

tourists help out the residents a good deal, and in a population largely one-lunged there should be plenty of work for doctors, but where do the lawyers get in their work?

"West Australia," says Sir John Forrest, "is one of the wealthiest gold producing countries in the world today. Eight millions sterling or \$40,000,000 worth of gold has been produced in that state during the year and if no more of the properties secured capital and worked their mines the output would be much greater. English operators have fought shy of the field owing to the many fakes that have been put on the London market but there is gold there in astonishing quantities and the country is likely to produce something big in the way of Eldorados yet."

GLADSTONE'S PROPHECY ABOUT AMERICA.

From the St. James' Gazette.

Prophecies, even when the prophets are politicians, sometimes come true. Here is a notable Gladstone utterance which we can now look back upon as quite prophetic. Speaking or writing twenty-five years ago of the "menace which, in the prospective development of her resources, America offers to the commercial pre-eminence of England," the Grand Old Man predicted that America, and America alone, "can and probably will wrest from us that commercial primacy. We have no title, I have no inclination to murmur at the prospect. If she acquires it, she will make the acquisition by the right of the strongest; but, in this instance, the strongest means the best. She will probably become what we are now, the head servant in the great household of the world, the employer of all employed; because her service will be the most and ablest. We have no more title against her than Venice, or Genoa, or Holland has had against us."

HUMBUG.

The world dearly loves to be cheated—to be humbugged. It may be by cheap, unsound, unripe fruit, bogus butter, watered milk, spurious beer, etc., or, it may be

by some form of sensational religion(?)

Some ancient East Indian myths or northern sagas, or old rejuvenated ghost stories, or, mysterious "dreams and visions of the night;" any form of humbug that has the impudent audacity to pretend—and the world has never lacked that industrious element!—that it can lift the veil which a wise Providence has dropped before our mortal eyes, and let us know, "all knowledge and all mystery!"

A man brought in, a load of picked fruit, Bartlett pears, one morning to Faneuil Hall Market, Boston, and he asked what he knew to be a fair price for his choice wares. He stood about for some hours on that hot, mid-summer day without disposing of the fruit, and then lifting box on to the side-walk, told the passers-by to help themselves. After tossing the last empty box into his wagon he drove off to his farm—a wiser but not a richer man, except in the recollection of those happy faces that thanked him for his gift.

The world dearly loves to be humbugged we repeat. It is, "as plain as way to parish church." We see it every day—see it without looking. How is it in Medicine, for instance: The quack who can quack the loudest, yea even drive a double team, can have *keep* his palm lined with gold, for his cheap syrups and jalaps. He is, true, clever-enough clown sometimes not to kill.

For this he deserves the thanks of a community. But, the skilled man who has spent years walking the floors of the hospitals of England, likely France and Germany, who by standing at the foot of a bed can tell what ails the sufferer, may sit in his office waiting for a call. Such is life.

How is it in Religion?

How many leave the "old paths" to seek a novelty—Christian Science, (so-called) Theosophy, Spiritualism, even a Buddhist priest—anything but those simple Truths, that he who runs may read. "Give to us new and strange doctrines; we are of the dilet-tante!" Ahem.

The world craves for humbug, and there is ever a Prof. Humbug on the scent.

It buys the specked fruit—the

unripe fruit, the wilted vegetable, the thin milk and, often, "changed," the rancid butter, and all the rest of a cheap meal; but, the world finds itself "sold," ere the appetite is half appeased.

"The last of a good thing is better than the beginning of a poor thing." Those Bartlett pears were rich, of rare, spicy flavor and filled, each one, a chalice of golden wine or nectar.

Il y avait une fois un Gascon qui s'appelait Huon de Bordeaux. Il rencontra un jour le roi des genies lequel lui fit present d'un cor d'ivoire et lui promit de venir a son aide quand il en sonnerait dans quelque pressant peril. Tout en lui donnant son cor, Oberon, qui connaissait l'humeur hasardeuse du personnage, lui recommanda la prudence, ajoutant que s'il s'avisait de chercher etourdiment le danger, il aurait tort de compter sur lui. Il lui interdit surtout de s'attaquer a un geant formidable qu'on avait surnomme l'Orgueilleux et que gardaient dans son chateau deux hommes de cuivre armes chacun d'un fleau en fer. — Fort bien! repondit Huon, j'y vais de ce pas; si malencontre m'arrive je cornerai et vous me tirerez d'affaire. — je n'en ferai rien, dit Oberon; ne vous y fiez pas, vous pourriez corner inutilement. — Sire reprit Huon, ne vous fachez point car je sais ce que j'en dois penser. — Revue des deux from Mondes.

BUGLE SONG.

"The Bugle Song" is universally considered one of the finest, if not the very finest, of short English poems. In writing of Tennyson, Dr. Henry Van Dyke, the American preacher-poet, says: "He has the power of expressing the vague delicate, yet potent emotions the feelings that belong to the twilight of the heart when the glow of love and the shadow of regret are mingled, in melodies of words as simple and as magical as the chime of faroff bells or the echoes of a bugle call dying among the hills."

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,