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BRITISH UNITY.

The public press of Great Britain—in
commenting on the reply of Lord Salis-
bury to a deputation of the Imperial
Federation League, urging the calling
of another Colonial Conference, on the
relations of the Colonies to the Mother
Country—adopt an attitude on the
question, largely, if not entirely, of a
sympathetic character towards the ob-
jects of the League—in striking con-
trast to that of a few years ago—and
making it manifest that the question of
Federal Union, or the alternative dis-
ruption of the Empire, is fast ap-
proaching the arena of "practical poli-
tics." We hold that every British
citizen, in Britain or the colonies, is
entitled to share equally, and to the
fullest extent, in the *privileges and
responsibilities* of the Empire—and
that those privileges should be allowed
only to those prepared to share the re-
sponsibilities.

This principle, applied in practice to
matters of commerce and naval and
military defence, would quickly solve
Imperial Federation problems. Equal
rights in Imperial questions, the col-
onists have not with citizens of the Brit-
ish Islands, but why? Simply because
they do not pay their share of Imperial
expenses, and they will not agree to
pay it until they have their fair voice
in Imperial councils. The colonists
occupy an ignoble position, as mere
sponges on the resources of the Eng-
lish tax-payer, and in consequence are
refused a hearing on Imperial questions
except as an act of grace. Let it be
boldly proclaimed at all cost—that the
right to secede from the Union belongs
to no one part of it, and that the whole
is our national heritage and birthright.
Let a commercial union, on either a
free import or revenue tariff basis, be
adopted as may be agreed, for all parts
of the Empire; discriminating against
any portion electing to be commercially
isolated. Let there be a Union for war
throughout the Empire, upon the most
thoroughly comprehensive plan, so as
to be fully prepared at all times for
common united action. Let every part
of the Empire, enjoying the protection
of the naval and military services, be
bound to pay strictly its fair quota;
then a Federal governing Senate or
Council for the whole Empire could
fittingly assume the control of a really
United Empire.

DISCRIMINATIONS: The Rev. Princip-
al Grant of Kingston attended Col.
Vincent's Halifax meeting and address-
ed the meeting in his remarkably
cogent manner. Speaking of trade
preferences in Canada's markets he
asked them if the 60 millions in the
States and the 40 millions the British
islands made a preferential trade ar-
rangement leaving Canada out in the
cold, how would we regard a deal of
that kind? Imagine Canada's right-
eous indignation! but it is infinitely
more unworthy action that Canada is
asked to perpetrate towards the Em-
pire by some of our political guides,
when she is asked to allow the imports
from a nation declared (by the Hon. O.
Mowat) to be "hostile" to us, to be
admitted free while we taxed British
exports to this country,—from our
Motherland,—and under whose foster-
ing care and protection we enjoy every
blessing we proudly boast of to-day.
Possibly when Britain slaps our face
and spits on us, as the Yankees do, we
shall learn to evince the same respect
for and servility towards her as we do
to the Yankee Republicans.

ON APPROVAL.

"What on earth d'ye call that thing?" I
asked, poking with my stick at a bunch of
grapes poised airily upon a brass stand.
"That thing," replied my cousin proudly,
"is the very latest Parisian fashion in bon-
nets."

I sank back into the little lounge that ran
along the side of the room—you couldn't in-
sult anything so daintily with the name of
"shop"—and gazed upon its owner with an
exclamation more profane than appropriate.
It must at once be confessed that she was
a charming object to gaze at. There was an
expression of wicked amusement in her large
gray eyes, and the black gown she wore in
mourning for her husband—poor Jack Hen-
derson, who was killed in the Sudan—set
off the lines of her slender young figure, and
threw her golden hair and fair skin prettily
into relief.

"Pull yourself together, my dear boy,"
she continued, opening the door of an old
carved oak cabinet, "and I will show you
something that even your crude male in-
tellect will appreciate. If you don't say
it's lovely I'll never let you inside the shop
again. You may flatten your nose against
the window, or stroll disconsolately up and
down the street in vain! No more chais, no
more teas in the back room!"

So saying, she lifted gingerly from the
shelf a large hat, and planting it upon her
pretty head, turned triumphantly towards
me. It was lovely—quite lovely—a sort of
arrangement in amethyst velvet and feathers
to match. Being only a miserable and igno-
rant male, of course I can't describe it, but it
was uncommonly becoming, and made Nina
look like a Gainsborough picture. I told her
so and gushed over it sufficiently to satisfy
her.

"It's my own idea, shape and all, and
there isn't another like it in the world. I
may possibly copy it, but I am not sure. It
depends upon who buys it. How I wish
you were a woman, Ronald!" she sighed re-
gretfully, "and I would make you buy it for
Ascot to-morrow."

"I wish I were, my dear. But why don't
you go and wear it yourself?"
"Gracious! and leave the shop for a
whole day at this early stage of its exist-
ence? You gentlemen have no more
idea of business than a baby. No, I
can't go; but I hope you'll have a lucky
day and a good time, and, Ronald, dear,
if you were nice you'd just look in one
day soon and tell me what sort of day
you had. Oh! and be sure you don't forget
to notice what hats and bonnets people
were."

"I promised to do my best and took my
leave."
"What are you going to do this afternoon,
Ronald?" asked my mother, three days later.
"I wish you to come and call with me on the
Vanderdeckens."

"Can't, my dear mother. Promised to go
and see Nina."

Visions of Miss Vanderdecken, rich as
Crocus, but oh! so deadly dull, hastened my
movements, and I was half way to Oxford
street before my mother could call me back.
I found Mme. Destrier, as my cousin calls
herself, just parting with a customer. The
hat was in her hand.

"I've sold it," she cried gleefully; "just
sold it to that nice girl for five guineas."

"Awwfully glad, I'm sure. But, my dear
girl, I've a shock in store for you. I saw the
very model and marrow of that hat at Ascot
the day before yesterday."

"You couldn't, you couldn't! Who was
wearing it?" she cried sharply.

"One of our reigning professional beauties
—Lady Loddington."

"Lady Loddington!" gasped Nina, catching
hold of the chair behind her. "Ronald, are
you sure you aren't making any mistake?"

"I swear I'm not. She had on a frock the
color of the hat, and she looked simply rip-
pling. I paid her all the compliments I could
think of in the five minutes I was talking
to her."

"The cheat, the swindle of it!" cried my
cousin, white with anger.

"My dear girl, calm yourself: I'm sorry
for you, but great minds, as you know, will
jump, and some other clever woman has had
the same idea as you."

"Lady Loddington was wearing this very
hat. Listen, I'll tell you the whole story.
The same afternoon you called a lady came
in beautifully dressed and asked to see some
hats. I saw who she was, though I've never
met her—I don't want to meet her," savagely;
"one sees quite enough of her in all the shop-
windows."

"One does," I remarked, sotto voce.

"She wanted a hat the color of this one

so I brought it out and showed it to her and
told her the price, and explained why it was
so expensive. "Oh, I don't mind giving that
for the hat," she said, "it is well worth it. I
am quite in love with it, Mme. Destrier, but
I daren't buy it without letting my husband
see it. He is so very particular about what
I wear. Could I have it sent around to-
night for him to look at? I would let you
know some time to-morrow whether I would
take it or not."

"Of course I said I should be glad to send
it, and she gave me the address, and the hat
went round that evening. Last night she
sent it back and said she was very sorry, but
Lord Loddington didn't think it suited her.
I thought it looked a little tumbled, but one
has to run those risks when one sends good
on approval. She had determined to have
that hat just to wear for one day, and she
was too mean to get it honestly."

"Of course you'll have it out with her—
you'll expose her!" I said.

"My dear boy, I would if I dared, but can't
afford to. It would drive half my customers
away from me, and I must think of Hugo
and Giles. They don't cost much while they
are such tinies, but I want to give them every
advantage, the darlings, and I was left so
badly off, and the business is just beginning
to pay so well. I daren't run the risk of ex-
posing Lady Loddington's meanness."

"I had forgotten your children. No, I see
it wouldn't do. Trust me to give her a ma-
vais quart d'heure if I get the chance."

"Promise you'll be careful. Think of the
boys!"

"I won't injure the dear little chaps, you
best of mothers."

"Well, in that case I only hope fortune may
favor you."

Fortune did favor me at last, but she kept
me waiting until the Autumn, like the tickle
jade she always is. My chance came in this
wise:

"My uncle asked me up to his place in Scot-
land for shooting, and I went. The old
gentleman is a very connoisseur of beauty,
and every pretty woman of note is bound to
be asked up to D. sooner or later. I got there
in time to dress hurriedly and appear in the
drawing-room just as my uncle was telling
every one whom they were to take in.

I was introduced to some girl—I haven't
a notion who she was, but I gave her my
arm and took her down to dinner, murrin-
g commonplaces on the way. The truth is,
I was half famished with my journey and my
one idea was dinner. It was not till I was
well on with the fish stage that I looked at
my left hand neighbor. It was Lady Lod-
dington herself.

"I haven't seen you since we met at Ascot,"
she remarked pleasantly.

She certainly is a most lovely woman, by
the way. I stared blankly and she went on,
with an air of well-acted reproach:

"I believe you have forgotten we ever met
there."

Here was my chance; I seized it.

"Forgotten! Why, I remember every word
you said, the color of your gown and even
the very hat you wore—the loveliest and
most becoming hat I ever saw in my life."

The compliment told.

"I don't believe you do," she pouted.

"Upon my word I do. It was a sort of
big affair of amethyst velvet and feathers to
match. I remember it with double force,
because I made a cousin of mine quite angry
with the mere description of it. I don't
know if you have ever met her. She has
gone into millinery, like everybody else.
She calls herself 'Mme. Destrier.'"

I looked Lady Loddington full in the face,
and laid a peculiar emphasis on the name.

I never saw any one so thoroughly caught
in my life. I knew in a moment that she
knew I knew, as Punch would put it. She
turned perfectly scarlet to the roots of her
hair, and then quite white, and didn't speak
for at least a moment. Then she pulled her-
self together as only a woman can and adroitly
changed the subject.

But she has been monstrously civil to me
ever since, much to the surprise of my friends.
I am plain and uninteresting; I am not a per-
sonage; I haven't a facturing—not even ex-
pectations—and they can't make out where
the attraction lies. They had better ask
Mme. Destrier, of Oxford street, to enlighten
them.

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