

and by their solid masses ratify the Franco-Russian good-fellowship. The Russian bunting being of course quite new, expressly manufactured for the occasion, removes all dowdy and and frowsy look from the feast of the flags. Two Russian flags dominate—it is said she has three tricolors, but only one of the three times three is employed; a parallel ogram on white ground, with blue stripes running from corner to corner. This is the fighting flag of the navy. Strange, the Russian fleet has never been engaged alone in a sea fight with a first-class naval power. The next flag utilized is the Czar's own double-necked eagle, with ugly claws clasping the symbols of power, and the open bills of the Siamese bird revealing a scorpion kind of tongue. All these, however, are images, but no more frighten nowadays than the snapdragons and gorgons, dire chimera of John Chinaman's oriflammes. The Muscovite bird represents or symbolizes "Spread-eagleism" better than the bird o' freedom of the Rocky Mountains. In any case, the colors of the Russian flags blend most harmoniously with the tricolor. All is eye-pleasing. There are triumphal arches, garlands of white and violet flowers, strings of cut flowers, with the united flags stretching across street from window to window. The official establishments only show bouquets of tricolors—nothing Czarish; the railway termini intercalate the blue stripes of Russia, with the tricolor. There is a fair sprinkling of English and American *drapeaux* on the part of the French themselves, to which English and Americans respond by showing those of Russia and of France. Lafayette and, say, Cobden must not wholly disappear in the cloud of enthusiasm for Russia.

Van and cart horses have yellow eagleized *bannerets* placed in the head straps, while tricolors figure near the tail harness. Boys wear cap-bands on sailor's hats where the names of a Russian and French man-of-war are linked. Upper balconies of houses spread yellow and tricolor cloth on window-rests and railings. I noticed one parrot's cage covered with a Russian flag; perhaps, pretty poll was indulging in an *Du Sbravsteouiet Rossia!* to set up this vernacular "God Save the Czar" has already cost more than one sudden death among typographers. Girls wear sashes where the Franco-Russian colors are very happily blended.

Every old sweet meat, the penny ices, the ordinary cakes have been given new names. The revised nomenclature does not affect the stomachs of young people; they are ready to consume even more for the sake of the alliance—which does not happen every day. one poodle dog was dyed, "fore and aft" with tricolor rings, between which was artistically designed on *Totos'* back the yellow flag and eagle. It recalled Saturn and its belts and possibly belonged to astronomer Flammarion. At the balls given reciprocally on board the French and Russian flag-ships in Toulon harbor, the big cannons were encircled with wreaths of olive leaves and forget-me-nots. It is to Harmodius and Aristogiton the honor of garlanding weapons reverts. Paris was never so full as now of French provincials; not many "distinguished" or "intelligent" foreigners have put in an appearance. From the spectacle point of view, they will lose a treat. France now has what she must ever have—an idol! and so much the better. It will be a change Admiral Avellan may defy the most able di-

plomatic microscopist to find in his "minute gun" speeches the slightest word at which the triple allies could take umbrage. He is the Ger-vaiss of the Russian Admiralty. The Boulevard politicians devote all their day dreaming to the novelty of the Russian visitors—pity they could not be condemned to that duty for life. The journals commence to emerge from their twilight atmosphere, respecting the visit of a wing of the British squadron to the Italian ports; that visit, they admit, has been warmly welcomed by the mother of the Latin race, and they do not discount it as either a provocation or a manifestation, but simply the fuller assertion of a policy, that England has never hid under a bushel, that she will rule in the Mediterranean, aided to-day by Italy, and tomorrow, if necessary, by the French against a united Germany and Russia, for who knows what is concealed in the womb of time? Did not Louis XIV. ally himself with the Grand Turk who was slaying Christians; did not Richelieu ally himself with Protestant Germany while "running in"—aye, and "out"—also—his Huguenots at home?

A softer tone in allusions to England by the French press—something in the chivalrous strain of the speech pronounced by the Mayor who performed the civil marriage of Lord Blackwood and Miss Davis, and that made Lord Dufferin search for an additional eye glass so much was he pleasantly startled—that would pay for France. At same time she might reconsider if she is on the right tack in nagging at Italy. The sympathetic telegram from the King of Italy to poor old MacMahon was also chivalry, not diplomacy. France has purblind ideas on the economic condition of Italy, and the confusion on her own Bourse, the tendency to bull and bear the Italian public funds, ought to show her that Italy has financial backers. Try honey, eschew the vinegar.

The "coal war" continues, and as time rolls on, tends to deepen in gravity because violence looms in the future. To hold out with hands in pocket—therein resides the power of strikers against capitalists, without ever going into the griefs of either. The Socialist deputies keep cracking the miners up to resistance. Yet it is a case where reconciliatory arbitration could well step in and curtail all-round suffering and loss. Public opinion is certainly sympathetic to the principle that the living wage must enable the proletaire to live. Can political economists not extricate work and capital from the dead-lock where both belligerents stand? If not, "out on" the dismal science, as Shakespeare observed of philosophy when it could not cure the tooth-ache. Another *point noir* in France, but which apparently receives no attention, is the drop in the exports. As compared with the revenue returns for September, 1891, those for last month reveal a diminution of 153 million francs. Moral: pay less attention to Italian exports and finish up with the regime of protection. Impossible to effect any serious fiscal reforms while the Chinese wall is left standing; demolish it, leave not one stone upon another, and strew salt on the site.

The Hispano-Morocco question, if not closed rapidly, may produce infinite complications. It would be a "boon and a blessing" if the niggers of Central and Western Africa were allowed to lie over, as also the Shans and the Siamese, and improve the Arabs out

of the Sultanate. Perhaps Russia may lead the way in the subjugation of the fanatics. As to the threat of a "holy war," that ought by this to be a bugbear. If such were a power as terrible as some represent it, France would be the earliest to experience the shock. But she could repay herself. The Sultanate would bear cutting up; a poly-protectorate—for ten powers expect a slice of territory—would be a *fin de siècle* event.

### THE HUNTER'S MOON.

Night on the mountain, not a sound  
Save dead leaf falling,  
The growl of hound, the far-off cry  
Of wild-fowl calling.

Mists swimming under the white stars,  
Where the deer drink  
In silence, like dusk shadows looming  
At the lake's brink.

Beyond the summit of black pines  
The hunter's moon,  
Dim growing in the misty dawn  
That breaketh soon.

HELEN M. MERRILL.

October, 1893.

### TARIFF REFORM.

It is evident that a defence of protection is sheltering itself under the question of revenue and that in some quarters the cry for tariff reform is being hushed after recognizing the difficulty of raising an adequate revenue except under the wise and beneficent principle of free trade, and the alarm at this unquestionable alternative is being sounded. It must be recognized that a tariff reform which falls short of free trade presents the difficulty of raising an adequate revenue, for the reason that if any taxation upon the product of labor is utilized for revenue purposes, it restricts the operations of labor to the extent of the taxation, and in entering the markets of the world Canadian labor would be hampered, to the extent of that taxation, in competing successfully in the world's markets, and the revenue of the country would be restricted accordingly. Under free trade the case is different: the principle which operates in its relation to labor is simple. untaxed labor or the necessities of the product of labor draws from the world at large its sustenance, the field is large and if Canadian labor seeks the most productive portion of that field for the sale of its product in that in which it is most skilled, the wealth of the country is sufficiently increased to maintain a large revenue collected from that wealth without in any degree forcing it out of the industrial necessities of the population.

Quoting from the British Blue Book for 1891 we find the revenue is derived as follows:—

Customs	\$100,000,000
Excise	127,000,000
Stamps	67,000,000
Land tax and house duty	12,000,000
Property and income tax	67,000,000
Post-office	52,000,000
Telegraphs	13,000,000
Miscellaneous	13,000,000
Total	\$451,000,000

The Customs revenue is derived as follows:—

Cocoa, coffee and dried fruits yield	\$3,000,000
Spirits, wine, etc.	19,500,000
Tea	16,750,000
Tobacco	50,250,000

Customs per capita is \$2.63; excise per capita, \$3.35; post-office, \$1.37. The duty on