



"HE'S NO TORY!"

MEREDITH—"I'd like to have you fight under my banner, Shep., and I'm downright sorry they bowled you out; but really, you know, those clothes are louder than our folks can stand!"

[Mr. Boswell came forward and moved, seconded by Mr. Cumberland, that Mr. E. E. Sheppard be the nominee of the convention. Then the Sheppard delegation had their turn cheering, but the men from the wards responded in a different manner. Several excited men stood up and began shouting, "He's no Tory," and several similar remarks.—*Mail report of Conservative Convention.*]

to work. There is nothing to be done, however, and so the great idle army is drifting along, some of its members plunging into crime, others leaping despairingly into the dark beyond by suicide, others again dying by starvation, and all suffering a punishment worse than that awarded to prisoners in the penitentiaries. What a spectacle for the nineteenth century!

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IT is a pity that the great Columbian Exhibition could not have a building in which the world might see in concrete form the logical results of the current political economy. It would prove that in this science at least we have made no advance beyond the days of Columbus. The situation could be forcibly illustrated in a *tableau*. An enormous *papier maché* ball, filled with bread, meat, clothing, books, etc.—everything, in short, that civilized man needs for his comfort and enjoyment in this life, might occupy the central space. This would represent the World. Upon this ball, lounging in comfortable seats at a well provided table, should sit a

favoured few, clothed in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously. These would represent the land-owners, the franchise owners and the protected-manufacture-owners. Around the base of the ball might be a cordon of police representing the Law as it is to day. Outside of this cordon the starving multitude of from thirty to fifty thousand unemployed might be stationed, pleading vainly for access to the necessities of life which God their Father had stored in the planet for their use, and not for the private ownership of the gorging millionaires on top. This would make plain to the comprehension of the spectator the explanation of the Chicago paradox.

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THEN as a climax to the *tableau*, some lovely western maiden, got up as an angel, might hover over the whole affair, having upon her head the crown of Mercy and in her right hand the sword of Justice. In her left hand she might extend a copy of Henry George's *Progress and Poverty*, while she spoke in silvery accents the words, "The Single Tax would do it!"