

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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INDIANS RIDING ON THE C. P. R.

## ON THE TRACK OF CIVILIZATION.

THE construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway was a great surprise to the Indian tribes. They knew not what to make of the iron horse with breath of flame and lungs of fire, that scouted its way like a huge dragon over the prairie and through the mountain canyons. But they soon accepted the situation and readily availed themselves of the facilities it offered for rapid transit, and learned to travel with all the composure of veteran globe-trotters. The railway is to be the great civilizer of the great North-West. It is the path-finder of Empire—the pioneer of Christian civilization. It makes straight in the wilderness a highway for the coming of the Son of man and the preaching of his gospel of grace. Instead of

illimitable herds of bison we will soon have fertile farms and smiling villages and happy Christian homes all through our vast inheritance in the new Canada of the far West.

## THE HAT AND ITS OWNER

A good illustration of the detective quality was shown in the trial of a house-breaker a few years ago. The burglary was effected—as most burglaries are—by the aid of a neighbouring uninhabited house. The thieves crossed along the roof, and made their descent through a skylight. They robbed the premises at their leisure, and departed successfully with the stolen property. There was one clue left—only one. A hat was found on the roof. The hat was sent to Scotland Yard, and the force were invited to inspect it. One policeman immediately said that

he knew who was the owner. In the event it was found he was as good as his word. The owner was discovered, and, being unable to give a satisfactory account of how he spent the evening of the burglary, and, moreover, being awkwardly for him, in the possession of the stolen property, the jury came to the conclusion that he was guilty, and found their verdict accordingly. A more interesting question remained. How did the policeman know the exact head on which to fit that very unlucky hat? The constable told the story himself. He had been on duty in the gallery of the Old Bailey during the trial of a well-known burglar. He sat on a back bench, and wore plain clothes, and he noticed in front of him a young man, with a highly criminal type of face, who seemed to take the greatest interest in the trial. The constable, accordingly, took the greatest interest

in him and in his belongings, and, as the unconscious spectator held his hat in his hand, looked into it, and, as Inspector Bucket would say, "totted it up." The result in this little sum in addition was the registering in his memory of a peculiarly-shaped grease-mark on the lining which crossed the maker's name. The constable never forgot that hat, and the professional career of its owner soon rendered him more and more interesting. Thus he was able in a moment to restore to the burglar the property he had been so unfortunate as to leave behind him on the roof.

The thinner and the most transparent the layers of which the pearl consists the more beautiful is its luster; in this respect the sea pearls excel river ones.