

SIGNIFICANT FIGURES.

POPULATION OF BRITAIN AND FRANCE CONTRASTED.

The Conditions at the Beginning of the Century—French Population Not Increasing Very Rapidly—Reproductive Vitality of the Two Nations—A Glance at the Future.

The question as to the growth of France and the United Kingdom respectively in point of population is one of more than mere idle or patriotic curiosity; it is obviously a matter of the highest practical and political moment. Few people appear adequately to realize the enormous change which has been wrought in this respect in the present century, almost within the memory of persons still living. Suffice it to say that while Britain has been advancing at an increasingly rapid rate, France has been almost uniformly dropping behind, the addition she made to her population by the annexation of Savoy and nice having been counterbalanced a few years later by the loss of Alsace-Lorraine. How the two nations now stand will appear within the next few months, when the next quinquennial census (1896) will be taken in France. The result promises to be a surprise both for Englishmen and for Frenchmen, for it will almost to a certainty demonstrate the fact that the United Kingdom, for the first time in history, now possesses a larger population than France.

At the commencement of the nineteenth century, the French

VASTLY OUTNUMBERED

the British. Throughout the war against the first Napoleon, there were seven Frenchmen to every four Britons. In the year 1801 France possessed a population of between twenty-seven and twenty-eight millions (27,349,003), while the United Kingdom numbered less than 16,000,000 (15,896,412). In other words, the French in 1801 outnumbered the British by 11,500,000. This enormous disproportion has, however, long ago disappeared. Almost every census that has been taken in the two countries since 1801 has reduced the difference between their respective populations, and almost invariably to the advantage of Great Britain, until in 1891 it was found that the French superiority in numbers had shrunk to little more than half a million. The census which was taken in both countries in that year gave France a little over thirty-eight and one-third millions (38,343,192) and the United Kingdom rather less than 38,000,000 (37,797,013). We observe, therefore, that during the first ninety years of the century the increase in France was (in round numbers) only 11,000,000, while in Great Britain it was 22,000,000. That is to say, Great Britain had been increasing twice as fast as her neighbor. It then became a practical certainty that, even before the next British census of 1901, the population of the British Isles, would, for the first time in the history of the two nations, be larger than that of France.

But we have official returns, published on the authority of the two Governments, which enable us already to go further than this, and which justify us in affirming that, even at the present date (December, 1895), the population of Great Britain is larger than that of France—larger, probably, by

FULLY 1,000,000 SOULS.

The returns relating to the births and deaths in France have in recent years been such as to inspire thoughtful and patriotic Frenchmen with the gloomiest apprehensions. They have discovered, to their surprise and alarm, that the French race, instead of increasing, have actually been declining, and that not owing to the ravages of war or disease, but chiefly as a consequence of the habits and the deliberate choice of the people themselves. In proof of this statement, it is sufficient to mention one or two significant figures. In the year 1891 the number of deaths exceeded that of the births in all France by over 10,000 (10,505). In the following year (1892) the excess of deaths over births was more than 20,000 (20,041), so that in the two years there was, apart from immigration, an actual falling-off of over 30,000 in the French population. In 1893, it is true, there was a slight recovery, the births being about 7,000 (7,146) more than the deaths; but the balance on the three years was a decrease of over 23,000 (23,400) in the total number of people of French birth in 1893 as compared with 1890. French writers have naturally taken alarm at these figures, for they suggest the ominous question, "Are the natives of France, then, actually on the decline? Is the population of the country henceforward destined to dwindle year by year? And, if its numbers are kept up, is it to be, not by the natural increase and multiplication of the native race, but wholly and solely by the immigration of aliens?" It is already sufficiently clear that, unless there has been a change in 1894 and 1895 in regard to the births and deaths, the census of 1896 will show a decline in the numbers of the native race, and that, if there be any increase at all in the total population in 1896 as compared with 1891, it will be due exclusively to foreigners settling in the country.

THE CONTRAST

presented by the additions France and Great Britain have made to their respective populations in recent years is very striking. Between the census of 1881 and 1891, Great Britain added more than two and three-quarter millions (2,862,547) to her inhabitants; France less than 700,000 (671,144). In other words, the British in that decade were increasing more than four times as rapidly as the French. What is more, the rate in the case of France has been progressive, and has recently been more rapid than ever. Between 1876 and 1881 the addition to the French

population was over three-quarters of a million (768,280); between 1881 and 1886 it dropped to about half a million (546,055); but between 1886 and 1891 it went down to less than a fourth of this (124,289). In these fifteen years Great Britain, on the other hand, has increased by over four and a half millions, while France has added less than one and a half millions (Britain 4,597,019, against France 1,437,404).

It must, moreover, be remembered, in comparing the progress and reproductive vitality of the two nations, that in spite of the enormous increase in the population of the British Isles, there has been a vast emigration of British and Irish-born persons going on throughout the nineteenth century, while from France the emigration has been relatively quite insignificant. While the British population at home has risen from less than 16,000,000 (15,896,412) in 1801, to over 39,000,000 (39,134,166) in 1895—an increase of over 23,000,000—11,500,000 persons of British and Irish birth have left the Old Country for new homes over the seas. In the same period of ninety-five years the French have only added about 11,000,000 to their numbers at home (having increased from 27,500,000 in 1801 to, it is estimated, 38,500,000 in 1895), while the total number of emigrants of French birth in the whole of the nine and a-half decades amounts to less than 500,000. The British and Irish emigration in that period has, therefore, been equal to, if it has not outnumbered, the entire addition to the population of France and the whole French-born emigrants put together, while Great Britain, quite apart from her emigrants, has also added twice as many people as France to her home population.

VANCOUVER ISLAND.

The Only Deposit of Good Coal on the Pacific Coast.

Professor W. J. Sutton, recently assistant professor in the Michigan School of Mines, has made a report on his reconnaissance of Vancouver Island to the Minister of Mines. The immediate occasion of the report was the new work in progress at the gold fields of Alberni. There is perhaps no other island in Queen Victoria's dominions which possesses so much interest at the present time. The island is about 300 miles long, by a breadth varying from 20 to 60 miles. The capital of the province of British Columbia, Victoria, is situated near the east end of the island. The west side of the island is indented by deep inlets, or canals as they are sometimes called. One of these, the Alberni canal, extends for over twenty miles into the interior, and is of sufficient depth along the whole distance to float the largest warships.

The chief economic value of the island hitherto has been its coal, of which it possesses the only deposit of

FIRST-RATE QUALITY

yet discovered on the Pacific coast of North America. All but about 200,000 tons of the annual output is shipped to United States ports—California taking about two-thirds, and the States north of her the remainder. Recently however, the mining operations at Alberni have attracted attention, and the report as to their extent and probable productiveness made by Professor Sutton is an encouraging one. The gold-bearing surface soil of the island has long been known to cover an extensive area, but it is not very well situated for working. The interior of the island is far from having been at all thoroughly explored; in fact, the inhabitants are not an enterprising lot, even compared with the fellow-colonists of the mainland. They derive their traditions from the old days of the Hudson's Bay Company, when the only residents were officials, who had an easy time of it while Indians did all the work. The waters around the island swarm with the finest fish, but except the salmon no commercial advantage is taken of this astonishing source of wealth. From one point of view the most interesting feature of Vancouver Island is the naval station at Esquimalt, with its extensive arsenal and dry-dock, the finest on the Pacific coast. The dock is built of sandstone imbedded in cement, is 457 feet long, 57 wide, and 27 deep. The machinery connected with it received considerable notice and commendation at the time it was put into place. Vancouver Island is the

WESTERN BULWARK

of the Dominion of Canada. As the province becomes better settled and its resources more fully developed, the island will not only maintain but exceed in value its present high position. Indeed, for its coal deposits alone it is a possession incomparably more valuable than any other of approximately equal size in those parts of the world. It is England's good fortune to possess the two coal deposits which supply the western Pacific coast of this continent with its steam coal. They are at the extremities of the great ocean—one in New South Wales, the other in Vancouver Island. As to the last, her possession is bull luck, for when the boundary was arranged giving her the island, the existence of coal was neither known nor suspected. Separated from it by a narrow strait, the United States are out of luck that they have no field of nearly equal quality and value. Had they in a critical juncture in the past maintained the rights expressed in the cry:—"Fifty-four forty, or fight," Vancouver Island would now form a part of the Union, and the position of the Dominion of Canada would be a vastly different one from what it is.—New York Evening Sun.

A Narrow Escape.

Mrs. Genteel—You brought no card, Marie.
Marie—No, mum; the gent said he had none. He says as how he's your Uncle Jake, from Hayswood Farm, where you and the hull family spent the summer, mum. He's got a big time-worn satchel with him, mum.
Maisy! Tell him I beg of him, for the love he bears us all, to hurry to a doctor and get vaccinated, and then get out of the city as soon as possible.

HOUSEHOLD.

A True Story of Doughnuts.

"Meadowend Doughnuts." That was the sign that had stared me in the face week in and week out in the window of an unpretentious little store on Main street. It was a queer, old-fashioned place, where you could buy anything from knitting needles to castile soap. It almost attracted you because of its old-time style. Three or four dull lamps lighted the interior, which you entered by a flight of stone steps guarded by a slender iron railing. It was a nondescript sort of store, but clean and fresh, and somehow after I had glanced at "Meadowend doughnuts" for three or four weeks I made up my mind to try them.

"Ten cents for half a dozen," I repeated when the fresh-faced young woman answered my inquiry about the doughnuts. "Why, that is double the price the bakers ask."

"Yes," she said, smilingly, "only these are not bakers' doughnuts. Will you try them?"

"Yes," I said doubtfully. The box she brought me looked fresh and dainty. It was a plain white pasteboard affair, but it was tied neatly with white twine and the "Meadowend doughnuts" in neat script on the top was just unique enough to make you wonder who the writer was and where Meadowend was situated. It brought to mind a big, fresh, cheery farmhouse where butter and eggs and fresh cream, milk, etc., were to be had in abundance. Next morning when I opened the box, for doughnuts go so well with coffee, you know, I felt as if I'd a half dozen was cheap. The box was lined neatly with white tissue paper, and such doughnuts! They were of the variety they called raised, and they were delicate, sweet, spicy, soft as to interior, and brown and crisp as to exterior, with a powdering of soft sugar about them. They never made you dream of the lard kettle; they would not have quarreled with the most uncertain digestion, and—well, we had never known before what doughnuts and coffee meant.

That evening I called at this little store again and this time I carried off two boxes after a chat with the bright little saleswoman. "Where is Meadowend?" I asked. "And who makes the doughnuts?" "Meadowend is fifty miles from here I used to live there and when I was home last summer I spent the day with an old schoolmate. She was in sad straits. Her husband had died, leaving her with three children and an old-fashioned farmhouse. She could neither sell or rent. She couldn't leave home to work. There was nothing to do thereabout, and she didn't know where to turn. We sat talking over things at supper time and I asked her suddenly, "Why don't you sell your doughnuts?"

"Who'd buy them?" she said; "everybody round here does their own baking."

"You let me have a batch of nice fresh ones to take back with me," I said, and when I came home I had a big basketful of Helen's doughnuts. I didn't send her more than a dollar for that lot, for I gave them away among neighbors and customers. But the next week I sent her an order that kept her baking for one day. Now she has a hired girl to help her. She buys boxes, twine and paper wholesale, sends a huge crate here by express every afternoon, pays me a little commission on the sails, and—well, last week I sent her a check for \$35. Next week she begins to supply customers in a town nearer her home. Her doughnuts have made a comfortable home of the old Meadowend farmhouse."

Hams Made Savory.

Baked Ham.—Soak the ham in cold water over night; trim, wipe dry, cover it with a paste made of flour and water, and bake in a slow oven. When done, take off the crust and peel off the skin; allow to cool, glaze, and garnish with carrots and beets cut into fancy shapes.

Boiled Ham.—Place the ham in a pot with enough water to cover it, and add two heads of celery, two turnips, three onions, a bunch of sweet herbs, and two bay leaves; simmer four hours. Remove the skin, sprinkle with pepper and allspice; brown in a quick oven.

Boiled Ham (2).—Soak the ham over night; drain, and set on the fire with enough water to completely cover it; add one bottle of sherry or sweet Catawab wine, and some rosemary. When done, skin, sprinkle with sugar, and burn with a salamander.

Stuffed Ham.—Soak the ham over night; put in cold water and boil slowly and steadily until thoroughly done; when done remove the skin. Make a dressing as follows: One cup of bread-crumbs moistened with milk; season with allspice and cloves, powdered a tablespoonful of thyme, the same of marjoram and savory, a tablespoonful of butter, and a raw egg; mix well. Make incisions all over the ham, and fill them with the above mixture; rub the ham well with the yolk of an egg and cover with bread-crumbs; bake in a slow oven for an hour.

York Ham.—Wash and scrape the ham, put in a sauce-pan with enough cold water to cover it; add two carrots, two onions, celery, cloves, a blade of mace, thyme, and bay leaves; simmer very slowly for four hours; allow to cool in the liquor. When cold remove the rind, cut into thin slices, and serve with any rich salad.

Dont's for Wives.

Don't expect impossibilities from your husband.

Don't snub him in the presence of strangers.

Don't henpeck him just because you know he is quiet and will stand it.

Don't treat him as if you had come down off a pedestal to marry him.

Don't worry him to death because you cannot have your dearest wish granted.

Don't run to your mother with all his faults; rather keep his good qualities to light and hide his failures.

Don't think that now you are married he doesn't care whether you curl your hair or not.

Don't expect him to be amiable with a breakfast of tough steak, greasy potatoes, cold rolls, and muddy coffee.

Don't have cold suppers. Remember the nearest way to a man's heart is through his stomach.

Don't sit up waiting for your husband. Go to bed; get all the sleep you can. In the morning when you are looking and feeling your best, if you have anything to say, say it; nine chances out of ten you will win.

PECULIAR ROBBERIES.

Cabs, Elephants, Wagons, and Even Houses Stolen by Bold Thieves.

Now and again it happens that a genius in crime arises who considers the ordinary robbery unworthy of his abilities, and therefore he goes in for removing articles of an extraordinary nature, says a London (Eng.) paper. For example, take the man who stole the coffee-stall the other day. It was a nice coffee-stall, replete with urns, cups and saucers, plates, knives and forks and spoons, and a good supply of comestibles, ranging from shop eggs to lumps of cake cut with mathematical precision.

The stall stood before its owner's home, and behind some old railings of iron and wood. The full audacity of the robbery will be realized on learning that the thief did not take down the railings or even wait for a suitable time. He just selected a moment when the proprietor was out of the way, and then took out the stall at 6 o'clock in the evening, just as its owner was in the habit of doing when about to set up his traveling coffee shop near a large gas factory a mile or two away. The perpetrator of this extraordinary robbery was detected through the agency of a friend of the real proprietor who partook of refreshments at the stall.

Quite recently there have been two or three cases recorded in the papers of cab stealing; this we can quite understand, for a horse and cab is a nice little property, wherewith one can earn a decent living. But what shall be said of the man who

STOLE AN ELEPHANT?

This same elephant escaped from a circus procession that was winding its way through the streets of a suburb of Liverpool. The great animal wandered for many miles and eventually stopped at a farm, the proprietor whereof promptly annexed the valuable brute, and was foolish enough to sell it to the next circus proprietor that chanced to be in the vicinity. The farmer's reason for getting rid of the elephant was the prodigious quantity of food the animal consumed. We need hardly say that the whole silly proceeding ended in the conviction of the farmer, though he got off with three months' imprisonment.

There are at least two cases on record of a man stealing a house. One of these was a portable corrugated-iron structure, which ran on wheels and belonged to a great contractor, whose manager used it as a pay box, while the other was an ordinary semi-detached suburban residence. How could such a house be stolen? Well, the alleged thief simply took possession of it, put himself in a state of siege, and then set the real owner at defiance. After a long and most exasperating course of law proceedings the real owner recovered his house and the claimant was dislodged.

Horses and vans have been stolen, of course; so have whole houses of furniture, if we may use the term. The latter unique robbery is worked in this way: A householder going abroad will perhaps warehouse his furniture at some well-known repository, and the thieves will contrive to impersonate him, and in many cases get possession of the whole of his household goods.

FORTUNE TELLING.

Burglars Who Ask Advice as to Seasonable Safe Cracking.

Is superstition dying out? Judging from an interview which one of our contributors had with a well-known astrologer, we should say it is not, says London Tid-Bits. Our informant claims to have foretold the destruction of the ill-fated battleship Victoria, and the assassination of President Carnot.

"What is, perhaps, still more extraordinary," said he, "I number among my clients scores of business men who, when they are about to embark on some hazardous commercial enterprise, have 'horary figures' cast, showing the state of the heavens at the approximate moment they resolved upon the venture." "How long does it take to cast a horoscope?"

"About twenty minutes," was the reply, "providing the correct data be forthcoming. It may interest you to know that Jupiter is by far the best planet to be born under. Mars gives conceit and energy, Mercury, intellect, and the sun, pride and power." "The most extraordinary client I ever had? Well, what would you think of an export burglar who wanted a horary figure cast of the approximate moment he was about to attack a West End house? He wanted to know whether it was worth while, whether it was a safe thing, and, in short, if the auguries were favorable."

Large Abilities.

Oh, George, dear, said the anxious girl, who had been waiting while her lover interviewed her papa on matrimonial topics, what did papa say?

Agnes, love, replied George diplomatically, I don't think your papa's friends half appreciate what a vigorous speaker he is, nor what a wonderful resource of language he possesses.

The entrance and Public school leaving examinations will take place on the 24th, 25th and 26th of June next, a week earlier than usual.

REVENGED AT ANY COST.

Odd Stories Illustrating the Vagaries of a Human Passion.

The desire for revenge is a failing which may be attributed to most human beings, and, although to do so may place one within reach of the law, there are very few people who will forego punishing an enemy if an opportunity presents itself. Some of the methods employed are very queer and eccentric, and happily do not always have a serious result. Many of these revenges, as in the following case, may be attributed to disappointed love, which seems to especially turn the brain of youthful people.

In the Rue de Tolbiac, Paris, there is a saloon at which on Saturday and Sunday evenings dances used to be organized by the young people of the district, who enjoyed themselves under the watchful eyes of their parents and guardians. Among the dancers at these fetes was a young man who had vainly paid his addresses to a fair damsel. Instead of taking the rebuff in a philosophical manner he resolved on vengeance, and, being a druggist, he thought himself of a means whereby he might upset the festivities.

He went to the saloon on a Saturday evening provided with a bag containing a powder which produces the same effect as snuff on the olfactory nerves, and bestrewed the floor with it.

THE RESULT

more than realized his desire. Couples had to abandon the mazy waltz and give themselves up to violent sneezing, and finally the party broke up long before the usual hour. Encouraged by the success of his trick, the druggist returned to the charge on the following Saturday, but, unluckily for him, was detected in the act.

The company, in the utmost exasperation, decided that he should be evicted then and there; but the druggist showing fight, and seizing a footstool, hurled it in the direction of his antagonist, knocking down a girl of sweet 17. This was the signal for a general scrimmage, in the course of which blows were freely exchanged, amid a chorus of sneezes. Eventually the druggist was arrested by the police, who had been summoned to the spot, while a man who had an eye considerably damaged in the fray was removed to the nearest hospital.

Radcliffe, the famous physician, once had a violent and lasting quarrel with Chief Justice Holt. The wife of the great lawyer was a lady of exemplary virtue, but of very shrewish disposition—so shrewish, in fact, that when at one time she fell ill it was no secret that the lord chief justice was in rather jubilant expectation of her demise. The lady, however, seemed to be determined to disappoint him, if possible, and in order to pique him put herself under the care of Radcliffe. The doctor instantly saw an opportunity worthy of his genius, and in order to

HAVE HIS REVENGE

took the most zealous and assiduous pains to preserve this most troublesome thorn in his adversary's side. Under his skillful treatment the patient rapidly recovered her health, and survived her husband many years.

The vicar of a north country town some time ago was made the victim of a cruel hoax. Orders with his signature forged thereto were sent to tradesmen, newspapers, solicitors, detectives, and even clergymen, asking them to perform various services for the vicar. Both the victim and the recipients of the letters were put to a great deal of trouble, and the clergyman to some expense, through some person's desire to thus revenge him.

A very curious revenge was that of the assistant of a London clockmaker who was recently discharged by his master. At midnight there was a tremendous noise in the shop. The police rushed in and much alarm was caused. The dismissed employe had set all the alarms to strike at that time. He evidently intended to surprise his master, and most certainly did so.

Possibly the following incident may serve as a moral to adorn this article. A cat belonging to a man in Kankakee became so troublesome that he decided to drown it. He waded out into the stream and plunged the cat beneath the water. Then he discovered he had stepped into a hole. In a few minutes he was drowned. The cat went home alone.

TRIUMPH OF SCIENCE.

A Light by Which the Interior of Substances May be Photographed.

The noise of war's alarms should not distract attention from the marvellous triumph of science which is reported from Vienna. It is announced that Prof. Routgen of the Wurzburg University has discovered a light which, for the purposes of photography, will penetrate wood, flesh, and most other organic substances. The Professor has succeeded in photographing metal weights which were in a closed wooden case, also a man's hand which shows only the bones, the flesh being invisible.

The London Chronicle correspondent says the discovery is simple. The Professor takes a so-called Crooke's pipe, viz.: a vacuum glass pipe with an induction current going through it, and by means of rays which the pipe emits photographs on ordinary photographic plates.

"In contrast with the ordinary rays of light these rays penetrate organic matter and other opaque substances just as ordinary rays penetrate glass."

He has also succeeded in photographing hidden metals with a cloth thrown over the camera. The rays penetrated not only the wooden case containing the metals but the fabric in front of the negative.

The Professor is already using his discovery to photograph broken limbs and bullets in human bodies.

Use of Science

Customer—These pants are all out of style. They are tight.

Dealer—Mein frent, you go through von scientific college and you vind dot cold contracts. You veer dose bants dill dey gid varmed oop, und dey vill look like dey was made vor dot Duke of Marlborough.