



A Group in Crete.

Affairs in Crete.

THERE is no island in the Mediterranean with a more interesting story than that of Crete. At present, it is an autonomous state under the suzerainty of Turkey, with a High Commissioner, appointed by the powers, Great Britain, Russia, France and Italy. On the twentieth of last month, during a debate of the Grecian Chamber of Deputies, Premier Theokotis stated that as a result of steps taken by King George, the Cretan question has reached a solution which must be regarded as a step towards the union of the island with Greece.

This photograph, taken at a garden party given by a Yorkshire regiment visiting the island shows to some extent the motley population of Crete. The first guests seated on the right are two Turkish officials, the venerable clergyman is a bishop of the Greek Church and next to him is the Governor of Crete whose wife is seated beside him. Next to her is an English woman, wife of the Colonel of the regiment. Three Cretan ladies complete the first row. At the left end of the second stands the correspondent of the London "Times" and the next figure is unmistakably that of chaplain of the regiment. The British consul is on his left and the next member of the group is the colonel, while the white-clad figure is Mr. Walter Evans, one of the prominent excavators in Crete and a son of Sir John Evans. Standing behind the bishop is Mr. C. T. Currelly of Toronto, a member of the Egyptian Exploration party, while the fine-looking old gentleman at the end of the row is an English merchant from Smyrna, the father of the British consul.

Prince George of Greece, the High Commissioner, has been popular with all classes.

Our Enemy—The Cabby

WHETHER one is in London or New York or Montreal, one has difficulties with our enemy, the cabbie. "Tit-Bits" tells this story in a recent issue:

"No," remarked a determined lady to an indignant cabman who had received his legal fare, "you cannot cheat me, my man, I haven't ridden in cabs for the last twenty-five years for nothing."

"Haven't you, mum?" replied the cabman, bitterly,

gathering up the reins. "Well, you've done your best!"

I remember once taking a cab from Southampton Row to Baker St. Station and having a similar experience. I handed the cabbie the legal shilling and the usual "tuppence" additional. As I hurried into the station, I could feel his gaze upon me. Just as I was disappearing from view, I turned and there he was holding the money in his hand and gazing after me as if he had lost the power of speech. It was a beautiful piece of acting, and although two years have elapsed, it still has the power of making me feel uncomfortable.

The last time I was in New York, I arrived at the Grand Central about 11 o'clock at night. It was raining and I took a hansom over to my hotel on Broadway—about five minutes drive. I gave the driver fifty cents and he immediately broke out: "That—on a wet night!" I reached into my pocket for some more change, but with a muttered imprecation he was gone.

The cabbies of all cities are never satisfied with a legal fare and unless we pay more than that we are bound to be unpopular.

Modern Witchcraft

THERE has been a trial at Vienna lately, when a woman named Marie Nebily was charged with various witch-like practices. She told the Austrian judge of a Hungarian shepherd, Stephan Stephanovics, ninety years old, who sells charms in which she implicitly believes. Whereupon the Judge made the remark that we are not living in the Middle Ages.

An English critic says: "The Judge is wrong. A great part of mankind is in the Middle Ages, if by that is meant that it believes in witchcraft. White and black witches thrive in many parts of this country and make dupes." And what of Canada? It would be interesting to know just how many dollars are expended in this Dominion every week by those who go to see clairvoyants and come away greatly impressed by the "changes" and the "voyage by sea," not to mention the rainbow wealth of the future.

Witchcraft dies hard and the most practical among us have pet superstitions relating to walking under ladders, setting off on a Friday journey, and spilling the salt. We spend at least ten minutes of the year in the Middle Ages.