A Political Paradox.

A politician loved a maid,
And, for his sweetheart,
Sought her the theory of free trade,
And how to rout the nation.

She listened with an ardent zeal
To all her lover told her,
Then fond interest made him feel
Emboldened to be bolder.

And so one moonlight eve he popped
The one momentous question.
Her heart its beating almost stopped
Just at the bare suggestion

Of matrimonial joys, but soon
She proved his love requited;
And so beneath the silver moon
Their troth the lovers plighted.

Then said the maiden: "Tell me, now,
My precious darling, whether
You know the ministerial vow
That we have sworn together."

With a sly blush, she whispered then
"To me its meaning this is:
Protectionists all other men
With you—free trade, in kisses."

ADOPTED BY THE DEAN:

A TALE OF TWO COUNTRIES.

When she went down to her husband in the drawing-room, she could not resist giving vent to her feelings about the Collinsons, and Rilchesterians in general, who by their attitude want of tact and sympathy, had given the poor child such a bad idea of English people.

"Your patriotic soul is grieved, eh, Kate?" said Sir Henry, smiling.

"Well, I really don't think it is fair. The dean is a kind-hearted man—at least you are always saying so, but why does he not see to this child? They will ruin her soon, if he does not descend from his celestial heights."

"Don't speak evil of dignitaries, my dear."

"I can't help it, I never did like Dean Collinson, and I never shall. In this, as in everything else, he seems to me blindly selfish. I can't see why any man, however clever he may be, should receive an enormous salary for doing nothing in the world except looking through his own telescope."

"Shocking! shocking!" said Sir Henry, but he laughed, nevertheless. "Well, Kate, you are a wonderful woman, and in time I dare say you will reform Rilchester, but I very much doubt if you will sever the dean and his hobby, or rouse him to a sense of his duties."

And even hopeful and enterprising Lady Worthington fully acquiesced.

CHAPTER XX.

Esperance went back to Rilchester really the better for her visit to the Worthingtons, and with a desire to make the best of everything at the deanery. She was far brighter than she had been before, and made honest efforts to love her cousins, and though she was daily in despair over her failures the endeavor was doing her great good. Nor was she by any means destitute of pleasures. Frances Neville lent her books, took her for drives in her little pony-carriage, and talked in French as much as she pleased.

Mrs. Mortlake, it is true, was fond of making unpleasant allusions to Esperance's "new friend," and Cornelia indulged in a few sarcasms at her expense, but Esperance could endure this as long as she was allowed still to see Frances.

Soon after Christmas, Bella had a sharp attack of bronchitis, and was so much pulled down by it that as soon as the mild February days began it was decided that she should be taken to the south. Accordingly Mrs. Mortlake, with Esperance as companion and help, went down to Bournemouth with the fractious little invalid. It was not a lively prospect certainly, and Esperance regretted leaving Rilchester while the Worthingtons, were still at home, knowing that by the time they returned in the spring, the Hall would be empty and deserted. Had it not been for the delicious sea air, and the change of scene, she could hardly have borne the ceaseless fret of her life. Bella was both cross and troublesome, and Mrs. Mortlake being anxious and harassed, and at times rather dull, was more fault-finding and wearisome than usual.

Frances Neville's good counsels, and still more her example, was however fresh in Esperance's mind, and she struggled hard against the despondency and fretfulness which were now her chief temptations, and at last her reward came. Toward the end of their stay at Bournemouth, one rainy, dismal afternoon, when Bella had been more provoking than ever, a letter arrived from Dean Collinson to Mrs. Mortlake, with news which made Esperance almost frantic with delight.

"My father proposes meeting us in London," said Mrs. Mortlake, calmly. "He says;

"'Cornelia and I intend to come up to town next Tuesday, the day you fixed for your return, and if you will leave Bournemouth by an early train, I will see you across London in the afternoon we have an engagement. Cornelia suggests that your cousin might like to see her brother on the way through, in which case she can return with us by a later train.'"

Esperance uttered half a dozen exclamation in French—then, recovering her senses, went on more quietly in English.

"How very good of them to think of it. To see Gaspard once more! and so soon, too, scarcely a week; it seems too good to be true!"

"It will be very tiresome for me to have to take Bella home all alone," said Mrs. Mortlake, "you have no consideration."

Luckily, Esperance's delight was too deep to be much affected by this wet blanket, nor did she suffer from any pangs of conscience at her desertion of Bella—Gaspard must stand first; and she was in such spirits, that she even tursed Mrs. Mortlake's complaint into a sort of compliment, and made herself half believe that she liked it.

How long that week seemed! Yet the anticipation was so delightful that she could afford to wait patiently, and she went about the house with such a radiant face, that Mrs. Mortlake, in spite of herself, was touched.

At length the great day came. Early in the morning the first start was made, and without a shadow of regret—her heart was too full of joy for that—Esperance bade farewell to Bournemouth, to the sea, to the pine woods, to the sands, and, in an ecstasy of happiness, counted the minutes till their arrival.

It was curious to be met by such quiet, uninterested people as the dean and Cornelia, and a little hard to be quite attentive enough to cloaks and umbrellas. But at length all was happily over, the drive across London accomplished, and Mrs. Mortlake left with Cornelia at the station to await her train, while the dean himself escorted Esperance to Gaspard's rooms.

Perhaps had she not been so happy, she would have cared more about the hansom shop, and the shabby lodging which would probably shock her uncle; but she had not a thought to spare for any one but Gaspard, and sprang from the cab without the least difference, rushing into the shop with all speed to shake hands with the landlady, and leading the astonished and dismayed dean up the dark, narrow staircase. In another moment a door on the first landing was quickly opened, and Esperance, with a cry of joy, was into Gaspard's arms, while the dean shading his eyes with his hand, looked on bewildered, but half touched. Esperance was embraced her uncle, and disengaging herself from Gaspard's embrace, turned to him with an apologetic, wistful glance.

"Forgive me for keeping you waiting, uncle; I ought to introduce Gaspard to you."

The dean held out his hand, muttered something polite, and was taken into the dingy little room, which Esperance remembered so well, but looked far more, shabby and comfortless than in her time.

No sooner had she turned to feast her eyes with the sight of Gaspard, however, than her happiness was suddenly chilled, for he was looking very ill, pale, and worn, and frightfully thin, while the scar on his cheek added to the ghastliness of the whole face. She could not help contrasting him with the well-fed, comfortable, full-to-do dean who took everything so easily, and found life so pleasant. Apparently, however, he was not quite at his ease now, for he moved his hat nervously between his hands, and seemed to find conversation a difficulty, so Esperance thought at least, for Gaspard, in very good English, did almost all the talking, while she counted from the dean six consecutive remarks of "Oh, indeed." He rose to go very soon, to her relief, Gaspard promising to bring her to the station in time for the 5.45 express, and escorting his guest to the door, with a grave dignity, which reminded Esperance of her father.

She grudged the interruption, and waited impatiently till he returned.

"Ten minutes out of our precious time," she said, half petulantly, as after a few parting words with the dean, Gaspard hurried upstairs. "What were you saying to him?"

"Only a little gratitude, which I couldn't bring myself to with you near, my precious bien-aimee. What a delight it is to have you! Let me have a good look at you!"

Each surveyed the other in silence. Gaspard was apparently well satisfied, for the "Mariana" look which he had feared, was not there; but Esperance, after a moment, hid her face on his shoulder and burst into tears.

"Cherie, what is it?" he asked, full of concern. "Are you unhappy at Rilchester? Is anything wrong?"

"It is not that," she sobbed. "But, oh, Gaspard, you can't think how ill you look!"

"Is that all?" he said, laughing. "Don't break your heart over such trifles—do let us enjoy ourselves the few hours we have together."

She made an unsuccessful effort to check her sobs, and he, fearing that his attempt to turn away from the subject had wounded her, returned to it.

"Mon ange, it is very pleasant to be thought for, and spoiled once more, but you must not really think I am ill. It is not half so trying as life during the siege, and the quality of the food is much better—thinness is natural to the family."

"But tell me, Gaspard, are you really living still without meat?" asked Esperance, with an earnestness which made him laugh.

"Yes, I am turned vegetarian, teetotaler, and all sorts of virtuous things."

"And at the deanery," exclaimed Esperance, passionately, "even Bella's wretched little cat has meat every day."

Gaspard laughed uncontrollably, and Esperance, seeing the ludicrous side of her remark, at length joined him.

"Poor Bismarck! don't you think you could take him back with you to that happy place; he is not half so well used."

"If only you were there."

"What! to eat those terrible breakfasts at eight o'clock, and those joints of meat, which you described to me with such horror? Have you forgotten what happened when

"'Autrefois le rat de ville
Invita un rat des champs'?"

You would find me sighing for Bismarck and my *eau sucre* by the end of the first day."

Esperance was soon talked back to cheerfulness, and relieved Gaspard greatly by the account she gave of herself, and of the kindness Lady Worthington and Miss Neville had shown her. She wisely refrained from showing the darker side of her life at the deanery, anxious, as far as possible, to make him easy about her.

"Your funds must want replenishing," said Gaspard, when he had heard all she had to tell of her present life. "How have you managed to get on?"

"Oh, I have done very well," said Esperance, "and I don't want anything yet. I have been making up some of my old colored dresses this spring."

"But, cherie, you can't have existed for ten months on that sovereign I gave you last June and yet have such a nice turn-out."

"You men know nothing whatever about such things," said Esperance, laughing gayly. "That sovereign lasted me till Christmas, and then, luckily, uncle gave me another as a Christmas present, and that is so last another six months. Then besides, some one sent me three pairs of gloves as a valentine, so now you know all my resources. The idea of my having anything from you! What do you take me for, Gaspard?"

"For a very wonderful little manager," said Gaspard, smiling. "But, seriously, it will be the greatest help to me, for, as you know, money is not too abundant, nor likely to be."

"I used to hope that poor Monsieur Lemercier would somehow come miraculously to the rescue, and find that our losses had not, after all been so great. Have you heard from him lately, Gaspard?"

"No, not from him, but from madame," replied Gaspard, sadly. Then, as Esperance looked up inquiringly, "I wanted you not to hear of it, cherie, but since you have asked that cannot be. Poor Monsieur Lemercier was arrested as a Communist."

"He was not shot!" exclaimed Esperance, horror-struck.

"No, no; that he did escape, though poor madame was kept in suspense for some time. He is transported for life."

"Poor monsieur! Oh, I am so grieved for him! Do you not remember, Gaspard, how earnest—almost noble—he looked when he wished us good-bye?—how hopeful he was about the Commune!"

Gaspard gave a heavy sigh.

"Poor Lemercier! if ever a man meant well, he did. Well, cherie, if it had not been for you, I might perhaps have been with him, and the disgrace of that would be worse than starving here."

The words slipped from him inadvertently. Esperance shuddered, but took no notice of them, fearing to vex him.

"And poor madame?" she asked, after a brief silence.

"It is some months since I had her letter; she was in France, then but bent on working her way out to him. Of course they are ruined, for Monsieur Lemercier never had a notion of saving, so she was looking out for a situation as governess."

"Poor madame! how sad for her! But she is brave and good-hearted; she will join monsieur before long, without doubt. Oh, Gaspard, how I wish I were old enough to go out as a governess, then I could help you, perhaps."

"You do that already by your economy; besides, I am not in despair yet. I have heard it said, that if work is honestly wished for, and really sought, it comes sooner or later."

"But in the meantime?" said Esperance, with a quiver in her voice.

"We must endure, cherie, and trust in God."

His tones were grave and low, and Esperance, in spite of a a thrill of happiness, was awed by them. She was more and more reminded of her father, and though her heart ached when she thought of Gaspard's sufferings, there was comfort in seeing how good was being brought out of evil. A year ago he had been miserable and depressed out of heart with himself, and in every way unsettled; now, notwithstanding his troubles, he was more hopeful, and more bravely patient, while Esperance was conscious of a certain growth and expansion of his whole character, which, though she could not in the least fathom it, enabled her to lean where she had before upheld, and to reverence where she had simply loved.

The clock struck five all too soon; and when Gaspard spoke of preparing for the start, a terrible yearning to stay with him almost overmastered her. To go back to the weary, struggling, scolding life at Rilchester, after the short respite, seemed almost unbearable, and had it not been for her anxiety to leave Gaspard well satisfied with her comfort and happiness, she must have given way. But the loving little deception helped her, and she kept up bravely. Just at the last the landlady, who had been very fond of her, brought up some coffee, which she begged ma'mselle to accept; and Esperance, who had tasted nothing since the morning, made an effort to be grateful, drove back her tears, and managed to swallow some of it, and to talk to the good-natured woman.

In spite of her dread of leaving Gaspard, she almost looked forward to the time when she might allow herself to break down, the torture of this prolonged parting was worse than anything, and it was really a kind of relief when they set out for the station. They found Cornelia and the dean walking up and down the platform, and Esperance rather enjoyed introducing Gaspard to her cousin.

Cornelia, who had from the first been much more desirous to help Gaspard than to adopt his sister, was evidently struck with him, talked with him, at first patronizingly, but soon with real cordiality, and showed her best side, while Esperance was unselfish enough to be thankful that her little plot was thus aided. Gaspard's last words, spoken rapidly in French, proved how successful she had been.

"Good-bye, *mon cœur*, if you knew the unutterable comfort it is to see you thus well taken care of!"

He was satisfied; a care was taken off his mind; it was well! but as the train moved slowly off, and the necessity for restraint was no longer felt, an agony of loneliness overwhelmed the poor child. Would it have been better, she wondered, if she had told all her troubles to Gaspard and gained that sympathy for which she was craving? Was she right to let him think she was happy and contented, when in truth she was miserable? And yet those thankful words at parting were worth suffering for; if she had denied herself the relief of a complete outpouring of her heart, it had at least gained peace of mind for him, and self-control gave way, and the long pent-up tears burst forth at the thought of the many privations he had tried unsuccessfully to hide from her.

The dean was engrossed in his newspaper at the further end of the carriage; moreover, he was a little deaf; but from the all-observing Cornelia nothing could be concealed. She had been prepared for a few natural tears, but when the long-drawn, quivering sobs continued, and even grew more violent, she thought it time to interfere, and began a low-toned but decided remonstrance.

"My dear Esperance do control yourself; it is so childish to go on this way; you weaken your whole character by it."

It was very true, no doubt, but she was past being reasoned with—what did her character signify when Gaspard was starving? So she sobbed on, while Cornelia scolded without any effect, until at last, alarmed at the increasing paleness of Esperance's face, she asked suddenly the matter-of-fact question, "Have you had any dinner?"

A half-impatient "No" was the answer.

"What! nothing at all since the morning?"

"Some coffee," sobbed Esperance, still impatiently.

"You foolish child, then of course you are faint with hunger. Why can't you take proper care of yourself?"

"Do you think I would rather bear that than take anything from Gaspard?" said Esperance, indignation for a moment checking her tears. "You rich people have no conception what real poverty means! Would you have me take care of myself, when he has been starving for months on bread and *eau sucre*?"

"Is that really a fact?" asked Cornelia, greatly shocked, while the dean, hearing an unusual noise, looked up from his paper, and bent forward to listen. Esperance was just sufficiently alive to feel that a crisis had come; with an effort she raised herself, grasped the arm of the seat, and choking back her tears, said, "I have done wrong, Cornelia; he would not wish any one to know of his privations; pray forget what I said."

"I can make no such promise," said Cornelia, coldly; "besides, if, as I infer, this is really true, it is not a think to be forgotten."

Esperance had fallen back to her former position, but through her tears Cornelia caught the words, "He would not like—more obligations."

Perhaps her vexation at this accounted for the very severe way in which she administered wine from a flask to Esperance.

"Now pray drink this and stop crying at once; if you had a tithe of your brother's powers of endurance, this would not have happened."

It was certainly neither complimentary nor consoling, but Esperance's loving nature was more pleased by the reference to Gaspard's virtues, than stung by the reproach to herself. She swallowed the wine, revived a little, dried her eyes, and cowered down into her corner, where she soon fell asleep.

Cornelia sat watching her gravely; stern and unsympathetic as she had seemed, her heart was really touched, and Esperance's outburst, with its pride and pathos, had awakened her compassion. She was genuinely sorry for the poor child, but to let this appear in word or deed seemed to her impossible, and after the salutary scolding she had administered, she would have deemed it mere weakness to change her tactics; so that it was not until Esperance was fast asleep, that she did unbind her cloak strape, and spread a warm shawl over her.

Then she moved to the seat beside the dean, and began, in her business-like way, "Father, I wish you would help that poor boy to some work, he looks so ill. Do you not know of something he could do in Rilchester? Did I not hear that the librarian wanted some copying done?"

"We do not want him at Rilchester," said the dean, a little sharply. "I have had foreigners to my house once too often; we don't want your poor aunt Amy's story acted over again."

"Bertha!" exclaimed Cornelia, "oh! that could never be; he is a mere boy, too."

"A thorough De Mabillon," said the dean. "The very image of his father, manners and all; a substratum of pride, then a coating of dignity, and over all that, detestable French polish. Pshaw! why can't a man be plain spoken! I hate palaver."

Cornelia smiled at her father's unwonted energy.

"But you would scarcely wish to leave even a Frenchman to starve, and I am afraid it has nearly come to that with Gaspard de Mabillon."

"My dear Cornelia, you are quite mistaken if you think I am going to adopt both Monsieur de Mabillon's children. I have taken in the little girl for your poor aunt's sake, but further than that I will not go."

"So her first-born must starve, because of that limit you put upon your good-will," said Cornelia, with more sarcasm than respect.

The dean shifted about uneasily, looking thoroughly miserable. To be forced to talk of anything but the heavenly bodies, was a pain and grief to him at any time, but when the earthy bodies under dispute happened to be De Mabillons, his wretchedness was complete, for he had never forgiven M. de Mabillon, and yet he was ashamed to remember that he had not done so.

"What can I do for him?" he asked at length, galled by the consciousness of this unrepented, yet would-be forgotten sin.

Cornelia had been thinking deeply for some minutes, and her answer was ready sooner than the dean cared for.

"I have been thinking, father, could you not write to Mr. Seymour?"

"How do you know that the young man has any liking for coffee planting?" questioned the dean, glad of an excuse.

"I fancy he has a liking for anything that will give him bread, poor fellow. Mr. Seymour's furlough will be over soon, I should think, and if he knows of any opening for him in Ceylon, they might go out together."

"And pray who is to bear the cost of the premium?"

"Let us wait till we know there is a premium to pay," said Cornelia, composedly, and there she allowed the conversation to rest, satisfied that she had gained her point.

The dean soon forgot his vexation in sleep, and Cornelia sat musing, while the silence was only broken by a little half sob from Esperance now and then. Cornelia watched her apprehensively, hoping that she had heard nothing of what had passed, and wondering how the new idea would please her. On the whole, in spite of her apparent contempt, she was nearer liking her than she had ever been before, and even betrayed no irritation when, on arriving at Rilchester, Esperance awoke confused and weary, and persisted in speaking French.

(To be continued).

India's Leading Ports.

I have received from India an interesting statement respecting the position and progress of the five leading India ports—namely, Bombay, Calcutta, Rangoon, Madras and Kurrachee. It appears that Calcutta progresses more slowly than any of the others, while Bombay, inspite of the growth of Indian trade, preserves her position not only in relation to the others but to the whole trade of India. It absorbs between 43 and 45 per cent. of the total trade, although its neighbor, Kurrachee, is growing rapidly. The latter is the port for the Punjaub, and at present has less than 5 per cent. of the whole trade. The trade of Calcutta increases absolutely, though relatively the proportion declines. In 1884 this proportion was 37 per cent. of the whole, while in 1889 it was down to 34. Rangoon ranks third in importance, with a steadily increasing trade, and Madras fourth. Calcutta, it is suggested, suffers on account of its distance from the sea and the nature of the navigation of the Hoogly. In consequence of the development of the railways in India also, trade has a tendency to collect in Bombay, which is nearer to the great import and export market of Europe, while on account of the phenomenal development of its cotton industry it is simultaneously becoming the principal port in India for the trade of China and the far east. Rangoon, also, is becoming more and more a port for the trade of Burmah, although Akyab must always remain a great rice port and Moulmein an important centre for the timber trade.—*Glasgow Herald.*

The Clove Cure.

She was talking confidentially to her bosom friend.

"Now that we are married," she said, "John has stopped drinking entirely. I have not detected the odor of liquor about him since our wedding day."

"Was it difficult for him to stop?" inquired the bosom friend.

"Oh, no; not at all. He just eats cloves. He says that is a certain cure."

George Eliot used to have printed on the top of her letter paper: "You are particularly requested to burn this letter when read."

Sarah Bernhardt says that all her illnesses came from getting angry. Some injustice, some stupidity or ingratitude on the part of those by whom she is surrounded throws her into a violent fit of anger, for which she has to pay by a sickness of a few days.

The Montreal Conference sitting in Ottawa yesterday recommended the establishment of a Connexional Fire Insurance Company.

AN EVIL TO BE CHECKED.

The hard question is making its way in the United States Congress. The other day Representative Oates, of Alabama, from the Committee on the Judiciary, reported to the House the bill to prohibit aliens from acquiring title to or owning lands within the United States. An elaborate report accompanied the bill. In it the committee says the power of the Government to totally exclude aliens from coming within its jurisdiction, as has been done in the case of the Chinese, no one questions. This sovereign power certainly includes the lesser one of defining what property rights they may exercise after they are admitted, and during the continuance of their alien condition. The report continues:

"Your committee ascertained, with reasonable certainty, that certain noble men of Europe, principally Englishmen, have acquired, and now own, in the aggregate about twenty-one million acres of land within the United States. We have not sufficient information to state the quantity owned by unlitled aliens; nor is it so important, as it is generally held in smaller bodies. This alien, non-resident ownership will, in the course of time, lead to a system of landlordism incompatible with the best interests and free institutions of the United States. The foundation of such a system is being laid broadly in the Western States and Territories.

"The avarice and enterprise of European capitalists have caused them to invest many millions in American railroad and land bonds, covering perhaps 100,000,000 acres, the greater part of which, under foreclosure sales, will most likely before many years become the property of these foreign landholders in addition to their present princely possessions.

"This aggressive foreign capital is not confined to the lands it has purchased, but overleaping its boundaries has caused hundreds of miles of the public domain to be fenced up for the grazing of vast herds of cattle and set at defiance the rights of the honest but humble settlers."

The bill proposes to place these aliens under the disabilities of the civil law as to all future attempts to acquire lands in the United States. In other words the report says the bill is a declaration against absentee landlordism. It declares all foreign born persons, who have not been naturalized, incapable of taking the title to lands anywhere within the United States, except a leasehold for not exceeding five years, and it has no retroactive, but a prospective operation. It also contains a provision which will compel alien landowners to cease to be such or to become citizens of the United States within ten years. The bill, the report says, would prevent any more abuses like that of a Mr. Scully, who resides in England and is a subject of the Queen, but owns ninety thousand acres in Illinois, occupied by tenants, mostly ignorant foreigners, from whom he receives as rent $200,000 yearly and expends it in Europe. The Scheuley estate of about 2,000 acres, within the limits of Pittsburg and Allegheny, from the rents of which the Scheuleys, who are subjects of the British Queen, draw annually not less than $100,000, is another instance of alien landlordism in America. The tenth census shows that the United States has 570,000 tenant farmers, the largest number possessed by any nation in the world.

In conclusion the report says: "With the natural increase in population and the five hundred thousand foreigners who flock to our shores annually and by competition are reducing the wages of labor, making the battle of life harder to win, how, a few years hence, to provide homes for our poor people is a problem for the American statesmen to solve. The multiplication of the owners of the soil is a corresponding enlargement of the number of patriots, and every landowner in this country should owe allegiance to the United States."

Absenteeism is undoubtedly the worst phase of landlordism, but when Congress shall have dealt with it effectually, there will be something more to do. Even resident landlordism is an evil. Suppose Mr. Scully should remove to the United States, take the oath of allegiance, and then continue to collect his vast rents, his tenants would still suffer. Let the land rent go where it properly belongs, into the public treasury, in relief of all other taxation, and then the people will prosper, because all they earn will be theirs, for their own use and enjoyment. The drones of society will then have to go to work or starve. Freed from the tribute of feeding the drones, the workers will have plenty to live upon with comfort.

They Play Baseball at Tokyo.

Rev. C. C. Cocking, a returned missionary from Japan, gave an interesting account of Japanese customs and character. The *World* learned among other things that Tokyo is blessed with gas, electric light and baseball matches. There is a suspicion growing, Mr. Cocking says, that Missionary Large was not murdered by thieves, but by some desirous of revenge. It is well-known that Mrs. Large received several threatening letters from people who wished to get hold of a little portege of hers for immoral purposes. The little girl was adopted by Mrs. Large some years ago at the earnest request of the dying father and has been on every occasion courageously protected. The worst element to contend with is the political party called the "Boshay," whose adherents are composed chiefly of young Buddhists. From some of these it is feared Rev. Mr. Large came to his death, as they have recently threatened many of the missionaries. The government and educated classes, however, are making every effort to put down disturbances, and although Prof. Summer was the victim of a murderous assault not long ago the prospect is not at all serious.—*Toronto World.*

The Phylloxera Dying Out.

It is something to know that the phylloxera is believed by competent judges to have done his worst. One hundred and fifty thousand acres of vinyards are still more or less infested with this noxious worm; but generally the vine-growing districts are recovering from his ravages, thanks to remedies that have come into use. Meanwhile, the area of fresh plantations of American vines, either producing direct or grafted on French vines, is rapidly increasing. On the other side of the account another pest called the cochylis, or vine worm, which attacks the flowers of the plant, is reported to have exacted tribute in the Gironde equal to 40,000,000 gallons of wine. Miss Ormerod will, perhaps, be able to tell us how this new enemy is to be dealt with.—*London Daily News.*

Napoleon and Victoria.

One of the reminiscences which the Queen loves to recall is of the time when Louis Napoleon was her guest aboard the royal yacht Victoria and Albert. The French monarch praised the sumptuous furnishings of the vessel, and confessed that he had never felt able to afford so great a luxury. "But for you, madam," said he, gallantly, "you are the Queen of the seas!" This compliment tickled the Queen mightily. The title was a new one, and it hit her fancy.—*Eugene Field.*

His Wonderful Vision.

Brown—Did the landlord see the leak in the roof?

Mrs. Brown—No; but he saw the pane of glass Johnnie broke.

Social Item from Shyenne.

"Have you been invited to Mrs. de Bronson's divorce on Friday?"

"No; only the intimate friends are invited to that—but I got cards for her marriage to Gen. Henderson on Friday next."—*Life.*

An Opportunity.

He (to heiress)—They tell me your father has a large heart?

She—Yes, he has the heart disease.

He—I love you.

Sometimes It Is Late.

Editor (looking at his watch)—The paper not gone to press yet. What is the matter?

Foreman—The Nihilists' daily threat to the Czar hasn't come in yet.

A Glaring Defect.

Editor (to new reporter)—In this article about continental affairs there is one important omission.

Reporter—What is that, sir?

Editor—You do not use the expression 'On the chess-board of European politics.'

William Waldorf Astor has employed artists at an expense of something like $10,000 to illustrate one copy of each of his novels. These copies form a private edition de luxe, each one being labeled "My Personal Copy," and occupy a prominent place in his library.

The paper that says something mean about you is never lost in the mails.

MAKING MONEY.

The British mint made a net profit of £780,091 on coinage last year, or more than £60,000 in excess of the combined net profits of seventeen years before. Silver bullion was purchased at 42 15-16d. per ounce, and issued in coin at 66d. per ounce. There was also a profit on the gold and the bronze coinage. Lately the price of silver bullion has gone up, so that a similar profit cannot be again expected. This, however, will not be an unmixed evil. Mr. Fremantle, in a former report, called attention to the grave and increasing danger resulting from the excessive disproportion between the value of coined and of uncoined silver. The fraudulent colour whereby base base metal can be detected with comparative ease. When he uses genuine silver and puts a stamp upon it which turns 433. into 66s., his coins will pass current and will stand any test which can be applied to them, while his gain on the transaction will be as large as he could reasonably wish—quite large enough to stimulate his exertions. Mr. Fremantle was not sure to what extent this half-honest false money had already got into circulation. He does not recur to the subject in his report for 1889, but he mentions facts which prove conclusively that the old danger has not yet been dispelled.

The exceptional profit of the Mint for the past year has come very opportunely. If there is a gain from coinage in one way, there is no less certain loss in another way. The gain may recur—the experience of past years shows that it is not to be depended upon. The loss from the wear and tear of money in use will beyond doubt continue. It has now reached a very formidable amount. According to the best estimate which Mr. Fremantle can form, the entire gold coinage in circulation in the country is £102,500,000, made up of 80,000,000 sovereigns and of 45,000,000 half-sovereigns. It has been calculated that out of this whole number, nearly half the sovereigns are so defective in weight as to be light according to the Mint standard; and that of the half-sovereigns more than seven-tenths are light. On the basis of these figures, the immediate cost of withdrawing light sovereigns from circulation is set down at £442,920; of withdrawing light half-sovereigns, at £361,470. When this has been done, there will still remain the cost of making provision for yearly wear and tear. A sovereign becomes light in about nineteen years; a half-sovereign in about nine years. The annual loss on the necessary amount of recoinage is thus shown to be the entire charge of keeping the gold coinage at full weight. Something has been done already by the calling in of pre-Victorian light gold. Coin of this description has been received at the Bank of England and has been withdrawn from circulation to a nominal value of £1,944,000, or, since the difference between the nominal and real value has been borne by the State, at a total loss of £40,493, as judged by the actual as compared with the legitimate weight. But there was a further loss when the gold came to be recoined. The old money was very dirty, and, when it was weighed, the dirt adhering to it was counted as so much gold—a mistake which had to be rectified when it came into the hands of the Mint. It was also somewhat below the right standard of fineness. The total loss on the withdrawal of light pre-Victorian gold in the United Kingdom has thus proved to be £42,922, the average deficiency on each pound having been 5·209d. The coinage of the present reign will, of course, be more nearly of full weight; but much of it has been long in circulation, as there has been no general re-coinage attempted since 1842-45, when about £14,000,000 of light coin was withdrawn.

WHO'S WHO?

The resolutions of the Niagara and Montreal Methodist Conferences, protesting against the precedence of Catholic and Anglican Bishops over Methodist Superintendents and Presbyterian Moderators, have awakened some interest. The following is the order of precedence at present established in the Dominion:

1. The Governor-General or officer administering the Government.
2. General commanding the troops and admiral commanding the naval forces.
3. Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario.
4. Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec.
5. Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia.
6. Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick.
7. Archbishops and bishops.
8. Members of the Cabinet.
9. Speaker of the Senate.
10. Chief judges of the courts of law and equity.
11. Members of the Privy Council.
12. Generals and admirals not in chief command.
13. Colonel in command of the troops and naval officer of equivalent rank in command of naval forces.
14. Members of Senate.
15. Speaker of the House of Commons.
16. Puisne judges.
17. Members of the Commons.
18. Members of Provincial Executive Councils within their Province.
19. Speaker of Legislative Council within his Province.
20. Members of Legislative Councils within their Province.
21. Speaker of Legislative Assembly within his Province.
22. Members of Legislative Assemblies within their Province.

The above table differs somewhat from the table of colonial precedence generally, and also from that of India. In most British colonies "the bishop" comes third in order, that is, immediately after the governor and the general or admiral in command. In India, the Bishop of Calcutta, Metropolitan of India, is placed eighth in the table of precedence and immediately after the Chief Justice of Bengal. In England the order of "precedence among men" after the sovereign proceeds as follows: (1) Prince of Wales; (2) younger sons of the sovereign; (3) grandsons of the sovereign; (4) brothers of the sovereign; (5) uncles of the sovereign; (6) nephews of the sovereign; (7) Archbishop of Canterbury. Space will not permit repeating the table down to (28) "bishops," or the final (63) "gentlemen." A similar table of 50 numbers regulates and defines the "precedence of women," and ends with "gentlewomen."

Fruit Canning.

Canning is a much less troublesome and more economical method of putting up fruit than the old-fashioned pound for pound preserves of our grandmothers' days; besides it retains much more of the natural flavor of fresh fruit.

When fruit fails to keep, there is always a cause, and if the housekeeper who loses her fruit will investigate is she will soon discover the remedy.

Sugar is not essential in canning fruit, as it takes no part in the preservation. For canning always select sound, fresh fruit, as if at all decayed it will ferment, thus causing sugar and time to be lost.

Large, perfect fruit being selected, it should be pared, thrown into cold water to prevent discoloring; if not tender, it should first be boiled in clear water, then in a thin syrup, as directed in various recipes.

Berries and all small fruits will be found to retain their color and shape more perfectly if sugared and allowed to stand several hours before cooking. Some good authorities on the subject suggest the use of a little alum, added to the sugar, to harden the fruit.

A difference of opinion exists as to the best cans, though, doubtless, there are none better than the large-mouthed self-sealing jars with porcelain-lined tops. These should be thoroughly heated before filling, and filled quickly through a funnel; the fruit should be well pushed down, the jars filled to the top and the tops screwed on without delay. After sealing they should be wiped off and set in a moderately warm place over night. In the morning the tops should be given another turn to tighten them, and then the fruit should be set in a cool, dry, dark place. All fruit should be examined every few days for a week or more to see if in good condition.

If these directions are followed, the best sugar used and not too large quantities of fruit cooked at one time, the result can not fail to be satisfactory.

Making Things Even.

Stranger (in Brooklyn)—Where are all those gentlemen going?

Resident—They are going to bid farewell to a popular missionary to China who has been very successful in teaching the heathen the gospel of love and peace.

"I see. And where is this gang of boys going?"

"They are going to stone a Chinese funeral."—*New York Weekly.*

Empress Augusta left Queen Victoria a splendid gold bracelet containing the words "For ever" set in precious stones.

Recorder Smyth is one of the best paid officers in New York. He is said to be in receipt of salaries aggregating $19,000 a year, including an allowance of $9,000 for office rent. His salary as judge is $12,000.

TEA TABLE GOSSIP

THE OBSERVANT DEACON.

I've noticed, when I've passed the plate around,
The girls look as sweet as cooing doves;
I've also noticed coppers always fall
From hands done up in twenty-shilling gloves.

—Everything is going to hearts in jewelry.

—Lamb chops want to be served with toast *à rouge.*

—The toughest ball players chew gum as assiduously as any dude.

—Mutton chops fried in bread crumbs, like oysters, are a fine thing.

—Some of the summer girls will wear masculine blazers with their linen shirts.

There are some people in this world
Who take great pains
To make their fellow-men believe
That lungs are brains.

—Do you ever take good black pepper on your strawberries? It's the latest gastronomic fad.

—The enumerator (turning back)—One question more, Mr. Blank. "Well, out with it!" "Are you single or bald-headed?"

—The big, big fish story and the newspaper circulation liar get in their work on a suffering public with the advent hot weather.

—A New York, New Haven & Hartford Railway policeman used his club on a man whose language had offended him, and a jury taxed the road $6,000 damages therefor.

—Mr. Hayseed (stopping at door of statuary room, Museum of Art)—I wonder what's in here? Mrs. Hayseed (hastily)—Hush! Come on! They ain't got them gals ready for exhibition yet.

—Johnny—Mamma, what's the use of keeping the whip you use on me behind the motto, "God bless our home?" Mamma—Can you suggest a better place? Johnny—Yes; put it behind the motto "I need thee every hour."

—A lady patient is under treatment in a New York hospital for "acromegaly." This means that the bones never cease to grow, and the victim becomes distended to an enormous size. She now weighs 195 lbs. and is very spare in flesh.

—A Rockwood Justice fined a man $10 for violating the Hawkers' and Pedlars' by-law by taking orders for clothes to be made to measure. Judge Drew, of Guelph, has quashed the conviction and saddled the complainant with all the costs.

—A Philadelphia magistrate keeps his cellar filled with chickens to accommodate Chinamen who swear on the blood of a freshly slain bird.

Though Adam and Eve were full young to wed,
They managed the matter quite well;
No arrangements were made, there was no vain parade,
No reporters the story to tell.
Their wedding was quiet as quiet could be,
They cooked no provisions to waste,
And to wed in a garden among the green trees
Was surely the height of good taste.

—"The beautiful women of the world" are requested, in a circular, to send their photographs to the Baroness Klara von der Deckler at Tiflis. These will be examined by a committee of artists, and those selected will be put in an album with the title: "Types of Female Beauty of the Last Years of the Nineteenth Century." Then the album will be sent to the Moscow Museum. The cheapest way would be to send the album to Hamilton to be filled.

THE HENPECKED DEACON.

"Awake! arise!" the parson said,
In thunderous, rolling tones,
Which started from his slumbers deep
The pious Deacon Jones.

"All right, all right, my dear Mariar!"
Said he between his snores;
"I'll be down direct to build the fire
And do the mornin' chores."

—The May fire losses in the U. S. and Canada are reported at $8,838,100. The total for the first five months of 1890 is $42,156,245—over $14,000,000 less than for the same term last year.

UNAPPROACHABLE.

The dazzling scintillation
Of the stellar aggregation
And the flame that lights the opal's evil eye
Pale beside the coruscation
Of that grand illumination,
The hotel clerk with a diamond in his tie.

—Miss Sara Jeanette Duncan, well known to Canadian newspaper readers, was one of those presented to Her Majesty by Lady Kintoford at a recent drawing room. The lady is better known in Canada as "Garth Grafton."

—A steamer just arrived at Halifax passed a procession of icebergs 150 miles long. Times are so hot on the Nova Scotia coast just now that the nimble-footed berge doubtless thought it the part of wisdom to take counsel of discretion and skin.

—The Kingston Canadian Order of Foresters chartered a boat to take visiting delegates for a trip among the Thousand Islands. She was an American bottom and floated the British flag at her bows and the U. S. flag at her stern. Lieut.-Col. Cotton refused to allow the band to go on board unless the U. S. flag was pulled down. This was, of course, refused, the Foresters joining in saying the flag must stay up, and His Mightiness and his band was left on shore.

Failure of a Floating Exhibition.

The plan of sending a floating exhibition to the ports of the world is said not to have been a success. "That, at least, has been the experience of those who sent out a large steamer, formerly British, but now under the Spanish flag, which was loaded with samples of Spanish goods and products with a view to obtaining orders in South America. Her movements, both in Spanish and American ports, were attended with delays and difficulties, which are supposed to have been owing partly to bad management and partly to want of funds."

Theatrical Matters in Chicago.

Mrs. Porker—What is going to be played at the Opera House to-night?

Mrs. Wildwest—It is not decided yet?

"How is that?"

"All I know about