

recognitions of a Manhood Franchise. Inventive political minds have formed a collection of electoral mosaics—not picturesque or kaleidoscopic—which are moulded into unsymmetric shapes, according to unscientific and inharmonious rules as to values, owner-

ships, relationships, occupations, residences, Indians and Mongolians.

A return to the early Parliamentary or common law franchise of England, would provide a simpler electoral system, and would add little to the voting power of the present electorate.

## FORD VS. DE PONIES, 30 BEAVER, 572.

BY ELGIN MYERS, Q. C.

I DESIRED to know whether a deed, invalid on certain legal grounds, would operate as a revocation of a prior will affecting the same property as that mentioned in the deed.

I was referred by the text-books to the above case, decided in the English courts, where I found, laid down in language sufficiently brief, that it would not. But what a mine of sorrow and unutterable woe it required to establish a point so apparently insignificant.

Ye who doubt that truth is stranger than fiction, and think that the practice of the law presents interest only for the legal dry-as-dust, listen to a tale of human tragedy, set down in the records of the above case, that equals the most heartrending offspring of the literary imagination.

On an afternoon in June, 18—, the sun was struggling hard to force his rays through the lofty trees that surrounded a stately hall in beautiful Gloucestershire, which constituted the country seat of the Earl of Payne, a title now extinct. Seated on the balcony in one of the numerous nooks formed by the irregularities in the wall, might, on this particular afternoon, have been seen the cause of the almost futile efforts of old Sol to peer through the foliage. I say, "almost futile," for some of his rays, disturbed by the trembling leaves, did succeed in flashing their uncertain light on a

lady of such ravishing beauty that we would not wonder at a more frigid admirer than the King of Day struggling to obtain a glimpse of her. The uncertain light and shades, constantly trembling, and moving on her cheeks and neck, imparted an additional color to their naturally glowing tinge. Notwithstanding that she was the only daughter of and prospective heiress to an earl, Lady Eloise de Franc, was, it was easy to be seen, on this glorious afternoon, far from happy. The quivering nostril, perfect in its Grecian mould, was a sufficient indication of the high strung, nervous temperament of its owner. Some little distance away, on one of the seats that dotted the lawn, sat the stately old Earl and his Countess.

The birds sweetly poured out their songs in the trees; the busy bees hummed in the honeysuckles; the air seemed laden with sweet odors; brilliantly and generously the sun sent forth his rays; a pleasant mysticism seemed to pervade the atmosphere. All nature seemed at peace on this pleasant afternoon, and no unhappiness should surely have been there. The Earl, it is true, was not unhappy; but the other two were as sad as nature was smiling; the Countess, from sympathy with her daughter's sufferings. The mother, too, had had her romance. Her lover was a lieutenant in the British army, who, having enlisted in