

JUDGE McDOUGALL has decided that the negro Morse must be given up to the Georgia authorities to be tried for assault with intent to commit murder. Unfortunately, however, they don't as a rule "try" negroes in Georgia; they simply sentence them to the chain gang or to the gallows. In this case, notwithstanding the learned judge's decision, the evidence is by no means conclusive that Morse had any intention of committing murder, and the case is to be appealed to a higher court. Nobody, were we sure, will be more delighted than Judge McDougall if the judgment is reversed. If the poor fellow is sent back and hanged our legal friends will always refer to *re* Morse with a feeling of that kind.



O? But surely there's some mistake about the report from Winnipeg to the effect that the Conservatives are "making a strong protest against the manner in which the Liberals are administering the voters' lists. . . . The Conservatives are afforded practically no opportunity to add to or strike off names proposed by Liberal enumerators. . . . The members of the Greenway government are charged with administering public affairs to suit their own personal ends." This can't possibly be true, as we happen to know that the Conservatives of Winnipeg and elsewhere heartily approve of such actions on the part of a government. Surely no one would be mean enough to insinuate that the political complexion of the government would make any difference!

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND was nominated at St. Louis the other day amid enthusiasm which carried the Democratic convention out of the hands of the chairman for about half-an-hour. The people seem to be rejoicing at the prospect of making the Republic a "cheap country to live in." What a pity they haven't a few of our Canadian statesmen of the John A. brand over there to show them the folly of this!

THE ORGANIST.

PERHAPS you may have noticed, that the churches in a small place in the country are not usually in a flourishing condition; in fact some of them appear to be in a state of senile decay. Why is this thus? Take for example the beautiful little church in B—. The minister is energetic, the congregation is wealthy, and some of the leading lights display lavish generosity in giving to the church. Mr. Goldust, for instance, is only worth about \$120,000, and yet by steady, grinding economy, and "get thar" self denial, he gives as much as \$26 some years to the church and pays his pew rent in advance besides; no wonder the rising generation grovel in self-abasement and lowly humility when he heaves in sight, and the older members gaze on him with respectful awe; and yet the church is in a languishing condition. What is it that, vampire-like, sucks the life-blood out of this long suffering institution? My gentle friend, *it's paying the salary of the organist.* That's what it is! We wail and rave about the monopolist, we rant and declaim against the heaping up of immense riches by one person, and yet

no one censures the organist. Now, what does this bloated, supercilious gentleman do? He plays only twice every Sunday during the year, attends any week-day services, practices once a week, spends a little extra time at Easter and Christmas, invests in music at a trifling cost of \$13, and what salary does this human hyena receive for his meagre services? In some cases he draws the sum of \$11 a year! Moreover he is allowed to practice on the organ free of charge; but is this avaricious man satisfied? No! his greed and rapacity is appalling, he thirsts for more, and throws out dark shadowy hints about striking for \$12 a year, and insinuates in a vagrant sort of way, about being chased for over three blocks by a deputation from Toronto, who wanted a clever organist; object no salary. Now it's about time that this bloated aristocrat was given to understand that he can't scoop in the portion of the widows and orphans for ever. \$12 a year! Fire and brimstone! Why, that's nearly twenty-five cents a Sunday!

E. A. C.



MAYOR CLARKE CONTINUES TO STAND HIGH IN PUBLIC OPINION.

DANIEL MCCARTNEY, a great prodigy of memory, has just died in Iowa. It is said he could remember what he had eaten for breakfast, dinner and supper every day for forty years back. There are some people in this favored city who quite frequently can't remember that they had a meal the day before, and their memories are not out of order, either.