McDinty.

Who is the man whose fame is ringing
Its clarion call to rich and poor,
Wherever you turn and wherever you go,
And how he was his Sunday slow,
"McDinty."

In the morning papers you perusa
What seems to be a bit of news,
Only so and this gad entitled,
"McDinty."

When you reach home, your baby boy
Addresses you his last new joy;
"What's this?" you ask; he cries with joy,
"McDinty."

At church you hear the preacher tell
How Jonah in the water fell,
With yawning mouth you almost yell,
"McDinty."

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

—Puck

Wing Tee Wee.

Wing Tee Wee
Was a sweet Chinee,
And She lived in the town of Tee.
And her eyes were blue,
And her cutting cue
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 venom heart had stuck
So he damned his blues in facile fizz,
And vowed the maid would yet be his.

So bold Tin Told
Showed all his gold
To the maid of the town of Tee,
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 sais couldn't save me."

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

"Oh, brother Will, do hush!" whispered Harry. "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 over Puffter Creek. He b-have like he dis'n set himself above the poorest and the ignorantes of us all, 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 our 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 it was felt by all that a great light had risen newly in this Church. When he had gotten fairly to the discussion of his subject he poured forth an unbroken parts its loss 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, personal, domestic, above all, the love of God, in which all true loves meet and by which they are regulated. During this splendid declamation, to count, perhaps to last one, yet certainly to her, his face compared rather as a metaphor. When it was ended he looked around for a moment apparently, now bowing low, not down, and, immediately after his successor 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 as on around this 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 continue, as the youthful orator went every moment higher beyond his most sanguine hopes. Fearing he might embarrass him by too hearty

endeavor to pear 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 fell sighing."

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'rtin' this here congregation, away up here in this here pulpit. We've been a-lavisin' o' these people two days, and this make three nights, and we been polite as if we been a-askin' 'em to a weddin' or a candy-pullin', and up tell now and down tell now they been a mouss'ous few that they have seem to keer no more for keepin' their selves 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 follier me and charge on. Time he was a-beginnin' to learn how to charge, well as ockepy 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-gettin' 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 follier 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 what 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 yes. Instead of him, even him, it is the spendthrift who, wasting 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 consoited, extravagant, impident young chaps, that I ain't shore but what you're the trifin'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 what you got is done squandered and gone! I pass seeh as you by as them that's made up their mind to go to the devil what not; and if so be, why, so! 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 that's ben 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 pease with the good Lord a long age, and with the egzample of such a mother, and at such a time when he see this people's hearts a-wakin' up, and him a-tryin' to dodge the onlisest aneto he's got, and hide behind the arbor post, rather he'll have saved his everlastin' no-count soul!—I declar' it's jest too bad for a body to put up 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'r or twice'r before I didn't know but what I had you; but you that slick and slickery that a body, cause 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, "Clear 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 unhurt upon the abundant out 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 people and cried:

"And now, Henry, my boy, I ain't agoinly broke down, but I'm a-tired a-hearin' and a-totin' o' them men. And yit," softening to the prostrate boy, "there is many a heavier load in this congregation than what that poor orphan boy is, which he's hard-workin' as the days is long, and swet'n' for his playin' marbles of a Sunday afternoon you know very well, to old Mr. Swinger."

"I did indeed suspect that you were referring to that contemptible man," steeled as I was

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knows."

At this 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 pussy 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 looked up as, brandishing its full-spread tail, it continued to pour forth.

"Your question, sir!" said Hiram, in command ing 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 5,895 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 motions 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* than presents its views regarding the Foster Chinhuiu 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 found 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. She actually engaged in literary and other 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. That is part of the story; the other is now coming to us in chapters. Society at the capital of the Dominion is creating a 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 much 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, hemelike 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 such 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 goo is and up to the big sign, and laughed heartily as he said: "Wall, stranger, thar 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 House Man," or perhaps "I'm a Dandy." These profuse protestations of loyalty are surely not necessary, and but is 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 foot flew," read Jehoboli, but Jonathan spoiled the climax by saying, "Then she must have had sour 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

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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, (Westworth), 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 it 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 300 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 ours, was not to reimburse 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 $10,000 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 gointo to have it for dinner!"

—A Baltimore woman carries her idea 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 operations on their artistic scene when the *Inter Ocean* heads an account of "The Angelus" with "Hans Dem Bells."

BACK TO AFRICA.

The public men of the United States are puzzled about the negro problem. Few, if any, of them would [illegible]

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 his 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 just so much of 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 the remedy seems inadequate. A few hundreds of thousands would hardly be missed from the millions of negroes in the Southern States. Their place 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 216,730 were to be found in all the eleven States which seceded. The remaining States had a total population of 22,313,997, 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 resisted the laying of secession had a population of 8,726,644. Of these only 216,730, 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 the nineteenth century from Europe to the United States will be the cause of an equally great migration from America to Africa in the latter half?

Points About Advertising.

Newspaper men in soliciting advertising are often met with the statement, "I don't need to advertise just now; I am unable to fill my orders; when business begins to slacken up I shall, perhaps, avail myself of your columns." It is the old story of the leaky roof, which did not need repairing when the weather was fair, and could not be repaired while it rained. The wisest business men and the most successful once are those who keep their names prominently before the public when trade is good as well as when poor. The time to boom a town is when everybody is interested in it. When the interest fails, one might as well try to sweep back the advancing waves of the ocean, as to withstand the stampede of waning confidence. When trade is driving is the time to make one's business so well known that when the dull season comes there will still be customers to keep the manufacturer busy. Said a business man: "I must advertise if I would get good results from my man on the road. Before I advertised, my travellers entering an office would be told 'we are not acquainted with your house,' and in many cases found that they could not secure an order which, perchance, would be given to a competitor before their eyes. As soon as I began to advertise I had a different experience. My men found that it was equivalent to a letter of introduction from a mutual friend. 'Oh yes, we have noticed your advertisement, and we feel acquainted with your house.' In this influence alone our advertising pays." This is no unusual experience. Men will deal with those whom they know, or of whom they have heard so much that they feel acquainted. Catalogues may find lodgment on a shelf, but the constant arrival of a reputable journal is a constant and sure reminder which sooner or later must bear fruit. It is the non-advertiser who complains of hard times. When everybody is busiest, it is no trick to secure custom, it is when his neighbors are idle, that the man who has wisely kept his name and goods before the public, finds himself so well known that he gets his full share of what patronage is to be had.—*Ibid.*

The Festive Drummer.

Deacon—Young man, I think I will give you an order, but I much fear that you have not told the exact truth regarding your goods.

Drummer—Well, sir, the fact is I have not. Why, sir (sinking his voice to a whisper), were I to tell all the truth about those goods I'd be murdered for my samples before I reached the next town.

—If Henry George, the apostle of social reform, were penniless to-morrow he would have very little difficulty in getting employment as a typewriter. Several years' practice have enabled him to attain such a speed on the instrument as would put hundreds of professionals to the blush.

The Newport News, Va., ship-yard is nearly ready to begin work. It is the largest in America, and has a water front of 1,600 feet. Henry Lonitsky, formerly of Cramps', is superintendent of construction.

ARE THERE INFANTS IN HELL?

The Presbyterian Church in the United States is in a state of great agitation on the question of revision of the Confession of Faith. Of the Westminster Confession of Faith. Of the two hundred and eleven Presbyteries there forty-seven had last week taken action on the overture of the General Assembly on the subject. Of these forty-five have voted in favor of revision and twelve against it. The conservative element manifests itself principally in the Eastern States, while most of the Presbyteries in the West favor the revision. There are five points or doctrines in the Confession which it is desired to revise or expurgate, the two principal of which are reprobation and infant damnation. Those in favor of revision declare that the Church nowadays does not believe in these doctrines and that consequently they should be dispensed with. The Confession lays down the doctrine as to infant damnation as follows:

Elect infants dying in infancy are regenerated and saved by Christ through the Spirit, who worketh when and where and how He pleaseth. So also are all other elect persons who are incapable of being outwardly called by the ministry of the Word. Others not elect, although they may be called by the ministry of the Word, and may have some common operations of the Spirit, yet they never have truly come to Christ, and therefore cannot be saved.

The doctrine of reprobation is further taught in the following clause:

By the decree of God for the manifestation of His glory, some men and angels are predestined unto everlasting life and others foreordained to everlasting death.

During the past week the New York Presbytery has had daily sittings for the discussion of the subject. Rev. John Hall, who is opposed to revision, takes the ground that salvation is not a question of justice between God and man, but one of mercy. That man having fallen and sinned God is not bound to do anything for him more than He may be moved by His good pleasure to do.

Rev. Walter D. Buchanan, speaking before the Presbytery in opposition to revision, said:

I believe that these doctrines, which have been called obnoxious, are all to be found in the Bible. Is it fair that Calvinism in the house of its friends should receive the treatment it has had here? Is it true that it teaches that infants shall be damned? As I study my Bible and pray over it I cannot get over my responsibility in Adam's sin. I cannot go to the coffin of a dead babe and assure its parents that it is in heaven; all I can say is that I hope and believe it is with Jesus. We cannot dogmatize about it. It seems to me we are following too much the public cry. Men have argued about the Bible here as if it was merely a work of human hands. Is not our faith strong enough to take up contradictions of the Bible?

Rev. A. W. Sprawn, another opponent of revision, said:

The confession is a monument to the piety, scholarship, wisdom and purity of a noble band of men. It is as clear a statement of Bible teaching as can be made. I have heard the truths of Calvinism held up to ridicule, but never so bitterly as by those on this platform. Its worst enemies are those in the Church. I have yet to learn that Presbyterians worship the Westminster Confession or make it a fetich. If the heathen are not lost why send the Gospel to them?

Judging from the New York newspaper reports there is a strong element in the Presbytery in favor of revision. We give below a few extracts from several of the speeches made during the sittings.

Rev. Dr. Henry VanDyke in the course of his speech said:

First, they wanted to get rid of the doctrine of reprobation because it was superfluous. It was not essential to Christianity nor to Protestantism. The majority of Christians had not accepted it. It was not essential to Calvinism, because it was not contained in any of the early Calvinistic creeds. The first articles of 1536 had it, but they were unanimously condemned in 1595. For that doctrine, thank God! no man had been willing to die. Reprobation was not a scriptural doctrine. It was in alliance today with the anti-christian forces of this reformation. It is a horrible doctrine. That adjective (horrible) is not mine—it is John Calvin's. He used it in the controversy with Grotius.

No man could possibly say that all who died in infancy were elect. I save my tears for the mothers who shed them under that dreadful creed, for the poor souls who have had their death-beds shadowed and made horrible by this doctrine. To debate will not have the effect which where it is. I intend to teach that there are no infants in hell and that there's no limit to God's love, and that no man is punished save for his own sin. I intend to teach that God loves all mankind, and with a love we cannot fathom or understand. Is that Calvinism? Before God, I do not know, and I do not care. It is Christianity.

Rev. George J. Mingnis declared in his address that the Confession of Faith had made him an infidel. He said:

"I have heard this book," laying his hand on a copy of the Confession, "spoken of here as if it was the work of inspired hands instead of a few fallible men. This book has been worshipped by my nation and by my family for two hundred years. I was brought up under it, and I say to you that this confession of faith made me an infidel for ten years. I was brought up under it; I prayed over it; my father and mother insisted that as I should believe everything it said. I laid that book and my God down together and for ten dark years I was among the shadows. Thirty-two years ago a good divine in Philadelphia brought me back, but it was on the New Testament. For thirty-two years that has been my confession, not the body of divinity. I assure you that there is a controversy between that Confession and my Bible. I can't find reprobation in the Bible. I don't believe that God hates anybody. I cannot believe that He, with haughty knee, passes by the veriest wretch on earth to exalt his own sovereignty.

Rev. Dr. Vincent said

If God had created one a Hindoo or a Mohammedan or a Chinese I would have nothing to say, but I am requested that I should be condemned to hell. The Confession does not give the heathen the shoot of a chance. Why perpetuate the name of Calvin or of any other fallible man when the salvation of millions of souls is at stake? Was Calvin crucified for me? Was it unto Calvin that we were baptized?