

haps Mr. Chamberlain, after all his twistings, prevarications, thimble-rigging and false figures, may have fancied that there is something in protection. But it would be foolish to argue with him seriously. The whole thing is a fraud. It would be idle to prove to a cheap-jack on a race course that the pea is under the other cup, or the card tucked under the other sleeve.

It is a trick—a palpable swindle; and it ought so to be treated. But it is a real danger, and in the meantime a national disaster. Business, politics, reform and progress have been paralyzed by the great scare. The rich, the landed interest, adventurers, beer and church scent plunder in a scheme which must injure the masses and may benefit the few. If the scheme, or rather the heap of schemes, mutually destructive of each other, were actually put into force, it would set all parts of what is absurdly called the empire at loggerheads, and before long would land us at home in a social and democratic revolution. Mr. Chamberlain is too acute a man not to know this. As a born tradesman he understands it far better than country squires. But if it enable him to pose as prime minister for a few years why need he care?

The melancholy part of it for any man who loves his country is to see the first minister of this great nation treat the crisis with imbecile jibes, with cynical recklessness, and helpless arrogance. The first principles of the cabinet system are flouted, the house of commons is silenced, parties, reforms, policies, trade and finance are thrown into confusion. The turbulent republics that are nicknamed the empire, are excited with impossible hopes and tempted with ruinous bribes—and the man who is responsible for the peace and well-being of this mighty congerie of states has nothing for it but party tricks, double-tongued promises, and debating sneers. Mr. Balfour is a man of culture and pleasant manners; but he is no more of a statesman than is any pitiful college Don who thinks that smooth words and academic sniggering form the whole art of governing.

I have written this with my own name, and with a plainness which is not usual in political speeches or in anonymous press, because it is what I feel, what many men feel, but what conventional habits lead them to conceal. I see with disgust the timid propriety with which party leaders and their organs are willing to accept as

part of the political game bare-faced trickery, falsification of facts and figures, and a gambling "corner" in the prosperity of the nation. The "fiscal problem" is a colossal swindle, as rank as that of any financial rogues who are serving their time in jail—only it is ten times more criminal, and a thousand times more injurious to the public.

FROM S. H. SWINNY.

The large garrison of British troops in India is already a heavy burden on that poverty-stricken country. It having been found desirable to raise the soldiers' pay, the cost of the garrison is to be increased £786,000 per annum, and the whole of this is to be paid by India. And a further and still more iniquitous charge was in contemplation. It is necessary, as a result of our glorious victory, to keep a garrison of 25,000 men in South Africa. To make England pay the whole expense would be unpopular, to make South Africa pay, would be difficult. It was, therefore, proposed to make India contribute over £400,000 a year to the cost of the South African garrison, on the ground that a part of the garrison may be treated as a reserve to assist India in case of necessity. Now the British troops in India not only may be, but actually have been within the last four years, treated as a reserve for the empire. In the hour of danger, when there was the greatest temptation to attack India, should such a design be favored by any of the powers, thousands of British troops were taken from India for the defense of Natal. Yet, neither England nor South Africa contributes toward the garrison of India.

The case stands thus. On an emergency, India has to send the troops she maintains to any part of the empire that is in danger. Her army is a reserve for all, but she alone supports it. The garrison in South Africa was to be in part supported by India, because she may draw upon it when necessary. But so may any other part of the empire; for it is not to be supposed that if Australia were attacked, help from South Africa would be refused; unless, indeed, South Africa were itself in danger, and then India also would be able to withdraw troops thence, in spite of her payments. The whole of India, Lord Curzon, the official world, the Anglo-Indian press, and the people of the country, united in protest. But the very conception of such an injustice shows the hollow-

ness of our Empire. Australia is to pay what she will, and that is not much, towards the general expenses, and to show her Imperial spirit by the exclusion of her Indian fellow-subjects. India is to pay out of her poverty for the support of an Empire in which her sons are treated as aliens and outcasts. And the people of these islands are to bear practically the whole burden of Imperial defense, save what can be wrung from India, and are even asked to tax the food of the country in order that Australia may condescend to remain in our glorious Empire, whose foundation is equal justice for all.

This paragraph was written before the announcement in Parliament that the infamous scheme might be reconsidered. It is now printed as it stood, because her Indian Minister and the Government at home expressed their desire to carry it out, and reluctantly and vaguely withdrew it under overwhelming pressure from India and Indian governors. We have yet to see what will be their next Imperial trick.

A KING DEPOSED.

He sat in the darkness, weeping
By the gates of his empire closed,
A ruler stripped of his purple,
A king from his realm deposed.
They passed him, going to worship;
And, wistful, behind he crept;
And coldly they bade him be silent
Because that the new king slept.
They lifted him up to the cradle,
Their fingers laid on their lips,
And he touched one baby dimple
With his own little finger tips.
Then they set him down in the nursery,
A wan little love-lorn heap;
And he lay with his child's heart breaking,
Sob-sobbing himself to sleep.
They have taken his baby scepter,
They have taken his robe and crown;
They have driven him out of his palace,
And fluttered his house-flag down.
And a new king rules in his kingdom;
For him are the gold gates closed;
And they think that he does not notice—
Ah! Poor little king deposed!
—Will H. Ogilvie, in The Century.

A clairvoyant was fined \$150 yesterday for telling fortunes. Yet President Roosevelt and Secretary Hay are still at large, notwithstanding the display of second sight that led them to have a naval force all ready for a Panama revolution before it happened.—New York World.

Uncle George—I don't like to say anything, Carrie, against your Mr. Fleetling. He appears to be a nice sort of chap, and there's no denying that he's