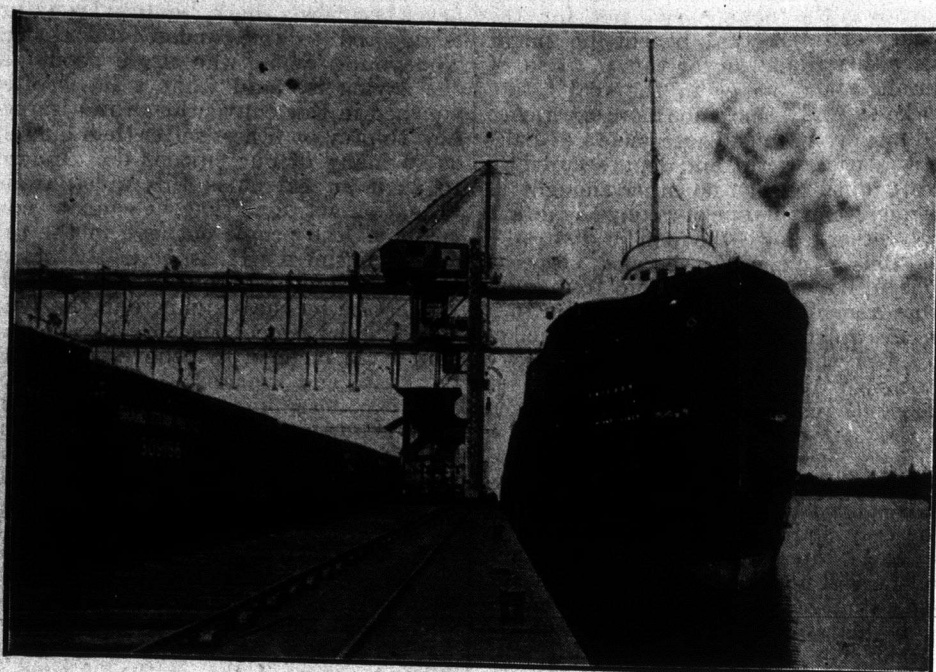


But, alas this much cannot be done yet. Perhaps we shall come to it in time. When we have reckoned up the total gain which must be so enormous that it will compel us to take action at once, we will pass laws that will conserve the wealth of the poor, and protect it against the trusts and sharks and other thieves that fatten upon the savings of the widows and orphans, and the lonely young men and women, who are vainly endeavoring to get a start in life. At present, we are far more anxious to protect the luxuries of the rich than to save the wages of the poor, and the people are getting aware of the fact. When they are all aware of it, there will be a change for the better, a system of laws that will safeguard the interests of the majority, and guarantee them fair play.

Now if the sucker loses his faith in the eternal righteousness of things, through his commercial mishaps brought about by no fault of his own, for one has to remember, all the time, that a sucker is a sucker, and that is the reason he cannot cope with a shark—then he ceases to be in harmony with the laws of his being, and consequently gets in the way of his own progress. This means, of course, that he does not do his indispensable part of work in making the world in which he lives better and better.

The result of this neglect is something awful to contemplate. For when a sucker does not do good, the good is left undone, I mean the good of the world, for only suckers are foolish enough to



Coal Unloaders at Fort William, Ont.

work for nothing, and as no good is ever paid for with money, you cannot call on the sharks to do the unpaid duty, so there is only the third class of people to rely on for the real work of the world, and as they happen to be too busy to attend to it, the devil gets busy and does it himself. This is the situation, precisely. Either we have to get rid of the sharks who feed on the suckers, or else

we have to let the world go to the devil. For the representative men of business and professional pursuits, whether you call them ministers, professors, doctors, captains or generals of finance, politicians or even statesmen, are all too busy with their own affairs to bother with work that is left to be done by the people these shrewd and prudent ones term fools. Engrave it indelibly on your

consciousness that the men who make the money are not the men to do the fundamental and spiritual work of the world, and they cannot be made to do it, because they see no money in it. What a world this would be without some dreamers, visionaries, poets, and spiritual philosophers, doing the unpaid work of educating the soul of man for the glory of the future.

So I want to say a word for the sucker that feeds the Western and Eastern shark. Take his standpoint for a moment. Just look at him and estimate his worth to the country in which he lives. He certainly helps to keep money in circulation. His imagination gives us the so called "unearned increment," which has made thousands of big fortunes for private individuals and public corporations and which still forms the great and all-powerful magnet that attracts the fast-increasing crowd. He has grown so numerous, as a family, that he practically supports all the railways, and furnishes them with a profit that is difficult to reckon. He is the last to get into the sub-division that eventually becomes a town, and the first to get into the one that never becomes anything. For he is omnipresent, omnivorous, the beginning and the end of a country, the main support of its wealthy population, the delight of the money-lender, and the joy of the grafter. Canada, least of all nations, cannot do without the victim of the land-shark, since she is absolutely dependent on him for her present prosperity and her future permanence. She has no other class to rely on for the work of upbuilding the country, and for this patent reason, she should protect the breed that gives her being. Without plenty of suckers, the sharks would eat the only other class that lends respectability to convention, and affords us a chance to boast of the increase of Western millionaires. So we should be grateful to the sucker, and not treat him too roughly, and make him understand that he is not the laughing-stock of creation, but the real basis of our national and individual prosperity. For, after all, the secret of the sucker's folly is that he has a soul, and the shark has lost his long ago. But a nation needs a soul, as much as a man, and when it has lost it, it becomes a shark, which is soon killed by those it mistakes for suckers.

Promissory Notes.—The sounds from a fiddle being tuned before a performance.

Complete Secrecy.—Nell: "Yes, George and I are engaged, but you mustn't say anything to him about it." Belle: "Why—doesn't he know it?"

Not What She Wanted.—Mrs. Smith: "Is my hat on—?" Smith impatiently: "Yes, your hat's on straight. Come along or we'll lose the train!" Mrs. Smith: "If it's straight it won't do. Wait a minute till I go back to the house and tilt it on one side!"

The Constable's Retort.—A few months ago the police van was passing Newgate Prison, and a young man on the pavement, thinking to have some fun at the expense of the constable behind, called out, "Hi, any room inside?" "Yes, just room for one," replied the officer. "Come on!" "What's your fare?" "Oh, bread and water—the same as you had before!"

An Unfortunate Error.—The editor of a New York journal once wrote an obituary notice on a man of some prominence and among other things said—"He was educated for the Bar, but was tempted away from the legal profession by love of letters." He did not read the proof, and the next morning was horror-stricken on picking up the paper to read in the obituary notice—"He was educated for the Bar, but was tempted away from the legal profession by a love of bitters."

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