all remains of living things, but now more properly known, are those in which the first bright streaks of the dawn of life make their appearance.—Sir, William Dawson.