I Made a Shirt!

More years ago than I shall name,
I sought to win a good wife's fame.
I knew not how—but all the same
I made a shirt.

I cut, I stitched, with many a tear;
Hollowed it out, both front and rear;
I carved the arm-holes wide, for fear
They wouldn't fit.

John's neck I measured to be true.
The band must fit—that much I knew,
I'd heard so oft. All else I drew
And puckered in.

At last 'twas done. A work of art,
Complete, I hoped in every part.
"Come, John," I called with quaking heart,
"Try on your shirt."

I must confess it bulged somewhat,
In places where I thought 't should not.
But John, the brute, yelled out, "Great Scott,
Is this a tent?"

And such behavior, language, well!
He uttered things I'll never tell—
I may forget them when I dwell
In higher spheres.

O woman of the present day
To you's inscribed this little lay;
You little know the man you pay
Your homage to.

If his "true inwardness" you'd know,
Have him your idols overthrow
And sentiments to four winds blow,
Make him a shirt!

—*Amy Hamilton.*

THE SISTERS

But they had no sooner alighted and shaken out their skirts than down from the terrace stepped Mr. Westmoreland, the first and most substantial instalment of expected cavaliers, to assist the major to convoy his party to the field. Mr. Westmoreland was unusually alert and animated, and he pounced upon Eleanor, after hurriedly saluting the other ladies, with such an open preference that Mrs. Duff-Scott re-adjusted her schemes upon the spot. If the young man insisted upon choosing the youngest instead of the middle one, he must be allowed to do so, was the matron's prompt conclusion. She would rather have begun at the top and worked downwards, leaving fair Eleanor to be disposed of after the elder sisters were settled; but she recognized the wisdom of taking the goods the gods provided as she could get them.

"I do declare," said Mr. Westmoreland, looking straight at the girl's face, framed in the soft little bonnet, and the pale blue disc of her parasol, "I do declare I never saw anybody look so—so—"

"Come, come," interrupted the chaperon, "I don't allow speeches of that sort." She spoke quite sharply, this astute diplomatist, so that the young man who was used to being allowed, and even encouraged, to make speeches of that sort, experienced the strange sensation of being snubbed, and was half inclined to be sulky over it; and at the same moment she quietly seconded his manœuvres to get to Eleanor's side, and took care that he had his chances generally for the rest of the day.

Meanwhile Mrs. Duff-Scott, in the care of Mr. Westmoreland, awaited their return on the lawn, slowly sweeping to and fro, with her train rustling over the grass behind her, and feeling that she had never enjoyed a Cup Day half so much before. Her girls were admired to her heart's content, and she literally basked in the radiance of their success. She regarded them, indeed, with an enthusiasm of affection and interest that her husband felt to be the most substantial safeguard against promiscuous philanthropy that had yet been afforded her. How hungrily she had longed for children of her own! How she had envied other women their grown-up daughters!—always with the sense that hers would have been, like her cabinets of china, so much more choice and so much better "arranged" than theirs. And now that she had discovered these charming orphans, who had beauty, and breeding, and culture, and not a relative or connection in the world, she did not know how to restrain the extravagance of her satisfaction. As she rustled majestically up and down the lawn, with one fair girl on one side of her and one on the other, while men and women turned at every step to stare at them, her heart swelled and throbbed with the long-latent pride of motherhood, and a sense that she had at length stumbled upon the particular "specimen" that she had all her life been hunting for. The only drawback to her enjoyment in them was the consciousness that, though they were nobody else's, they were not altogether hers. She would have given half her fortune to be able to buy them, as she would buy three bits of precious crockery, for her absolute possession, body and soul—to dress, to manage, to marry as she liked.

The major kept Elizabeth walking about with him until the hour appreached for the Maiden Plate race and luncheon. And when at last they joined their party they found that Mrs. Duff-Scott was already getting together her guests for the latter entertainment. She was seated on a bench, between Eleanor and Patty, and before her stood a group of men, in various attitudes of animation and repose, conspicuous amongst whom was the tall form of Mr. Kingscote Yelverton. Elizabeth had only had distant glimpses of him during the four weeks that had passed since he was introduced to her, her chaperon not having seemed inclined to cultivate his acquaintance—probably because she had not sought it for herself; but now the girl saw, with a quickened pulse, that the happiness of speaking to him again was in store for her. He seemed to be aware of her approach as soon as she was within sight, and lifted his head and turned to watch her—still sustaining his dialogue with Mrs. Duff-Scott, who had singled him out to talk to; and Elizabeth, feeling his eyes upon her, had a sudden sense of discomfort in her beautiful dress and changed surroundings. She was sure that he would draw comparisons, and she did not feel herself elevated by the new dignities that had been conferred upon her.

Coming up to her party, she was introduced to several strangers—amongst others, to the husband Mrs. Duff-Scott had selectd for her, a portly widower with a grey beard—and in the conversation that ensued she quite ignored the only person in the group of whose presence she was distinctly conscious. She neither looked at him nor spoke to him, though aware of every word and glance and movement of his until presently they were all standing upon the slope of grass connecting the terrace with the lawn to see the first race as best they could, and then she found herself once more by his side. And not only by his side, but, as those who could not gain a footing upon the stand congregated upon the terrace elevation, gradually wedged against him almost as tightly as on the former memorable occasion. Below them stood Mrs. Duff-Scott, protected by Mr. Westmoreland, and Patty and Eleanor, guarded vigilantly by the little major. It was Mr. Yelverton himself who had quietly seen and seized upon his chance of renewing his original relations with Elizabeth.

"Miss King," he said, in a low tone of authority, "take my arm—it will steady you."

She took his arm, and felt at once that she was in shelter and safety. Strong as she was, her impulse to lean on him was almost irresistible.

"Now, give me your parasol," he said. The noonday sun was pouring down, but at this critical juncture the convenience of the greatest number had to be considered, and unselfish women were patiently exposing their best complexions to destruction. Of course Elizabeth declared she should do very well until the race was over. Whereupon her companion took her parasol gently from her hand, opened it, and held it—as from his great height he was able to do—so that it shaded her without incommoding other people. And so they stood, in silent enjoyment, both thinking of where and how something like this—and yet something so different—had happened before, but neither of them saying a word to betray their thoughts, until the first race was run, and the excitement of it cooled down, and they were summoned by Mrs. Duff-Scott to follow her to the carriage-paddock for lunch.

Down on the lawn again they sauntered side by side, finding themselves *tete-a-tete* without listeners for the first time since they had been introduced to each other. Elizabeth made a tremendous effort to ignore the secret intimacy between them. "It is a lovely day, is it not?" she lightly remarked, from under the dome of her straw-colored parasol. "I don't think there has been such a fine Cup Day for years."

"Lovely," he assented. "Have you often been here before?"

"I?—Oh, no. I have never been here before."

He was silent a moment, while he looked intently at what he could see of her. She had no air of rustic inexperience of the world to-day. "You are beginning to understand crowds," he said.

"Yes—I am, a little." Then, glancing up at him, she said, "How does this crowd affect you? Do you find it all interesting?"

He met her eyes gravely, and then lifted his own towards the hill above the grand stand, which was now literally black with human beings, like a swarming ant-hill.

"I think it might be more interesting up yonder," he said; and then added, after a pause—"if we could be there."

Eleanor was walking just in front of them, chatting airily with her admirer, Mr. Westmoreland, who certainly was making no secret of his admiration; and she turned round when she heard this. "Ah, Mr. Yelverton," she said, lightly, "you are very disappointing. You don't care for our great Flemington show. You are not a connoisseur in ladies' dresses, I suppose."

"I know when a lady's dress is becoming, Miss Eleanor," he promptly responded, with a smile and bow. At which she blushed and laughed, and turned her back again. For the moment he was a man like other men who enjoy social success and favor—ready to be all things to all women; but it was only for a moment. Elizabeth noted, with a swelling sense of pride and pleasure, that he was not like that to her.

"I am out of my element in an affair of this kind," he said, in the undertone that was meant for her ear alone.

"What is your element?"

"Perhaps I oughtn't to call it my element—the groove I have got into—my 'walk of life,' so to speak."

"Yes?"

"I'll tell you about it some day—if I ever get the chance. I can't here."

"I should like to know. And I can guess a little. You don't spend life wholly in getting pleasure for yourself—you help others."

"What makes you think that?"

"I am sure of it."

"Thank you."

Elizabeth blushed, and could not think of a remark to make, though she tried hard.

"Just at present," he went on, "I am on pleasure bent entirely. I am taking several months' holiday—doing nothing but amusing myself."

"A holiday implies work."

"I suppose we all work, more or less."

"Oh, no, we don't. Not voluntarily—not disinterestedly—in that way."

"You mean in my way?"

"Yes."

"Ah, I see that Westmoreland has been romancing."

"I have not heard a word from Mr. Westmoreland—he has never spoken of you to me."

"Who then?"

"Nobody."

"These are your own conjectures?"

Later in the afternoon, when the great Cup race and all the excitement of the day was over, Mrs. Duff-Scott gathered her brood together and took leave of her admiring male guests. "Good-bye, Mr. Yelverton," she said cordially, when his turn came to bid her adieu; "you will come and see me at my own house, I hope?"

Elizabeth looked up at him when she heard the words. She could not help it—she did not know what she did. And in her eyes he read the invitation that he declared gravely he would do himself the honor to accept.

CHAPTER XXII.

CROSS PURPOSES.

Paul, who was a good talker, was giving his companion an animated account of the French plays going on at one of the theatres just then—which she had not yet been to see—and describing with great warmth the graceful and finished acting of charming Madame Andree, when he was suddenly aware of Patty King passing close beside him. Patty was walking at her chaperon's side, with her head erect, and her white parasol, with its pink lining, held well back over her shoulder, a vision of loveliness in her diaphanous dress. He caught his breath at sight of her, looking so different from her ordinary self, and was about to raise his hat, when—to his deep dismay and surprise—she swept haughtily past him, meeting his eyes fairly, with a cold disdain, but making no sign of recognition.

The blood rushed into his face, and he set his teeth, and walked on silently, not seeing where he went. For a moment he felt stunned with the shock. Then he was brought to himself by a harsh laugh from Mrs. Aarons. "Dear men," said she, in a high tone, "the Miss Kings have become so grand that we are beneath their notice. You and I are not good enough for them now, Mr. Brion. We must hide our diminished heads."

"I see," he assented, with savage quietness. "Very well. I am quite ready to hide mine."

Meanwhile Patty, at the farther end of the lawn, was overwhelmed with remorse for what she had done. At the first sight of him, in close intercourse with that woman who, Mrs. Duff-Scott again reminded her, was not "nice"—who, though a wife and mother, liked men to "dangle" round her—she had arraigned and judged and sentenced him with the swift severity of youth, that knows nothing of the complex trials and sufferings which teach older people to bear and forbear with one another. But when it was over, and she had seen his shocked and bewildered face, all her instinctive trust in him revived, and she would have given anything to be able to make reparation for her cruelty. The whole afternoon she was looking for him, hoping for a chance to show him somehow that she did not altogether "mean it," but, though she saw him several times—eating his lunch with Mrs. Aarons under the refreshment shed close by the Duff-Scott carriage, watching Grand Flaneur win the greatest of his half-dozen successive victories from the same point of view as that taken by the Duff-Scott party—he never turned his head again in her direction or seemed to have the faintest consciousness that she was there.

And next day, when no longer in her glorious apparel, but walking quietly home from the Library with Eleanor, she met him unexpectedly, face to face, in the Fitzroy Gardens. And then *he* cut *her*—dead.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MR. YELVERTON'S MISSION

On a Thursday evening in the race week—two days after the "Cup," Mrs. Duff-Scott took her girls to the Town Hall to one of a series of concerts that were given at that time by Henri Ketten, the Hungarian pianist, and the Austrian band that had come out to Melbourne to give eclat to the exhibition.

It was a fine, clear night, and the great hall was full when they arrived, notwithstanding the fact that half-a-dozen theatres were open and displaying their most attractive novelties, for music-loving souls are pretty numerous in this part of the world, taking all things into consideration. Australians may not have such an enlightened appreciation of high-class music as, say, the educated Viennese, who live and breathe and have their being in it. There are, indeed, sad instances on record of a great artist, or a choice combination of artists, having appealed in vain for sympathy to the Melbourne public—that is to say, having found not numbers of paying and applauding listeners, but only a select and fervent few. But such instances are rare, and to be accounted for as the result, not of indifference, but of inexperience. The rule is—as I think most of our distinguished musical visitors will testify—that we are a people peculiarly ready to recognize whatever is good that comes to us, and to acknowledge and appreciate it with ungrudging generosity. And so the Austrian band, though it had many critics, never played to a thin audience or to inattentive ears; and no city in Europe (according to his own death-bed testimony) ever offered such incense of loving enthusiasm to Ketten's genius as burnt steadily in Melbourne from the moment that he laid his fingers on the keyboard, at the Opera House, until he took his reluctant departure. This, I hasten to explain (lest I should be accused of "blowing"), is not due to any exceptional virtue of discrimination on our part, but to our good fortune in having inherited an enterprising and active intelligence from the brave men who had the courage and energy to make a new country, and to that country being such a land of plenty that those who live in it have easy times and abundant leisure to enjoy themselves.

Mrs. Duff-Scott sailed into the hall, with her girls around her, and many eyes were turned to look at them and to watch their progress to their seats. By this time "the pretty Miss Kings" had become well known and much talked about, and the public interest in what they wore, and what gentlemen were in attendance on them, was apt to be keen on these occasions. To-night the younger girls, with their lovely hair lifted from their white necks and coiled high at the back of their heads, wore picturesque flowered gowns of blue and white stuff, while the elder sister was characteristically dignified in black. And the gentlemen in attendance upon them were Mr. Westmoreland, still devoted to Eleanor, and the portly widower whom Mrs. Duff-Scott had intended for Elizabeth, but who was perversely addicted to Patty. The little party took their places in the body of the hall, in preference to the gallery, and seated themselves in two rows of three—the widower behind Mrs. Duff-Scott, Patty next him behind Eleanor, and Elizabeth behind Mr. Westmoreland. And when the concert began there was an empty chair beside Elizabeth.

By-and-bye, when the overture was at an end—when the sonorous tinkling and trumpeting of the orchestra had ceased, and she was listening, in soft rapture, to Ketten's delicate improvisation, at once echo and prelude, reminiscent of the idea that the band had been elaborating, and prophetic of the beautiful Beethoven sonata that he was thus tenderly approaching, Elizabeth was aware that the empty chair was taken, and knew, without turning her head, by whom. She tried not to blush and feel fluttered—she was too old, she told herself, for that nonsense—but for half a minute or so it was an effort to control these sentimental tendencies. He laid his light overcoat over the back of his chair, and sat down quietly. Mrs. Duff-Scott looked over her shoulder, and gave him a pleasant nod. Mr. Westmoreland said, "Hullo! Got back again?" And then Elizabeth felt sufficiently composed to turn and hold out her hand, which he took in a strong clasp that was not far removed from a squeeze. They did not speak to each other; nor did they look at each other, though Mr. Yelverton was speedily informed of all the details of his neighbor's appearance, and she took no time to ascertain that he looked particularly handsome in his evening dress (but she always thought him handsome; big nose, leather cheeks, red moustache and all), and that his well-cut coat and trousers were not in their first freshness. Then the concert went on as before—but not as before—and they sat side by side and listened. Elizabeth's programme lay on her knee, and he took it up to study it, and laid it lightly on her knee again. Presently she pointed to one and another of the selections on the list, about which she had her own strong musical feelings, and he looked down at them and nodded, understanding what she meant. And again they sat back in their chairs and gazed serenely at the stage under the great organ, at Herr Wildner cutting the air with his baton, or at poor Ketten, with his long, white solemn face, sitting at the piano in a bower of votive wreaths and bouquets, raning his magic finger-tips like a sparkling cascade upon the key-board, and wrinkling the skin of his forehead up and down. But they had no audible conversation throughout the whole performance. When between the two divisions of the programme, the usual interval occurred for the relaxation and refreshment of the performers and their audience, Mr. Westmoreland turned round with his elbow over the back of his chair, and appropriated an opportunity to which they had been secretly looking forward. "So you've got back?" he remarked for the second time. "I thought you were going to make a round of the country?"

"I shall do it in instalments," replied Mr. Yelverton.

"You won't have time to do much that way, if you are going home again next month. Will you?"

"I can extend my time a little, if necessary."

"Can you? Oh, I thought there was some awfully urgent business that you had to go back for—a new costermonger's theatre to open, or a street Arab's public-house—eh?"

Mr. Westmoreland laughed, as at a good joke that he had got hold of, but Mr. Yelverton was imperturbable. "I have business in Australia just now," he said, "and I'm going to finish that first."

"No," said Mr. Westmoreland, withdrawing his eyes from the contemplation of Eleanor and her æsthetic gown, "he's not a society man. He don't go much into clubs, Yelverton. He's one of the richest commoners in Great Britain—give you my word, sir, he's got a princely fortune, all on his own check—and he lets his places and lives in chambers in Piccadilly, and spends nearly all his time when he's at home in the slums and gutters of Whitechapel. He's got a mania for philanthropy, unfortunately. It's an awful pity, for he really would be a good fellow."

At the word "philanthropy," the major made a clandestine grimace to Elizabeth, but composed his face immediately, seeing that she was not regarding him, but gazing with serious eyes at the narrator of Mr. Yelverton's peculiarities.

"He's been poking into every hole and corner," continued Mr. Westmoreland, "since he came here, overhauling the factory places, and finding out the prices of things, and the land regulations, and I don't know what. He's just been to Sandhurst, to look at the prices—collecting little amateur emigration business, I expect. Seems a strange thing," concluded the young man, thoughtfully, "for a rich swell of his class to be bothering himself about things of that sort."

Mrs. Duff-Scott had been listening attentively, and at this she roused herself and sat up in her chair. "It is the rich who should do it," said she with energy. "And I admire him—I admire him, that he has given up his own selfish ease to help those whose lives are hard and miserable. I believe the squalid wretchedness of places like Whitechapel—though I have never been there—is something dreadful—dreadful! I admire him," she repeated defiantly. "I think it is a pity a few more of us are not like him. I shall talk to him about it. I—I shall see if I can't help him."

This time Elizabeth did look at the major, who was making a feint of putting his handkerchief to his eyes. She smiled at him sweetly, and the she walked over to Mrs. Duff-Scott, put her strong arms round the matron's shoulders, and kissed her fervently.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AN OLD STORY.

Mrs. Duff-Scott's drawing-room, at 9 or 10 o'clock on Friday evening, was a pleasant sight. Very spacious, very voluptuous, in a subdued, majestic, high-toned way; very dim—with splashes of richness—as to walls and ceilings; very glowing and splendid—with folds of velvety darkness—as to window curtains and portieres. The coloring of it was such as required a strong light to show how beautiful it was, but with a proud reserve, and to mark its unostentatious superiority over the glittering salons of the parvenu and intricate *nouveaux riches*, it was always more or less in a warm and mellow twilight, veiling its sombre magnificence from the vulgar eye. Just now its main compartment was lit by wax candles in archaic candlesticks amongst the flowers and bric-a-brac of an *etagere* over the mantelpiece, and by seven shaded and colored lamps, of various artistic devices, judiciously distributed over the abundant table-space so as to suffuse with a soft illumination the occupants of most of the wonderfully stuffed and rotund chairs and lounges grouped about the floor; and yet the side of the room was decidedly bad for reading in. "It does not light up well," was the consolation of women of Mrs. Duff-Scott's acquaintance, who still clung to pale walls and primary colors and cut-glass chandeliers, either from necessity or choice. "Poor!" Mrs. Duff-Scott used to retort, hearing of this just criticism; "as if I wanted it to light up!" But she had compromised with her principles in the arrangement of the smaller division of the room, where, between and beyond a pair of vaguely tinted portieres, stood the piano, and all other material appliances for heightening the spiritual enjoyment of musical people. Here she had grudgingly retained the gas-burner of utilitarian Philistinism. It hung down from the ceiling straight over the piano, a circlet of gaudy yellow flames that made the face of every plaque upon the wall to glitter. But the brilliant corona was borne in no gas-fitter's vehicle; its shrine was of dull brass, mediæval and precious, said to have been manufactured, in the first instance, for either papal or imperial purposes—it didn't matter which.

In this bright music-room was gathered to-night a little company of the elect—Herr Wullner and his violin, together with three other stringed instruments and their human complement. Patty at the piano, Eleanor, Mrs. Duff-Scott, and half-a-dozen more enthusiasts—with a mixed audience around them. In the dim, big room beyond, the major entertained the inartistic, outlawed few who did not care, nor pretend to care, for aught but the sensual comfort of downy chairs and after dinner chit-chat. And, at the farthest end, in a recess of curtained window that had no lamps about it, sat Elizabeth and Mr. Yelverton, side by side on a low settee—not indifferent to the pathetic wail of the far-distant violins, but finding more entertainment in their own talk than the finest music could have afforded them.

"I had a friend who gave up everything to go and work amongst the London poor—in the usual clerical way, you know, with schools and guilds and all the right and proper things. He used to ask me for money, and insist on my helping him with a lecture or a reading now and then, and I got drawn in. I had always had an idea of doing something—taking a line of some sort—and somehow this got hold of me. I couldn't see all that misery—you've no idea of it, Miss King—"

"I have read of it," she said.

"You would have to see it to realize it in the least. After I saw it I couldn't turn my back and go home and enjoy myself as if nothing had happened. An I had no family to consider. I got drawn in."

"And that is your work?" said Elizabeth.

"I knew it."

"No. My friend talks of 'his work'—a lot of them have 'their work'—it's splendid, too—but they don't allow me to use that word, and I don't want it. What I do is all wrong, they say—not only useless, but mischievous."

"I don't believe it," said Elizabeth.

"Nor I, of course—though they may be right. We can only judge according to our lights. To me, it seems that when things are as bad as possible, a well-meaning person can't make them worse and may make them better. They say 'no,' and argue it all out as plainly as possible. Yet I stick to my view—I go on in my own line. It doesn't interfere with theirs, though they say it does."

"And what is it?" she asked, with her sympathetic eyes.

"Well, you'll hardly understand, for you don't know the class—the lowest deep of all—those who can's be dealt with by the societies—the poor wretches whom nothing will raise, and who are abandoned as hopeless, outside the pale of everything. They are my line."

"Can there be any abandoned as hopeless?"

"Yes. They really are so, you know. Neither religion nor political economy can do anything for them, though efforts are made for the children. Poor, sodden, senseless, vicious lumps of misery, with the last spark of soul bred out of them—a sort of animated garbage that cumbers the ground and makes the air stink—given up as a bad job, and only wanted out of the way—from the first they were on my mind more than all the others. And when I saw them left to rot like that, I felt I might have a free hand."

"And can you succeed where so many have failed?"

"Oh, what I do doesn't involve success or failure. It's outside all that, just as they are. They're only brutes in human shape—hardly human shape either; but I have a feeling for brutes. I love horses and dogs—I can't bear to see things suffer. So that's all I do—just comfort them where I can, in their own way; not the parson's way—that's no use, I wouldn't mock them by speaking of religion—I suppose religion, as we know it, has had a large hand in making them what they are; and to go and tell them that God ordained their miserable pariah-dog lot would be rank blasphemy. I leave all that. I don't bother about their souls, because I know they haven't got any; I see their wretched bodies, and that's enough for me. It's something not to let them go out of the world without ever knowing what it is to be physically comfortable. It eases my conscience, as a man who has never been hungry, except for the pleasure of it."

"And do they blame you for that?"

"They say I pauperize them and demoralize them," he answered, with a sudden laugh; "that I disorganize the schemes of the legitimate workers—that I outrage every principle of political economy. Well, I do that, certainly. But that I make things worse—that I retard the legitimate workers—I won't believe. "If I do," he concluded, "I won't help it."

"No," breathed Elizabeth, softly.

"There's only one thing in which I and the legitimate workers are alike—everybody is alike in that, I suppose—the want of money. Only in the matter of beer and tobacco, we interest them to give us a few hundred pounds! What I could do in the way of filling empty stomachs and easing aches and pains if I had control of large means! What a good word 'means' is, isn't it? We want 'means' for all the ends we seek—no matter what they are."

"I thought," said Elizabeth, "that you were rich. Mr. Westmoreland told us so."

(To be continued.)

The Russian Czarina.

People usually sympathize with the Czarina of Russia, considering her a frail little woman, always dreading the explosion of a bomb; but, contrary to public opinion, Her Majesty is the bright star of Russian society, the leader of fashion and the helper of the poor; and it is a noted saying that Dagmar is the happiest wife in St. Petersburg, as her husband, like his subjects, is a most devoted husband. If any one needs sympathy it is the Princess of Wales, and not her sister, the Czarina. Although the Princess is supposed to pass a serene existence, yet her life is very unhappy, constantly fearing the developments of new scandal with either her son or husband as the hero.

He Was a Diplomat.

A salesman should know his goods and his customers; and if, beyond that, he has some general knowledge of human nature, he will often find it useful.

"I am very sorry," said a clerk in a dry goods store, "but I have nothing exactly like the sample. The very last remnant was sold yesterday."

"But I must have it," said the customer. "Otherwise how shall I face my wife?"

"Well, now," answered the salesman, "if I venture to suggest, why don't you invite a friend home to dinner with you?"

Pete's Wish.

One day, after having gone on an errand and forgotten what he was sent for, he exclaimed bitterly to his sister:

"Oh, dear! I wish I was a snake!"

"You wish you were a snake?" said his sister, horrified.

"Yes, and a great long one—as much as six feet long."

"Why, what for, Pete?"

"So I could tie knots in myself to make me remember things!"

No Chance to Borrow.

"Why did you leave your place, Jane? I thought you had a kind mistress."

"So I did, but she joined the dress reformers, and you surely wouldn't expect a woman of my figure to go out in one of them dresses, would you."

Field for His Talents.

St. Peter—Who are you?

Applicant—An humble Texas rain maker.

St. Peter—Um! You'd better apply one story below. They've been complaining of drouth there ever since the country was settled.—*New York Herald.*

—Poet (in newspaper office)—Have you an efficient staff. Editor—Perhaps not; but I have a very effective club.

The wayward young man, broken in health, has gone to the far southwest to recuperate. He was in jail at Tombstone, Ariz., for stealing a hindquarter of beef. In the loneliness of his cell he sat down and wrote as follows: "Dear Father—I have picked up some flesh since I came out here, but I am still confined to my room. Please send me $100," etc., etc.

The estimate of the world's population in 1890 is as follows: Europe, 380,200,000; Asia, 850,000,000; Africa, 127,000,000; Australasia, 4,730,000; North America, 89,250,000; South America, 36,420,000; total, 1,487,600,000.

De Style (first day on a farm)—Horror Our host is going to eat dinner in his shirt sleeves. Mr. De Style (mopping his forehead)—Thank heaven! Then I can too.

The agricultural prospects in India have taken a turn for the better, and the affected districts of Madras and Hyderabad are also improving.

It is reported that Chancellor von Caprivi and Count Kalnoky have had a long and earnest conference on the Dardanelles question, and that they will likely advise England not be be precipitate in her action. They hope that time will solve the difficulty.

Mr. Pearce, father of Mr. Harry Pearce baggage-master at the G. T. R. station, Strathroy, was painting the residence of Mr. Glenn, of Adelaide, in company with Mr. John Robinson, and while working on an elevated scaffold, some 14 feet from the ground, fell, and lighting on a pile of bricks, broke several of his ribs. He died on Friday.

In a communication just made public Mr. Gladstone writes in favor of increased representation of labor in Parliament, but deprecates the formation of a labor party. His objection to such a party, in his own words, is on the ground that "if every class of the community exercised the right to form a party, we should have a queer Parliament."

Dan Johnstone was arrested at Brantford on Thursday on rather a serious charge, viz., that of attempting to commit rape upon a married woman who lives on the outskirts of London, and who was milking a cow in the yard at the time of the alleged offence. Johnstone remembers being at the place in question, but claims that he was drunk at the time, and does not recollect all that occurred. Detective Allan took the prisoner back to London.

Illuminated walking sticks are among the latest applications of electricity. A small incandescent lamp is concealed in the head of the cane and can be ignited by a spring.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

Mr. Tisdale moved that the committee appointed to inquire into the charges against Mr. Cochrane be granted leave to sit during the time House is in session.

The motion was carried.

Mr. Foster, replying to Mr. Rider, said there is a commercial treaty between England and France. It does not appear to be applicable to British colonies. It would seem that the higher tariff applies to imports into France from Canada, and in addition there is, I understand, a *surtaxe d'entrepot* on any merchandise imported into France via British ports.

Mr. Foster, answering Mr. McMullen, said that John Campbell and Richard Thomas, clerks in the Montreal Customs service, had defaulted. Campbell's shortage was $3,500, and that of Thomas had not yet been reported upon. Campbell having secured the money for the Government and having made no effort to cover up the fraud in the books, dismissal was considered sufficient punishment. Thomas died before the shortage was discovered.

Mr. Foster, replying to Mr. Landerkin, said that since 1883 the sum of $6,555 had been paid to John Heney, wood contractor for the Government, as refunds of tolls paid on the Rideau canal.

Mr. Foster, replying to Mr. Brodeur, said that the Government had purchased land from Senator Guevremont, at the instance of the Montreal Harbour Commissioners, at $66 an acre, making for the 64 acres $4,224. The Government were not aware that the land had been bought by Mr. Guevremont for $500.

Mr. Foster, answering Mr. Davies, said that the contract for the basin at Perth, on the Tay canal, was $44,437. The total cost of the work was $53,614, of which $6,985 was for deepening the east side.

The House went into Committee of Supply.

Mr. Mills (Bothwell), upon the item o $25,000 for a subsidy to a line of steamers to run between Liverpool or London, or both, and St. John, N. B., and Halifax, questioned the justice of making a grant of money to a particular line of steamers, to the detriment of other lines. This subsidy would not stimulate the trade between Canada and Great Britain, but kill off all competing lines. It was also an injustice to the people of Canada to pay out their money for the benefit of a private enterprise.

Mr. Foster said that last year a contract was made with Messrs. Pickford & Black, representing the Furness Steamship Line, which would not expire until 1894. It would not do to break the contract now. This service dated back for many years, and last year it was agreed by the steamship owners to give much improved service.

Mr. Laurier said that Mr. Foster should have asked for an Act of Parliament confirming the contract for four years. When an appropriation was asked for yearly. Parliament had the right to grant or refuse that appropriation. The contractors at the time of entering into the contract knew that only one year's appropriation had been voted. Parliament was under no moral obligation to vote the money asked for.

The item passed.

Mr. Davies asked that an item of $12,500 for the steamer Admiral between Campbellton and Gaspe be allowed to stand until the report of the Privileges and Elections Committee upon the Tarte charges is presented.

Mr. Foster said that the result of the deliberations could in no way affect the necessity of the service or the adaptability of the Admiral for that service.

Mr. Laurier pointed out that if it were found by the committee, as had been stated, that that vessel was only worth $16,000, a subsidy of $12,500 would be too much. He asked that the consideration of the item be deferred.

The item was allowed to stand.

Mr. Haggart laid on the table a correction of the census returns for the District of Alberta, which showed the population to be 26,123 instead of 20,056.

Mr. Haggart, explaining the item of $2,000,000 for carrying mails, which shows an increase of $244,000 over last year, said that the amount paid the Grand Trunk last year was $329,952, and that this had been increased by $8,265 for additional service in Wellington, Grey and Bruce, Georgian Bay and Lake Erie. The amount paid the Canadian Pacific Railway last year was $372 825; for next year the subsidy would be $483,500. The increase was made up of $74,936 increased rate between Montreal and Vancouver, $28,950 increased rate between Montreal and St. John, $25,670 for the New Brunswick Railway, which was not included in the Canadian Pacific Railway grant last year, $2,000 for Prince Albert service, $1,081 for Winnipeg and Glenboro branch, $300 for the Missouri branch, and $160 for the Great Northern Railway. The increase between Montreal and Vancouver brought up the subsidy to $105 a mile. Previously it had been $75 per mile. The Grand Trunk was paid at the rate of $160 per mile for 884 miles, $124 for 369 miles, with $25,000 added for increased accommodation between Montreal and Toronto, and $5,725 for carrying American mails. He read a letter from Mr. Van Horne dated 27th January, 1891, which pressed for an increase to $150 per mile. For several years the company had been pressing for increased payment. He reported to the council in favor of $105 per annum, believing it was fair and just, and it was granted.

Sir Richard Cartwright, on the vote for the Indians of New Brunswick, called attention to the fact that $1,015 was paid last year to missionaries, and asked an explanation of it. It occurred to him that missionaries might be better employed nearer home.

Mr. Dewdney said that was a bonus to clergymen who had been doing special work among the Indians.

Sir Richard Cartwright—Of what denomination are these missionaries?

Mr. Dewdney—They are all Roman Catholics.

Sir Richard Cartwright—This is a departure with which the House should have been consulted. This should have been brought down as a special vote. Out of $6,000 spent among the Indians of New Brunswick $1,000 has been appropriated for the payment of salaries of a number of clergymen. That was not contemplated by the House when the money was voted. Clergymen in various parts of the Dominion have devoted a great deal of time to the spiritual welfare of the Indians. If we are going to pay these men, I do not know where you are going to draw the line. This is a question of considerable importance, and I would like to have further information as to how long these gentlemen have been paid, and what relations they occupy towards the Indians.

Mr. Girouard presented the report of the Privileges and Elections Committee, embodying and endorsing the following report of a sub-committee upon the resignation of Thomas McGreevy, the contestation of his seat, and the issue by the Speaker of his warrant for a new election in Quebec West:

The acting Sergeant-at-Arms, upon the orders of the day being called, arose and said: I have the honor to report that witness Senecal left Ottawa on or after the 24th ult., and though I have made careful inquiry I have been unable to ascertain his present whereabouts. In consequence of his absence the order for him to attend at the bar of the House this afternoon was left with the members of his family at his Ottawa residence.

Mr. Lister moved, "That Andre Senecal, not having attended this day at the bar of this House, pursuant to the order of this House of the day of 27th August last, he be taken into custody by the Sergeant-at-Arms attending this House, and that Mr. Speaker do issue his warrant accordingly."

The motion was carried.

Mr. Bowell moved the House into committee on his resolution providing for the cancellation of $1,500,000 worth of mortgage bonds of the North Shore Railway Company now held by the Government.

The House went into committee.

The resolutions were adopted.

Mr. Barron, on the motion by Mr. Foster that the House go into Supply, drew attention to the Trent Valley canal.

Mr. Welsh protested against spending any more money on railways and canals until the question of the construction of the tunnel between Prince Edward Island and the main land is settled.

Mr. Girouard, upon moving the adoption of the report of the Committee on Privileges and Elections upon the tendered resignation of Thomas McGreevy, said that the law now made no provision for requiring the clerk of the court where an election was being contested to report that fact to the Speaker of the House.

Sir John Thompson said that it was not necessary for the House to deal with this question during the present session. He did not think the provision should be retained preventing a member from resigning his seat under the circumstances.

Mr. Bowell's resolution for the cancellation of the North Shore bonds was read a third time.

Sir John Thompson introduced a bill founded on the resolution, which was read a first time.

Sir Richard Cartwright, upon the motion to go into Committee of Supply, said that no one who looked at the census returns could regard them with anything but regret. According to the official statistics which had been prepared, the Government was misinformed as to the true population by as much as 620,000 souls, showing, he repeated, either gross ignorance or wilful misrepresentation. Not content with publishing these statements, they denounced and vilified every person who drew attention to the true facts, and which facts were just as accessible to the Government as to others, and their subsidized organs had pursued a similar course. It was an old principle of English law that when a woman lost her chastity she was unfit to give evidence. The subsidized press was a political strumpet, and was no more worthy of credence. There were 105 of these false prophets, which were fed with the crumbs that fell from the Government's table. During the last few years the conduct of the Government in devoting several millions of dollars to the subsidized press had prevented many facts relating to Canada from being made known to the people, and he proposed to turn on the search light. In the older province during the past twelve years there had been no appreciable increase in the wealth of the people. Of the total increase of 504,000, at least 375,000, if not more, was due to increase in the towns and cities, and the direct result of this census confirmed in the strongest possible degree the statement that he had so often made—that the result of the Government's policy of excessive taxation was to favor a few large cities and individual towns at the expense of the entire remainder of the community. It was the flower of our population that we were driving to the United States, not the residue. Could Canada have kept her young men at home, the Government would have been swept out of existence. He would not say that the Conservative party conspired to drive the young men into exile, but he would say that some of their leaders viewed with complacency the exodus of young men, knowing that they would have better chances of retainining power with the residue.

Mr. Foster said that the only end Sir Richard Cartwright had in view was to further the interests of his own party and injure those of his opponents. There had never been any deliberate falsification of returns of the population by the Government, as charged by Sir Richard Cartwright. It was a disappointment to Canada that the rate of increase in the population had not been as great during the past ten years as could have been desired, but this was a disappointment that was being experienced by the United States, England and other countries. Sir Richard Cartwright should have been honest enough to state that there were conditions, wider than the administration and deeper than the fiscal policy, which should be canvassed.

Mr. McMullen pointed out that the annual expenses of the Toronto Custom House were $66,000, while at Montreal the annual cost was $166,000. He asked what the revenues at these ports amounted to.

Sir Richard Cartwright, upon the item for paying Indian missionaries in New Brunswick, said that if missionaries were paid in this province, he could not see how the Government could refuse to pay other clerical gentlemen in other parts of the Dominion who might be rendering similar services to the Indian bands. It would be found impossible to confine the payments to one province.

Mr. Dewdney—They are paid in the same way in the Province of Quebec and have been for some years.

Mr. Fraser said it was no part of the functions of the Government to pay clergymen of any denomination. It was no part of the Government's duty to enter the religious field. It was wrong in principle. The Government was laying up trouble for itself, and the quicker it cut off this excrescence, this relic of bygone days of Church and State, the better for the country.

The House adjourned at 11.25 p. m.

SHE JILTED HIM,

And He Wants $10,000 Damages for His Loss.

John Innis, a carpenter, of Woodstock, is suing in the High Court of Justice Elizabeth Hill, wife of Dr. A. H. S. Hill, of Norwich, for $10,000 damages for breach of promise of marriage. The marriage contract was made on June 28th, 1887, when the parties were both of age, that each loved the other and promised to be all in all to each other. The plaintiff alleges that the plighted vows were oft renewed, but that notwithstanding this the defendant broke the sacred promise and married another man. A motion was made to strike out part of the statement of claim as embarrassing. As an exhibit to one of the affidavits used on behalf of the plaintiff was a cabinet photograph of the fair defendant,