

"How long have you been in Canada?" asked the lawyer.

"A little over a year," he was told.

"How long in Toronto?"

"Ever since I came to the country."

"Ever in jail?"

"No."

"Ever arrested?"

"No."

"How did you earn your living in England?"

"Working."

"At what?"

"Book-keeping."

"Don't you think that it's a rather a long step downward from a respectable book-keeper to a whiskey informer?"

"There is still hope so long as I don't take another long step downwards and become a lawyer," was the unruffled answer.

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About two o'clock one morning two inquisitive policemen noticed a man walking along Queen Street West, who seemed to have something concealed under his overcoat. The policemen quickened their walk in order to catch up. The man noticed it and took to his heels down a side street, but was soon overtaken and searched. Several