

but the real object of this specific duty is to shut out the worthless trash of shoddy cloths and blankets, etc. So far from proving an injury to the poorer classes, it has the effect of protecting them from the sale of worthless goods made to sell but not to wear, but with such a good flash and appearance as would deceive the inexperienced purchaser. With a large supply of home-grown wool and with foreign wools admitted free of duty, and with a rather too lively competition among home manufacturers, the Canadian people are now being mainly supplied with Canadian woollen goods, which, for honest material, good workmanship and tasteful get-up, are as good value as can be found in any country in the world.

In the manufactures from iron and steel and other metals and in hardware generally, there are many articles which are subject to specific duties and frequently in competition, with ad-valorem duties: tools and implements of all kinds, oils, mixed paints, varnishes, gunpowder, gutta serena belting and hose, bar and other iron, nails, screws, tacks, etc. In most of the cases, the specific duties are imposed for the purpose of securing the import of the best qualities of all these classes of goods.

The list of specific-duty goods might be prolonged, but a sufficient number of cases has been given to establish the conclusion started with, that, while the system may be amended in a few respects, it is nevertheless not only judicious but necessary not only for the protection and advantage of the consumer, but for the protection of the revenue, as it might also be clearly shown, that under specific duties, the undervaluation of imports is avoided.

No tariff can be judiciously framed by adherence to any theory; the duties must be adapted to the different articles, and regulated by due consideration to the circumstances of each particular case.

ROBERT H. LAWDER.

### MONOSYLLABIC SONNETS.

On the principle that one swallow does not make a summer, it may be said that one syllable does not make a sonnet, or even a sonnet line. Nevertheless, there are some examples in sonnet form, wherein the fourteen lines are composed entirely of monosyllables and which are not destitute of poetical sentiment, though sadly shorn of metrical length. The specimens of these curious poems known to the writer are all of French origin, and it is fairly safe to state that no similar efforts have been made in the English or Italian language. The three following are selected as being sufficient to show how much can be suggested in a series of monosyllables, arranged in sonnet rhyme-sequence. To save space they are given together and will be referred to by number.

I.	II.	III.
Fort	Qu'on	Sens
Belle,	Change	Prime
Elle	Son	Rime:
Dort!	Lange!	Prends
Sort	Mange,	Temps
Frère!	Mon	Trime,
Quelle,	Bon	Lime
Mort!	Ange.	Fends;
Rose	Trois	Range,
Close,	Mois	Change
La	D'âge!	Mots.

Brise  
L'a  
Prise.  
Sois  
Sage,  
Bois.  
Peine  
Mène  
Los.

The first of these poetic curiosities is undoubtedly the best of the few that have been written. The whole pathetic story is told in choice style and regular form. It was composed by Comte Paul de Ressenier and entitled "Épithaphe d'une jeune fille." M. Charles Asselineau calls it: "le plus hereux de tous."

The second is by M. Léon Valade, of whom M. Anatole France writes:—"l'auteur du distique, tout en rimes, fort goûté par les amateurs de curiosités poétiques, excellait dans ces exercices, qui veulent une rare habileté de main. Au reste, il ne se faisait aucune illusion sur le mérite de ses fantaisies rythmiques, car c'était un vrai poète, et il a laissé cinq ou six morceaux dignes de toutes les anthologies." The same writer justly considers the trifle not so elegant or regular as that by Comte de Ressenier; but M. Jules Lemaitre states, "Ce sonnet est absolument parfait." M. Lemaitre published the verses with a commentary which runs thus:—"Savourez-moi ce poème d'amour maternel. La jeune mère s'adresse d'abord à la nourrice: *Qu'on change son lange!*—puis à l'enfant: *Mange, mon bon ange*—puis à une dame: *Trois mois d'âge*; c'est à dire: "Il a trois mois, madame"; et enfin, s'adressant de nouveau au bébé: *Sois sage, bois!*

M. Lemaitre leaves this pretty little conceit by saying, "Pardonnez-moi de m'attarder ainsi sur des amusettes de mandarins affaiblis;" to which M. Anatole France adds, with the conscious air of an old Parisian; "Mais il est des plaisirs moins innocents."

The third specimen given is from the pen of M. Georges Garnier, who enjoyed the position of lauréat des Jeux floraux some years ago, and is an authority on the sonnet as well as a well-known poet of Provence.

SAREPTA.

### NATURA VICTRIX.

On the crag I sat in wonder,  
Stars above me, forests under;  
Through the valleys came and went  
Tempest forces never spent,  
And the gorge sent up the thunder  
Of the stream within it pent.

Round me with majestic bearing,  
Stood the giant mountains wearing  
Helmets of eternal snows  
Cleft by nature's labour throes,—  
Monster faces mutely staring  
Upward into God's repose.

At my feet in desolation  
Swayed the pines, a shadowy nation  
Round the woodlake deep and dread,  
Round the river, glacier-fed,  
When a ghostly undulation  
Shakes its subterranean bed.

And I cried, "O wildernesses,  
Mountains which the wind caresses,  
In a savage love sublime,  
Through the bounds of space and time,  
All your moods and deep distresses  
Roll around me like a chime.

"Lo, I hear the mighty chorus,  
Of the elements that bore us  
Down the course of nature's stream,  
Onward in a haunted dream  
Towards the darkness, where before us  
Time and death forgotten seem.

"Now behold the links of lightning,  
Round the neck of storm-god tightening  
Madden him with rage and shame  
Till he smites the earth with flame  
In the darkening and the brightening  
Of the clouds on which he came.

Tides of ocean, winds of heaven,  
"Nature! at whose will are driven  
Thou who rules—near and far  
Forces grappling sun and star,  
Is to thee the knowledge given  
Whence these came and what they are?

"Is thy calm the calm of knowing  
Whence the force is, whither going,  
Is it but the blank despair  
Of the wrecked who does not care  
Out at sea what wind is blowing  
To the death that waits him there?

"Mother nature, stern aggressor,  
Of thy child the mind possessor,  
Thou art in us like a flood  
Welling through our thought and blood  
Force evolving great from lesser,  
As the blossom from the bud.

"Yea, I love thy fixed enduring  
Times and seasons life procuring  
From abnormal heart of thine;  
And my spirit would resign  
All its dreams and hopes alluring  
With thy spirit to combine.

"Would that I amid the splendour  
Of the thunder-blasts could render  
Back the dismal drole of birth,  
Fusing soul-clouds in the girth  
Of thy rock breasts or the tender  
Green of everlasting earth.

"Haply, when the seed was flying  
And the lurid daylight dying  
Through the rain smoke on the sea,  
Thoughtless, painless, one with thee,  
I, in perfect bondage lying,  
Should forever thus be free.

"Mighty spirits, who have striven  
Up life's ladder rounds to heaven,  
As ye frighten ones who fell  
On the poppy slopes of hell,  
When the soul was led or driven  
Knew ye not who wrought the spell?

"Understood not each his brother  
From the features of our mother  
Stamped on every human face?  
Did not earth, man's dwelling place  
Draw ye to her as no other  
With a stronger bond than grace?

"Tempest hands the forests rending,  
Placid stars the night attending,  
Mountains, storm-clouds, land and sea  
Nature!—make me one with thee  
From my soul its pinions rending  
Chain me to thy liberty.

"Hark! the foot of death is nearing,  
And my spirit aches with fearing,  
Hear me, Mother, hear my cry,  
Merge me in the harmony  
Of thy voice which stars are hearing  
Wonder-stricken in the sky,

"Mother, will no sorrow move thee?  
Does the silence heartless prove thee?  
Thou who from the rocks and rain  
Modest man take back again  
Soul thy fingers wrought to love thee  
Through the furnace of its pain.

"Giant boulders, roll beside me,  
Tangled ferns bow down and hide me,  
Hide me from the face of death  
Till the demon vanisheth;  
Vain! a whisper comes to chide me  
Borne upon the forests' breath."

Soft and sweet as organ-playing  
Came a voice my fears allaying  
From the mountains and the sea,  
"Would'st thou, soul, be one with me  
In thy might the slayer slaying?  
Wrestle not with what must be."

Heart and spirit in devotion,  
Vibrant with divine emotion,  
Bowed before that mighty sound,  
And amid the dark around  
Quaffed the strength of land and ocean  
In a sacrament profound.

Then I burst my bonds asunder,  
And my voice rose in the thunder  
With a full and powerful breath  
Strong for what great nature saith,  
And I bade the stars in wonder  
See me slay the slayer—death.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

Drummondville, P. Q.

Cement sidewalks are extensively used in Western towns. A combination of crushed granite and Portland cement, called "granitoid," has been laid in many St. Louis streets and drive-alleys, and a writer in "Paving" declares that the heaviest loads pass over it constantly without injury to the pavement.