

Scart the Basin.

A TRUE STORY.

(Continued.)

His chum, the poet, bashfu' Rab,
Tho' not his equal at the gab,
Tho' wi' afflictions heavy laden;
And shy as any artless maiden;
Yet gie him but a drap o' drink,
Then he could gar the lines to clink,
Od! he could shake frae oot his bonnet
Right there and then a sang or sonnet;
But keep him straight and gie him time,
Till fairly mounted upon rhyme,
Oh! hoo he speeled the heights sublime,
And brought e'en to our mortal ken
The worlds alike of gods and men;
Yea tried 'mid neglect and disgrace,
To throw a glory o'er oor race.

The story gaed, I doubt 'twas true!
A faithless woman's broken voo
Gart a' his young ambition wither,
Until he tint hert atehgither,
Tried to forget 'mid roaring fun
His sorrows 'neath the "Rising Sun":
E'en for a day to keep him straught
His frien's had a' an unco faught.

It seemed as if the love o' drink,
Before which a' distinctions sink,
Deprived him o' the power to shun
Big blust'ring Archie Anderson—
By far the loudest o' the three—
Lame o' a leg, blin' o' an e'e,
Yet stuffed up wi' conceit was he,
And hardly could a word o' truth
Come frae the blust'ring blockhead's mouth,
The feats o' strength that he had done,
The mighty battles he had won,
And ev'ry anecdote and story
Redounding to big Archie's glory:
As queer a company as ever
The love o' liquor drew thegither.

Ae nicht, when reamin' wi' the toddy,
And fairly mounted on his hobby,
He got back to his younger years,
When he was in the volunteers,
Hoo he laid low the grenadiers:
"It took o' this nieve but a thwack
To lay their bully on his back.
In thae days nocht could staun afore me!
And shouter high ma comrades bore me;
And noo, altho' I'm gettin' grey,
I dinna fear the face o' clay,
Nor ghaists nor witches do I fear,
Nane ever daured to me appear!
They daurna show their faces here.
Let them bring on their very deil!
They'll fin' a steive and sturdy chiel,
Wha would disdain to turn his back
On him or a' his grousome pack,
Ay! that's at least a stubborn fac'."

While thus a blustering on he gaed,
"I wad a pound," the poet said,
"I'll write you down a little verse
Ye daurna for your soul rehearse—
Ye daurna at this midnight hirk
Walk three times round the haly kirk,
At every roon ye'll staun and cry:

'Witches, ghosts, and devils, I
A' the powers o' Hell defy,
To the combat dare to come,
And face big Archie Anderson

Repeat the challenge three times o'er
Then stick it up aboon the door."

Quo' Archie "Man ye're fairly done,
The forfeit is already won,

There's nae sic things as ghosts ava,
Ye're fairly done for, ha, ha, ha!
And just supposing that there be.
Wha the deil's to be there to see?
Or will ye come along wi' me
To see if I should rin awa'?
Ye're fairly done for, ha, ha, ha!"

"Aweel," said Rab, "there let it rest,
I ask for no severer test.
So up and off upon the track,
And we hidc here till ye come back."

ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

(Concluded next week.)

DISALLOWANCE RUN MAD.

THE Government having disallowed the Red River Valley Railway, the Emerson and North-Western and other roads, are about to take, so it is rumored, a more decided stand. "You can't check Manitoba," said Sir John, in a now memorable speech, and so it seems he is not going to try checking it, but will simply disallow it out of existence. Any railway, or tramway, or even Red River cart that may be thought to compete with the C.P.R., will be disallowed. A man, a rash and impudent Winnipegger, with a fast horse, raced the C.P.R. express train from Louise Bridge, down Main Street to the station. He beat the express by two lengths, and his horse and buggy are to be forthwith disallowed, because the rules of our country deem such competition dangerous to our great national enterprise.

The crops have turned out well this year, but it is considered that such an immense yield of wheat will be injurious to the interests of the Ontario and Quebec farmers, and, next year, Manitoba and the North-West will be allowed to grow only ten bushels to the acre. All over that, if it is not killed by early frost or eaten up by grasshoppers, is to be disallowed. The Manitobans must be taught that they have no right apart from the general interest of the Dominion, and that they must not be more prosperous than their brethren of the East.

The immigration this year has not amounted to much, and, for the peace of the country, it is well it was not larger, for, as soon as it reaches alarming proportions, the Government intend to disallow it. Any fool, that is any unprejudiced fool, can see that it would never do to permit Manitoba to fill up her rich territory. Such a population would outnumber the people of every other province, and the stability of the Dominion would be in danger. If intending settlers are not enticed into Dakota and Minnesota by the wise and liberal policy of the United States, and still persist in going into our great North-West, they must be disallowed. There is no help for it and the Government must be firm. They must not be influenced by Norquay and his selfish clique.

In fact something must be done about the soil of Manitoba. It is far too fertile. Any province that can grow 30 bushels of wheat to the acre is a standing menace to the Dominion. It is not sufficient to disallow all surplus over ten bushels. That is a mere temporary measure. The country must rise to a sense of the threatened danger and disallow the soil itself. It is said to be composed of 14 inches black loam with clay subsoil. We can let the clay go for the present, but we must really do something about the black loam. Black loam will break up the confederacy some day, if the settlers go on breaking it up. We must disallow at least 12 inches of it. No farmer will be allowed, after next session of Parliament, to plough more than two inches deep.