

swer to old Rockydollar's first question. "So did mine," rejoined the old man, blandly, "but they were crushed to death on the voyage." This book is admirable fooling, and the pictures are rather pretty, as well as very witty. There are many subtle points, such as giving the bishop, the butler, the billionaire, and the doctor the same face, and all three girls the same face, and all the men at Bertie's club the same face, to satirise Mr. Gibson's sapeness:—"What is your fortune?" said Bishop van Brut, dryly. "My face is my fortune," replied Bertie. "You must owe a lot of money, then," said the bishop, eyeing with suspicion the cigar which Bertie had given him.

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Mr John Burns remains easily in the front rank as an interesting study on the personal side of English politics. The ex-Socialist and stump orator continues to exercise his old art at intervals on the conservative majority which controls the London County Council—as often as a middle-aged man with a taste for music contrives to retain some of his youthful deftness of hand at the fiddle or piano by snatching occasional half-hours from a busy existence for hurried practice. But ordinarily Mr Burns is now a person of

grave and responsible air, precise of speech, confident and relentless towards his former associates in the handling of facts, exceedingly difficult to trip up, always careful in laying his mines, not seldom a statesman in breadth of view, and hesitant to the point of Toryism in his attitude towards experimental sociologists. How often he makes the Unionists chuckle by his efforts at judicial caution! Gladly would some of the leaders take him to their hearts, and, if the political rules and conventions permitted, keep him snugly in the chair of the Local Government Board when their party returns to power. Every day in the week since winter began he has found it necessary to impart a lesson in public economy and prudence to some reckless or foolishly philanthropic committee which has approached him with a scheme for spending other people's money. He declares that under Parliamentary pressure he has already gone far in that direction beyond the limit which his own judgment approves. The Socialists, his bitterest enemies, declare that he now adds habitual niggardliness to his arrogance. He replies that, on the contrary, he fears he has been, from the national point of view, dangerously indulgent towards them. "Since I have been in office," he has told a deputation from Battersea

(which first tried to wheedle and then to threaten him), "I have spent £700,000, and I have done more harm by that than I have done good in all my life before."

**Alcohol in Germany.**

In Germany alcohol is produced from almost all materials containing carbohydrates, such as potatoes, fruits, including cherries, plums, and other stone fruits, berries, grapes, currants, raisins, wine, wine lees, fruit and wine cake, rye, barley, wheat, corn, darr or sorghum etc., but the greater portion is manufactured from potatoes.

During the year just passed the quantities of the principal materials used in the production of spirits were, in metric tons of 2204.6 pounds, as follows:—Potatoes, 2,727,493; barley, 172,201; rye, 103,352; corn and darr, 104,347; other grain 23,772. Gallons: Cherries, 12,684; plums, 64,368; other stone and kernel fruits, 43,116; berries, 2927; wine lees, 949,112; wine and fruit cake, 272,207; grape skins, 6,757,190.

From 2,727,493 tons of potatoes (100-218,204 bushels of sixty pounds each) consumed in the various distilleries, 78-

445,157 gallons of alcohol were produced, or 77.3 per cent. of the total output—101,473,315 gallons.

The potato in Germany has been brought to a high state of perfection by an elaborate scheme of scientific fertilizing and cultivation, organised by the Bureau of Agriculture, and by continued experiments from year to year, until the whole system of planting, cultivating and harvesting has been reduced to exact practical methods.—Consular Report.

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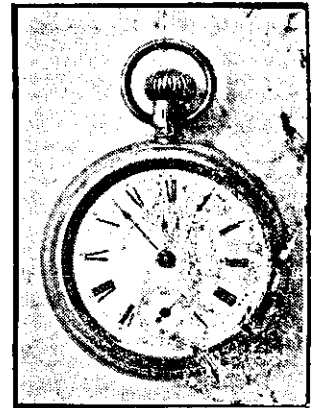
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