

THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

SONATA IN C MINOR, for the organ, by R. Ernest Brison. (Forsyth Bros., 267, Regent-street, W. Dedicated to E. Silas.)—This is a composition of some pretensions, and as such deserves careful consideration. It opens with a movement in the modern binary form, which consists of two well contrasted principal subjects. The development portion, or free fantasia as it is sometimes called, is well worked out and not too long. The repeat of the second subject is cleverly introduced into the pedal part at the end of the movement. We do not object to the diminished octave when used alone, and not on the accented part of the bar but when one of the intervals is doubled in the octave, as in bars 8 and 9, the effect is decidedly harsh. The *largo* movement is melodious, and well written for the instrument; some of the harmonies being original, and particularly effective. The *Allegretto Scherzando* is spirited, and when properly played would be brilliant and invigorating. The last movement departs slightly from the orthodox form of the sonata proper, but as in many compositions of this kind for the organ, the usual *rondo* or *finale* is substituted by a fugue. In this case the fugue is tonal, and is constructed upon a well defined subject and regular counter-subject, which, after being carried through the usual development in a clever and competent manner, is brought to a climax by an extremely excellent stretto. We recommend this sonata to organists who require a pleasing and well-written composition, which, although scholarly, is not too difficult to be mastered by the performer of ordinary ability, while the melodious *largo* and the bright *allegretto* would make it acceptable to any audience.

OUR COUNTRY'S FLOWERS (Day and Sons, Berners-street, W.C.) is the title of an 8vo. work of some hundred and fifty pages, more than half of which are coloured plates or woodcuts. The full and pretentious title of the little work is "Our country's flowers and how to know them, being a complete guide to the flowers and ferns of Britain." The work is by W. J. Gordon, the illustrations by John Allen, and the very brief preface is from the pen of the Rev. George Henslow. The object of the book appears to be somewhat less than is set forth in the title, and we may best describe it in the words which open the second chapter, viz., that it is to give "a nodding acquaintance with the wild flowers we meet with, to be improved into intimacy if we think fit." First of all we get a list (necessarily incomplete) of the English names of plants arranged in alphabetical order with their Latin names attached. Then we get a chapter on the classification of plants, and a plant picked up is traced scientifically to the class to which it belongs. It proves to be a buttercup, a member of the *Ranunculaceæ*, but in showing us the class to which it does belong, we are also shown many classes to which it does not belong, the reason why it does not belong to them is clearly explained. We are then shown a tabular scheme, and are introduced to "the natural orders," arranged according to Mr. Gordon's plan of convenience, and following this comes examples of identification. The remainder of the book is taken up with a glossary, an index to the genera, and thirty-six coloured plates, which suffer as they inevitably must from the fewness, for the flowers shown are rather too crowded to be quite clear, and the delicate colours have not always been exactly reproduced. Still, with all its faults, and faults are inseparable from an undertaking of this sort, we heartily welcome Mr. Gordon's little book, because it does supply a not very difficult means for persons to acquaint themselves with the names and something of the habits of our wild flowers. It is possible for almost anyone, armed with this book alone, to explore the realms of nature and find out much of her wild subjects. It is always interesting to learn about the flowers which add so much to the beauty and charm of English country life; and to any person who regrets the scantiness of his knowledge of the flora of his own country, we would recommend the cheap, readable, and illustrated little work that Mr. Gordon has given to the world.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT BIRMINGHAM.

A FLORAL WELCOME.

The Prince and Princess of Wales visited Birmingham on Tuesday to open the new Law Courts. Their Royal Highnesses arrived at New-street Station at a quarter to one, and were escorted by a troop of Lancers. They proceeded by a circuitous route to the Courts, where several addresses were presented, after which the Prince performed the opening ceremony. Their Highnesses met with an enthusiastic reception on the route from the station to the Courts, roses being showered at several points on the way. At the Law Courts the Town Clerk read an address from the Corporation, to which the Prince replied, saying he was proud to finish the work begun by his mother five years ago. The Prince was then presented with a gold key, and he declared the Courts open. Their Royal Highnesses, having inspected part of the building, proceeded to the Council House to luncheon. They left again for London at four o'clock.

A SEAQUAKE.—Captain Davies, of the British ship *Glenfinlas*, of Liverpool, arrived at New York on Saturday, 123 days out from Calcutta, and reports that on the afternoon of April 7th, in latitude 3°30' south, longitude 88°26' east, a seaquake took place, which lasted five minutes. The audible effect was as though the keel was grinding upon a coral reef, while the ship trembled from stem to stern. The crew thought the vessel had struck upon a rock, and for some minutes were in a state of panic. The shocks were followed by a tremendous wave. On April 10th a second shock took place, though it was of a much less violent character.

Bodily aches and pains are always present, no matter how high or low the temperature, consequently St. Jacobs Oil should be at hand, for it conquers pain.

LADY EDWARDS has suffered from rheumatism for several years, which has prevented her from riding or taking any violent exercise. She has been persuaded to try a bottle of your St. Jacobs Oil, and has derived such benefit from it that she has had a second bottle. After using it for a fortnight all the Rheumatic pains have left her, and the relief is such that Lady Edwards will never be without a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil.

HENRY COATES, of 11, Cheatham-place, Adelaide-street, Hull, appeared before Mr. E. Singleton, a Commissioner to Administer Oaths in the Supreme Court of Judicature, and made oath as follows:—"That he had been totally unable to work for a long time, and had been confined to his bed for a considerable period; had tried various doctors and many remedies, but grew worse; his joints were so swollen that he could not wear boots, and two crutches were hardly sufficient to support him. After having heard of St. Jacobs Oil, he purchased a bottle. In twelve hours he found relief, and, persevering in its use, he is now cured of rheumatism, works daily, and can not only walk with ease without a stick, but can run."

Mr. HARRY L. AGNUE, carpenter in the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, says:—"For more than nine months he suffered from neuralgia in the head. He could obtain no relief, but a few applications of St. Jacobs Oil removed all pain and cured him."

Mr. GEORGE GREENFIELD, of Billingshurst, Sussex, was afflicted with rheumatism in its worst form for thirteen years. After using St. Jacobs Oil all pain left him entirely, and he was restored to health.

Mr. WILLIAM BLAGDEN, of Edensor, Bakewell, Derbyshire was a sufferer from sciatica for two years. St. Jacobs Oil completely cured him when all other remedies had failed.

Mr. J. WILKINSON, 88, Bentham-road, South Hackney, suffered from rheumatism in his feet and legs for twenty years. One bottle of St. Jacobs Oil drove away all pain, and brought about an effectual cure.

Mr. HENRY RICKETTS, Tryn Cottages, Westbury, Gloucestershire, was a great sufferer from rheumatism for over two years. His attacks grew so violent that he went to the Bath Hospital to have the benefit of the mineral waters. In five weeks he left even worse, and his case was pronounced incurable. Then he used St. Jacobs Oil. One application entirely relieved him of pain; his health is now fully restored, and the disease has never returned.

ST. JACOBS OIL acts like magic. Its curative powers are simply marvellous. It conquers pain quickly and surely. It goes right to the spot. It cures when everything else has failed. A single trial will convince the most incredulous. It has cured thousands of cases of rheumatism and neuralgia which have resisted treatment for the greater part of a lifetime.

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FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

[CULLED FROM THE "GLOBE" AND OTHER CONTEMPORARIES.]

AN INCONVENTIONAL COMPLIMENT.

At the lecture given at Newcastle by Mr. Doyle, the cicerone of Gungunhana's Indunas, much amusement was caused by the following anecdote of Huluhulu. After seeing the trapeze performance at the gymnasium at Aldershot the chief held his hand to his mouth—a sign of astonishment, and said to Mr. Doyle, "Please tell the colonel that I am amazed, I hold my mouth in amazement." He further said "Please tell the colonel that it must have been here the monkeys came to be taught before they went wild."

A CANDID TEETOTALLER.

"Next to alcohol the greatest master of the human will and destroyer of vitality is tea." Fraulein Lippen, a teetotalter among the teetotalters, has been startling her hearers at a conference of abstainers in Melbourne by elaborating this thesis, an announcement of which provoked "laughter, dissent, and applause." Undismayed the fair challenger of a gross and widespread mistake went on to declare that "tea belongs to the same class of drink as alcohol. (Laughter and dissent.) Its constituents, like those of alcohol, act on the nervous system. Alcohol is a stimulant, tea a sedative. The former is capable of destroying life by producing excessive action, and the other by preventing action. Theine is one of the important elements in tea, and if given in sufficient doses to animals it kills them. It has been given to frogs, and half a grain has killed a full grown frog." The result of the appeal of Fraulein Lippen is not reported. Probably those who like tea will go on drinking it, and those who do not will continue to leave it alone. Tea and tobacco have stood a good many assaults of the kind.

THE BROKEN PLATE.

From week to week we read and speak
Of some new-found sensation.
New topics rise, as chance supplies
Fresh food for speculation.
The Kaiser craze lasts just nine days,
And fades the great regatta;
When chance, on 'Change, must disarrange
The Argentine La Plata!

And here and there rush "bull" and "bear,"
Or group in conversation;
And these must grieve, while those perceive
Fresh fields for "speculation."
With bond and scrip on every lip
They meet, discussing at a
Confused conclave how best to save
The Argentine La Plata!

This "broken" Plate should imitate
The "broken" of all nations—
Republica, or those that be
"Hard up" in private stations.
They "raise" on plate, to liquidate—
Let brokers, on these *data*,
Hypothecate the *Silver Plate*,
Pawn Argentine La Plata.

AT A LOSS.

Sir Andrew Lusk, when occupying the Bench on Saturday, modestly admitted that his judicial experience was quite sufficient to cope with man or woman. But when a youth, "without sense or judgment, half a man and half a boy," was brought before him charged with leaving a horse and cart in Leadenhall-street, he confessed that he was at a loss. So, "not knowing what to do," he did it, to the amount of a 3s fine.

A NEW SORT OF FLY.

P.F.N. writes to the "Times":—"When proceeding from my office to the Ludgate-hill Station about 8.30 last evening, I observed a large and brilliant dragon fly wheeling gaily about in Fleet-street." This class of fly is evidently superior to the hansom or growler, for it is both "large and brilliant." Has "P.F.N." concealed an allegory under this simple narrative? Science calls a dragon fly a "libellula." There are many brilliant little libels going about in the city. Or could the gaudy insect have been our old friend the Griffin with the sun shining upon it?

SCOTCH "WUT."

Here is a thoroughly Scotch joke from the Glasgow "Baillie," a journal which keeps up the national reputation for "wut":

(Scene: A Clyde yacht. The Highland skipper has given money to Dugald, one of the "hands," and sent him ashore to buy "some provisions and a little whiskey." Dugald returns with one loaf and seven bottles of whiskey.)
Skipper (nervously scratching his head):
Dear me, Dugald, whatever are we to do with a' this bread?

AN INERT OPPOSITION.

Never since the present Government came into power have the Irish Estimates been discussed with so little life. By a singular combination of circumstances the Irish chiefs who hitherto have been foremost in the fray, were, with one single exception, absent. Mr. Parnell is too indifferent as to the general policy pursued in Ireland by the Government to trouble to come down to the House. Take away also Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien, confined for the time in Galway Gaol, Mr. Sexton engaged in a libel suit in Scotland, Mr. Justin McCarthy unwell, and there remains only one politician amongst the Nationalists above the rank of the party—Mr. T. Healy. He struggles bravely against depressing circumstances, but without effect. Even the pleasant and somewhat extravagant wit of Colonel Saunderson is deadened by the corroding dulness which prevails. Not even the most advanced Nationalist can find an unredeeming vice in the present mood of Mr. T. W. Russell. The Irish Estimates, instead of enlivening the end of the session, are themselves as dull as is the House on its dullest days.

A LITTLE ERROR.

"The Duke of Cambridge," writes the "Star" of the 21st instant, "contemplates owning a few racehorses, and it will not be long before his colours are unfurled. The Duke of Cambridge is descended from the butcher Duke of Cumberland, who at one time owned Eclipse, and he will, therefore probably take up the old Cumberland colours, which were purple jacket and black cap." It is more likely to be a case of the "Star" owning an eclipse. If they will invest in Whitaker's Almanac or any cheap handbook, they will find that the Duke of Cambridge is not descended from "The Butcher Duke," but from George III. Stellar history appears defective.

A CLEVER FRAUD.

A Paris cab proprietor has discovered a use even for broken-down growlers. He got a lot of cabmen to insure their cabs, and then to report an accident and to claim compensation. The inspectors of the different companies were shown one of his stock of decayed phaetons, and for some time paid up without demur. In order to facilitate proceedings, M. Veler next took an inspector into his pay, and hired two policemen to witness his accidents. But at last the company grew suspicious, and had one particular vehicle inspected by an incorruptible servant, who discovered the whole fraud. The cab proprietor is known to have netted £600, but now his career is stopped. Poor M. Four-Veler!