

hear that the men who so persistently reject the overtures of the United States for freer trade relations, have sent the High (living) Commissioner down to the valley of the Congo to talk up trade with some of the pigmy tribes lately discovered by Stanley. Or perhaps they would prefer to have this subject investigated by a select commission of expert jobbers with, say, Judge Clark as chairman?

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A GOOD man in this city (he desires not to have his name published) has offered to provide the funds to pay for a plain substantial meal for 250 of the very poorest children that can be gathered together every Sunday evening for an indefinite period. This is a specimen of genuine Christian charity which may be commended to the emulation of others who may be blessed with means. And, so long as present conditions obtain, there will be hundreds and thousands of little ones in our midst who will be dependent for their meagre share of the good things of life on the charity of kind-hearted people like this unknown gentleman. But how comes it that this is so?

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NOT all of the poor little creatures who will eagerly apply for admission to the free supper next Sunday night will be the children of parents who are in abject poverty because they are drunken or lazy or incapable of doing honest work. Some, if not most of them, will represent the homes that are squalid and wretched in this fair city, because of *injustice*—the long-continued and abominable injustice of the present system under which a great number of human creatures are robbed of their share of the heritage God meant for all. If these children are not trespassers in this world—if they had a right to be born—then they have just the same title to life that any king possesses. And as atoms of the community they have a right to their share in whatever wealth the community, as such, creates.

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THE community called Toronto creates wealth amounting to about \$13,000,000 annually in land values, which ought to be collected as a tax and put in the city treasury for the benefit of all; but under the name of ground-rent it now goes into the pockets of certain citizens who "own" the land upon which the city stands. While we assert the right of these "owners" to hold and use the land so long as they pay the value thereof to the community, we deny that they *own* it in any other sense than that in which the poorest waif at the free supper owns it. Charity is thrice blessed; but nothing will cure this hoary-headed injustice but justice, and on behalf of these, our little brothers and sisters in rags, we demand it.

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COL. ELLIOT F. SHEPARD, of New York, came over to play a star part at the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, and was received with all the honor due to an eminent soldier, journalist and Christian. We would be sorry to qualify Canadian hospitality in any way, but we *are* anxious to know how it comes to pass that the *Mail and Express*, which is edited by the gallant Colonel, and announces itself as "the greatest temperance paper of the Union," lately advised its readers to vote a certain ticket upon which were the names of about a dozen disreputable and notorious New York saloon keepers. Was it because the text over the editorial column that day was "Select for yourselves good rulers,

men of clean heart," etc.—or because the ticket in question was the "straight Republican" article? It's pretty hard, after all, for a truly good man to edit a Harrison organ.

I DON'T B'LEEV IN DIVORCEMENT.

I DON'T b'leeve in divorcement. 'Taint Scripter, an' 'tain't right,
So me an' Joseph lives united, an' we're always bound to fight;
We ain't one bit alike, so we never can think the same,
An' when two is contrary-minded, they ain't so much to blame;
He is as sot as the hills, an' I've got a determined will,
So when we do get convinced, we re the same opinion still.

You might find many worse men, and not go far to search—
He's honest in his dealings, and belongs to the Baptist church
He ain't a very bad father—don't drink, nor smoke, nor chew;
The greatest fault he has, he thinks that his will is law.
Still, I don't b'leeve in divorcement; 'tain't Scripter, an' 'tain't right.
If a man can't agree with his wife, let them live together an' fight.

Women who get divorced, more than nine times out of ten
Don't seem to feel disgusted with the common sort of men;
Divorced men are worse—they are brimming full of love,
And coo to other women, like a love-sick turtle-dove.
That's why I always say, divorcement can't be right.
If a man can't agree with his wife, let them live together an' fight,

And every one of the children agree with their father and me
That when folks once get married, lawyers can't set them free,
For we've brought them up to know that marriage ain't a joke
To be lightly put one side with a little judicial poke;
And they're agin divorcement—'tain't Scripter, an' 'tain't right.
If a man can't agree with his wife, let them live together an' fight



A RECOMMENDATION.

MISS PRETTYPERT—"Hallo, Tommy, so they've put you in knickerbockers. Do you like them?"
TOMMY—"Awfully. They're lots better than frocks; why don't you 'take to 'em?"—*Pun.*