### McGinty.

Who is the man whose fame is sung
By rich and poor, by old and young,
Whose name is n-w on every tongue,
"McGinty."

His story everybody knows,
By day and night you hear his woes,
And how he was his Sunday blows,
"McGinty."

In the morning papers you peruse
What seems to be a bit of news,
Only to find this gas oozes,
"McGinty."

When you reach home, your baby boy
Hands out to you his last new toy;
"What's this?" you ask; he cries with joy,
"McGinty."

At church you hear the preacher tell
How Jonah in the water fell,
With sudden start you almost yell,
"McGinty."

Oh, why could they not let him be
Down at the bottom of the sea,
Where he'd not trouble you or me?—
"McGinty."

—*Puck*

### Wing Tee Wee.

Wing Tee Wee
Was a sweet Chinee,
And She lived in the town of Tac.
And her eyes were blue,
And her curling one
Hung dangling down her back;
And she fell in love with gay Win Sil,
Who he wrote his love on a laundry bill.

And O, Tin Told
Was a pirate bold,
And he sailed on a Chinese junk;
And he loved, ah, me!
Sweet Wing Tee Wee,
But his valiant heart had sunk.
So he downed his blues in fickle fizz,
And vowed the maid would yet be his.

So bold Tin Told
Showed all his gold
To the maid of the town of Tac,
And sweet Wing Wee
Eloped to sea
And nevermore came back,
For in far Chinee the maids are fair,
And the maids are false, as everywhere.

# THE DOSTERS:

## A Romance of Georgian Life

### CHAPTER VI.

Tom had never heard his cousin preach, and, having found out somehow that he was to do so that night, remained, intending to return after the sermon, although he was to ride more than a dozen miles. He supped at the Ingrams', accepting, as if both were the same to him, the superfluous politeness of Will and the stiff reserve of Hiram. When it was time to go to the stand, he offered his arm to the hostess, who, taking it, said:

"You all see what a genuinely polite man can do. Tom, these boys, not since they have been here, has either of them proposed to take me to the stand."

"Why, Cousin Emily," said Will, "you have been so busy with culinary and other domestic affairs that I hardly believe you've been to the stand since the meeting began."

"Makes no odds, sir; you should have offered your services the same. But come on; they are already singing the first hymn. I wouldn't go now, but Mr. Ingram told me this evening as a great secret, which I hope it is no harm to reveal now, that Henry was to preach to-night. Viney will have to attend to the next table, as I've got to hear Henry, no matter how the supper goes."

As she moved off with her escort, Hiram, almost loud enough for Tom to hear, said to Ellen, "I'll bet my ears he don's go home to night."

"Why, brother Hiram!" exclaimed Ellen.

"Come; let us be going," said Harriet, taking Will's arm.

This movement in punishment of his rude speech angered Hiram painfully. He spoke not, however, but, giving his arm to Ellen, followed the rest. Tom and Mrs. Ingram got seats about midway. The others seated themselves several benches behind them. The lad Jerry Pound, as if he would be seen in fine company, put himself immediately behind the two couples.

"Hello! Jerry," whispered Will, during the singing of the second hymn; "you here?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. May. Ma and Unk Allen, spite of us being pressed with fodder pullin', wanted me to come, and I thought I'd as well come and see the crowd and what's goin' on."

"Things haven't been as stirring and lively as usual this camp-meeting, have they?"

"No—no, sir. Unk Allen say the very old scratch is to pay in this congregation; but he say he mean to see if he can't head him before the meetin's over."

"Haven't got religion yourself yet, Jerry, it seems?"

"Not quite, sir," he answered, giggling. "Unk Allen been talkin' to me straight up and down when he could come up with me. I been dodgin' him because he talk so brash. He says I'm so far gone, he's afeared salt couldn't save me."

"How would it do to try a little saltpetre, Jerry?"

"Oh, brother Will, do hush!" whispered Harriet. "You see Mr. Doster has risen."

Will at once subsided.

Henry Doster already had gotten some reputation as a speaker, although his efforts had been expended mainly among the humbler churches of the circuit. These not his cultured tastes nor his love and courtship had availed to make him neglect, even when, more than once, in order to fill an appointment, he had to swim his horse over a creek swollen by rains.

"He have the right sperrit about him," said one day good old Mr. Hood, who for thirty-five years and more had been fighting his way among "them Baptiss s that jes swarms about and around Long's Bridge and Buffler Creek. He behave like he don's set himself above the poorest and the ignantest of us, and my opinion is, if his life's spar'd, he's goin' to weed a wide row in the pulpit."

That night, when he rose and looked out upon the vast audience before him, it was apparent that, besides the sense of solemn responsibility, he labored with much embarrassment. His face, handsome always, now had a beauty almost marvellous. The tinge upon his cheek, destined soon to deepen, already appeared, as, with some trembling of voice, he began. Pious as he was, man-like in all his instincts, he was not conscious of any reference to himself in the meditation that led to his text: "A rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven." Yet, on its announcement, Will May mischievously winked at Hiram, and whispered, "He's aiming at us, Hiram."

"Please be silent!" whispered Harriet again, in pained remonstrance. Hiram answered not, but his grim visage as he looked at the preacher showed that he regarded himself as defied, if not already insulted.

It appeared soon that the speaker was competent to take all the benefit which the Roman master of eloquence had taught may be gathered from embarrassment by an orator, honorable, gifted, and duly inspired with a sense of the importance of his theme. His hair, worn long as was the habit then, trembled as he spoke with tenderness of the estate of poverty, the seeming mysteriousness of its ever-during existence in all communities, notwithstanding one Lord's tender commiseration, the necessity of that continued existence in accordance with the economy of Him who, instead of chiding, had dignified it, lauded, lived in it while in the form of humanity, blessed it in word and work, and warned mankind against maltreatment, even its neglect. He had been speaking but a few minutes when in was felt by all that a great light had risen newly in the Church. When he had gotten fairly to the discussion of his subject he poured forth an unbroken poetic ite fose to be supplemented by earnings from the sweating labors of others, living or dead, and such a one of all men, seems to me the least of a man."

Fine was the peroration in which he compared the love of money, even when fairly obtained and neither meanly hoarded nor recklessly squandered, with other loves, as social, domestic, above all, the love of God, in which all true loves meet and by which they are regulated. During this splendid declamation, to some, perhaps to but one, yet certainly to her, his face seemed radiant as a seraph's. When it was ended he looked around for a moment apologizingly, then, bowing low, sat down, and, immediately after his accessor had risen, left the pulpit and disappeared. Simultaneously Tom, taking leave of Mrs. Ingram, retired, and, getting his horse, left for home

The effect of the sermon all through its delivery was signal. Interjectional expressions, first few and constrained, became more frequent and audible in an around the pulpit and the enclosed space in front called the altar. Mr. Swinger's deportment throughout was interesting. At first his face indicated apprehension extremely painful. Soon he lifted his bowed head and looked with beaming face upon the audience, as the youthful orator, as every moment higher beyond his most eager hopes. Fearing he might embarrass him by too hearty manifestations of delight, now he would now his face low, covering it tightly with his hands, and now lift it on high and eternly contemplate the rafters above, or endeavor to peer through the darkness into the forest behind, as if not cognizant of what was going on before him or indifferent to it. Often he crossed his legs and recrossed them, or pressing his knees together held them fast in his arms clasped beneath, as if without such precautionary restraint they would kick, in front or back, the boarding from the pulpit. When the sermon was ended, with a voice heard in the stilly night more than a mile away, he shouted, "Glory be to God!" and it was echoed by hundreds of tongues.

Ellen and Harriet both rose in tears.

"Let's quit this place," said Hiram, rising, low, but his face livid with anger.

"Not yet," answered Ellen, wiping her eyes. "Go if you wish, brother, and Will also, if he's tired. Harriet and I can get back to the tent by ourselves."

"Oh, no," said Will; "let us stay, Hiram, and see them through. Old man Swinger is on his high horse, and we'll have some fun riding."

Hiram resumed his seat and, leaning back, looked with disdain at Mr. Swinger as he rose with both arms wide extended: "Brothin and sisters," he began, "the fact of the business is, I don't feel like ex'ortin' this here congregation, away up here in this here pulpit. We've been a-invitin' o' these people two days, and this make three nights, and we been polite as if we been a-sakin' 'em to a weddin' or a candy-pullin', and up tell now and down tell now they been a monst'ous few that they have seem to keer no more for keepin' theirselves out of fire and brimstone nor not as much as when they tryin' to prize out one o' their waggins that's been stalled in a mud-hole. And the long and short of it is, I'm a-goin' to git out o' here and go to chargin' on 'em; and" (slightly turning his face rearward), "I want Henry Dawster—Godamighty bless his soul and body!—I want him when he rests awhile, and he see me a-wantin' o' help—I want him to foller me and charge on. Time he was a-beginnin' to learn how to charge, well as ockeyp the pulpit."

Descending and slowly advancing, in language and tones mingled of disgust, admonition command, threatening, he roared: "All you everlastin' sinners and worldlyans, them among you that they feel that if you ain't anxious, you some rather keep out of hell than go thar, I want you to come into this here altar here, and drap down on your marrer-bones and acknowledge to Godamighty of not quite all, some of the biggest o' your meanness, and beg him if he can's be kind enough and condescendin' enough to spar' you. Come on," he thundred, as they began to pour in, "come a right along. It ain't yit quite too late, but it's a been a-gittin' late on you, and that rapid. O you money-gitters and you money-lovers, with your broadcloth and your high heel boots, and them that's too stingy to buy 'em! O you that has land and niggers and horses and mules and cattle and sheep and hogs, and all the 'purtenances to them a-belongin', and a-expectin' all them to foller you to the grave, and wait on you and pomper you thar, and some of you the more you've got, the meaner and stingier you've got, and it's come to that that what you've got does you no more good than the fifs' wheel of a waggin, and so the good-for-nothiner you've got, all of you come along; that's a right; come a right along! It may be a hard p'ints for the old ship o' Zion to take you all aboard with all your ongodly baggages of sin and wickedness she have to k'yar for some of the torndownishest among you. But come along; she'll take you on, even if you sink her. And them that mayn't feel like a-comin' plum in to the altar, let them knuckle down whar they sets, and we'll try stream of eloquence to the end. Not dis praising riches, instead he highly commended efforts to obtain them by industry, frugality, and all fair methods, and for purposes reconcilable with the claims of charity and religion. He held up to scorn the miser, but the spendthrift he denounced with greater severity. Among many things, he said:

"We cannot but feel some compassion for the unhappy miser who, in his insane dread of want, denies to himself even the necessaries of his being. Yet at last is there not something of the remains of lost manhood in thus looking with apprehension, vain as it is, of becoming dependent in old age upon the charity of mankind? Indeed yea. Instead of him, even him, it is the spendthrift who, rioting in the inheritance devolved upon him from the industry of his forefathers, is of all most to be despised. The miser, as if he expected to live forever, works and saves, saves and works, in terror of dependence at some period remote, when his lovers and friends, few as they may be, will have departed and left him alone. In the case of such a man, along with what is less contempt than pity, we must mingle some respect for the relic of a nobleness that his own hands cannot wholly destroy. But the spendthrift! Counting not upon immortality in his earthly being, and not even upon the entire indestructibility of what others have gathered for his enjoyment, which he sees wasting continually in his profligate hands, he complacently exto do somethin' for 'em even thar."

By this time he had advanced quite near where our party was seated. The girls, following Mrs. Ingram, who, at Tom Doster's departure, had moved and taken a seat by them, knelt upon the straw, and William May, half reclining, leaned his head upon the bench in front of him. But Hiram rose, and, standing erect, conspicuous among hundreds, confronted the preacher with menacing look. The latter, as he admitted afterwards, felt violently aroused all the native combative temper of his being before this enemy of all goodness, especially of his beloved Henry. He paused a moment, as if revolving how best to meet such audacious defiance of one of whose personal malignant hostility he was well convinced; then regarding him with scorn, burst forth thus:

"Yes; and you conceited, extravagant, impident young chaps, that I ain't shore but what you're the triflin'est of the whole lot, that you do nothin' but run about and spend the money your daddies worked for, and died and left you, and a-spendin' it on nobody and on nothin' but your own k'yarcasses, and then mayby a expectin' to marry them that got prop'ty when who you got is done squandered and gone I pass sech as you by as them that's made up their mind to go to the devil whut not; and if so be, why, go! and Godamighty, if He can, have mercy on your mean, ornary, good-for-nothin' souls!"

Waving his hand with contempt, he took another stride, when an object of nearer interest was presented before him. For several minutes Jerry Pound, not able to back himself through the pressing throngs, had been crawling, or so endeavoring, beneath the benches, and at this moment had risen, perhaps to get more air, climbing by one of the pillars of the arbor, behind which he tried to dodge from his uncle. When the latter espied him he laughed aloud, and with the fiercest glee shouted:

"Oh, you needn't be a trying to dodge behind that thar post, Jerry Pound. Ye're like a rabbit tha's a-been runned into his holler, and you got to twist him out with a forked stick. To think, my own sister's son, that's made her peases with the good Lord a long ago, and with the egzample of sech a mother, and at sech a time when he see this people's hearts a-workin' up, and him a-tryin' to dodge the ollest uncle he's got, and hide behind the arbor post, rather'n he'll have saved his everlastin' no-'count soul!—I declar' it's just too bad for a body to put pen with for any use under the sun. Ih hi! you dodger! You find you can't dodge to the extent you been a-countin' on. Once's or twice's before I didn't know but whut I had you; but you that slick and slickery that a body, same as a eel, they got to put sand in their hand to git a livin' hold on you. Come along here, sir."

Fastening his teeth together as if to restrain intemperate wrath and objurgation, he caught the fugitive by the arm and dragged him with such force that when he reached the aisle partially cleared by the people, he fell prone upon his knees. Then Mr. Swinger, seizing his coat collar with one hand, and with the other the trousers around his middle, and crying, "Cler the way thar for this waggin-load of iniquity!" made for the altar. Arrived there, he released Jerry's collar, and let his head come down quick but unburt upon the abundant oat straw, saying, "Thar! anyhow you shall go through the motions!"

Then high above the cries of mourners and shouters rose the jubilant wail of Mrs. Pound, as, pushing her way within, she lifted her great turkey-tail and fanned her son, wedged among the kneeling multitudes. Mr. Swinger, panting, turned towards the pulpit and cried:

"And now, Henry, my boy, I ain't agzactly broke down, but I'm a-tired a-haulin' and a-totin' o' that mess. And yit," softening to the prostrate boy, "there is many a heavier load in this congregation then whut that poor orphan boy is, which he's hard-workin' as the days is long, and 'twer'n' for his playin' marbles of a Sunday and sich, of he had grace he'd be the equal of many that think theirselves far above him. But come along, Henry, and go to chargin' awhile tell my wind come fa'rly back. Whar's Henry?"

One of the preachers whispered that Henry had left the pulpit and the stand immediately after his sermon. The words of disappointment, if any were uttered, were silenced by the lifting of a hymn, during the singing of which many, in answer to Mr. Swinger's charge, and many more in spite of it, came and knelt within and around the altar.

Such was the beginning of a revival long remembered, in which many were added to the Church, among whom, I hardly need mention, was that reprobate Sabbath-breaker, Jerry Pound.

### CHAPTER VII.

During the sermon of Henry Doster the attention of all persons, even those of moderate culture, had benefitted by the power which an eloquence unrivalled in their experience must exert. He had transcended all expectation, showing at the same time that he had kept a reserve of strength yet greater. Many times during its delivery the girls most interested in his endeavor shed tears, Harriet as freely as Ellen. Even William May was touched with something like a generous enthusiasm, under the impulse of which, at the close, he said to Harriet:

"I didn't dream that he had such powers. It beat anything I ever heard."

When the charge of Mr. Swinger was over, smilingly he looked at Hiram, whose face was red-hot with resentment.

"Will," said the latter, "if Ellen wants to stay longer in this cursed place, you can see her to the tent. I want to speak to a person outside."

He left at once, and, passing out, made for the preachers' tent, and inquired for Henry Doster. He was answered that Henry on his return from the stand had thrown on his overcoat and walked out, saying that he would stroll for a while in the woods at the rear. Hiram walked back and forth for some time; then returned to the tent. The girls had retired. Never had he felt so wrathful. He believed fully that it had been preconcerted between Henry Doster and Mr. Swinger that the movement, covert in one, audaciously open in the other, was to be made upon him. In vain Will May, who said he suspected nothing of the kind, advised him to let the matter drop.

"Hiram," he said, "I'm afraid you are going to do something imprudent. Henry Doster alluded no more to you than to me, or to any other young man of our habits. He is too much of a gentleman to have meant anything personal of any individual in a pulpit discourse. As for old man Swinger, you worried him by rising when you did, and getting as it were in his path with threatening look. He can't stand a dare, being plucky to the backbone. Let's drop it and go to bed."

But Hiram sat before the tent for hours and brooded.

On the next morning Henry Doster came there to hold prayers and to breakfast. All met his courteous salutation with heartiness except Hiram, who, not appearing at prayers and coming to the breakfast-table after the blessing was asked, did not notice the reverend guest.

"Mr. Swinger came down heavy on sinners in general last night, Mr. Ingram," said a young man who sat near the host.

"Oh, yes," answered Mr. Ingram; "the old gentlemen has his ways; but if there are any better men, I don't know where to go to find them."

"Some of his remarks," said Hiram, "were grossly insulting to me, at whom they were openly pointed. But he has not the education nor the breeding to behave otherwise. In this case I have no doubt he was put up to it by some one else."

Mr. Ingram frowned. Henry paused in heating, his face pale and his eyes dilating. Ellen hastily retired from the table. Harriet, her cheeks slightly reddening, glanced momentarily at Hiram; then, having caught Henry Doster's eye, put her finger to her lips. Instantly he smiled, and addressed a remark to Mr. Ingram upon a subject so remote from Mr. Swinger that Hiram, anguishing from the contempt thus put upon his words, rose suddenly from his breakfast as soon as he finished, and, as Henry was in the act of leaving the tent, said to him, abruptly;

"I wish to have a few words with you in private, sir."

"Certainly, Mr. Joyner. They told me at our tent last night that you had called for me, and it was partly for that I came here this morning. Shall we take a walk?"

"Yes, sir, wherever you say."

"We will go to yonder woods, then," he said, pointing beyond the preachers' tent.

When they had gone, Ellen said to her friend: "Oh, Harriet! Harriet! brother is beside himself. After that insult at the breakfast-table, there's no telling what he'll say or do when he gets Henry off to himself. I'm almost sorry I didn't tell him everything."

"It would have made matters worse, my dear. I'm sure that Tom's counsel is the best, and don't be afraid but that Henry will take care of himself."

"Poor brother has started the issue, as I knew he would; but I did not expect it to come in that way."

"Nor I; yet it is the very best in which it could have come. It's just a piece of splendid luck; that's what it is. Oh, I'm so glad that Tom went home last night! Cheer up, little one, it will all come right, and the sooner for that very walk that Hiram is taking with Henry."

Then she put her arms around Ellen, and almost bore her to their chamber.

"Come straight with me and finish that breakfast, miss," said Mrs. Ingram, entering the room. Ellen obeyed, and neither referred to the occasion of her having left the table. Yet the hostess could not forbear saying to Harriet afterwards: "Somebody will have to put a strait-jacket on Hiram if his foolishness is not stopped. I've never seen Mr. Ingram so angry. He declares that but for Ellen and his mother he would have ordered him from the table and the tent. But did ever a man show the gentleman more beautifully than Henry Doster? I don't blame Ellen for being so in love with him; she just couldn't help it."

"He did indeed, Hiram is either worse or he has issues more than I thought. But he'll see that his conduct will have expedited what he hopes to prevent"

"How?"

"Never mind now. You'll see before long"

"I wish I hadn't invited him to this tent."

"I am glad you did, and thankful that he came."

The woods in the rear of the preachers' tent, to the extent of twenty acres or so, by immemorial usage were regarded as not to be entered during the camp except by the clergy or others accompanied by one or more of them. Hither these were wont to resort, sometimes in twos and threes, sometimes singly, in the intervals of their service at the stand, for the sake of exercise and meditation. Thither these young men wended.

"The fall will soon be upon us, you notice, Mr. Joyner," said the preacher, pointing to the browning and yellowing of the forest leaves, as they were entering.

"My object," answered the other, "was not to discuss the seasons with you, sir, but——."

"I did not so understand your request for an interview," was the quick reply; "but I suggest that we postpone reference to the matter you have on your mind until we reach a spot where we may consider it without incurring risk of being observed."

"As you please, sir."

Nothing more was said by either until they had proceeded a distance of a couple of hundred yards, to a spot where was a dense growth of dogwood and crab-apple. Here Henry halted, and seating himself upon the trunk of a tree that had fallen, he looked up mildly and said:

"Well, sir, as your business seems urgent, too much so to be put off until I can get through with some rather pressing engagements, I am now at your service."

His calmness, so different from what he had expected, irritated Hiram yet more. He said bluntly, as he well knew how:

"I've been intending for some time to tell you, sir, that I wanted you to stop your visits to my house and your attentions to my sister."

"Why have you not done so, Mr. Joyner, before now, when you find me so preoccupied?"

"Because I have not had a suitable opportunity, sir. I intended to wait until the camp-meeting was over, and would have done so but for your shrusting forward last night that old ruffian to insult and outrage me, and I determined then to wait no longer. I sought you last night, but was not able to find you."

"So they informed me at our tent on my return from a walk. To whom do you allude in your use of the word 'ruffian'?"

I allude, as in spite of your pretended ignorance you know very well, to old Mr. Swinger."

"I did indeed suspect that you were referring to that gentleman, startled as I was that a man young man as you would speak thus of one so much your elder, whom you must know to be held in much respect, indeed in much reverence, wherever he is known."

At that moment a slight noise among the leaves was heard, and a gray squirrel came tripping along and made for a large poplar-tree near by, in a fork of which was a nest. Arrived there, the pretty thing turned suddenly, ran up an adjacent oak, and, halting on one of the lower branches, commenced chattering earnestly, as if in admonition to the two men below. Henry Doster loooked up as, brandishing its full-spread tail, it continued to pour forth.

"Your attention, sir!" said Hiram, in commanding tone.

(To be Continued).

### WONDERS OF HUMAN MECHANISM

#### Movements of Nerves and Muscles in Playing a Piece of Music.

Science, says Sir James Paget, will supply the natural man with wonders uncounted. The author had once heard Mdlle. Janotha play a presto by Mendelssohn. She played 5,505 notes in four minutes and three seconds. Every one of these notes involved certain movements of a finger, at least two, and many of them involved an additional movement laterally as well as those up and down. They also involved repeated movements of the wrists, elbows and arms, says a writer in the "Popular Science Monthly," altogether probably not less than one movement for each time.

Therefore there were three distinct movements for each note. As there were twenty-four notes per second, and each of these notes involved three distinct musical movements, that amounted to seventy-two movements in each second. Moreover, each of those notes was determined by the will to a chosen place, with a certain force at a certain time and with a certain duration. Therefore, there were four distinct qualities in each of the 72 movements in each second. Such were the transmissions outward. And all those were conditional on consciousness of the position of each hand and finger before it was moved, and by moving it of the sound and the force of each touch. Therefore, there were three conscious sensations to every note.

There were 72 transmissions a second, 144 to and fro, and those with constant change of quality. And then, added to that, all the memory was remembering each note in its due time and place and was exercised in the comparison of it with others that came before. So that it would be fair to say that there were not less than 200 transmissions of nerve force to and from the brain outward and inward every second, and during the whole of that time judgement was being exercised as to whether the music was being played better or worse than before, and the mind was conscious of some of the motioms which the music was intended to inspire.

### A Foreign Opinion.

Presumably on the principle that of two evils one should choose the lesser, and that viceroyal courts are a bigger plague than divorce courts, the Chicago *Canadian American* thus presents its views regarding the Foster-Chisholm alliance and the society gossip of Ottawa, winding up with a political prophecy:

A few years ago a well-known resident of Hamilton, Ontario, whose belief in certain theories of expression on many public platforms, created a tremendous sensation in the Province by suddenly leaving the country, to the regret of scores of friends, some of whom he had ruined by his speculations. A disgraced wife, with a family, was, however, equal to the task before her, and thereafter not a penny of D. B. Chisholm's money passed through the hands of Mrs. Chisholm, who quickly engaged in literary work to keep the wolf from the door. The husband threw all the responsibilities on the shoulders of the wife and mother, and she, like a true woman, bore the burden uncomplainingly. Coming to Chicago a year or two ago, she obtained a divorce on the grounds of non-support and desertion. Shortly after she married the Hon. George E. Foster, Minister of Finance for the Dominion. This is part of the story; the other is now coming to us in chapters. Society at the capital of the Dominion is creating it by dividing on the subject of Mrs. Foster's social status. One section adheres to the belief that there is no stain upon Mrs. Foster's character; and the other, with ears open to a hint from Rideau Hall, the official residence of the Governor-General, regard her as one of those horrid divorced women whom Queen Victoria would exclude from court. In some way or other it is supposed that Lord Stanley of Preston represents Her Majesty in Ottawa's society circles, and therefore Balmoral rules should be applied in Mrs. Foster's case, good woman though she is. In advocating such long-range ostracism some Canadians are making fools of themselves, as well as elevating Rideau Hall and its occupants to a place more above the level of native society. In the political world of the Dominion Rideau Hall is an unimportant factor; why should it be the dictator in anything? However, in ten years from now the Dominion will not be served by a Governor-General from the Mother Country.

### Explained.

"Why, what's the matter, Berryl? Have you typhoid or what, that you've lost all your hair?"

"Oh, no, but you see I went to Bar Harbor last summer and got engaged to eight men, and when the season was over they each demanded a lock of my hair."

### Storm Ahead.

"Fine night," said Smith to Jones as they came out of the club.

"Yes," answered Jones as the clock began striking the hour of 12, "it is a fine night, but I expect it will storm when I get home."

While on a trip through West Virginia some years ago I spent a few days in the little mountain bound village of Hinton. In wandering about I happened on a little frame shop, far up on the mountain side, on the platform of which were seated the usual number of loungers. The exterior front and side, was hung with numerous specimen articles of the goods for sale within, and the top of the square extension gable bore in letters over four feet long, extending across the building, the word "Store." They are a very pleasant, homelike people down there, and rather enjoy a joke, so after making a small purchase and conversing a while with the proprietor I asked him if it was the custom in that locality to make each canine carry a placard, "This is a Dog," when at large. He was puzzled at first, but, noting my upward glance, he ran his eye over the great display of goods and up to the big sign, and laughed heartily as he said: "Wall, stranger, that sign was a right smart waste o' work, wa'n't it?" I thought of the little Hinton store with the big sign when I read Mr. Mulock's "Loyalty" resolution yesterday. Is this "labeling" idea, this vociferous protestation of possession to be confined to loyalty only? or is it to be carried into business as well? Really, now, isn't it childish? Imagine a good M P. going back to his constituents with a placard on his back bearing the legend: "I am the People's Model Representative," or "I am Something of an Honest Man," or perhaps "I'm a Dandy." These profuse protestations of loyalty are surely not necessary, and but it may be as harmless a way of earning their indemnity as members can indulge in.

SOL WHITE, the annexationist Mayor of Windsor and the man who was sure of a portfolio in Meredith's ministry had the Tories been successful at the last Provincial elections, in his inaugural address to the Windsor Council declared commercial union with the States was impracticable, but that he was a strong supporter of political union.

—Mrs. Harriett Beecher Stowe made $200,000 out of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It gave four millions of people their freedom.

—A new Irish ballad, much sung at the high-class London ballad concerts, is called "I'm off to Philadelphia in the Morning."

—It's a very wise father who knows as much as his son.

—"Her feet flew," read Jehabod, but Jonathan spoiled the climax by saying, "Then she must have had soar toes."

Michael Davitt is working up the formation of a labor society in Great Britain and Ireland. Eight hours and the Henry George taxation of land are in the platform.

—A race between Nellie Bly and Billie Nye might do for the next thing.

—Leo. XIII. will be 80 years old on March 2nd, should he live till then.

# DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

Mr. Wallace introduced a bill to incorporate the Grand Orange Lodge of British America.

Mr. Carling, in reply to Mr. Cimon, said the Government was considering the advisability of establishing an experimental dairy in connection with the Experimental Farm.

Mr. Charlton announced that the promoters of the three bills on reciprocity in wrecking had agreed to let them stand till Thursday next, if the Government would agree to make them the first order of the day.

Mr. Foster laid on the table of the House the estimates for the year ending June 31st, 1891.

The estimates were referred to the Committee of Supply.

Mr. Bain, (Wentworth), in asking for returns, said that the correspondence as to the ownership of the Waterloo and Dundas Road had been going on since 1885. Owing to the unsettled state of the ownership the road was in a very bad state and people had to pay toll at four gates. For the five years the matter had been in dispute people had been compelled to carry on systematic warfare against the present holder, in order to compel him to keep in in some sort of condition. It was a serious local irritation to be forced to pay toll for a road that was thus neglected. He hoped the Minister would try and urge on his department and get this matter settled.

Sir Hector Langevin said the question was whether the road belonged to the Government of Canada or the Government of Ontario. This had been a difficult matter to look into. Searches had now been completed and the papers would shortly be laid before the Minister of Justice for his opinion.

Mr. Wilson (Elgin), in moving for papers respecting the proposal to convert Kettle creek into a canal between St. Thomas and Port Stanley, said he could hardly conceive that anyone was foolish enough to conceive such a project practicable. He understood that the engineers found that this canal would have to be 500 feet deep at St. Thomas. That, of course, would be a difficulty, but the ingenious Minister of Public Works might be able to overcome it. Then there was a scarcity of water in Kettle creek, and it would either have to be brought from the Thames by boring twenty miles or from the lake. What was to be gained by a canal from St. Thomas to Port Stanley? There was no traffic between the places and the proposition was absurd, and he was surprised that the Minister of Public Works should be so far deceived as to send his engineers to survey the route of the canal.

Mr. Casey said that it was possible with the expenditure of half a million of dollars to make Kettle creek navigable, but only for fish. (Laughter).

The motion for the papers was carried.

Mr Wilson (Elgin), in moving for the returns as to the tolls collected at Port Stanley, drew attention to the neglected state of the harbor. The Minister was dealing unfairly by these people, and the trade was being forced off the lakes. The result was that Port Stanley was degenerating. It was true that the harbor had been handed over to the London & Port Stanley Railway, but it was the duty of the Government to force the railway to attend to this port.

Mr. Casey thought that the Government should make an appropriation to put this port in repair.

Mr. White (Renfrew), on motion for returns, called attention to a case of hardship which had occurred in connection with the robbery of the post office at Pembroke on the night of the 18th of April last. The post office was broken into and registered letters containing $2,000, as far as could be ascertained, were stolen. Many persons who had lost the money could ill-afford it, and he hoped if it was possible to reimburse them the Government would do so.

Mr. Haggart said the invariable rule laid down in the United States, England and most countries where there were similar systems to one, was not to compensate for such losses. A departure from this rule would lead to great trouble. He had every sympathy with the sufferers, and had no objection to the returns being brought down.

The motion was carried.

Sir Richard Cartwright called attention to the fact that the Public Accounts Committee had not been called.

Mr. Foster—It will be called as early as possible.

Mr. Laurier—But the Prime Minister said it would be called for to-day.

Mr. Foster—There are three days' grace.

Mr. Charlton, in moving the first reading of the bill to amend the Dominion Election Act, said the object was to provide against promises made by candidates of the Government of expenditure in their riding. Another object was to provide that the Government should not expend money for the purpose of influencing elections. This was one of the most fruitful sources of corruption at the present day.

Sir John Macdonald—You should include promises from all quarters.

The bill was read a first time.

Mr. McCarthy—I would like to ask if it would not be convenient for a day to be set for the second reading of the bill against my name. I have consulted the First Minister and he has suggested Wednesday week, if it would be convenient, Wednesday, the 12th.

Sir John Macdonald—I think that would be convenient. This subject is of very general interest to the House, and it would be well to have a day fixed. Wednesday, the 12th, would be convenient, but I would like first to hear from the other side.

Mr. Laurier—As far as this side is concerned, we will agree to this arrangement.

Sir Richard Cartwright said it was premature to ask what day the Budget would be brought down, but he supposed it was safe to presume it would not be brought down next week.

Mr. Foster—Not next week nor the following week.

The House went into Committee of Supply.

Mr. McMullen, on the item for printing and stationery, said that it appeared that printing was more costly than ever, and that instead of the saving that the Secretary of State had promised, there would be a loss to the country in consequence of the establishment of the bureau.

Mr. Chapleau said that when the Printing Bureau was fully completed, he believed the economy which he promised would be realized. He hoped this would be the case, and if it was not it would not be his fault.

Mr. Somerville said he understood that the Secretary of State had admitted to the printers that the present arrangement cost more than the old system.

Mr. Chapleau replied that all he had said was that the printing had cost more than he had anticipated on account of the unfinished state of the building, which compelled them to run two establishments at once.

Under head of Dominion Lands, Sir Richard Cartwright pointed out that there was a large discrepancy between the receipts and expenditure of this department. It had cost $400,000 to collect $230,000. The probability of $58 300,000 being realized from Dominion lands by 1891, which was promised by Sir Charles Tupper, was becoming more remote.

Mr. Dewdney said he was effecting a saving of $13,000 this year in this department. He had a scheme whereby he hoped soon to make the service much less expensive.

Sir Richard Cartwright asked for an explanation as to the increase of $1,500 in the salary of Chief Engineer Page, making it $6,000.

Sir John Macdonald explained that the improvement of the canal system and the building of the Sault Ste. Marie canal were on Mr. Page's shoulders, and his duties had largely increased.

Mr. Wilson (Elgin) said he was not satisfied with this explanation. It was a very strange thing that an official who had an indictment hanging over his head from one of the Government supporters should receive such an increase.

Sir John Macdonald—That's another page altogether in his history.

The item passed and the committee rose.

### Filling up in Anticipation.

The teacher of a private school allowed her pupils only one drink in the morning, unless they had salt meat for the first meal. When one day a child asked for the second supply, she was therefore cross-questioned, "Had you salt meat for breakfast?"

"No," was the innocent reply. "But we going to have it for dinner!"

—A Baltimore woman carries her ideas of modesty to such an extent that she has made trousers for her piano legs and all Baltimore is giggling.

—Chicago people ought not to complain of aspersions on their artistic sense when the *Inter Ocean* heads an account of "The Angelus" with "Hear Dem Bells."

### BACK TO AFRICA.

The public men of the United States are puzzled about the negro problem. Few, if any, of them would care to go back to the old conditions under which the negro was enslaved, but it is ascertained that, on the whole, the present condition of the negro is worse than that which he occupied before his emancipation. The sense of freedom is worth a great deal, but it does not make up for the lack of food, clothing and shelter, a sufficiency of which hundreds of thousands of the colored people appear to be unable to obtain as free laborers. The New York *Bulletin* affirms that there has been no lack of consideration and of kind treatment on the part of the superior race, no neglect of efforts to provide the means of education; on the contrary, the States have done what lay in their limited power to improve the negro's condition and social efficiency, and that equally from humane sentiment as from interested motive. But all such helps were powerless as against the qualities and instincts inherent to and inseparable from the race. The fundamental factor in the case is that the negro race was organically developed and mentally and physically limited under conditions of climate and soil which, on the one hand, made him wants few and simple and, on the other, required from him the minimum of physical and mental effort. When suddenly transplanted into entirely different natural conditions and required to supply, not the limited wants germane to his special nature and capabilities, but the much larger wants of a higher race and a higher civilization, he was put into conditions to which he was in every sense unequal. Under the compulsion of slavery, artificial pressure and the supervision of a higher race could force out of him a larger utility and productiveness than that which would have come spontaneously under native conditions. And even when slavery was abolished, he had a certain stock of practical knowledge and of industrial habits, acquired from his servile condition, which have contributed materially to his welfare. But these qualifications have to contend against a nature constitutionally indolent, passive, unambitious, improvident and indifferent to the stimulating wants of loftier races, and there has been a constant conflict between the inherent qualities and the acquired habits, in which the latter have been steadily losing ground. To-day, the problem with the Southern negro is how to provide not comfort, nor competence, but even the plainest necessities of food, clothing and shelter as is necessary to the degree of physical stamina essential to productive efficiency. He is making no progress towards conquering that problem; on the contrary, the prospect of his solving it seems to recede farther at every step. The landmarks show unmistakable evidence of retrogression. He is no longer able to provide a sufficiency of nutritive food; he cannot adequately protect himself against inclement weather; an unrestrained sexual immorality is spreading the seeds of enervating disease through a large proportion of the race; and thus there is in steady progress a process of physical deterioration which is constantly diminishing the value of the negro to society and therefore to himself. Concurrently with this tendency, the increase of the population is at a rate so high that the children suffer from insufficient nutrition and grow up into a maturity of feebleness that curtains their value for the purposes of labor, whilst the supply of labor is abnormally gaining on the demand.

One of the suggestions for the solution of the problem is the deportation of the negroes from the Southern States to their original home in Africa, where, it is argued, they would exercise a civilizing influence at a time when the commercial nations of Europe—England, Germany and Portugal—are endeavoring to open up and develop the "dark continent." The theory is that a colony of 100,000 Southern negroes, educated into white civilization and speaking the English language, might render important services as a connecting link between the extremes of a high civilization and barbarism. They might prove a valuable contingent for police or military purposes in regions where whites could not exist, and thus do their share towards civilizing the present inhabitants. But this remedy seems impracticable. A few hundreds of thousands would hardly be missed from the millions of negroes in the Southern States. Their places would be quickly supplied by the natural increase of population.

A peculiarity of the case is that the foreign-born white residents of the United States were instrumental in freeing the slaves. Judge Altgeld figures out in the February *Forum* that the election of Lincoln would have been impossible if the Know-Nothing cry of "America for Americans" had prevailed at an earlier period in the history of the country. The total population of the States in 1860 was 31,183,744, of whom 4,099,152 were foreign-born, and of the latter only 216,780 were to be found in all the eleven States which seceded. The remaining States had a total population of 23,313,997, of whom 3,882,422, or a little over one-sixth, were actually foreign-born. In every State carried by Lincoln there was a large foreign population, which was mostly, and in some States entirely, Republican, and which continued to be Republican down to a very recent date and if the vote of this class had been omitted in 1860, it would have reduced Lincoln's vote to such an extent as to defeat him in most of the States which he carried. The eleven States which in 1861 hoisted the flag of secession had a population of 8,726,644. Of these only 216,780, or about 2½ per cent., were foreign-born, and they were subsequently found to be Unionists. Will it turn out that the migration in the first half of