

They all joined in, and, just as the train pulled out,
their voices rang the chorus—

“He’s the man they call M’Ginty,

He’s one man out of twinty,

And we’re going to have M’Ginty for our nixt M.P.”

And Ryerson looked back on a sea of whirling
caps and swaying figures, and above them all
fluttered a tiny white handkerchief waved by a
white hand; and he knew that the palm of it was
made of crushed rose-leaves.

THE END