

SOME DREAMS.

Tell me your dreams and I shall read to you the stars.

Happy are you who dream of flowers; for you there are breezy hillsides and green hollows, the sunlight is full of gold, and kneeling where fragrant grasses are blown about you, you reach out eager hands to feel in cool tangled places for violets, and oh! there they are, purple and gold, and all sweet. One by one you break the perfumed stems and presently, just as your hand is almost full, all too soon the dream ends.

Again, you are a-drift upon grey waters, the heavens are grey above you and the shores are like grey cumulus clouds, the winds sleep, yet the white shallop mysteriously floats on and bears you sooner or later unto a bank of violets. Your lover, mayhap, wanders there like a white goddess among the blossoms, and lo! she blows you violets and kisses with the one breath. Do you dream of roses? What scent and beauty! The garden is full. The sun is bright upon the red and pink and white and yellow flowers, and wild bees singing of honey revel in the voluptuousness of their golden hearts; you reach out your arms among them and rest your hot face upon their exquisite bosoms, breathing among their souls. That is all. Regret follows that the dream has ended, yet you are happy for the trifle.

Do you dream ever of sweet-peas? perchance they bloom beneath your window, a mass of pink and white and purple flowers. There are sparkles of dew upon them; you can almost touch them as you lean from the casement, breathing the up-floating incense and watching the sphinxes at play in the moon. No perfume is dearer than that of these blossoms; it steals somehow into your life and lingers about you for days after the dream is over.

You dream too of water-flowers. One time you are in a valley, a place of graves; a stream flows by at your feet over grasses, its waters are thin and green and clear like green crystal; there is no music, as they run slowly, but here and there are pure white flowers, waxen water-flowers, bright like white stars on long stems, and the south wind just stirs them. Green hills lie on either side, possessing a transparent beauty as if, should the winds blow strong, the earth would sink away forever. The graves lie out of sight on the far slopes. An atmosphere of unreality pervades the spot, yet there is the sunlight! Coming out of the west it pours into the valley over the hills, the stream and the flowers like rich wine over-froth and you feel that it, peradventure, is real.

If you dream of plums, the branches are heavy with plums—great mellow-looking ones, their blue velvet bloom as yet unbruised. And very likely if you attempt to pick one, they all fall to the ground and shrivel into dry bits of skin. You may dream of field-peas. The vines are full of pods, plump ones, but they are covered with black bugs. There are yellow flowers growing near by, and lilies, white ones, yet foolishly you gather the golden ones. Can you read the omen of this dream?

If you dream of butterflies your ceiling is covered with light and dark beauties, immense fellows. You are ecstatic, you grasp very likely a broom and brush about for them. They soon disappear and presently you discover that the carpet is covered with broken wings, you have not a good

one for your cabinet. Again, some day you come across a rare golden one feeding upon white lilacs; how cautiously you approach it your hand out-reaching, almost trembling, yet you falter not but grasp suddenly and there! the yellow beauty is yours.

HELEN M. MERRILL.

SNOWSHOEING SONG.

When the moon sheds her liquid light
On rolling fields enwrap't in white—
O'er crusts that bend, 'mid winds that bite,
We tread the drifts of moorland.
Wrapp'd snug and warm we face the blast,
Our blood flows hot, our hearts beat fast—
With laugh and song the night is pass'd,
The white night of our norland.

Sometimes a playful gust of gale
Lifts the loose snow along our trail,
And sends it sweeping through the vale
Like some great curly feather;
Pepp'ring us till we glisten white
With tiny gems of sparkling light,
Like Santa Claus come down by night
In snowy Christmas weather.

Sometimes from distant spires we hear
The deep soft chiming, far but clear.
Of minstrel bells whose voices veer
O'er wood, and hill, and headland;
Aton a silence deep and long
Is follow'd by a snatch of song,
Or laughter from our merry throng,
That shakes the white wide dead land.

Only when clouds begin to rise,
And trail across the midnight skies,
And hide our pathway from our eyes
With sweep of fitful shadows:
Only when flying flakes of snow
Tell of a blizzard soon to blow,
And gently hint 'tis time to go,
We turn back o'er the meadows.

Reluctant, o'er our winding trail—
Half blotted by the waxing gale—
Townward we wend, up hill, down dale—
A band of blithe wayfarers.
And when we reach the welcome gate,
The flying moon just peeps to state
"I wish you pleasant dreams and late,
Mirth-seekers, danger-darers!"

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OUR NATIONAL PROGRESS.

The member for East York, who is also the editor of the *Toronto World*, according to press despatches has felt it necessary to announce his determination to stand by protection. This voluntary announcement would indicate that he recognizes a growth of free trade sympathies in the Conservative ranks, and he has determined to put on the brakes as far as his announcement can do it. The constituency of East York extends into the city of Toronto, which has undoubtedly grown to large dimensions during the regime of protection, and its member doubtless thinks that protection would maintain it. The chief customers of this large and important city, outside the large domestic trade which centres there, are the people of Manitoba and the North-west Territories. If the member for East York thinks their trade can only be retained by levying a double tax upon their annual industry, he will find that instead of retaining it, he will be killing the goose that lays the golden egg by attempting to perpetuate protection, and to that extent the city of Toronto will stand still or decline. If the people of the West can only meet their liabilities by borrowing, there must be a limit to their ability to contribute to the support of Toronto. In anticipation of legislation by the Provincial Legislature to protect the

people in excessive law costs to collect liabilities, the Massey Manufacturing Co., of Toronto, have lately instructed their agents to obtain chattel mortgages on outstanding obligations to them by the farmers, which they have been unable to meet for their agricultural machinery. The statement has appeared that these liabilities amount to a million dollars for the Province of Manitoba. This large sum overdue to one firm is the best evidence of the difficulties our farmers labour under, and this is in addition to other liabilities, for in too many cases the farmer is obliged to anticipate through his store account his annual returns. We know that the Massey Company are a wealthy concern, that they can stand a heavy strain and can carry our farmers a long time on their notes. We have nothing to say against this firm or combination of firms. They have to pay heavy duties on all they require to enable them to manufacture their implements, and in consequence are restricted in their market to Canadian customers, unless they export at a greatly reduced cost, consequently, in order to make business, they push their goods off on long credit, knowing there are free homesteads to mortgage at the back of the liability, creeping up in value year by year. The farmer takes his chances on crop and prices, and carelessly discounts the future, twelve per cent. is added on overdue notes to make those who can pay protect the Company from losses by those who cannot pay. This is a wasteful method on the part of the Company, and an improvident method on the part of the farmers. Under the circumstances, our farmers justly complain that they cannot make both ends meet, and manufacturers complain that they get no dividends. If the best customers of the city of Toronto are impoverished by a system which undoubtedly produces that result, and if our manufacturers get no dividends, must not the city of Toronto suffer in the long run and a diminution of output from Toronto factories be the result?

The member for East York may say: "Well! What has all this got to do with protection?" Our contention is that our produce has to bear a double tax, which on the average is 25 per cent. on the value of our produce exported and exchanges for the necessities of life which are either imported from abroad or manufactured in Canada under protective taxation. About ten per cent. of this 25 per cent. goes into the Treasury, and fifteen per cent. is added to the cost of the goods which the consumers pay. The Finance Minister has computed the average tax at as low as nineteen per cent., taking all the free goods with the dutiable. But so far as the people in the West are concerned, in fact, we may say the people all over Canada, the only benefit they get from the free goods is from anthracite coal, iron and steel rails, settlers' effects, and tea. All the remainder of free goods is raw material for manufacturing, which under protection is enhanced in cost to the consumer by the duty which protects the manufactured article. If anyone will take the trade and navigation returns and compute the duties levied to protect manufacturers, he will readily find that 25 per cent. is well within the mark as the addition to the cost of the finished article either through the revenue on import duties or the protection on materials required for the article manufactured in Canada; and that ten per cent. is about the proportion the revenue gets; and fifteen per cent. is absorbed in manufacture; and that this 25