

ducts, the company would be truly "of the people and for the people," and could reasonably claim, without prejudice or complaint from any class or political party, the utmost government facility as to necessary free raw materials not yet developed in Australia, and also absolute tariff, which would insure the home market to the company, employment for our citizens, also an increased home market for all farm and other produce and commodities without the tariff protection costing any citizen a farthing."

"We will speak out, we will be heard,
Though all earth's systems crack;
We will not bate a single word,
Nor take a letter back.
We speak the truth, and what care we
For hissing and for scorn,
While some faint gleamings we can see
Of freedom's coming morn?
Let liars fear, let cowards shrink,
Let traitors turn away:
Whatever we have dared to think
That dare we also say."

AN HYPNOTIC SLEEP

Written especially for "Vox."

In the early days of August, 1893, Dr. Clute, a hypnotist who had acquired a continental reputation, visited the City of T. His chubby jaws, his whiskers spurted at full jet from either cheek, and the general impression of amiability in his make-up, struck the majority of refined people unfavorably. Notwithstanding this, his ability in constructing and carrying out a programme, his matchless ease on the platform, and his consummate skill, combined to draw large audiences. For the first time the people of T. saw the science of mental suggestion devoted purely to purposes of entertainment. In Clute's seances there was no hint of the experimental or the amateurish: he despatched everything with the air of a master. I neglected to say that the Doctor was accompanied by his wife, a lady whose gowns and presence contributed no little to the tone of the performance.

A twenty-four hours' sleep in the window of some prominent shopkeeper was an invariable item in Clute's plan of campaign: a drawing card on which he placed much reliance. At the close of the first night's session in T. the Professor selected his subject. The young man, who was slightly made and fair complexioned—I fancy the nominee in such a case is nearly always a blonde—was not noted among his acquaintances either for his ability or his strength of character. At the same time his reputation was entirely good. In the opening seance he had shown himself a submissive but not excitable subject. In the bargain struck between the two a consideration was offered

but not accepted. Arthur Philpott was not in need of money, and was prepared to lose a day for the sake of experience. He was put to sleep, not before the audience, but in presence of a committee of six well-known business men.

The display in a Bridge Street dry-goods window attracted much attention. Many who expected to see a simulation of death itself in the face of the victim, as they put it, were gratified to see his chest rise and sink with perfect regularity as if his sleep were thoroughly natural. Nevertheless there were not a few who felt shocked at such a suspension of a man's activities, and especially at the atmosphere of coarse vulgarity that pervaded the exhibition.

Punctually at nine o'clock on the second evening the sleeper was awakened on the stage of the Opera House. It was noticed that he was brought to with difficulty, and I remember thinking that it was only with effort the performer refrained from an exclamation of terror lest he should fail in his task of resuscitation. Many fancied that the convulsions which thrilled through Philpott's frame before he woke to complete consciousness resembled strongly the throes a man suffers from in a night-mare. It was observed that throughout the evening, even when not ostensibly under the hypnotic influence, Philpott wore a dazed and broken look.

The Clutes left the city next day, and the furor they had excited became matter of history.

Philpott, however, now found himself