Tinshop. For uncle showed me "The Lader" there With his pale, bleak forehead and long black hair; Showed me the "Second," and "'Cello," and

Of " I'ne Little Man in the

"Bass,"
And the 'E Flat," pouting and puffing his face At the little end of the harn he blew Silver burbles and music through; And he coined me names of them each in turn, Clean on nown to the last and best, The liv ly little man, never at rest. Who hides away at the end of the string, Thad's" The Little Man in the

Raking a drum like a rattle of hail Clinking a cymba or castaget: Chirping a twitter or sending a wail Through a piccoio that thrills me yet; Reela g tipples f riotous bells, And ti. s. liegles of triangles-Wrangled and tangled in skeins of sound Till it seem dithat my very soul went round, As I leaned, in a breathless joy, towards my Badiant uncle, snapped his eye And said, with the courtliest wave of his hand: Why, that little master of all the band Is The Little Man in the

Ard I've heard Verdi, the Wonderful, And Pagacini, ard Ole Buil, Mozart, Hancel and Mendelssohn, And fair Parepa, whose matchless tone Cari, her master, with magic bow, Blent with the angels, and held her so Tra ced till the rapturous Infinite—And I've heard arias, faint and low, From many an operatic light Gli mering on my swimming sight Dimm r and dimmer, until, at last, I still sit, holding my roses fast For "The Little Man in the

Tinshop.

-James Whitcomb Riley.

Oh! my Little Man, joy to you-And yours—are there—your lifetime through Though I've heard melodies, boy and man, Since first ' the show" of my life began. Never yet have I listene 1 to Sadder, madder or gladder glees Than your inharmonied harmonies, F. ryours is the music that appeals To all the fervor a boy's heart feels—An his glories, his wildest cheers, His bravest hopes, and his brightest tears;
And so with his first bouquet he kneeds
To "The Little Man in the Tiushop.

The Spirit Rosebud.

Baby is dead-speak low, step light; How teanquil is her rest! Her tiny hands were placed last night Upon her waxen breast. And when the morn broke calm and bright, And deep was our despair, We gazed upon her face so white,

And saw a sweet smile there. The mourning mother sobbed aloud As the her darling scanned; And winds each head in sorrow bowed, See fixed within its hand A tiny rosebud, fresh and sweet Which rou dis perfume shed. "Thi- this" she moaned, "is emblem meet

For my dear, precious dead! Next day, while sorrowing neighbors stood Holding sweet flowers of spring. The tiny rosebud, red as blood, Phowed signs of opening, And ere the fu eral rices were through, Each mourn, r in the room

Thril ed with astonishment to view The bud burst in fu.l bloom. The clergyman, with trembling voice And deep emotion, said:
"Rejoice, my sorrowing friends, rejoice!

The baby is not dead! God in his loving tenderness, This token sweet has given, That she wno budded in distress Is blooming now in heaven! -New York Weekly.

Bachelor and Benedict. Once I was a bachelor Full of airs and graces, Scanning with my quizzing glass All the pretty faces.

Thinking all the glances cast Out from silken lashes, Glances soft, and sweet, and shy, Due to my moustaches

Tripping daintily along In my patent eathers, Walking daily down Broadway In all sorts of weathers.

Now I am a Benedict, Cutting no more dashes Money goes for dresses rich, Velvet cloaks and sashes-Goes for counterpanes and quilts,

Kettles, pots and ladles, Crockery-ware and cooking-stoves, Rocking chairs and cradles No more midnight suppers now.

No more gay carousai; Latch-key nung up on a nail zince my late espousal.

The Boston Minister's Bad Break. The minister's brow was sad, The minister's heart was sore. The girls of his church were mad,

The young widows even more. Because he'd chosen to wed, n some distant town out West. A maiden not Boston bred— Twas very bad taste at best.

And his friends fell off apace. For no woman can abide That minister's fall from grace

Who marries a stranger bride. But he squared things with them all,

And wasn't disturbed a fig, By get ing a Western call At a salary twice as big.

Will the Queen Abdicate?

The Journal publishes the following under London date: It is now said on the highest official authority, as well as being a likeness," said Gaspard, smiling. matter of common gossip in Parliament and at the clubs, that the Queen is serithe Prince of Wales by the German Emwhich is certain to be short The Queen's bodily infirmity is increasing and she is so whole, Gaspard was pleased, and after due rapidly running to flesh that massage is consideration, he decided to take them. necessary to assist her breathing. One strong objection the Queen has to abdicating is the contingency of being called A special bill will be introduced into Parliament when she is willing to resign the Gaspard a little depressed. Involuntarily

No Change. Prohibitionist (concluding a lengthy dissertation on the problem of the age)-And what is your solution, sir ?. Kentuckian-Whiskey straight.

ADOPTED BY DEAN

A STORY OF TWO COUNTRIES.

CHAPTER IX.

The journey was a sad one. Now that the parting had really come, Esperance longed to stay, and Gaspard, though his resolve was quite immovable, felt as if he were leaving his hears in Paris. Then, too, all their fellow-passengers were sad and desponding, and the murder of Clement Thomas formed the staple of conversation. which did not tend to raise Gaspard's spirits.

Every one seemed relieved when they arrived at Calais; the bustle at the station. the harried search for laggage, and going on board the steamer, all served to divert their thoughts. Is was not till they had fairly started, that Esperance realized that they had actually left France, and then a strange, dreary feeling of homelessness crept over her, and she gazed at the receding shore through a mist of tears. Eut in a minute or two Gaspard, glancing down, saw her troub e, put his arm round her protectingly, and whispered, "C trage. lear! we are doing what our father wished. do not doubt for a moment that it is best. You will try to bear it?"

And Esperance, looking up with eves full of love and trust, said, " I will bear anything-everything, with you "-unconsciously repeating the words with which she had answered her father when they were leaving the chateau."

The landing at Dover was inexpressibly dreary. It was dark, and cold, and windy. All the French passengers were in a fever of good tempered anxiety about their luggage, and the few English rassengers made matters worse by their cool collectedness. and seemed persistently to stand in every

Esperance was hurried along, she knew not whither-nor cared, so long as she had hold of Gaspards arm-and eventually found herseif safely in a railway carriage, being scanned from head to foot by sundry pairs of English eyes. She, berself, took a rapid survey of her fellow-travelers, wondered why they were so quiet; hoped that in the course of their staring they would notice Gaspard's honorable scar, and, after an animated discussion with her French and English railway accomodation, settled herself comfee by and went to sleep, her heading resing on Gaspara's shoulder.

She awoke just before they reached Victoria Station, feeling dreadfully tired and hungry. The English travelers had by this time thawed a little, and two or three of the gentlemen were talking together. Esparance decided that English was certainly the harshest and most wearisome of languages.

Then came the araival at the station, the crowded platform, the pushing and strugeling toward the luggage van, finally a civil porter, a springless cab, a drive to the chespest hotel in the neighbordhood, despairing attempts as English speaking, and a night's rest.

Esperance awoke the next morning much refreshed, and ready to enjoy the sense of novelty and adventure. Fortunately, the day was fine, and their first impressions of London was favorable. The morning was an enjoyable one. They wandered aborin Hyde Park, walked along the Thames Embankment, and visited Westminster Abbey. It was not till the afternoon that Gaspard turned his thoughts to the necessary search for cheap lodgings, and began to make inquiries as to the most inexpensive quarter of London.

He was recommended to try Pentoaviile or Islington; acd, leaving Esperance to rest at the hotel, he went out to try his fortune. It was certainly lodging-hunting under difficulties, for his English was sadly deficient, and though between each failure he studied a book of dialogues in which one page was devoted to "the hire of apart. ments,' he was sure to be utterly puzzled by some ill-proncucced word or unknown idiom. "Sixpence hex ra for kitchen fire," rapidly spoken, was quite unintelligible to him, and even the different coinage was

bewildering. The afternoon was closing in, and still he had met with no suitable rooms; he began to think that Esperance would be alarmed at his long absence, when his eye caught an advertisement of "Furnished Apartments' in the window of a baker's shop, He shop was small but clean. A stout, goodtempered woman stood beeind the counter. and perched in front of her, between the fresh leaves of bread and the scales, was a large, sleek, tabby cat, which stared at Gaepard in a patronizing way with its

great green eyes. He made his "dialogue book" inquiry. and was relieved to find that the woman spoke distinctly.

" Sitting room and two bedrooms, sir? Yes; I think we could supply you; step this way and see them, if you please. Come, Bismarck!

Gaspard started; then as a spring from the counter and a loud purr followed, he laughed, and asked "That is your cat?" "Yee, sir, 'tis a queer name, to be sure, but my husband is a rare politicians, he is, and so he went for to call the cat Bismark,

after one of them Germans." "It is well-named. I observe already a

By this time they had reached the second floor, and the landlady, lighted the gas, ouely considering the step of abdicating the began to do the honors of her apartments, British throne. The recent reception of while Bismarck stalked about in a dignified way, purring and rubbing himself against peror has had a great effect on the aged Gaspard's legs. The terms were moderate. Queen, who is now convinced that her son the landlady looked honest and kind, Esperought to have a chance to play the leading ance would be delighted with the cat, and role in England during the rest of her life, though the rooms were small and illfurnished, they seemed to be clean; on the

Esperance was delighted to hear of his success, and eager to settle in it at once. The landlady had promised to have everyex-Queen. She wishes to assume the title thing in readiness for them that evening, so of Queen Regent for the rest of her life. after dinner they drove from the hotel to their new home, Esperance in high spirits, horse hair sofa, cold and motionless, while No, but it is in French—what is the signaactual throne, and the Prince of Wales will his thoughts had turned to the old chateau crept about uneasily, and tried to attract be crowned King of England and Emperor at Mabillon, and, perhaps, as he watched Esperance passing in between the bread baskets, the counter, and the loaves.

She, herself, was quite unconcered—such things did not hurt her pride; the rooms were quiet and comfortable—for the rest she did not care. She did not attempt to unpack that evening, but devoted all her

energies to chaering Gaspard, until gradu- show indications of returning consciousally his brow cleared, and under the combined influence of a fire, some well-made onville might be very pleasant.

The next day he lost no time in searching true, but he had made up his mind to do me. all in his power, and to leave no stone unturned. But day after day he returned disappointed and weary, unable to meet with any employment.

His scanty knowledge of English was a great hinderance, and finding this out, he got to work really to atuly the language. Esperance, too, spent some of her long hours in the same way, and by the end of April was able, with the help of the dictionery, to read most of the English with which the landlady could supply her. These were not of the most interesting kind, "Fox's Book of Martyrs," "The Pilgrim's Progress," "The Fairchild Family," and a few dilapidated numbers of the "Youths' Magazine," being among the most lively. Still they kept her employed, and the very quaintness of the oldfashioned sayings and doings, was amusing.

But a sad time was coming, for as the weeks passed by, and still Gaspard could find no work, their small store of money was gradually melting away. Gaspard grew seriously uneasy at the prolonged silence of the Lemerciers; he was expecting a dividend to be forwarded to him, but although he had written to ask the reason of the delay, no answer had come.

At length, one morning early in May, a etter arrived in M. Lemercier's well known flourishy handwriting. It ran as follows:

" MY DEAR DE MABILLON, -I regret C. ceedingly that you should have been inconvenienced by my tardiness in writing, but I have been so much occupied in seeking the welfare of cur country, and in lending my feeble assistance to the establishment of the Commune, that I am sure you will pandon me. Regarding the dividend which crimson. you should have received ere now, it gives me much pain to tell you that the-Company has entirely failed. Of course in this time of general agitation, it is what we must expect. I fear this will prove a serious and depicrable loss to you at the now; but when I see you gradually growpresent; but I trust I am wrong in fearing ing thinner and weaker, as you know well that the chief part of our capital was invested in it. Relieve me on that point as brother, as to the comparative merits of soon as possible, and think well whether it would not be best to return to France, where there is every prospect of a speedy establishment of true liberty, equality and fraternity. Make my friendly greetings to your sister, and believe me, -Yours, etc.,

LEMERCIER. Gaspard turned pale as he read, and Esperance, seeing that something was wrong asked anxiously: " Is Monsieur Lemercier in trouble?

What has happened?—tell me." Gaspard put his arm round her protectingly as he replied : "Monsieur Lemercier is well himself, cherie, but he has written to tell me some bad news. We have lost some money, and it will leave us very poor

-terribly poor." The troubles seemed to be never-ending. Esperance did not speak, but a weary, Gaspard could hear a little quivering, halfstifled sigh. Somehow that silent endurance cut him to the heart. He turned away abrently, and leaned with his elbows on the mantle piece, fighting hard with his

emotion. Esperance reproached herself with selfishness then, and began to take her usual role of comforter.

"Darling, do not be so miserable," she said, stroking back the overhanging hair from his forehead. "It will not be so bad altogether dissatisfied with it on reading it as we think, perhaps; you will hear of some work, or something will happen before long. After all we still have each other, and besides that, we have not lost everything."

But it is impossible—utterly impossible -that we can live on what is left." said Gaspard. " If we lived on bread and water it would not last us both for a year-and Deanery, one morning toward the end of

what is to come then?" Esperance asked how much they really had left, and he named a startlingly small sum-so small that, with all her courage and hopefulness, she was for a moment half paralyzed by the terrible realization. A

heavy sigh from Gaspard roused her. "It is very bad, cherie!" she said, in as bright a voice as she could command; "but we will be very economical, we will eat catmeal, and I shall see to the bouilli myself, and I dare say the landlady will let us shall fancy ourselves back in the siege!"

well that not even the most rigid economy door before he answered. could keep them from want.

CHAPTER X.

radually Esperance faded and drooped. letters in her hand. till she was the mere shadow of her former self. She was not strong you your letters; there are not many, you enough now to share in Gaspard's long will get through them before breakfast." wanderings, and while he was out, trying The dean looked up with a sigh. in vain to find employment of any kind. she was left alone in the dreary lodgings, hunger which was now such a painful introduced the midst of plenty, and yet to want. Somegrew almost unbearable. Nor could she great trial, Cornelia!" control herself much in her weakness, her long crying fits became more and more frequent; only, when Gaspard came in, day's burden is light—see! and she adroitly disappointed and exhausted after his long, spread the letters over the chart, while fruitless expedition, she always managed to the dean sighed once more. be bright and cheerful.

He was grateful for her love and patience, not bear these added hardships for any astronomer you correspond with." length of time. And yet when, one evening on his return, he found the room strangely quiet, and was met with no cheerful greeting, he was terribled startled. eagerly. Esperance was stretched on the hard, her notice.

For one awful minute Gaspard thought she was really dead. With a great cry of but no comment. despair he bent over her, touched her icy "De Mabillon," exclaimed the dean, lips, and her still nerveless hands, and frowning. "Amy's husband, I supbreathing.

ness, and in a few minutes was able to look began to think that, after all, life in Pent and, revived by this, she volunteered her own explanation.

"I was tired, and lay down a little, and for work. He was not very hopeful, it is it got very dark, and cold waves came over

Gaspard did not answer for a few minutes, he sat watching her sadly, while Bismarck nestled up to her, purring contentedly, and rubbing his soft head up and is a thorough De Mabillon; I could have down under her almost shadowy hand. It told it in a moment." was the contrast between the sleek, wellfed cat, and her own worn out, fragile form [father; so proud and yet so courteous, the which struck him so painfully.

He began to pass up and down the room, thinking deeply, and evidently achooling himself to undertake something very distasteful. Esperance watched him with as much anxiety as she had strength to feel just then; his face was dark with conflicting emotions. She spcke at last. "You are not worrying about ma, Gas-

pard? Do not walk up and down like that, all alone; I want you to tell me what is troubling you-what you are thinking about."

He crossed the room then, and bent down to kiss her, his resolution made. "I am thinking, cherie," he said, gravely, "that this state of things can not go on any longer, or you will be ill." Esperance could not deny it, and Gaspard continued:

"I only see one thing to be done, and that is about the last thing in the world I should wish to do." "You do not mean to go back to Paris?"

asked Esperance anxiously. " No, indeed! that would be useless, and besides, our father did not wish us to be there. No, Esperance, I was thinking of something far harder-we must ask our

uncle. Dean Collinson, to help us. He paused. Ezperance started up with sudden energy, her pale cheek flushing

"Ask for help-that is to say, money? A DeMabillon turn into a beggar! It is and she shall be welcome, though, rememimpossible you mean it, Gaspard!" "A week or two ago, cherie, I should of your aunt Amy's marriage, most have scoffed at the very idea, as you do strongly."

you have done lately-then, darling, love conquera even pride." Esperance was touched, but not convinced.

"To ask help of the very man who insolted her father! It is too hard! Gaspard, I would rather starve than take his money."

"But I cannot let you starve, dear," rep'ied Gaspard, quietly; "we must hope the dean will have the delicacy not to relieve us by actual money. Perhaps he may be able to find me some employment, or he might offer to send you to school. At any rate I shall write to him."

Esperance saw that he was quite determined, and attempted no more arguments. She went early to bed, and then Gaspard giving it up altogether, but each time the bel and Bertha. thought of Esperance checked him-for her

sake he must do it. over. Esperance should read it the next morning before he took it to the post, and if she approved it should go.

What kind of a reception awaited it, he wondered.

The warm summer sunshine was flooding a sombre room in the Rilchester May. In spite of the heavily mullioned windows and the uncompromising crimson rep curtains, which did their best to obstruct the light, the sunbeams forced an entrance, and played exultingly round the booklined walls, and about the silvery head of an old gentleman who was poring over an astronomical chart outspread on the table.

He was a fine looking old man, tall and well-made, and though his forehead was wrinkled with age and much study, there was a keennesss in his deep set gray eyes much younger man. He was evidently Gaspard smiled, and for her sake tried to quite engrossed with his chart, for some speak more cheerfully; but he knew too one without knocked repeatedly at his

The abstracted "Come in," had scarcely been uttered, when the door opened with guest chambers." some impatience, and a tall, commanding-The long days dragged wearily on, while looking lady entered, with a packet of

"Good morning, father. I have brought

"That terrible institution, the post it has become a curse instead of a weary, aching fatigue of weakness, and the what he was about when he reality. It was hard, too, to be in the Tue former Deans of Rilchester were spared all these tiresome applications and begging times, when the fragrant steam rose from letters, and without any increase of stipend the bake-house below, the craving for food I am annoyed three times a day. It is a

Cornelia smiled sarcastically. "Great, indeed, my dear father; but to-

" Here is one from Canon Barnwell, and one from Sir Henry Worthington, and the but he could not be deceived. The long report of that orphanage you were inquirprivations of the siege had tried her ing about, and one in a foreign-looking hand, severely, and he felt sure that she could which might, I think, be from the French a strange whim into his head, and injure

Astronomy was Dean Collinson's great hobby; his eyes kindled as he took the envelope from his daughter and opened it "Can it be from Monsieur Grignon?

Bismarck, with little troubled "mews," ture? Grigron never makes those flourishes; read me the name, Cornelia." "Gaspard de Mabillon," read Cornelia, with a slight elevation of her eyebrows,

listened in agony for the faintest sign of pose. What on earth does he write about? At last he was reassured; she began to endure a Frenchman's handwriting."

"This must be from Monsieur de Mabillon's son," said Cornelia, glancing down up with a little smile. He would not let the sheet. "Well, you shall hear it." and coffee, and Esperance's merry chatter, he her talk till he had made her some coffee, with sufficient fluency, but bad pronunciation, she read Gaspard's letter.

The dean seemed to be struggling with conflicting emotions; he did not speak when his daughter ceased reading.

"Well, father," she asked, inquiringly. "They are Amy's children," he said, as it arguing with himself, "but then they are De Mabilions. This follow who writes

"But it is a noble letter, you must allow. favor sneken of so nicely, though one can see it was an effort, and then that allusion to his mother in such perfect taste!"

The dean was decidedly influenced by his daughter's words; his brow relaxed a little as he asked, "Then how am I to help them?"

"Could you get the boy some situation? That is evidency what he hopes for." "Difficult, very; particularly at this

Cornelia thought for a minute.

time," sighed the dean." Possibly Sir Henry might help him to something, but I could not think of troubling him now, during the session; besides, I hate asking fav-

"So does this poor cousin of cure, apparently," said Cornelia, glancing again through Gaspard's letter, her rather severe

face softened by pity. "I would rather help the little girl in some way," said the dean; "she will be more like her mother; this fellow, who writes, is so terribly French. Yes, decidedly, the little girl must be relieved; he speaks of her as suffering still from the effects of the siege.

As the dean warmed on his subject, Cornelia's interest visitly declined.

"You would not send her to school. surely?" sae asked, a little, impatiently. " No. not to a school; I do not approve of a school for giels. No, we will offer her a home here. She is my own sister schild. ber, Cornelia, I most strongly disapproved

"And you were quite right, as events have proved, 'replied Cornelia, composedly. " Her children are bearing the penalty of

her wilfulness. Shall you write to day?" "Yes, I suppose it must be to-day," sighed the dean. "These letters cost me a great deal of trouble, and waste my time sadly; but I suppose it had better be ittea to day. You will tell Christabei and Bertha, but save me any further discussion

upon the subject." Cornelia promised that his wishes should be attended to, and left the room; whereupon the dean hastily readjusted his spectacles, tossed aside the unwelcome letters, and was soon deeply engrossed in his

astronomical labors. Cornelia did not judge it prudent to tell her sisters of the proposed change in their family till the letter was written and took paper and pen, and sat down to his posted. She was not quite sure how they hard task. It was long before he was would take their father's most unpremedisufficiently calm to write; his whole being tated plan. She herself was not wholly recoiled from such a painful humiliation. pleased with it, but she would have scorned care-worn look came over her face, and He shrunk from the idea of being under an any attempt to turn him from his purpose, obligation to such a complete stranger. and, with her usual stern sense of duty, More than once he was on the point of resolved to make the best of it to Christa-

Christabel Mortlake, the dean's second daughter, had returned to her father's He found himself so much fettered by his house as a widow some years before. scanty knowledge of English, that after She was, in some senses, the head of the due consideration he began another letter in house, and all the actual housekeeping fell his own tongue; this was much more suc. to her share; but Cornelia, who was both cessful, and though every stroke of the pen clever and strong minded, was the real was a sore effort to him, he was not ruler, and was fully conscious of her power. Bertha was many years joquger—a silent, apathetic girl, differing in every way from her elder sisters.

> As Cornelia had expected her surprising announcement was not very well received. Bertha, indeed, made little comment on t, simply looking "bored," but Mrs. Mortlake was not so easily satisfied.

"A child to live in the house, a French

girl, too! What can my father be thinking of? It will be insufferable. She will teach my poor little Bella to tell lies; you know how untruthful French people are!' "I think Bella has learned that accomplishment already," said Cernelis, who was by no means blind to her niece's failings. " Besides, as to that, our cousin is

no mere child, and will not be much thrown with Bella. She is sixteen, I believe." "What is her name?" asked Bertha, without looking up from her book. "Her brother speaks of her as ' Esperance," said Cornelia; " but I should think

very probably, she may have some second name-Amy, very likely, after her mother -and then we can call her by that." "And, pray, what room is she to have? You know we cannot do without any of the

difficulty; she stood for a moment in thought. "We must fit up the large attic over the nursery; there is no other room available, I

Cornelia was posed by this practial

see, unless we could spare the bachelor's rcom ?" "No, indeed," said Mrs. Mordabe. decidely; "it is constantly needed. The to bear, as patiently as she could, the blessing. Rowland Hill little thought house is sure to be full in the autumn, and I mean to ask young Magnay, the artist, to penny postage. spend a week here; I must have Bella's potrait done before site loses her first teeth."

Cornelia smiled sarcaetically. " Very well; then we must see about the attic. I think that is more in your line than in mine; perhaps you would give the necessary directions." And, taking up a Hebrew Bible, a manuscript book, and a

reed, Cornelia left the room. Mrs. Mortiake began to braid a tea-cozy for a bazzar (she called it " charity work") while inwardly she was thinking very uncharitably of the De Mebillons, and murmuring that it really was very unfair that an old man like her father should take suchthe prospects of his grandchild by unnecessary kindness to unknown relations.

(To be Continued).

On the Fair, Blue Sea.

"Why do captains of ships carry tele copes," she asked. "To see the pleasure there is in an ocean voyage, I suppose," he managed to say, and then rushed over to the bulwarks.

No matter how firmly fixed a man's opinion of his own good looks may be it sort of unsettles him for a moment to have Read me the letter, my dear; I never could people say his new baby is the very picture

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