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The Canadian Champion
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VOLUME 27. MILTON, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1887. NO. 11.

Sittings of the Division Courts of the Co. of Halton.
For the Year 1887

Place of Sittings and P. O. Address of Clerks.	Clerks.	Jan.	Mar.	May.	July.	Sep.	Nov.	Hour of Opening
1 Milton	Wm. Panton	28	25	27	15	30	25	10 a.m.
2 Oakville	R. Balmer	12	9	4	13	7	2	10 a.m.
3 Georgetown	L. Grant	18	15	10	12	13	8	9.30 a.m
4 Acton	J. Matthews	20	17	12	"	15	10	10 a.m.
5 Campbellville	S. R. Lister	14	11	6	"	9	4	9.30 "
6 Burlington	G. C. Bastedo	11	8	3	"	6	1	11 "

General Sessions of the Peace and County Court Sittings, with or without Jury. Tuesday 14th June, and 13th December, at 10 a.m.
County Court Sittings, without Jury, Tuesday, 4th April, and 3rd October, at 10 a.m.
County Court Sittings—Formerly Terms—Monday, 3rd January, 4th April, 4th July, and 3rd October, at 10 a.m.
Judges Chambers.—Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week, except on Court days and during vacation; at 11 a.m.
Audit of Criminal Justice Accounts—Tuesday, 4th January, 5th April, 5th July & 4th October.
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DORA THORNE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"HER MOTHER'S SIN."

Lionel let him bring his wife and daughter to see what had been done; and they turned to the author of it with grateful eyes, thanking him for the kind thought which had spared their feelings. Green trees flourished now on the spot where the water had glistened in the sun, birds sang in their branches, green grass and ferns grew round their roots.

Yet amongst the superstitious strange stories were told. They said that the wind, when it rustled amongst those trees, wailed with a cry like that of one drowning; that the leaves trembled and shivered as they did upon no other branches; that the stirring of them resembled deep-drawn sighs. They said flowers would not grow in the thick grass, and that the antlered deer shunned the spot.

As much as possible the interior arrangements at Earlescourt had been altered. Lillian had rooms prepared for her in the other wing; those that had belonged to her hapless sister were left undisturbed. Lady Dora kept the keys; it was known when she had been visiting them—the dark eyes bore traces of weeping.

Beatrice had not been forgotten, and never would be. Her name was on Lillian's lips a hundred times each day. They had been twin sisters, and it always seemed to her that part of herself lay in the churchyard at the foot of the hill.

Gaspar Lawrence had gone abroad—he could not endure the sight or name of home. Lady Lawrence hoped that time would heal a wound nothing else could touch. When, after some years, he did return, it was seen that his sorrow would last for life. He never married—he never cared for the name of any woman save that of Beatrice Earlo.

* * * * * * *

A week after their return, Lillian Earle stood one evening watching from the deep oriel window the sun's last rays upon the flowers, Lionel joined her, and she knew from his face that he had come to ask the question she had declined to answer before.

"I have done penance, Lillian," he said, "if ever man has. For two years I have devoted time, care and thought to those you love, for your sake; for two years I have tried night and day to learn for your sake to become a better man. Do not visit my fault too heavily upon me. I am hasty and passionate; I doubted you who were true and pure; but, Lillian, in the loneliness and sorrow of these two years I have suffered bitterly for my sin. I know you are above all coquetry. Tell me Lillian, will you be my wife?"

She gave him the answer he longed to hear, and Lionel Dacre went straight to Lord Earle. He was delighted—it was the very marriage upon which he had set his heart years before. Lady Dora was delighted too; she smiled more brightly over it than she had smiled since the early days of her married life. Lady Helena rejoiced when they told her, although it was not unexpected news to her, for she had been Lionel's confidante during Lillian's illness.

There was no reason why the marriage should be delayed; the June roses were blooming then, and it was arranged that it should take place in the month of August.

There were to be no grand festivities—no one had heart for them; the wedding was to be quiet, attended only by a few friends; and Lord Earle succeed in obtaining a promise from Lionel which completely not his heart at rest. It was that he would never seek another home—that he and Lillian would consent to live at Earlescourt. Her father could not endure the thought of parting with her.

"It will be your home, Lionel," he said, "in the course of years. Make it so now. We shall be one family, and I think a happy one."

So it was arranged, much to everybody's delight. A few days before the wedding took place, a letter came which seamed to puzzle Lord Earle very much. He folded it without speaking, but, when breakfast was ended, he drew his wife's hand within his own.

"Dora," he said, "there will never be any secrets between us for the future. I want you to read this letter—it is from Valentine Charteris that was, Princess Borgezi that is. She is in England, at Grenoke, and asks permission to come to Lillian's wedding; the answer must rest with you, dear."

She took the letter from him and read it through; the noble heart of the woman spoke in every line, yet in some vague way Dora dreaded to look again upon the calm, grand beauty of Valentine's face.

"Have no fear, Dora, in saying just what you think," said her husband; "I would not have our present happiness clouded for the world. One word will suffice—if you do, not quite like the thought, I will write to her and ask her to defer the visit."

But Dora would not be outdone in magnanimity. With resolute force, she cast from her every unworthy thought.

"Let her come, Ronald," she said, raising her clear dark eyes to his. "I shall be pleased to see her. I owe her some amends."

He was unfeignedly pleased, and so was every one else. Lady Helena alone felt some little doubt as to Dora's capability of control ing herself.

The Princess Borgezi was to come alone; she had not said at what hour they might expect her.

Lady Dora hardly understood why her thoughts went back so constantly to her lost child. Beatrice had lived the beautiful, gracious woman who was coming to visit them. It may have been that which prompted her, on the day before Lillian's marriage, when the house was alive with the bustle and turmoil of preparation, to go to the silent solitary rooms where her daughter's voice had once made sweetest music.

She was there alone for some time; it was Lord Earle who found her, and tried to still her bitter weeping.

"It is useless, Ronald," she cried; "I cannot help asking why my bright, beautiful darling should be lying there. It is only two years since a wedding wreath was made for her."

Nothing would comfort her but a visit to her daughter's grave. It was a long walk, but she preferred taking it alone. She said she should feel better after it. They yielded to her wish. Before she had quitted the house many minutes the Princess Borgezi arrived.

There was no restraint in Ronald's greeting. He was heartily glad to see her—glad to look once more on the loveliest of Grecian forms that had proved to him noble, loyal, true. Years ago, the only model for Queen Guinivere. They talked for a few minutes; then Valentine, turning to him, said—

"Now let me see Lady Dora. My visit is really to her."

They told her either she had gone this way, but Valentine entered the churchyard alone.

Through the thick green foliage she saw the shining of the white marble cross, and the dark dress of Dora, who knelt by the grave.

She went up to her. Her footsteps, falling noiselessly on the soft grass, were unheard by the weeping mother.

Valentine knelt by her side. Dora, looking up, saw the calm face beaming down upon her, ineffable tenderness in the clear eyes. She felt the clasp of Valentine's arms, and heard a sweet whisper.

"Dora, I have followed you here to ask you to try to love me and to pardon me for my share in your unhappy past. For the love of your dead child, who loved me, bury here all difference and all dislike."

She could not refuse, for the first time Lord Earle's wife laid her head upon that noble woman's shoulder, and wept away her sorrow while Valentine soothed her with loving words.

Over the grave of a child the two women were reconciled—all dislike, jealousy, and envy died away for ever. Peace and love took their place.

In the after-time there was something remarkable in Dora's reverential love for Valentine. Lord Earle often said that in his turn he was jealous of her. His wife had no higher ideal, no truer friend than the Princess Borgezi.

The wedding-day dawned; at last and for a time all trace of sadness was hidden away. Lord Earle would have it so. He said that that which should be the happiest day of Lillian's life must not be clouded. Such sad thoughts of the lost Beatrice as came into the minds of those who had loved her remained unspoken.

The summer sun never shone upon a more lovely bride, nor upon a fairer scene than that wedding. The pretty country church was decorated with flowers and crowded with spectators.

Side by side at the altar stood Lady Dora Earle and Valentine. People said afterward they could not distinguish; they admired most—Lady Helena's stately magnificence, Dora's sweet, simple elegance, or the Princess Borgezi's statuesque Grecian beauty.

Lord Earle had prepared a surprise for Dora. When the little wedding party returned from church, the first to greet them were Stephen Thorne, now a white-headed old man, and his wife. The first to shower them, all honour and respect were Lord Earle and his mother. Valentine was charmed with their homely simplicity.

For months after they returned to Knutsford the old people talked of "the lady with the beautiful face, who had been so kind and gracious to them."

Lord Airlie did not attend the wedding, but he urged Lionel to spend his honey-moon at Lynnton Hall, and Lillian had willingly consented.

So they drove away when the wedding-breakfast was over, a hundred wishes for their happiness following them, loving words ringing after them. Relatives, friends, and servants had crowded round them; and Lillian's courage gave way at last. She turned to Lionel, as though praying him to shorten their time of parting.

"Heaven bless you my darling!" whispered Dora to her child. "And mind, never—come what may—never be jealous of your husband."

"Good-by, Lionel," said Lord Earle, clasping the true, honest hand in his; "and, if ever my darling here tries you be patient with her."

The story of a life-time was told in these two behests.

CHAPTER XLV.

Ten years had passed since the wedding-bells chimed for the marriage of Lillian Earle. New life had come to Earlescourt. Children's happy voices made music there; the pattering of the little feet sounded in the large, stately rooms; pretty rosy faces made light and sunshine.

The years had passed so swiftly and peacefully as a happy dream. One event had happened which had saddened Lord Earle for a few days—the death of the pretty, coquettish Countess Rosalie. She had not forgotten him; there came to him from her sorrowing husband a ring, which she had asked he might be given to him.

Gaspar Lawrence was still abroad, and there was apparently no likelihood of his return. The Princess Borgezi with her husband and children, had paid several visits to the hall. Valentine had one pretty little daughter, upon whom Lionel's son was supposed to look with great affection. She had other daughters—the eldest, a tall, graceful girl, inherited her father's Italian face and dark, dreamy eyes. Strange to say, she was not unlike Beatrice. It may have been that circumstance which first directed Lord Airlie's attention to her. He met her at Earlescourt, and paid her more attention than he paid to any one since he had loved so unhappily years before.

No one was much surprised when he married her. And Helena Borgezi made a good wife. She knew his story, and how much of his heart lay in the grave of his lost love. He was kind, gentle, and affectionate to her, and Helena valued his thoughtful, faithful attachment more than she would have valued the deepest and most passionate love of another man.

One room at Lynnton was never unlocked; strange feet never entered it; curious eyes never looked round it. It was the pretty boudoir built but never furnished, for Hubert Airlie's first love. gentle wife was devoted to him, blooming children smiled around him; but he never forgot Beatrice. In his dreams, at times, Helena heard her name on his lips; but she was not jealous of the dead. No year passed in which he did not visit the grave where Beatrice Earle sleps her last long sleep.

* * * * * * *

Dora seemed to grow young again with Lillian's children. She nursed and tended them. Lady Helena, with zealous eyes, looked after Bertrand, the future lord of Earlescourt, a brave, handsome boy, his father's pride and Lillian's torment and delight, who often said he was richer than any other lad in the county, for he had three mothers, while others had but one.

The sun was setting over the fair broad lands of Earlescourt; the western sky was all aflame; the flowers were thirsting for the soft dew which had just begun to fall.

Out in the rose-garden, where long ago a love story had been told, were standing a group that an artist would have been delighted to sketch.

Lionel had some choice roses in bloom, and after dinner the whole party had gone out to see them. Lady Helena Earle was seated on the garden chair whereon Beatrice had once sat, listening to the words which had gladdened her brief life. A number of fair children played around her.

Looking on them with pleased eyes was a gentle, graceful lady. Her calm, sweet face had a story in it, the wondrous dark eyes had in them a shadow of some sorrow not yet lived down. Lady Dora Earle was happy, the black clouds had passed away. She was her husband's best friend, his truest counsellor; and Ronald had forgotten that she was ever spoken of as "lowly born." The dignity of her character, acquired by long years of stern discipline, asserted itself; no one in the whole country side was more loved and respected than Lady Dora Earle.

Ronald, Lord Earle, was lying on the grass at his wife's feet. He looked older, and the luxuriant hair was threaded with silver; and there were peace and calm in his face.

He laughed at Lillian and her husband, conversing so anxiously over the roses.

"They are lovers yet," he said to Dora, and she glanced smilingly at them.

The words were true. Ten years married, they were lovers yet. There was gentle forbearance on one side, an earnest wish to do right on the other. Lillian Dacre never troubled her head about "women's rights;" she had no idea of trying to fill her husband's place; if her opinion on voting was asked, the chances were that she would smile and say, "Lionel manages all those matters." Yet in her own kingdom she reigned supreme; her actions were full of wisdom, her words full of kindly thought. The quiet, serene beauty of her youth had developed into that of magnificent womanhood. The fair *spiritual* face was poerless in her husband's eyes. There was no night or day during which Lionel Dacre did not thank heaven for that crown of all great gifts, a good and gentle wife.

There was a stir amongst the children, a tall dark gentleman was seen crossing the lawn, and Lionel cried, "Here is Gaspar Lawrence, with his arms full of toys—these children will be completely spoiled!"

The little ones rushed forward, and Bertrand, in his hurry, fell over a pretty child with large dark eyes and dark hair. Lord Earle jumped up and caught Lee in his arms.

"Bertie, my boy," he said, "always be kind to little Beatrice!" The child clasped her arms round his neck. He kissed the dark eyes and murmured to himself, "poor little Beatrice."

The summer wind that played amongst the roses, lifting the golden rippling hair from Lillian's forehead and tossing her little girl's curls into Lord Earle's face, was singing a sweet low requiem among the trees that shaded the grave of Beatrice Earlo.

THE END.

Occasional Papers—No. 2.

True to his promise, Rabban Gamaliel on the following morning lectured his pupils on wine, directing his discourse more especially to Javan. The teacher had at hand ready for illustration a few bottles of wine of different qualities, several wine glasses and a basket of grapes fresh gathered from the vines.

Before entering into an investigation of the meaning of the several words used in scripture to designate wine, he said, "it is important that we should make a few general reflections upon wine and its use. Wine, my dear children, is undoubtedly one of God's creatures. It is one of His gifts to man." Then taking up a cluster of red grapes, he pressed their juice into a glass, which he handed to the young men that they might taste its contents.

"You observe," he said, "that the juice, though pressed from red grapes, is an intensely sweet, yellowish liquid; but the wine made from these grapes is generally red. The reason of this is that the coloring matter is contained in the husks of the berry. If the juice in that glass were allowed to ferment, the wine would be yellow. Red grapes may be made to yield a white wine, if the husks of the grapes be removed from the must before fermentation begins. But if the skins be left in the fermenting mass the vinous property as it is formed dissolves the coloring matter, producing the different shades of red wine. Thus we see if the grapes are bruised up together and fermentation allowed to take place in the resulting must the color of the wine will be according to the original color of the grape. If we remove the husks a white-ish yellow wine will be produced. But when we strain the juice very carefully, as we can do by means of a tedious and costly process of filtration, no fermentation will take place. Grape wine, when left to itself after having been thus clarified, may remain unchanged for an indefinite time, but when mixed with over so little of unfiltered juice it is sure sooner or later to undergo a change, which manifests itself in the appearance of a turbidity in the liquid. This change is the beginning of that fermentation which results in the wine. Now, before we go any further, please tell me what you have learned from these remarks?"

"I learn," said Javan, "that wine is the creature of God. The direct work of His Hand."

"How do you know that?"

"Because it is the natural result of His laws, and the unfermented juice of the grape must of necessity become wine unless man interpose and prevent the fermentation by means of a costly and artificial process."

"You are right," said Gamaliel, "and this turbidity of which I have spoken is owing to two causes, viz: (1) the evolution of carbonic acid, and (2) the formation within the liquid of a finely divided solid, which, through the gas-evolution, is partly kept in suspension, partly thrown up to the surface as a scum, and which is known by the name of 'yeast.' The process, from an almost imperceptible beginning, gradually develops into a more and more vivid effervescence (which not unfrequently assumes the character of a violent ebullition), the yeast at the same time becoming more and more abundant; and when a sufficient quantity of must is operated on, the temperature of the fermenting mass soon rises perceptibly beyond that of the surrounding air. Sooner or later of course the reaction reaches a climax, from which onwards it gradually loses in intensity until at last it dies out. The yeast then settles down as a slimy deposit, above which there is left a clear yellow liquid, which, instead of the originally sweet, now has a 'vinous' taste, and is endowed with that well-known physiological action characteristic of fermented liquors (§) Of course if the husks of the grapes were used the wine, instead of being a clear yellow liquid, would be red. Kindly repeat what I told you, in your own words, that I may know whether you understand my meaning or not?"

"Carbonic acid is evolved," said Javan, "and a finely divided solid called yeast is formed, which gradually increases in abundance until it reaches a climax. It then gradually loses in intensity until at length it dies out, leaving a clear and pure liquid behind."

"You are quite correct," said Gamaliel, "and you are now in a way to understand the words of the wise man: 'Look not then upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it maveth itself aright.' During the process of fermentation the yeast of the red grape has a fiery red, and if you pour the liquid out of a cup many of these fiery particles remain attached to the sides. I need scarcely point out to you that the expression 'moving itself aright' has reference in this place to the process of fermentation. The context shows this. Now wine in the act of fermentation is not fit to drink. As Solomon says, "at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." But when the wine is thoroughly purified by fermentation its fiery red becomes mellowed and softened, it leaves no sediment or dregs on the sides of the vessel, and it has not that violent action which the wise man calls 'moving itself aright.' It is then fit for use. This passage from the book of proverbs forbids the use of wine when partially fermented, or when adulterated, in either of which cases a sediment remains on the sides of the cup; but it has no reference to pure wine, which leaves no sediment. See, he added, handing Javan a glass of pure wine, "how clear and pure this liquid is. Drink it, Javan, and see if it leaves any dregs behind."

Javan did as he was directed, and said: "No, I cannot see any color remaining in the cup."

"Now, said Gamaliel, pouring out some partly fermented juice as he spoke, "look at this cup and see how the impurities cling to its sides."

None of the members of the class had seen this experiment before and they all expressed themselves greatly surprised at the difference between the two results.

"Certainly," said Saul, "you have made this passage very clear to us. It has a force I never before noticed."

"And now," said Gamaliel, "we must enter upon the consideration of another question. Is the use of wine beneficial to man? We have shown it is a creature of God. Is it good for the use of man? Pure wine made from choice grapes has always been noted for its delicious flavor. The Psalmist justly classes wine, oil and bread together. You remember that he says that it is God who 'causeth the grass to grow for the cattle and herb for the service of man: that He may bring forth food out of the earth; and wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine, and bread which strengtheneth man's heart.' In the use of wine discretion should be exercised. It should not be taken habitually by the young. Up to the period of full development the daily use of wine should be allowed only during illness and the express attendance of a medical adviser. Its habitual consumption by healthy children hastens forward the crisis of puberty, checks growth, and habituates them to the artificial sensation induced by spirituous liquor. (a) The effect on a healthy man of taking with a meal such a quantity of fermented liquor as puts him at ease with himself and the world around, without untoward exhilaration, is to arrest the wear of the nervous system, especially that part employed in emotion and sensation. Just as often, then, as the zest for food is raised to its normal standard by a little wine or beer with a meal, the moderate consumer is as much really better as he feels the better for it. (n) When a man tires himself by intellectual exertion, a moderate quantity of wine taken with food acts as an anæsthetic, stays the wear of the system which is going on, and allows the nerve force to be turned to the due digestion of the meal. But it must be followed by rest from toil and is in essence a part of the same treatment which includes rest—it is an artificial rest. To continue to labor and at the same time to take an anæsthetic is a physiological inconsistency. The drug merely blunts the useful feeling of weariness and prevents it from acting as a warning. There is no habit more fatal to a literary man than that of taking stimulants between meals; the vital powers go on wearing out more and more without their cry for help being perceived, and in the end break down irrevocably. As to quantity the appetite for solid food is the safest guide. If a better dinner or supper is eaten when it is accompanied by a certain amount of fermented liquor, that is the amount most suitable; if a worse, then an excess is committed, however little be taken. (c) As regards the proper quantity that may be used the two following questions naturally occur—How is a man to know when he has had enough? and what are the signs of too much? The ancients used to wear dark, red or purple engraved gems which they considered preservatives against excess and called them 'sober stones,' or 'amethysts.' These were cut in intaglio and worn on the fingers at festive gatherings. So long as the wearer could decipher the minute works of art they bore, he had not reached excess. I believe this custom is still practiced. A more delicate test still is the appreciation of temperature by the skin; if a draught does not chill, if a hot room fails to produce the usual discomfort, the wise man knows he has exceeded and must stop at once. In short the safest rule is that when there is a consciousness of any physical effect at all beyond that of satisfaction at the relief of bodily weariness—such a satisfaction as is felt on taking a good meal by a vigorous person—then the limits of moderation have been attained. On ordinary occasions of daily life, and for the stomach's sake, no more should be taken. Each fresh drop is a step downwards. But to the practiser of daily temperance, festive occasions are safe and may be beneficial. A man may from time to time loop up without harm the above mentioned sense of satisfaction by good and digestible wine in good company without fear of getting drunk or failure of health, if he makes it a law to himself to stop as soon as he experiences any hurry of ideas or indistinctness of the senses. In the autumn of life the advantages derived from fermented liquor are more advantageous and the injuries it can inflict less injurious to the body than in youth. (m) In fact as life advances and the circulation becomes languid wine in moderation becomes an essential, or at all events a valuable article of food. (n) Thus like the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, the fruit of the vine (wine) is good food pleasant to the eyes and to be desired to make one wise when used in moderation, as God would have it used. But, unlike the fruit of the tree of knowledge, wine is permitted for our use."

"Do you think," said Onkelos, "that as some men fall victims to the vice of intemperance, it would be advisable to prohibit the use of wine altogether?"

"I do not think so. You must remember that however degrading, demoralizing and pauperizing the vice of drunkenness may be, it is the out-come of a craving innate in human nature, whether civilized or savage, and there has been no period in the world's history and no nation on its surface, in which one or other, and often several simultaneously of the many natural or artificial nervine stimulants have not been employed, and well it has been for those who have used moderately (p); Wine or some other fermented drink has been used by all the great nations, ancient and modern; by Greeks, Jews, Romans. The habit is coeval with the dawn of recorded time as the Vodic hymns, the Hebrew records, the Greek, Roman, and Scandinavian mythologies show (o). All countries, whether civilized or savage, have, in every age prepared an intoxicating drink of some kind (q). I might multiply authorities on this point. 'I shall quote one more. It is idle to urge,' says a great scientist (t), 'that the subject of a carefully prepared experiment can be made to live in apparent health without the use of those substances vulgarly called narcotics if the practical fact be that *nations* cannot, and never have been able to do without them.' There is absolutely no period of history—there is absolutely no nation upon earth—in which indisputable evidence of their use may be found (s). There is a mighty nation in the land of Sin or Sinim (China) whose people form one third of the population of the whole world. This people use a stimulant made from the seeds of the poppy and known by the name of opium which is far more injurious than the worst and most potent of our strong drinks. They say that this drug is used by hundreds of millions of people, with the most disastrous results, and other deleterious drugs are to be found all the world over. The desire for stimulants is one of the strongest instincts of human nature. It cannot be annihilated, but may be regulated by reason, conscience, education, or by law when it encroaches on the rights of others or is injurious to the individual himself (x). The remedy that I would provide against drunkenness is this; I would encourage the use of the lighter and more wholesome beverages, such as native wine and beer. It is well known that where this is done there is very little drunkenness. Our own people, as a nation, have never been much addicted to this vice. It is true that at times they forfeited this good name as in the days of the prophet Isaiah, but as a rule our people have been characterized for their moderation in the use of wine. Not because any law forbade it use, for there never was a time when such a law existed among us, but rather because the use of good wine has been *encouraged*, with the result that comparatively few have been addicted to the use of the more powerful and injurious stimulants which have made drunkenness a national vice in other countries. This is true also, I believe, of all nations where the use of wine and beer is encouraged. Those mild beverages drive out the more potent stimulants and the people become more temperate in their drinking (z). To-morrow we will continue this subject and proceed to an investigation of the several words in scripture used to designate wine."

* See Miller's Chemistry.
† Encyclopædia Britannica: Article Fermentation, by Prof. Dittmar, Glasgow.
‡ It will be seen