

The Colonist.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1892.

MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.

It is the fashion on this side of the Atlantic, both in Canada and the United States, to speak and to think of municipal politics (if it is right to speak of politics in connection with municipalities) as something beneath the notice of a man of ability or social standing. Municipal matters are said to be "very small potatoes," and it is believed that neither profit nor honor is to be gained by taking an active interest in their management. It seems to be taken for granted in nearly all parts of this continent that almost any one will do for a city councillor. The consequence of this is that good men are not anxious to take part in the government of the cities, and a further consequence is, that very few of the cities of America are well governed. City government, it is true, on this side of the Atlantic costs a great deal of money, but the article which the people receive for the high price, is by no means first-class.

Almost every one speaks of mayors, aldermen and common councillors with a sneer, but there are very few who have determined to exert themselves to obtain the civic reform which is so urgently required. Most men grumble and growl and swear at the way in which civic affairs are managed, but precious few see it to be their duty to set about effecting the needed reform themselves. Yet it is evident that until the best men address themselves to the work of civic government, the affairs of cities will be badly managed.

The reluctance of city business men to take a hand in the management of city affairs is something surprising. The importance of good city government cannot be overrated. This is what the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain says on that interesting subject:

And besides offering a chance of moderate personal distinction, the performance of these (civic) duties provides opportunities of philanthropic activity which cannot be found in private benevolence or in any other description of public work. Local institutions minister more directly to the happiness and well-being of the whole people than even the National Government itself. They are of necessity in closer and more intimate connection with the population; they have to do with the details of the lives of more than 3,000 persons in a single year; and inasmuch for a single death many cases of illness not actually fatal may be reckoned, it is easy to see what a mass of human suffering has been lightened and how much misery has been prevented. Who would not be proud of helping to produce such a beneficial result as this? Yet this is what aldermen and common councillors can do if their exertions are intelligently directed.

This is really the right way to look at city government; yet, although so much depends upon their being composed of intelligent, experienced, active, clear-headed men, citizens, and intelligent citizens, too, exhibit a most astonishing carelessness, and even apathy, when the time comes to choose civic rulers. This is an evil under the sun, and one which it is very difficult to account for.

Mr. Chamberlain has a paper in the November Forum in which he contrasts the expense of the government of the city of Birmingham with that of Boston and other American cities. An American writer, Mr. Julian Ralph, has described Birmingham as the "Best Governed City in the World," and Mr. Chamberlain shows what the corporation of that city has done and is doing, and what the citizens pay for the comforts and conveniences they enjoy. He describes Birmingham in 1838 as being in a miserable condition, being an overgrown village with the population of a great town. Good city government has, since then, completely transformed it. He says:

Great public edifices, not unworthy of the midland metropolis, have risen on every side. Wide arteries of communication have been opened up. Bookshops and reading rooms have given way to wide streets and open places. The roads are well paved, well kept, well lighted, and well cleaned. The whole sewerage of the town has been remodelled, and the health of the people is cared for by efficient sanitary inspectors. Baths and wash-houses are provided at a nominal cost to the users. Free libraries and museums are provided for the benefit of all the inhabitants. Free schools and a school of art together with facilities for technical instruction are provided for their education. Recreation is not forgotten, and not less than 10 parks and recreation grounds are now maintained by the Corporation. New Asylum Courts and Courts of Justice have been built. The police force and fire brigade are kept in the highest state of efficiency, while the great monopolies of water and gas have passed into the representatives of the whole community, who have also acquired the tramways, and have thus retained full control over the roads of the city.

Was not the work of effecting this wonderful change worthy the time, the talents and the attention of the best men in the community, and can the most gifted citizen of Birmingham be better or more worthily employed than in keeping the works and the institutions of the city in good order, and in doing what is necessary to increase and improve them. And what is good for Birmingham is good for this city, for Victoria needs civic improvements and reforms every bit as much as ever Birmingham did; and where are the men who are preparing to begin the good and necessary work?

Mr. Chamberlain tells us that the men who have made Birmingham what it is did their work without fee or reward. The Mayor and Aldermen and Councillors have not been paid for the time they have spent in the public service. And this is the case with all the corporations of England, with

the single exception that the Mayor is in some boroughs voted a salary to maintain the dignity of his office. The civic franchise is, it appears, freer in monarchical England than it is in republican America, there being more voters on the list in proportion to the population in Birmingham than there are in Boston. The cost of city government in the cities of the United States is, according to Mr. Chamberlain, nearly twice as great as it is in Birmingham. The average expense of city government in one hundred cities of the United States with a population of about twelve millions and a half is \$16.77 per head of the population, while corresponding services cost the citizens of Birmingham \$4.50 per head. When the cost of governing Boston alone is compared with the civic expenditure of Birmingham, the discrepancy appears in a still stronger light. The two cities are nearly equal in population, Boston being 448,000 inhabitants, and Birmingham 430,000. The total municipal expenditure of Birmingham is \$233,000, or roughly \$1.665,000, while that of Boston is \$10,194,000; and, an American writer and traveller being the judge, Birmingham is the better governed city of the two.

One effect of improved city government in Birmingham we cannot refrain from noticing. The death rate in that city was in 1874 26.8 in 1,000; in 1888, although the influenza increased the mortality, it was only 19 in the 1,000. "In other words," says Mr. Chamberlain's very expressive comment, "the initiation of the unpaid members of the Council and their supervision of the loyal and assiduous labors of the paid officials, have been the means of saving the lives of more than 3,000 persons in a single year; and inasmuch for a single death many cases of illness not actually fatal may be reckoned, it is easy to see what a mass of human suffering has been lightened and how much misery has been prevented." Who would not be proud of helping to produce such a beneficial result as this? Yet this is what aldermen and common councillors can do if their exertions are intelligently directed.

THE NEXT PRESIDENT?

To-day the election for President of the United States takes place. Sixty millions of people will, in the course of the next few hours, peaceably and constitutionally elect the man who shall be the head of the Executive of the Great Republic for the next four years, and the minority will quietly and even cheerfully acquiesce in the decision of the majority. The agitation and stress and struggle are before the election takes place. While it is going on the electors are too intent upon getting in their votes to think of anything else, and as soon as the choice is made the contest is over.

The present election is one of very great importance. The people have to choose not so much between two men as between two policies. If the Democrats win the trade policy of the country will be greatly modified, and what, in some other countries, would be called a revolution will be peaceably, and in complete accordance with the law, effected.

It is indeed a matter of surprise that the policy of high protection should have so many opponents in the United States. It seems but the other day when nearly every American was a protectionist and when it was considered almost high treason to say one word against protection of the strictest and most exclusive kind. There appeared to be no free traders at all in the country, and those who advocated modifying the tariff in the direction of freedom of trade could hardly get a hearing anywhere. The McKinley Bill, however, seemed to create tariff reformers, for no sooner had it become law than they became a large and formidable party, and that not in one state but in many states. The elections of 1890 appeared to be a protest of a large majority of the people of the United States against the policy of trade isolation which McKinley had inaugurated. It was said that 1890 was an "off year," and that when the people had time to think and after they had seen the McKinley tariff in operation they would change their minds and fall into line on the Republican side again. To-day's voting will show whether or not those who made this prediction understood the American people. It is admitted on all hands that the election will be very close. This is, as far as it goes, in favor of those who predicted that there would be a reaction in the direction of a high tariff in 1892, for the elections two years ago were everything but close. The Democrats carried all before them; but it is admitted now that they will have to fight for every inch of the very ground which they carried with a rush in 1890.

The reports during the last week have been more favorable to the Democrats than they have been since the campaign commenced. It is said that New York State is now safe for the Democrats, and that their prospects in other states, hitherto considered doubtful, have greatly improved. But, on the other hand, the tone of the Republican is confident. They say that they are sure of New York and of many other of the doubtful states on which the Democrats count. It is, therefore, very hard indeed for an outsider to form anything like an intelligent opinion of the prospects of either party, and for that matter, for an insider either.

The appearance of the People's Party in the field is another element of uncertainty. It is not known how many States, if any, the People's Party will carry. There are some who laugh at the idea of its carrying a single State, while others believe that it will carry two or three and so divide the votes of the States as to spoil the chances of the Republicans. The belief seems to be general that the People's Party being in the field is favorable to the Democrats. There was a hope at one time that they would so modify the vote in the different States that neither party would have a clear majority in the electoral college. That majority is 223. If neither Cleveland nor Harrison gets 223 votes in the electoral college it will be the duty of Congress to decide the election. In that case the Democrats will be sure to win, for their majority in Congress is quite considerable. The elements of uncertainty are so many that no one seems to have the slightest idea who will win. But they will not be kept long in suspense. The agony will soon be over, for to-morrow morning sufficient information will have been received to enable those who are well versed in American politics to form a pretty correct idea as to which of the candidates is elected.

A MISTAKEN NOTION.

The Canadian Gazette of the 20th ult. contains an article on "The British Influence in Canada." From it a stranger would suppose that men were appointed to office in this Dominion because they or their fathers came from this or that part of Great Britain. But there could not be a greater mistake than this. When a man is required for a public position in Canada his nationality is very seldom considered. In Quebec, as a matter of course, the large majority of the representatives of the people are of French extraction, but even there the British are well represented both in Parliament and the civil service. In the Dominion Government and the Dominion civil service, as might be expected, care is taken that a proportionate share of places is given to French-Canadians. But with regard to the English-speaking people in all the provinces it is a matter of almost perfect indifference whether a candidate for public honors is an Englishman, an Irishman, a Scotchman or a native Canadian. With an exception here and there it is the man's qualifications and the esteem in which he is held in the community that are considered and not his nationality. Whether this man is from Devonshire, or that man from London, or the other from Gloucestershire is not considered for a single moment either by the people or by those who are entrusted with the dispensation of the patronage of the Dominion or the Province.

That British influence should be prominent in Canada is the most natural thing in the world. The very names that Canadians bear show their British origin; and the Canadian of three or four generations is as proud of his British descent, and as greatly attached to British institutions, as is the man who came to Canada from the Old Country a year ago. The man who is a Canadian born is glad to know that he is descended from the men who gave free institutions to all the world. He claims as his countrymen the great men who worked and fought and died to make Britain and the rest of the world free. In this sense it would be hard to find in Her Majesty's Dominions men who are more truly or more intensely British than are hundreds of thousands of Canadians. But Canadians are not British in the narrow provincial sense indicated by the Canadian Gazette. As long as a man is a good fellow and a useful citizen, they do not care whether he comes from the North or the South of the Tweed, whether he is from Yorkshire or Devonshire or Lancashire, or any other shire or county in the United Kingdom. There is, too, we are glad to see, no jealousy between native Canadians and men who were born in Great Britain. All who work for the good of the country are looked upon as Canadians, and some of the most intense Canadians that one meets are men who have made Canada their country by adoption.

TRANSFORMED.

Wonders will never cease. Who would have believed a few years ago that the Toronto Globe would endeavor to further with its utmost ability any scheme to enlarge the sphere of the operations of the Canadian Pacific and increase its influence. Yet this is what we see to-day. The Canadian Pacific wants a large Government subsidy to establish and maintain a large Atlantic steamship service, and the Globe is doing its best to convince the people of Canada that it will be to their interest to let the C. P. R. have that subsidy for doing that service.

The Canadian Pacific appears willing to take the Intercolonial Railway of the Government's hands on what it regards as fair terms, and the Toronto Globe thinks that the country could do a great deal worse than let the C. P. R. have that road. The Globe, in making this sharp turn, tries to let itself down easily, but its advocacy of the Atlantic fast line subsidy and the transfer of the Intercolonial to the C. P. R. is handsomely done. It does not confess in terms that its opposition to the Dominion great railway, after its success was apparent, and after even superficial observers could see that it would be of immense benefit to the country, was a great mistake, but it speaks of the Company and of its President in such a way as to show that it has undergone a complete change of heart with regard to both the road and its management. After speaking of the political influence exercised by the road, which, it of course, depreciates, it goes on to say: "But while the road's vast political power is a menace to rival interests, and perhaps a danger to the general community, it has to be confessed that its chiefs have shown signal enterprise that they have built up a magnificent property, that the C. P. R. system has become part of the national life, and that, in contrast with too many corporations, they have performed with admirable thoroughness the vital parts of their contract with the people of Canada."

This from the chief opponent of the Canadian Pacific is commendation of the very highest kind. It is, as we all know, the honest truth, but it has not been the habit of the Globe to tell the honest truth about men and schemes to which it was opposed on political grounds. There was always a fly in the ointment, something to detract from and to neutralize the good that could not be decently denied. With regard to the subsidy proposed the Globe, to justify its advocating it, says: "The railway, however, was primarily a political enterprise; the Atlantic service is a business proposition, and it is at least a plausible argument that the men who have made a political railway successful and remunerative will not fail with another enterprise planned on the lines of a purely business undertaking. At the least, we are convinced that if the country is to have a fast Atlantic service, and if that service is to cost half a million, the Government could safely commit the establishment and conduct of the enterprise to Mr. Van Horne and his associates."

The fast Atlantic service involves placing the whole road to Halifax or other Atlantic winter port, at the disposal of the Canadian Pacific Company. It must own the road over which the trains to connect with the fast steamships must pass. The principal road connecting the province of Quebec with the Maritime Provinces of the Atlantic is the Intercolonial, and in order to make the way smooth for the C. P. R., and to give it every facility to do its work the Globe is quite willing to place the Intercolonial under certain conditions by no means onerous or difficult of performance in the hands of the C. P. R. It honestly and frankly confesses that this is necessary. It says:—

The enterprise of the C. P. R. has engaged the whole country, and leaving out of sight the enormous cost of the road, leaving out of sight its construction upon lines and conditions of which many of us cannot approve, it is now the duty of the Canadian people, irrespective of party divisions, to encourage its management in any step which may lead to national progress and development. It is most creditable to the organ of the Grit party that it has been able to throw off the narrow-mindedness, spitefulness and intolerance, which were the most unpleasant as well as the most prominent failings of that party, and to discuss a great public question in which the interests of the people of the whole of Canada are, to a greater or less extent, involved, unembarrassed by its own antecedents and having regard only to the public welfare. We look upon the articles on the Canadian Pacific in the Toronto Globe as a long step towards the elevation of Canadian journalism.

MAJOR LE CARON.

Major Le Caron, otherwise Thomas Beach, the spy, has written a book. Its title is, "Twenty-five Years in the Secret Service: the Recollections of a Spy." The book is reviewed in English newspapers, and seems to be more than commonly interesting. Yet we find it difficult to understand how any man of common honesty can contemplate the life of such a man without feelings of intense disgust. Caron, as he calls himself, is a man of uncommon ability. He has great courage, and his nerves must have been of steel. He is, besides, a consummate actor. He must be master not only of his nerves, but of his muscles. He never allowed his face or his voice to betray him. He was by profession a hypocrite. His business for many years was to deceive. He was an adept in lying, and he could take oaths with the deliberate intention of breaking them without a qualm of conscience. Statesmen may find such tools as Le Caron necessary, but they must distrust and despise the men of whose perfidy they take advantage.

Le Caron wormed himself into the confidence of the Irish agitators in America. He professed to be aiding them in carrying out their nefarious schemes, while he was at the same time in constant communication with the authorities, both in London and Ottawa. He was a thoroughly cold-blooded traitor. He was a spy simply on business principles. He had no love for Ireland, and he knew nothing about its history. Every time, therefore, he professed to be devoted to the cause of Ireland he lied. The Times reviewer thus describes his first appearance in public as an advocate of the cause of Ireland:

The Major tells us that dry fun which seems to be one of the leading features of his character, of the "unhappy amusement" which seized upon him when he was informed that it would be part of his duty to make speeches in support of the cause, and that he would have to attend a meeting that very night. He knew nothing about "the cause," nothing about Ireland, which he had never visited, and nothing about Irish affairs. He was, however, a consummate actor, and he announced that he would address the gathering. "The moment came fraught with danger; my pulses throbbed with mad passion; my heart seemed to stop its beating; my brain was on fire, and failure stared me in the face. With an almost superhuman effort, I collected myself, and as the chairman announced me as Major Le Caron, tickled by the strain into which he had fallen and the vast chest I was playing upon the whole of them, I rose equal to the occasion, to be received with the most enthusiastic plaudits. We cannot give the speech, but it was inimitable and was the success it deserved to be. When the orator sat down he had lost all his nervousness about addressing audiences on the Irish question."

Le Caron describes the leading Irishmen whom he met and whose secrets he wormed out of them, with a good deal of humor. His recollections are well written and his descriptions graphic, but when reading them one cannot help asking himself, "How much truth is there in the accounts?" It is impossible not to suspect that the arch-deceiver is humbugging the public as he so many years, according to his own admission, humbugged those with whom he was intimately associated. If any dependence is to be placed in Le Caron's recollections, the Fenians and men of the Clan-na-Gael who exercised so much influence on the continent in days gone by, were a most despicable lot, and one cannot help feeling sorry for their dupes, who, as Caron describes them, were simple, warm-hearted

men and women who loved their country well, and who were ready to make sacrifices for its welfare. It was to this sincere love of country, this affection for those they had left on the old sod, that the agitators appealed, and they never failed to meet with the response they expected.

M. QUAD'S SKETCHES.

The Story of a Cashier Who Robbed the Bank—The Bank-robber.

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Our bank was the First National bank of Seattle, a town having a population of about 10,000. There were two or three private banks, but no other institution having the capital and dignity we carried. The stockholders numbered nearly thirty people, and all were residents of the city and county. Among them were four or five widows, and quite a number of minors and orphans were also represented. At that date I was a young man of twenty-three and acting as cashier and bookkeeper for a manufacturing concern. I had \$3,000 in cash, but with this I bought stock in the new bank. The organization had been completed and the institution was ready to open when the president sent for me and said:

"James, I have known you for the past three or four years. Everybody in town seems to speak well of you. Your employers tell me that you are the most confident in your integrity, and each one of our executive board has spoken in your favor. I have purchased \$2,000 worth of stock in your name to bring your holding up to \$5,000, and am authorized to offer you the position of cashier."

"Yes, I had many friends. I was ambitious and industrious. I was also honest. No man could say I had ever wronged him in any manner. I don't mean to convey the idea that I was an exception. There has never been any secret of my thoroughly reliable young men, nor will there ever be. I accepted the position with a feeling of gratitude toward those who had tendered it, and I made up my mind to prove myself competent and worthy in every particular."

In one year we had grasped half the business of the county. In two years there was only one private bank left. We had any amount of money to lend on easy terms, and whenever an extension was wanted it was cheerfully granted. I had thought that any other man would bring about this state of affairs. I say so because all the officers and stockholders said so. In two years my salary was advanced three different times. No man could have been more fully trusted than I was. My advice was sought and invariably followed, and everybody complacently followed and every body secured my services. I had been with the bank two years and four months when a singular incident happened. One evening as I sat reading in my room the thought came to me like a flash to rob the bank and escape to a foreign country. I pledged my word I was frightened for a moment. It was as if a voice had whispered in my ears. Rob the bank! Why, I would chop off a finger sooner than embezzle a penny! What could have given birth to such a thought? I was upset and indignant, and yet I could not shake off the idea. To my alarm I found myself beginning to reason and speculate. It was as if I had a double, and the double said to me:

"You are working like a slave to enrich others. You are getting a fair salary, but it should be double what it is. Why slave away for years to get a few thousand a year when you can lay your hand on a fortune any day? It would be stealing, but then we all steal. You are young and full of energy and ambition. With \$50,000 to back you you can go to some foreign country and make millions and become a nabob in a few years."

I should have trampled such thoughts under foot on the instant. No man in a trusted position trusts himself in a day. It is only after he has fought with temptation and been overcome—allowed himself to be overcome. I made an effort to rid myself of the thought, and it would have vanished but for a silly action on my part. A week later, as I smiled in my sleep at the idea of my turning robber, I allowed myself to speculate on what would happen in case I did. That is, I wondered how much I could get hold of, what country I should go to, and so forth, and so on. When I suddenly found myself so greatly interested I jumped up in shame and confusion, but half an hour later was deep in imagination again.

It seemed as if the evil did ever everything in his power to aid me after I had finally determined on my course. I had the "luck" to meet an American who had just returned from South America. He mentioned several new things in the way of speculation, and painted such a glowing picture of the country that I was excited and impatient. The bank had large deposits that fall, and on the 11th day of September we had nearly \$70,000 in the vault. This was cash waiting for the country temporarily deposited by the country treasurer and by the cashiers of three or four manufacturing establishments. I had been waiting for such an opportunity. I could have taken from \$20,000 to \$35,000 almost any day, but I had planned to practically clean out the institution.

Between the 4th and 11th of September I planned the details of my flight. I knew the time tables of the different roads I should pass over, what day I should take the steamer, and every detail had been carefully worked out. I might be pursued, but I flattered myself that that would be a thing to be feared. I planned to go to the bank at 9 o'clock in the evening and secure admission. The watchman would not hesitate to let me in. I would then assault and overcome him. He could not give the alarm before morning, and I would then be safe. I planned to make my coup on the night of the 13th. At the close of business on the afternoon of that day we had \$107,000 in greenbacks in the vaults. After a bank had closed its doors to the public at 4 o'clock p. m. there is work to keep the force busy for an hour or more. For a year I had always been the last one to leave, and my hour had been 6 o'clock. The trusty day porter was then left alone with 8 o'clock, when he gave place to the regular night watchman. At half past 6 o'clock that afternoon and just as the last clerk had departed the night watchman came to notify me that his wife had died

suddenly and to ask that a substitute be employed. He named a man, but I told him that I would make my own arrangements.

When the watchman had departed I notified the day porter that he might leave at 6 o'clock, as I had work which would detain me till about 8. Five minutes after 6 I was alone in the bank and its funds were under my thumb. The train by which I should leave town was not due until 10:50, and I was therefore in no hurry. I locked up and went to my boarding house to supper.

At 7 o'clock I returned to the bank, pulled down the shades, lighted the gas, and in the course of twenty minutes had packed every dollar in the vaults into a satchel provided for the purpose. This satchel I placed on a chair outside the railing, and had sat down for a smoke when there was a rap at the door. I knew it was one of our force, but I fully expected to see the president himself.

"I expected it was you," he said as he entered; "always the last to go. You are working too hard and must take a rest. At a meeting of the board to-day it was decided to give you a month's leave and a gift of \$500 in cash. You have been faithful and efficient, and we wish you to know how thoroughly you are appreciated."

I don't remember what I said in reply, but I do remember that something like honor seized upon me at the idea of my own business. Right there within reach of his hand was the money I intended to fly with, and yet he was lavish in his praises of my integrity. He remained only a brief time, and soon after his departure I went out and walked about and planned a little. I hadn't given up the idea of robbery and flight, but a still, small voice was whispering to me. On the first street corner I encountered a tramp. I was very much perturbed, but still I shall always remember what he said. When he asked for alms I suppose I stared at him, for he added:

"Yes, I'm ashamed of myself. It's my own fault that I'm down here. I let temptation get the better of me."

That was another prick of conscience, but he actually hurt me when he said it. "Thanky, old man. May you never know what it is to lose the respect of the world."

Within twelve hours it would be known that I was an embezzler and an absconder! Not only that, but I was robbing widows and orphans and helpless old men! It seemed to me that I could already hear the newboys crying out the headlines of the article telling of my shame and dishonor. I stood looking after the tramp as he walked away, and a hand was laid on my arm. I turned and confronted the leading merchant of the town. I knew him well and favorably, although he had never been a patron of our institution.

"Look here," he said as we walked along arm in arm, "I've always done business with Gleason, because I found everything all right, but I'm going to begin with you to-morrow. Gleason is as good as gold himself, but I don't fancy his new cashier. He's a high roller, I hear, and some day he may turn up missing with all the goods he can carry. No fear of that in your case."

And I had \$107,000 all packed up and was only waiting for train time to become the meanest and most contemptible robber ever heard of in the state.

"Everybody is speaking in your praise," he continued, "and you deserve what is said. Just keep a level head and you'll find the road to honor and wealth."

When he left me I had to lean against a dead wall for support. The sound of his footsteps was still in my ears when I suddenly felt that I was saved all right. There had been a terrible struggle of conscience, but right had triumphed at last. I was pulling myself together to return to the bank when a woman accosted me by name and said:

"How lucky I happened to see you! I was on my way down to Black's to see if he wouldn't take charge of this package till to-morrow. It's money I got only two hours ago—\$2,000."

"Come in here and I'll give you a receipt."

"Never mind that. We all know you and trust you."

Her parting words gave me a shiver. How little they knew me! A hundred rods away, was evidence to make me an object of contempt in the eyes of every man in the city. I was saved all right. I had one more trial to undergo. Almost at the door of the bank I met two business men of high standing who were holding an animated conversation.

"Hear the news?" queried one as I came up.

"What is it?"

"You remember the clerk in my brother's office in Philadelphia who skipped out two years ago with \$30,000? Well, he's been overhauled. He went to Peru, no doubt expecting to have grand times. It seems that everybody soon knew he was a thief, and he was an object of general contempt. He wandered about, always a marked man, and at last was so overcome with shame and degradation that he asked to be arrested and sent back. He was despised, insulted and plundered, and did not have one hour's solid comfort out of his stolen funds. He will go to prison for ten or fifteen years, and he might as well die then. Say, isn't it a curious thing that men will so destroy themselves?"

"Take your own case," added the other as he placed a hand on my shoulder. "You are young, but respected, trusted and honored, and on the sure road to wealth. You might crib \$100,000 from the bank and get away, but would that compensate you for the sacrifice? No! Even a million wouldn't. I tell you, the man who has got to outlaw himself to enjoy his plunder must see days when he would almost give his life to be set back in the position he once held."

I passed into the bank and carefully locked the doors behind me. My knees were so weak that I had to rest for a good twenty minutes. Even my hair was so wet with perspiration. When I felt strong enough I carried the satchel to the vault, opened the doors and replaced the money, and it was all over. The iron doors were locked again that I felt safe. I had won. There would be no watchman that night. I had planned it so. I took off my coat, kicked off my shoes and made myself comfortable in an armchair. I did not feel sleepy, but just as the last clerk had departed the night watchman came to notify me that his wife had died

the ears of the officers that I had sacrificed my night because of the death of the watchman's wife, and the president feelingly said:

"Grieve the dear boy! He's a man out of a million!"

Am I still cashier? Well, never mind about that. I am still regarded as a honest man, and I doubt if you could make any of my business friends believe that I had ever been tempted for an instant.

HON. T. M. DALY.

He is Banquetted at Brandon and Makes a Most Telling Speech.

The banquet at Brandon on Friday, 4th inst., to Hon. T. M. Daly was a magnificent success, the large city hall being crowded by representative men of Brandon and from all parts of the province, who assembled to honor to the new minister. The chair was occupied by Robert Rogers, and among those present were: A. W. Ross and N. G. Davis, members of Parliament; Gen. Supt. Whyte, W. B. Smith, Esq., M.P., N. F. Hagel, Q. C., E. J. Wood, Esq., M.P., Judge Walker, A. F. Martin, Esq., M.P., W. A. Macdonald, M.P., J. A. Macdonald, M.P., (Manitoba), Dixie Watson and many others.

Hon. Mr. Daly's speech was a splendid effort. After thanking the citizens of Brandon and the people of Selkirk for the magnificent demonstration in his honor, he explained why it was impossible for him as a cabinet minister to give the time to give expression on the momentous subject of the As one of the judges on the question it would not be fair or right for him to express an opinion, and he said that the minister of the Interior would give expression on the great question. When the time came for the Government to make an announcement on the subject of the new minister in the House of Commons by the leader of the Government, Hon. Mr. Daly's speech was a splendid effort. 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