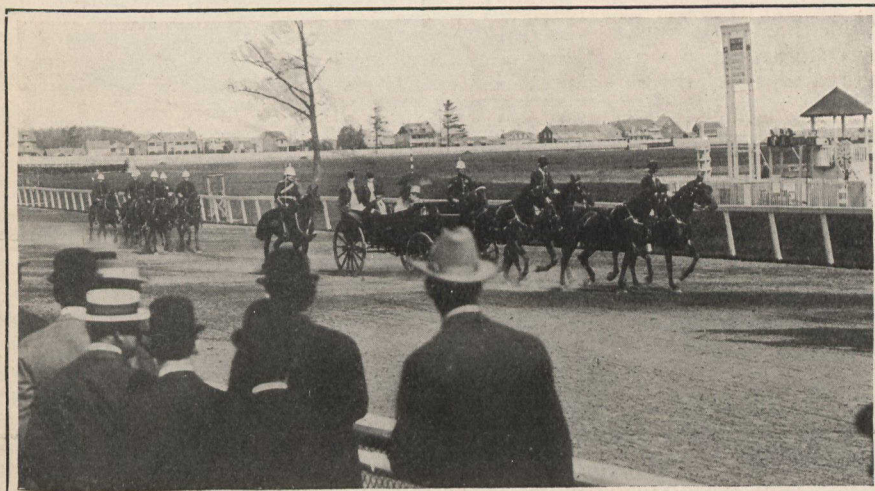


THE RACING SEASON OPENS AUSPICIOUSLY



Probably ten thousand people saw the Finish of the Opening Race at the Woodbine, Toronto—Hon. Adam Beck's "Photographer" won.

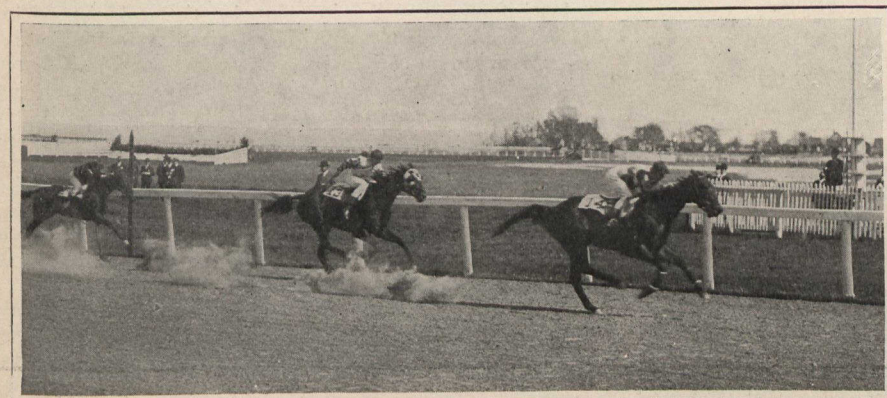
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICKLETHWAIT



The Governor-General arrives in state to see the King's Plate Race, at the Woodbine, May 23rd.



Weighing In at Blue Bonnets, Montreal, which will next week be the Mecca of Society.



A Hard Finish at the Woodbine.



A Steeplechase—Six Horses Bunched.

THE CASE OF MRS. MANVILLE PIERRE

The Lady Who Wouldn't Talk Back

IN the funniest of all his jibes at manners and customs abroad—especially customs—Max O'Rell never evolved anything wittier than the case of Mrs. Manville Pierre, who lives in Montreal. Mrs. Pierre is a clever lady. She has courage and wit and self-poise most marvellous, even in a French woman; one day last week she flaunted them all in the face of the United States Government. Madame, it seems, had bought transportation and Pullman car accommodation to New York. When the train arrived at Rouse's Point—which in the literature of that railway should be called Interrogation Point—a United States immigration official, portentous in blue and brass—particularly brass—proceeded to put Madame Pierre through the shorter catechism. The chief item of the inquisition seemed to be why Madame wished to go to New York; implication being that she was some sort of immigrant, exact species not definable. Madame was mum; intimated, however, that her reason for occupying a berth in a Pullman bound

for New York was her business to know and not the official's business to find out.

"Then you must return to Montreal," said the officer.

"By way of New York," suggested Madame, with a nonchalant flip of her handkerchief.

The language of the official at this point became unintelligible—except that he murmured something very like "23"—which was not the number of Madame's berth. She refused to go back; having paid for her berth she declined to leave it; being a private citizen and not under oath she waived aside all questions of the Immigration Department. The case was hopeless. Haughty Madame did not resemble a wealthy person; in fact she said she had but a few dollars on her person. Official fears haunted the Immigration Department that she might become a bill of expense to the United States if permitted to cross the border; to eject Madame bag and baggage would have been impolite, if not illegal.

To proceed without the catechism was officially impossible. Wherefore while Madame Pierre, of 391 Drolet Street, Montreal, comfortably proceeded to unpack her luggage, the conductor asked all other passengers in the sleeper kindly to transport themselves to sleepers ahead. The Pullman containing obdurate Madame Pierre was officially switched to a side-track. Madame refused to take quarters in the house of the station agent of Interrogation Point. Highly indignant authorities left her there in the Pullman in solitary state. With all the hauteur of a Metropolitan Opera House prima donna she made herself sublimely comfortable for the night. In the morning, regal as a duchess, Mrs. Pierre, of 391 Drolet Street, and the wife of a contractor, was conveyed back to Montreal.

In the regal inconsistency of this French woman who disdained either official United States catechism or the literature of "Twenty-Three," is there not something almost magnificent?