





## **UNUSED TALENTS**

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CIRCULATION MANAGER CANADIAN COURIER

Joseph Sellers' Break Into Society

(Continued from page 17)

sergeant?"

"The butler's right, Mr. Pilkins. He called us up on the 'phone to say men were robbing the house and we got here just in time to get them with the swag."

All this time I stood gazing at Uncle Henry, trying to make up my

mind as to what to say. After a little

mind as to what to say. After a little while I got my tongue working.

"Unc-Uncle Henry," I gulped. One of the men shook me roughly. "Here, don't try any tricks," he called. "You can't play sick with us."

Uncle Henry looked at me. "That fellow," said he, "doesn't look like a criminal." I could have fallen at his feet for those kind words. Blood's thicker than water. Here was a relative who didn't know he was a tive who didn't know he was a relative rushing to my defence. "His tive, rushing to my defence. "His face doesn't look strong enough for such work," he continued. I rather resented the latter remark, but was pleased that, at least, I was not thought by the head of our house to have a criminal countenance. A weak face is no bar to social advancement. "Mr. Pilkins, may I say a few words?" I gasped.
"Shut up, and come on out of here! tive, rushing to my defence.

"Shut up, and come on out of here! You'll have time enough to talk," said

"Let him speak, officer," said Uncle

Henry.
"Well, it's my duty to tell you that "Well, it's my duty to tell you that anything you say may be used against you at your trial," warned the sergeant in an official voice.

"I guess the trial won't amount to much," replied Uncle Henry, looking at the open suit cases.

"Uncle—Mr. Pilkins," I stammered, "there has been a terrible mistake. I'm not a thief. My name is Sellers—Joseph Sellers."

"Yes," said Uncle Henry, eyeing me coldly.

coldly.
"You remember me?" I expectantly asked.

"Can't say I do," he replied.

"I am your—sort of nephew," I continued as he looked at me with a stern, set face. "I—I'm the man that sent you the butter dish on your last birthday."

"He must be crazy," said Uncle enry, turning away. "Better take

"He must be crazy," said Uncle Henry, turning away. "Better take him off to the lock-up."

"He's shamming," said the officer.

"But, Uncle—Mr. Pilkins! Mr. Pilkins!" I cried, as they were dragging me away. "I was invited here by your wife—my—our—my clothes are in your house. I've got a letter of invitation." Uncle Henry was walking into the house, but, when I mentioned the letter, he turned back.

"Let's see the letter." "Let's see the letter."

I raised my arms despairingly and moaned: "I can't get at my pockets with these things on my hands."
"Well, well! That's a new dodge to get the derbies off," laughed the

"Take it from my inside coat pocket and give it to Mr. Pilkins," I indignantly commanded—at least commanded as indignantly as a man can who is handcuffed between two policemen. Such was my display of firmness that without further ado he obeyed. It goes to show how force of character, even under trying circumstances, will assert itself.

stances, will assert itself.

Uncle Henry read the letter carefully and then called the butler to his side and talked for a few minutes. "Did you say you had some clothes inside?" he asked me.

"Yes," I replied eagerly, "brought them in two dress suit cases, and that man over there," pointing to the robber, "took them."

ber, "took them.
"Briggs, go into the house and see

if you can find any clothes," said Uncle Henry to the butler.

Briggs soon returned with the information that there was a whole heap of clothes lying on the floor of his

"Sergeant, I think you can believe the man's story all right. This letter is from my wife. I've been away and she apparently invited him out for a little visit without mentioning the date. She is away at present, but I am certain it's genuine enough."

"I've nothing to do with him," said

the robber, who, up to this time, had not opened his lips.
"Well, I hardly like to take the responsibility of releasing him," said

sponsibility of releasing him," said the sergeant hesitatingly. "One of my men recognised him as 'Bow-legs Phil,' a fellow we've been looking for this past several months."

"But, Mr. Officer, just look at my legs," I called, standing as erect as I could. I fancy I overdid the part and in my nervous excitement may have trembled a bit, for the sergeant looked at me and laughed. looked at me and laughed.

"I guess you've proved an alibi. You look more like 'Knock-knees Phil,' "he said.

"Oh, you're safe enough," said Uncle Henry, smiling, "leave the boy here. I'll look after him."

Uncle Henry apologised for not keeping me to dinner as the house was closed for the season, but when the family returns I am going to go out and have a week end at Pilkins Hall.

ANOTHER COBALT IN THE FAR NORTH.

(Winnipeg Telegram.)

A DESPATCH from Prince Albert states that a copper vein has been located near Lac la Ronge, a Hudson's Bay post, some hundred and fifty miles due north of that city. This is not the first discovery. During the past year a number of claims, principally of silver and copper, have been staked in that district that district.

The news has not been heralded abroad as it would have been by the enterprising speculators and promoters of Cobalt, yet even as it is the reports have spread to far off camps and prospectors from British Columbia and the Western States have all summer and fall been drifting into Prince Albert and quietly slipping off into the north land.

That there is mineral wealth in the Lac la Ronge country is not a new story to Prince Albert old-timers. For years Indians and trappers have been bringing down glittering specimens and telling weird tales of mountains of copper and islands of silver. The recent finds have given citizens of Prince Albert visions of the future in which they will be the distributing centre of a great mining country.

Already they are agitating for a railroad.
Whether Lac la Ronge will prove

a second Cobalt or but a graveyard for prospectors' hopes time alone will tell. However, that Northern Manitoba, Northern Saskatchewan and Northern Alberta have undreamed of mineral wealth seems undoubted. The rock formation is the same as in Northern Ontario. Geologists are unanimous in saying that iron, copper, silver, gold and diamonds will be found in the far north. We are apparently only on the fringe of the development of the western provinces.

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