

That the valley and adjacent lands were in ancient days occupied by a numerous and barbaric—not savage—race, there can be no doubt. Scattered over the face of the country are the remains of a people who have long ago disappeared. Many of the ruins are of great extent, covering whole table lands, and are crumbling away in groups or in single isolation. Unfortunately, no documents are known to exist to record the traditions of the ancient people before the Spanish missionary fathers first began the civilisation of the tribes 400 years ago. When the early Jesuit missionaries were called home the archives and everything belonging to the missions were carried away or destroyed. It is, however, possible that a search through the libraries of the Jesuit and Franciscan monasteries in France

and Spain may yet reward the historian with some valuable finds.

From an examination of the sites and the ruins, scattered here and there in the Sonora Valley, I am satisfied that the ancient dwellers were a sedentary and agricultural people; that they were of the same race as the Moki and suffered the same fate as that picturesque tribe, and from the unsparing hand of the same merciless destroyers, the Apache-Yaquis. Long before the time of Cortez the evil fame of the unconquerable Yaquis had settled around the throne of the Montezumas. There is a tradition that after the Spanish chief had stormed the City of Mexico and made a prisoner of the Aztec ruler, Montezuma said to him: "You may take possession of all my empire and subdue all its

tribes—but, the Yaqui, never." To-day the Sonora Valley is wet with the blood of slaughtered settlers. Formerly these fierce men confined their depredations to the Sonora Valley and the Yaqui River regions, but the members of the tribe are now scattered over northern and central Sonora; the fighters, however, live in the Bacatete Mountains and parts of the Sierras. One-half of them are partially civilised and are peaceable, the other half continue to wage a guerilla war in the mountainous regions. These mountaineers are men of toughened fibre, of great endurance and inured to the extremes of heat, cold and hunger. They have no fear of anything or anybody, except the spirits of evil, which bring disease and calamities upon them, and the "shamans," or medicine men, who act as infernal mediators between these demons and their victims.

The Struggle of the Middle Classes

By NORMAN HARRIS

The Plight of the Middle Class Man:—His weekly salary, fixed by precedent, unaccelerated by Union methods, has increased at a snail's pace, while taxes, rentals and prices of food necessities have jumped to 'all that the traffic can bear' proportions.

BY common consent the problem of the Toiler and the trials of the Millionaire concern the majority of those that make up this nation—but how about the Middle Class?

The term middle class is taken to include every social unit between the grade of Union Man and Money Plutocrat, and the fact seems to be that while Labour as a going concern is paying dividends, and while the millionaire is doing nicely, that the great Middle Class is hard up against it, in the struggle for existence. Yet this struggle is not noted by welfare workers, pictured in newspapers, nor written about in magazines. It is a long, silent, unequal fight from which middle class battalions are emerging, changed. Let the conflict continue, and the middle of the sandwich will be marked by greater wars in its structure, characteristics, ideals.

The middle class man still thinks of the union man as a problem, which it befits him to help solve, whereas the fact is that the union man, through his union, has bettered his wages in the last few years from fifty to two hundred per cent., while the middle class man finds himself in the grip of metropolitan prices for everything, and with his scale of recompense advancing at the pace of the traditional snail. The union man is making more money, in fewer hours, than he ever did before, because his union has carried his banner, while the middle class man seems to have become the centre of a joint conspiracy to raise the price of everything on him, save and except that of his salary.

The middle class man is unchampioned by any union, so that the hundred different scales of wages paid according to the nature of the work he does, have increased here and there in response only to demands of individuals. No scale paid to the middle class accountants, bookkeepers, auditors, clerks, salesmen, travellers, secretaries, stenographers, etc., has been shoved upward at the behest of any association, and to-day a contrast with the salaries paid ten years ago and those of 1908 will show that the upward trend can be indicated by a line of no great slant.

Now, if a bricklayer who a few years ago worked for 20 cents an hour, can to-day demand, and get, 45 cents an hour for his labour, is there any sound reason why a clerk or bookkeeper earning formerly \$16 a week, should not to-day be paid \$25 or \$30 a week for doing the same work now as his prototype of years ago performed?

There may be sound economic considerations why the traditional wage paid to the great army of the middle class, cannot be boosted one hundred per cent.; but just how far it would go under pressure from below no one can tell because so far no one has tried it. But that any aggregation composed of the majority of workers in any one line could better the bulk of their weekly envelope if they decided to espouse the method of the man at the machine, and form a union, is not open to much doubt.

The world would palliate a grumble from the middle class man whose wage has so slowly risen, even if conditions to-day paralleled those when his

salary was almost as great. Instead of that, however, this slightly increased weekly wage is met in the first place by a greater property tax than he ever before paid. Then the tax for local improvements takes another slice out of it, and an era of inflated food prices now approaching the limit of "all the traffic will bear" creates for the middle class man the problem that he is, unaided, fighting to solve.

How will he do it?

In either of two ways. He may batter prices down, or he may boost his wages up. But to effect either of these desiderata he will have to show the nation that the great element known as Public Opinion has a voice, and is not merely a negative element that everyone takes for granted exists, and that no one has ever seen as a working force. The middle class man might take a leaf from the book of the machine man, and form himself into a number of unions, but every instinct he has acquired seems so far to be against it, for the reason that the middle class heretofore has been only a poor imitation of the class that has money and leisure.

It may be impracticable for a number of reasons that one can deduce on theory, and that might be augmented in practice, for middle class workers to create unions representing directly every shade of classified effort that keeps our business humming, and if so some other method must be turned to for relief. And the mechanism must be the product of

his own inventive skill, because no one but himself cares.

It may be that the stress of struggle for an unimpaired existence that has already scarred middle class physiognomy, will result in further upheavals in middle class conceptions and ideals, with the result that what was once abhorred may, as a means to an end, be embraced.

Almost every theory, largely founded on tradition, that was held by middle class people with relation to what constituted for them a "respectable" occupation, has been uprooted by the stern fact that the income the head of the house made years ago, is to-day totally inadequate to keep things running.

So young men, who used to think they had to go into a bank, are to-day in this city running soap-powder plants, or any other form of commercial industry that will net them a good living. Young women, a few years ago of the leisure class, have to-day taken up in real earnest business pursuits formerly considered *infra dig* for them to think of being connected with. They are running laundries, boarding-houses, restaurants, luncheon places, chicken farms, squab farms, and they are stenographers, insurance writers, fruit growers, pickle makers—workers in a hundred different fields.

But those that thus desert the ranks, while they may satisfactorily solve their own problem, are leaving the main body to work out its own salvation. By what means?

PUBLIC OPINION

A SUGGESTION ON MARITIME UNION.

Editor CANADIAN COURIER:

Sir:—Noting Mr. J. E. B. McCready's article on "After Forty Years" in your issue of the 22nd instant, allow me to offer a crude suggestion for the relief of our brethren down by the sea.

Financial and industrial enterprises combine several small concerns and merge them into an important whole, thereby enormously reducing cost, and simplifying machinery of operation.

A union of the Maritime Provinces might result in a much more satisfactory tone at the end of the next forty years, than is evidenced in the summary of the past by Mr. McCready.

Quebec, having acquired Ungava, can afford to be generous and should cede her counties of Temiscouata, Rimouski, Matane, Bonaventure and Gaspé, to meet the desire of our Maritime brethren for more land, and to improve the appearance of the present boundary between Quebec and New Brunswick.

Unite Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland and the five counties of Quebec above named, as one province, with one provincial government instead of four, locate the capital at the most central convenient point, say Moncton, and then make a serious effort to develop the natural and geographical advantages this large province would possess, encouraging the young people to assist in local progress, instead of going to build up the West.

Quebec and Ontario have suffered from exodus

of hundreds of thousands of their people, but never despaired, and consequently progressed.

With a country "rich in soil, lumber, fisheries and minerals . . . the only winter port, and all the coal so necessary to industrial development east of the upper lakes," why should not this newly constructed province become one of the most important and influential in our Federation?

The "splendid commercial marine" may be reconstructed, but of steel instead of wood, an example having been set at New Glasgow, N.S.

Courage, brethren! En avant! Forward! With us firmly establish "Canada's century."

S. CHADWICK.

75 St. Mark St., Montreal, Aug. 22nd, '08.

Lake Rosseau

By ALBERT D. WATSON.

Dream of the golden day, wild wings a-flying;
Voices from far away, faint echoes dying;

Gleam of the mystic light purpling the highlands;
Glow of the waters bright, jewelled with islands;

Breath of the woody bowers, joyance and laughter;
Shadows of leaves and flowers, dancing in water.

Airily down the dark, music comes streaming;
Drift on, my silent barque, ecstasies dreaming.

—The Wing of the Wild Bird and Other Poems.