

lating to syndicates. The majority would show whether they would rule with the Government in a Socialistic sense. The Government rejected a policy of exaggerated suppression, because such a policy would produce disorder, and that disorder would be followed by reaction. If the majority would not work, that would mean bankruptcy of legislation. He concluded: "I am no Eunuch of the Seraglio; I am sick of being accused of carrying on a dangerous policy. Messieurs les Radicaux (turning to the Left) I await you." (Applause from the Socialists, the Centre and some Radicals.)

After M. Briand had answered the remarks of several previous speakers, M. Clémenceau accepted an Order of the Day in which the confidence of the House in the Cabinet was expressed, and rejected every amendment to this Order of the Day.

After the House had refused priority to several Orders, the first part of M. Maujan's expressing confidence in the Government was carried by 351 votes to 214, the second part rejecting all amendments was passed by 325 to 236, and finally the Order as a whole by 343 votes to 210.

The House then adjourned.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF SPAIN.

The christening of the infant Prince of the Asturias has been fixed for Saturday next.

THE SITUATION IN MOROCCO.

The *Imparcial* announces from Melilla that the Shereefian steamship "Said" has fired on Fort Mar Chica and skirmishing still continues.

The Spanish portion of the crew of the "Said" has gone on strike.

The Ministry of the Exterior in Paris learns from Melilla that on the 11th of the month in the afternoon the Kapdanar Kabyles, supported by Shereefian troops, attacked the forces of the Pretender at Arkeman. After a rifle fire lasting two hours, during which some of the Kabyles left the firing line, the Shereefian troops followed the rebels to Buarey, half way to Zekuan. The cavalry on both sides fought with their swords. The losses on either side are not known but the Shereefian troops took many prisoners, plundered and set on fire all the houses in Arkeman, captured ammunition and 12 field tents, but failed to take some small intrenchments of the old Marchica factory whither some of the Pretender's troops had withdrawn.

CHURCH SERVICES.

ALL SAINTS' (ENGLISH) CHURCH.

Wiener Strasse.

Thursday, May 16th. *Octave of the Ascension.* 8.0 a.m. Holy Communion. 10.0 a.m. Matins.

Friday, May 17th. 11.0 a.m. Matins and Litany. 5.0 p.m. Choir Practice.

Saturday, May 18th. 10.0 a.m. Matins.

Chaplain: The Rev. C. A. Moore, M. A., B. C. L. Hon. assistant Chaplain: The Rev. M. S. Farmer, M. A.

THE AMERICAN CHURCH OF ST. JOHN.

Reichsplatz 5, at the head of Reichs Strasse.

Friday, May 17th. Litany 10.0 a.m.

The Rev. J. F. Butterworth, M. A., Rector.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

Bernhard Strasse 2, at corner of Bismarck Strasse and Winkelmann Strasse.—Services every Sunday at 11.0 a.m. Communion on the first Sunday of the month.—The Rev. J. Davis Bowden, Minister, Bernhard Strasse 2, I.

BRITISH AND AMERICAN REPRESENTATIVES.

THE BRITISH LEGATION: Elisen Strasse 5e. Minister Resident: *The Viscount Gough.*

THE BRITISH CONSULATE: Altmarkt 16.

British Consul: *H. Palmié, Esq.*

THE AMERICAN CONSULATE GENERAL: Ammon Strasse 2, p.

American Consul General: *T. St. John Gaffney, Esq.*

TIME'S REVENGE.

Rather more than two centuries ago England was indebted to Holland for its bulbs, and especially for its tulips. Today Holland receives a good many bulbs from England. The stretch of fenland from the Wash into Norfolk now presents a brilliant spectacle, there being acres of bloom, making vast tracts of colour. Tulips, daffodils, and narcissi are the principal "crops," and there is an important industry not merely in the bloom which is sent to the principal markets by the ton daily, but also in bulbs, which form a vital part of this new trade, which has been greatly developed in late years. Holland is popularly reputed to be the home of bulb cultivation, but some Lincolnshire growers are doing a thriving business by the export of bulbs to Holland, especially of tulips.

THE UNREST IN INDIA.

Several English journals called attention to the fact that Saturday was the fifteenth anniversary of the outbreak of the Indian mutiny, for on the tenth of May 1857 the native troops in Meerut stormed the gaol and started that movement which, owing to the incapacity of leaders and to the great disproportion of the numbers fighting on either side lasted so long and witnessed so many horrors. And by a curious coincidence the anniversary comes round this year just as we are hearing of anti-English riots in Lahore such as have not occurred since mutiny days, and those who tend the graves in that exquisite quiet garden which now surrounds the battered town of that Residence which formed the central point of the siege of Lucknow may well be wondering if the stirring times are coming back again. Pessimists there are, indeed, who are inclined to believe that a second edition of the Indian Mutiny is not only possible but probable, so deep was the resentment called forth by the recent partition of Bengal. But, as is pointed out by more sober journals, though it were idle to ignore the fact that there is in existence a seditious movement in part of India, there is no reason whatever to believe that disaffection has spread to the native troops, and a civilian revolution in India would have no chance of success. In the days when the Mutiny practically caught the Indian authorities napping, each commanding officer refusing to believe that his own men were disaffected up to the very last minute, there were only 18,000 white troops in the country, whereas nowadays there are nearly four times as many and the enormous extension of the Indian railway system during the last 50 years has rendered the permanent garrison infinitely more mobile. There exists in addition a volunteer force of nearly 40,000 men which would be of enormous use in suppressing isolated risings in individual cities. It is satisfactory to note that hard on the heels of the telegram announcing the bad news from Lahore that Englishmen were being attacked simply because they were whites, came another dispatch telling us that the prompt action of the Government, for which every credit is due to Mr. Morley, in arresting and deporting Lajpatrai,

G. WIRSING, American Dentist. Graduate of the Milwaukee Medical College (Dental Department). Sidonian Strasse 10b, corner Prager Strasse. Tel.: 9937.

the Punjabi advocate who seems to have been the ringleader of the seditious movement, has, for the moment at all events, paralysed the seditious-mongers and dumbfounded the mischief-makers. The most difficult feature in the problem with which the Indian Government is faced, is, as is so truly pointed out by the *Spectator*, that it is the educated natives who are invariably mixed up in these sporadic revolutionary movements. The students in the Universities and Colleges, now that they have imbibed a certain, and that a considerable amount of education, are beginning to chafe at the superiority claimed by the whites and to ask why they should be excluded from the best paid places at the disposal of the Government. The latter has indeed announced its intention of closing Universities where meetings of a political and anti-English tendency are held, but such a step would increase the disaffection among the educated classes in India and probably the meetings are as good safety valves as could be devised. Other dangers pointed out in the article alluded to are the undoubted existence of race hatred and the tendency to a religious war between the Hindus and Mussulmans. For the first there can be no remedy. The natives may be made to fear and respect their white rulers, but no power on earth can force them to love them nor can it eradicate race hatred where it exists. The man who contemptuously describes all the native inhabitants of India as niggers, is probably far more rare than in mutiny days, but the majority of whites can never get over a certain antipathy for the coloured races and this feeling is stronger on the part of the natives since to it is added a feeling of resentment at the superior position socially and otherwise of the white. The consequences of a serious struggle between the Hindus and Mohamedans in India would be frightful to contemplate and the Government for every reason will continue the traditional policy of refusing to recognise distinction of creed and will continue to firmly suppress all symptoms of a religious war.

The Löwen-Apotheke founded 1560.

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ROYAL HEIRS.

The fates smile benevolently upon the young King and Queen of Spain says a writer in the *Evening Standard*. They are blessed where the Royal houses of Holland, Austria, Belgium, and Roumania, to say nothing of doubtful successions in Oriental countries, are lacking. A frightful tragedy deprived Austria-Hungary of her Crown Prince, a tragedy so terrible that a royal hand penned the message: "It were better that anything should be thought than that the truth should be known." Italy had to wait eight years before her Crown Prince was born; Russia was kept in suspense for ten years before the advent of the Czarevitch turned the hearts of the nation to their Empress. For the sake of a royal man-child a nation will forgive much in its parents. An heir would have saved King Alexander and Queen Draga, have kept them alive upon the Servian throne. The absence of an heir to a crown has sadly altered the course of history.

Had Josephine borne Napoleon an heir the history of France and, indeed, all Europe must have been very different. In the hours of triumph after Wagram Napoleon realised that, had the young German fanatic who had come to attempt his life been successful in his mission, one thrust from that vulgar kitchen knife which the lad concealed would have shattered all the glories whose fashioning had caused such rivers of blood to flow. He resolved upon the divorce of Josephine. He would take as his wife a Princess, and found a dynasty. Whom should he marry? Should it be a Princess of the Russian royal house or a Princess of another. He slept in the palace of the man whom he had but newly reconquered, the Emperor of Austria, and slept, as fate would have it, in the very room in which the heir for whom he prayed was destined to die! Under the roof of the son of the Caesars he resolved to marry that man's daughter. A little while earlier she had heard that the tide of battle had turned against the French, and had written to her father: "We have heard with great joy that Napoleon was present at the battle which was lost. If he would only lose his head as well!" The writer of the words became, ten months after the French troops entered Vienna as conquerors, the bride of the man for whose death she now wished.

She was the granddaughter of Marie Antoinette, and his marriage to her Napoleon believed would be the salvation of France. A man wiser in the matter than himself had pointed to a Russian marriage, foreseeing renewed hostilities with either Austria or Russia. Napoleon, he said, knew his way to Vienna; he doubted whether he knew the road to St. Petersburg. Napoleon chose, to find, as he afterwards said, that the marriage was but an abyss strewn with flowers. The marriage led inevitably to the calamitous Russian campaign, and to the break-up of his Empire. His ruin began with his marriage to the Princess who was to be the mother of his child. All France acclaimed the union with joy, which was eclipsed only by the birth of the heir.

The night before the child was born the great bell of Notre-Dame and all the bells of all the other churches summoned the faithful to prayer. They prayed throughout the night for the mother and her child. Napoleon suffered more in those long hours of anxiety than he suffered when he saw his Empire crumbling about him. But he was firm with those in attendance upon the Empress. "Come, come," he said to Dr. Dubois, who was greatly agitated, "do not lose your head. Save the mother; think only of her. Imagine that you are attending the wife of a shopkeeper in the Rue St. Denis." At last the danger passed. The child, supposed to be dead, breathed, and 101 guns thundered forth to Paris the news that the Emperor had a son. A daring aeronaut scattered bulletins from her balloon; couriers carried the news far and wide across Europe, and soon France and Austria were one crash of bells and thunder of guns. It was the proudest, happiest day in the life of Napoleon, and the most censorious of historians does not begrudge him that short hour of felicity, and is glad that he could not then pierce the vale to see the grim beyond.

Seven children were born in the course of fifty years of last century, each of whom in turn seemed destined to occupy the French throne; not one of whom was allowed to possess it. The seventh was the son of Napoleon III. and the Lady of Sorrows, who for the days of more than a generation has made her home in England. The birth of the Prince Imperial was a time of no less anxiety than that of the child who should have been Napoleon II. The officials of State whose duty it was to be present waited in solemn conclave from noon until one o'clock the next morning, dispersing then in despair of receiving happy tidings. But at last the good news came, and the usual 101 guns renewed the rejoicings to which Paris had given herself over forty years before. Three years had elapsed since the marriage, and France had seen in Eugenie another Josephine.

ALINARIS photographs of the most famous works in the Dresden Gallery, to be had in all Art shops.