

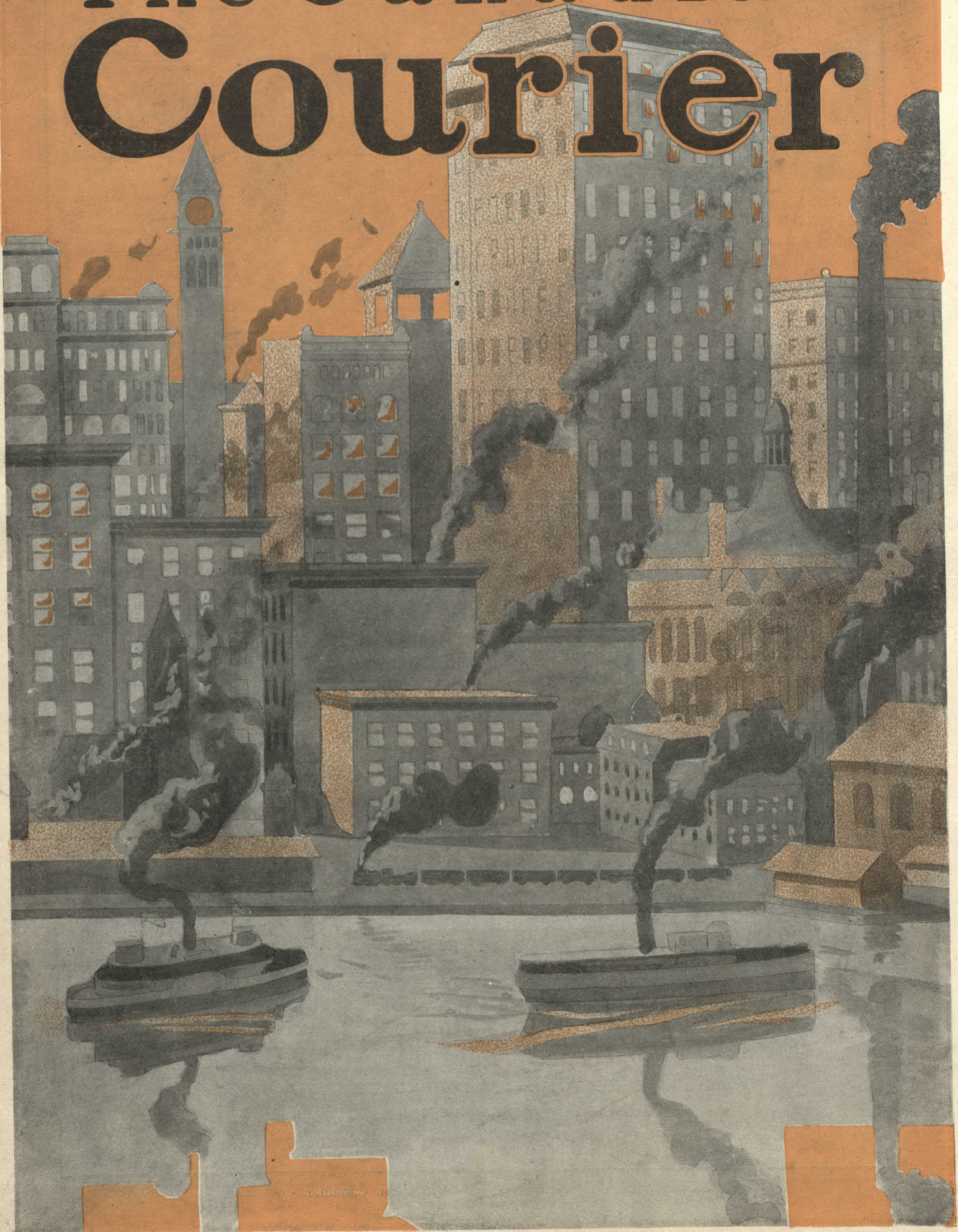
Vol. II, No. 16

September 21st, 1907

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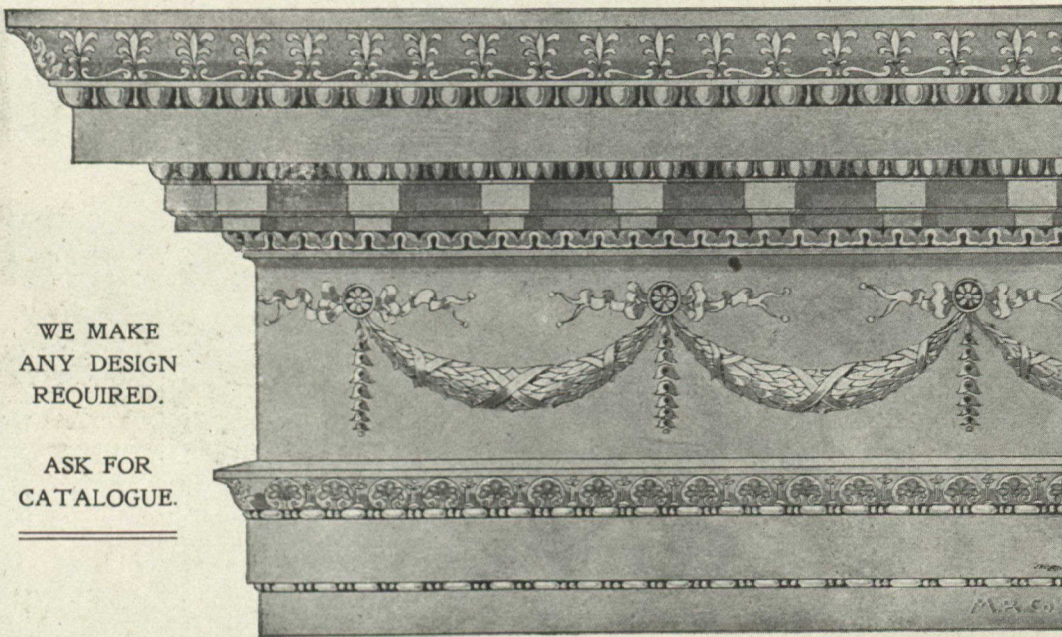
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# The Canadian Courier





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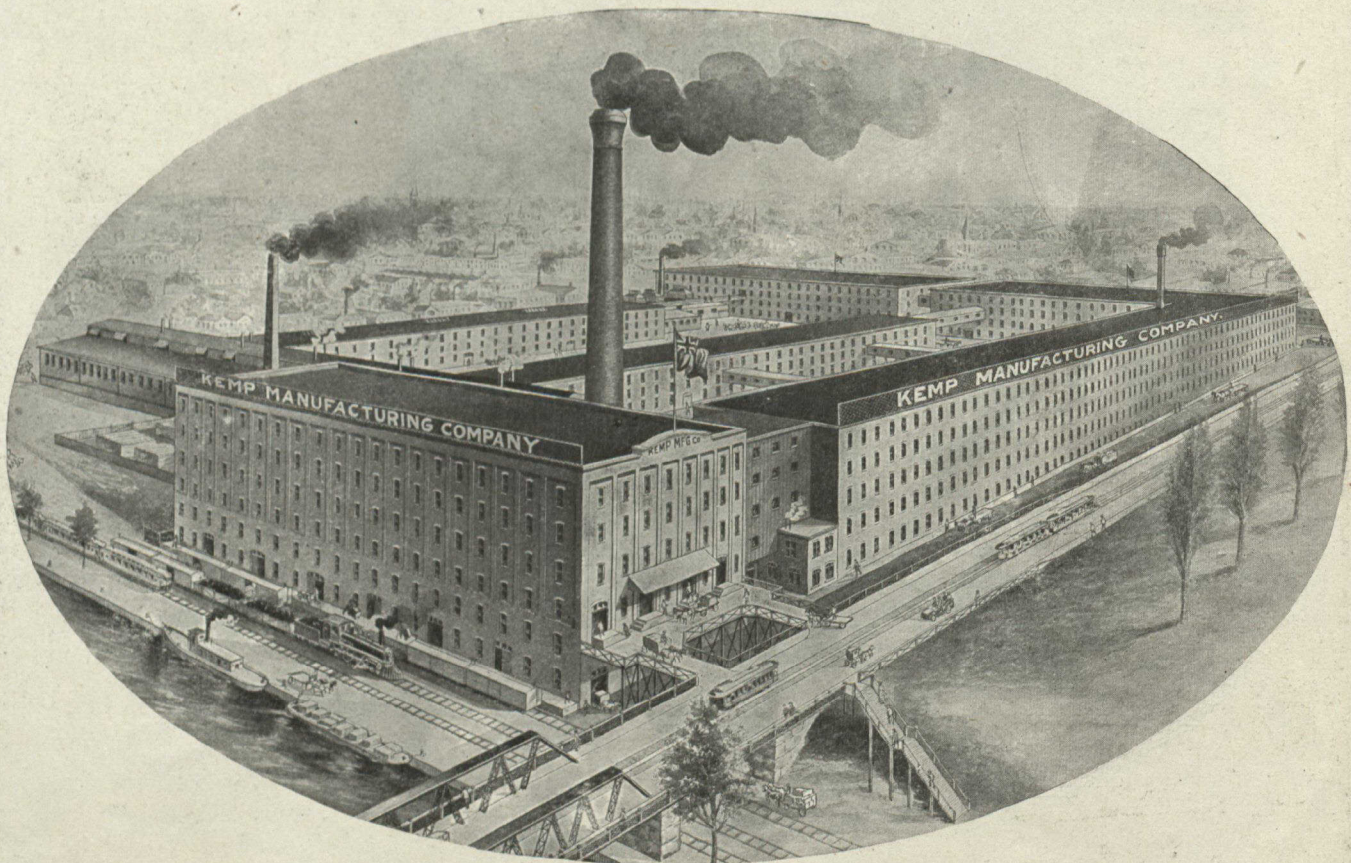
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61 Victoria Street TORONTO

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**Editor's Talk**

**L**AST week there was such a rush of new subscribers that it was found impossible to supply every one with a copy of that issue. Several hundred names had to be held over. This week we hope to get a copy to every new name recently added. Since September 1st, new subscriptions have arrived much faster than in any previous period and although we planned generously our estimate was quite inadequate. We hope that the public will bear gently with us as we are making every effort to have all new names placed promptly on our lists.

Some idea of the increase in circulation may be gathered from the fact that the number of new subscribers seldom falls below fifty a day and on Wednesday of last week totalled seventy-two. Fifty new subscribers every working day means 15,000 a year which is a respectable rate of increase for a Canadian publication.

Next week, the second of Mr. C. W. Jefferys' double page drawings of "The Homesteader" will appear. These are probably the finest specimens of graphic art ever issued in Canada. Mr. Jefferys stands at the head of his profession in this country.

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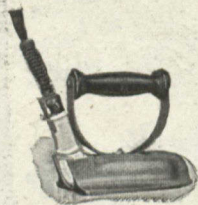
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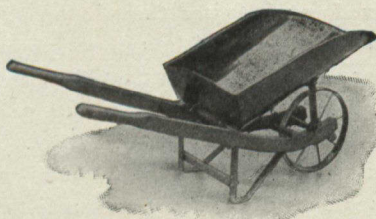
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# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

NEWS CO. EDITION

Subscription : \$2.50 a Year.

Vol. II

Toronto, September 21st, 1907

No. 17

## Topics of the Day



Mr. C. C. Ballantyne,  
Fast-President Canadian Manufacturers' Association.

THESE are days of "waiting" in business. Manufacturers and wholesalers are limiting their expenditures and restricting their activities. There is no doubt about the partial failure of the Western wheat crop through the late spring and early frosts. The crop will be about twenty or twenty-five per cent. less than last year. The larger business men think this is likely to have a detrimental effect on internal commerce, and they are preparing for a slump. "The slump may not come," they say, "but it is well to be in a safe position."

\* \* \*

As a matter of fact, the timidity caused by the decrease in the Western crop is somewhat absurd. There will be as much wheat as the

railways can bring out and it will command a higher price. It is doubtful if all last year's crop has been marketed.

The two other causes for this restriction of business enterprise are of more importance. The West is land-poor. Some years ago the farmers of Ontario got into the same position and \$6,000 farms fell to \$4,000. This is what is occurring in the West. The real estate agents out there have literally folded their tents and gone to other quarters. The boom is over and the West will now get down to a saner and sounder business basis.

\* \* \*

Some time ago a resident of Edmonton was trying to find in Toronto a purchaser for the Presbyterian church property in that coming Western town. He thought it worth \$1,000 a foot. Two real-estate dealers in Toronto who knew it well valued it at \$500 a foot, just one-half. Mr. Edmonton was mighty wrathful when he heard the estimate. That was some months ago and it would be interesting to know whether he has revised his opinion in the meantime. Edmonton will be a great city, but it must grow as other cities have grown—slowly and steadily. It is only fair to Edmonton to say that real estate in Toronto and Montreal is not quite so keenly sought after to-day as it was twelve months ago.

\* \* \*

The second reason for the restriction of business is the determination of the banks to restrict loans, and force the rate of interest to a higher level. For several years the rate has been slowly falling, especially in the West. Competition among the banks and the loan companies was steadily forcing it down. As money was in demand in New York, the bankers sent fifteen million dollars there and so stopped the decline. They will bring this money back just as soon as it is profitable to do so and no sooner. Some of it has already come back, but it is earning one per cent. more than it was at this time last year.

\* \* \*

The milk dealers in Toronto and Montreal charge seven and eight cents a quart, and it is reported that the Montreal dealers have decided to advance the price to ten cents on October 1st. This, if true, is to be regretted. The prices of table supplies in Canada are

getting too high, and soon this will be a very dear country to live in. High priced food and high rents are mainly the result of high wages, so the unions which have been steadily boosting wages for years have themselves to blame. The price of food does not seriously affect the men whose salaries run from \$1,500 up, but it is a big item with the men whose wages run from \$1,500 down and who have large families to feed. It means under-fed children and white-faced mothers.

\* \* \*

The Canadian newspapers have been booming the Lusitania and the New York route, but it has since developed that the Lusitania has not done much better than the C.P.R. or Allan boats. The Cunard company is entitled to much praise for its enterprise, but Canada should not forget what its own enterprising steamboat companies are doing.

\* \* \*

Five hundred French-speaking citizens of Moncton are urging the bilingual language system which prevails in Ontario schools. Ontario is said to be a bigoted province, but this incident does not bear out the charge.

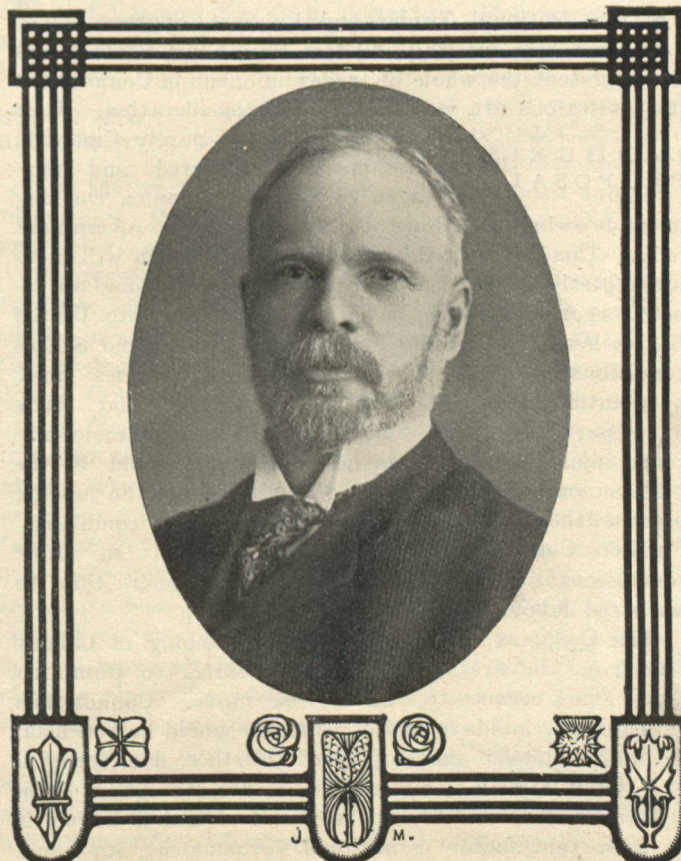
\* \* \*

Work in the new Canadian mint has begun, and coins will be turned out before the end of the year. Dr. Bonar has five assistants, four from London and one from Australia. These include a superintendent, a chief assayer, a chief clerk, a foreman coiner and a foreman melter. In addition there will be a staff of more than fifty workpeople.

\* \* \*

At the recent meeting of the Trades and Labour Congress at Glace Bay, N.S., a resolution was passed recommending that all members of labour organisations and their friends purchase only shoes made in Canada. This is practical patriotism.

\* \* \*



Mr. Emerson Coatsworth, Mayor of Toronto.



# REFLECTIONS

VIII BY STAFF WRITERS VIII

**N**O one can have any doubt as to the existence of genuine anger in British Columbia's breast. This anger has burned even more fiercely since the night the Japanese charged the Vancouver mob and broke it up.

**GENUINE ANGER** The Hindoos and the Chinese are rather docile, but the Japanese are not accustomed to being buffeted around. The Japs also differ from the Chinese in having an efficient government behind them.

A prominent exclusionist from British Columbia called at the Canadian Courier office last week and warned us that if British Columbia does not get her way in this agitation, she will leave both Canada and the Empire, and set up an independent. This would be an interesting experiment no doubt and one that would attract considerable attention. Our comments were so warm that the gentleman did not wait to say whether the new government would be a monarchy or a republic. Perhaps that point has not yet been decided. There is no doubt that Governor Dunsmuir or Premier McBride or the Hon. Mr. Templeman would make a first-class King. For the new House of Lords there would be plenty of good men and the new House of Commons might be composed mainly of members of the Western Federation of Miners. We would strongly recommend a constitution based on that which exists in Great Britain.

However, if British Columbia decided to remain within the Empire, there is no doubt that Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Home Government will arrange to limit the invasion of Asiatics. The general sympathy of every other province is with the Pacific Coast people in their desire for a White Canada. The situation is difficult but it is not quite so serious as some British Columbians would have us believe.

**T**HE National Trades and Labour Congress which has been meeting at Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, does not represent the whole of trades unionism in Canada, but its resolutions are worthy of some consideration. It is in favour of a purely Canadian organisation, officered and managed by men and women working in and owing allegiance to the Canadian government only. This plank in its platform is one which will commend itself to a large body of citizens. Canadian labour organisations pay large sums annually into United States headquarters and are influenced by United States conditions and leadership. As the two countries may have entirely different conditions in a particular trade at a particular time, this situation must occasionally cause injustice. Canadian labour leaders should be the best persons to decide what is best for Canadian labour, because they will know the exact local conditions. Further, Canadian employers are more likely to grant concessions and reforms to Canadian leaders than to imported labour organisers.

The Congress also advocates the changing of Labour Day from the first Monday in September to Dominion Day. This seems to be a wise move. Canada has rather many holidays and a reduction would be beneficial to both employer and employee. Further, a celebration of Labour Day on Dominion Day would strengthen both. If Canada is a country to be proud of and if labour is an important factor in national development, it would

seem quite fitting that the two ideas could be combined in celebration on July 1st.

The Congress has as its motto "Canada for Canadians" and urges its members to buy only Canadian goods. This is the platform of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, and national unity and concord would be advanced by having both capital and labour working toward one goal.

**T**HE visit of the Bishop of London to Canada has naturally been the subject of much comment by the Canadian press. In the general interest excited by his visit to the Dominion, we may forget that the special object of his journey has deeper historic significance than even an acquaintance with some

**THE BISHOP IN THE SOUTH** of the thriving cities of Great Britain's premier colony. The Bishop is to be the guest of honour at the general convention of the American Episcopal Church which meets in Richmond next month. He will also preach at the annual convention of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew in Washington on September 25th. As the world is aware, the exposition now being held at Jamestown, Virginia, is a tercentenary, which celebrates English settlement in the State named in honour of Queen Elizabeth, and also the establishment of the Church of England on American soil. With the revolt of the colonies in 1776, the old name was changed and "Episcopal" substituted. But the forms of service and ecclesiastical government remained and the brotherly bond now existing between the English and American churches is one of strength and sincerity. On October 5th in the old parish church at Williamsburg, Virginia, President Roosevelt will attend a memorial service at which the Bishop of London will represent His Majesty, King Edward, presenting to the Virginia church a Bible sent by the English sovereign, while the President's gift will be a lectern. The King James version of the Bible was hardly complete three hundred years ago when the royal little hamlet of Jamestown was held by a few English settlers in the midst of Indian tribes. He would have been a prophet indeed who could have been seen in the dawn of the Seventeenth Century the worldwide stretch of British colonies, the marvellous development of a New World Republic which three hundred years would bring. The sovereign who insisted so frantically on the dictum—"No Bishop no King" would have believed no seer who had told him that three hundred years would witness the Bishop of London a representative to a church conference in a land then almost unknown and unnamed.

The Southern States, both in their church and social life have kept in many districts more of the English atmosphere than will be found in the strenuous North or even in Ontario. In speech and manner, the residents of Richmond and Charleston preserve an unhurried grace. Hence, there can be no question as to the welcome which the Bishop of London will receive on Virginian soil, which has known so much of ecclesiastical tradition and military glory. The visit of such a dignitary to Canada is stimulating and broadening; but the visit of the Bishop to Jamestown and Richmond is a revival of memories which have little that is painful and much that is of mutual honour and it is also a



pledge of combined effort in the work for humanity so dear to "the People's Bishop."

**J**UDGE LONGLEY has given a sweeping decision in favour of the Dominion Iron and Steel Co., as against the the Dominion Coal Co. He finds that the Steel Co. were entitled to good coal, fit for steel-making

#### VICTORY FOR STEEL COMPANY

at \$1.24 a ton, and that they are entitled to damages for all inferior coal sent and for such inconvenience and expense as has been caused by the stoppage of supplies. As Judge Longley is a man more likely to favour his enemies than his friends in his desire to be fair, the judgment may be taken to be the expression of his deepest convictions. Whether or not it will be upset on appeal is another question.

This victory is one for Sir William Van Horne, and this defeat is one for Mr. James Ross. The popular knight has won and the people will rejoice. The Sphinx, the marble-hearted financier, has lost, and the public will fail to sympathise with him. The case is one of the most important that has ever occurred in this country and consequently the public has taken much interest in it. The decision cannot be pleasing to those who followed Mr. Ross and his associates and bought at 140 stock which is now selling for half that amount.

**E**VIDENCE given at the commission of enquiry in connection with the Quebec Bridge disaster shows that weaknesses had developed and were known to a number of persons. Mr. Haley, president of the

#### QUEBEC BRIDGE DISASTER

local bridge workers' union, testified that he had noticed defects and had intended to stay off the work if things were found worse on the very day the accident happened. As he could only make his examination after working hours, he never had an opportunity of verifying his suspicions. He was a day too late with what was to be his deciding unofficial inspection and went down into the river with the bridge. He was picked up by a boatman, but the two men who were with him were either killed or drowned. He reported that after a strike on August 8th, some of the men who went out had sense enough not to go back and hence saved their lives.

Quite enough testimony has been given to show that the engineers should have discovered the defects in time to have avoided the loss of life. This may be prejudging their case, but it is difficult to avoid coming to this conclusion. The strain put upon the part of the bridge overhanging the river was apparently too great for the portion of the bridge bearing the flying weight. The travelling crane was heavy and the addition of a locomotive and several cars of steel seems to have been the last straw.

It is to be hoped that the Government will see that the blame is properly placed so that this regrettable misfortune will at least bear clear lessons for the future. Workmen's lives should not be recklessly imperilled, and if such was the case a preventative penalty should be imposed.

**T**HE sporting fraternity is at war. There are two camps. The C.A.A.U. believes that an amateur is a man who competes only with other amateurs and does not openly accept money. The A.A.F. believes

#### ATHLETES AT WAR

that an amateur may compete against a professional provided that he himself does not strive for gain. Thus athletics, such as rowing, lacrosse, football and hockey, are in an unsettled and unsatisfactory state. It is difficult to tell just who are amateurs and who are professionals.

It would seem as if there was as much selfishness and self-seeking in sport as in anything else. There are a

number of persons interested in amateur sport for the money that is in it for them and who are lacking in an appreciation of what a true sportsman is. These men get into high positions in unions, leagues and other organisations for the petty graft which is possible and go around the country posing as sportsmen.

Further, to complete this unsatisfactory and disappointing picture, there has grown up in this country a spirit of unfairness towards rivals which is destructive of true manliness and elevating sportsmanship. This spirit is not confined to competitors; it is to be found in its worst forms among the spectators and the followers of the various games.

**N**OT long ago, an accident having occurred on the streets of a Canadian city, a young woman was heard advising a friend to "look away," lest she should be summoned as witness. When the young adviser was

#### UNWILLING WITNESS

asked why she had given such counsel, she frankly replied that "they" would be sure to bully the witness and confuse her to such an extent as to make her uncertain of her own identity. This opinion defines the attitude of too many of our citizens towards any legal inquiry. The people holding such views are by no means ignorant or criminal but they are possessed by an unfeigned horror of acting as witness. Is this an unjustifiable feeling? Or have we allowed the ordinary inquiry to become such an ordeal that the average citizen would tolerate injustice and shut his eyes to oppression rather than be the object of bewildering and sometimes bullying cross-questioning? Whatever may be the cause, there is undoubtedly a growing tendency to avoid any responsibility of testimony in connection with a crime or casualty. Those who could not be concerned by way of blame are nevertheless extremely unwilling to answer any questions as to what they saw or heard. They have a firm conviction that the legal interrogator is bent upon proving them fools or prevaricators and either category is unpleasant to the man who prefers to mind his own business. The public is possibly in error as to the legal attitude but it may be well to investigate the investigators with a view to discovering their method and manner of interrogation.

**T**HE conflict between the white and brown citizens of Vancouver is to be regretted. Mob interference is always inimical to the reform which the mob favours. It induces reaction. If restrictions on Asiatic immigration

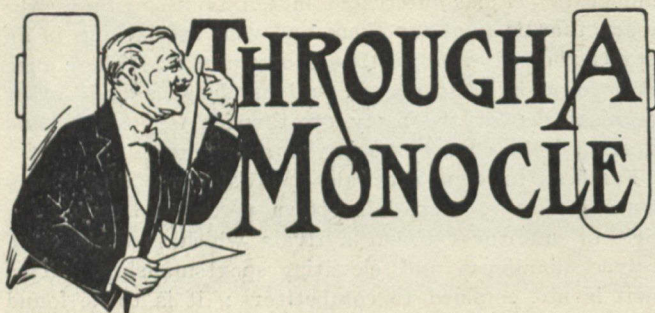
#### WHITE AND BROWN

are required, such events as are occurring in British Columbia will be a hindrance rather than a help to the work. The animosities thus aroused and the antipathies thus deepened will retard a peaceful and satisfactory settlement.

The regulation of Japanese coolie immigration by the Japanese and Canadian Governments cannot be accomplished in a day. Tokio is a long distance from Ottawa. The exchange of letters takes time. Consequently British Columbia must be cool and patient. The matters in dispute will undoubtedly be arranged if nothing arises to make the situation tense or to strain the relations between the two countries. If there were not a large Japanese population in Hawaii, over which the Japanese government can have little if any control the situation would not have become so acute. For years the Japs have been pouring into these United States Islands to work on the plantations. They are dissatisfied there and are moving farther East. They are told that Canada is a place of golden opportunity and they head this way. It is but natural, even if undesirable.

It would be most unfortunate if the British Columbia people were to act in an un-British way and take the law into their own hands. By so doing they will lose much sympathy and retard a proper settlement.





**S**IR WILFRID has distinctly strengthened his Ministry by adding to it two popular leaders like George Graham and Dr. Pugsley. It is significant that for both of them he had to go outside of his own large majority in the Commons. But that is rather the fault of the rank-and-file of the party than of the Premier. If the constituencies will not send him the strongest available men, he can do nothing better than exercise his right to appeal to the citizenship of the country outside of the selections of the constituencies. George Graham was undoubtedly the strongest man—in a popular sense—he could get from Ontario; while Dr. Pugsley has been, since the disappearance of Mr. Blair, the strongest man in New Brunswick. It is a wonder that Dr. Pugsley has not been drafted into the Federal service before; but the leaders have only recently become aware of the remarkable strength of the Brockville humourist. Some of us have known it for years, and wondered that Mr. Ross did not sooner call it to his aid. It is a long time since the Liberal party has had a more popular platform speaker in Eastern Ontario than Mr. Graham. It is not too much to say that he well replaces the late Christopher Fraser for whose constituency he has been sitting in the Legislature.

\* \* \*

Dr. Pugsley is a "Dave" Russell man, and Russell has been booming him for a long time. And there are few better judges of men in Canada than this same "Dave" Russell. Dr. Pugsley will tighten up the strings in New Brunswick where they have fallen a trifle loose of late. It is no doubt a disappointment to him not to have been given the Intercolonial to manage; but the doctrine of "the Minister responsible for the district" which he heard some time ago in defence of Sydney Fisher's interruption into military affairs, will probably serve to give him considerable voice in the management of that line. Still if George Graham is as strong a man as he looks, he may insist upon managing it as a business proposition, which is undoubtedly the unanimous wish of the people of Ontario, for whom he in an especial manner will speak.

\* \* \*

Now if Sir Wilfrid finds that it pays him so well to go outside of his party in the Commons for Ministers, why should Mr. Borden not take a leaf from the same book and go outside of his much smaller party for prominent supporters? He has much greater excuse than the Prime Minister; for the Prime Minister's following covers the country much more fully. Mr. Borden has not a man from Nova Scotia, and very few from the rest of the Maritime Provinces. His French following is well-nigh nil. Yet there is a large army of French Conservative voters in Quebec who have remained faithful in spite of the sweeping tide of Laurierism. Thus Mr. Borden would be abundantly justified if he were to call to his side leading Conservatives who do not hold seats in the Commons; yet—with one or two exceptions—he does not avail himself of this advantage. This creates the impression in the country that, if called to power, he would feel under an obligation to fill his Ministry with the men who are now about him or who chanced to be returned on the rising stream of ballots which won his victory; and there are few im-

pressions which he could leave that would weaken him more seriously with the electorate.

\* \* \*

I notice that that zealous missionary, Rev. Jonathan Goforth, has been telling the "Globe" what a bad people the Japanese are—how terribly they have been abusing the Koreans. I read his indictment with a rising feeling of indignation myself; and then I fell to thinking. There seemed, after all, to be a strangely familiar ring about some of the accusations. Korean money, for instance, is being used to build roads which will be chiefly of service to the Japanese in keeping the Koreans in subjection. Terrible! Terrible! But are all the roads and railways which the British have built in India with Indian money intended solely for the advantage of the people of that peninsula? Have the British authorities never thought of the military uses of such roads? Then there is the Indian army. That, of course, is intended wholly for the advantage of the natives. Moreover, there is that railway to Khartoum. Of course, the people of Egypt were just dying for that. Then there are the improvements in the Philippines. Our American cousins—all good Christians—are doing nothing there that the Filipinos would not do for themselves.

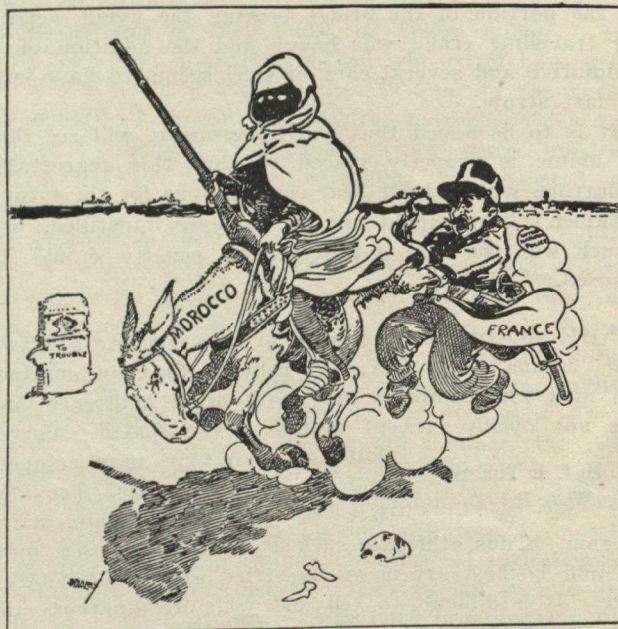
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Korean education is being Japanised, Mr. Goforth reports. It seems to me that I remember that the good Sir Oliver Mowat was pilloried once because he permitted French to be used as the language of instruction in the French schools in this very Province.

The Korean water works carry water mainly to the Japanese residents. I wonder how it is in Simla? Korean independence was taken away by force. Tut! Tut! The Filipinos are giving theirs up so willingly; and the Indian rulers invited the British to come and make them happy by taking theirs away from them. These rude Japanese! There is no native feeling in Egypt.

Then there is personal robbery of individual Koreans by individual Japanese. Now where could the Japanese have got that idea? Do you suppose they noticed anything when the Pan-Christian "looting" expedition marched to Peking after the Boxer rising? There were certainly some fine examples of burglary and theft and highway robbers to notice on that occasion if the Japanese were not asleep.

Moreover, the Japanese insult English and American people in Korea. Can our lordly race stand this? Of course, we never insult or assault Japanese in this country. We wouldn't think of it. We are too civilised. I have often been of the opinion that we are too generous in sending men like Jonathan Goforth to foreign countries. We could use them at home. Or we could send them to the British House of Commons. Or we might commission them to the men who are responsible for the American policy in the Philippines.



Got Him! Which?

France—"Somebody! Anybody! Help me let go!"  
—Bradley in the Chicago News.





TOPICS OF THE TIME

Drawn by J. W. Bengough.

## Something About the Japanese

THE protest of British Columbia against the immigration of the Japanese is based upon sound economic and political reasons. Messrs. Macpherson and Gallihier have the sympathy of most Canadians in the protest which they entered in their interview with Sir Wilfrid Laurier last week, but their cause will not be strengthened by mob violence.

There are doubtless employers in British Columbia who do not look with unfavourable eyes upon an influx of cheap and fairly efficient yellow labour, especially as in the Pacific Provinces white labour has proven anything but tractable. There are employees who oppose Japanese labour on no broader principle than they oppose the immigration of all labour that is liable to compete with them and to lower wages. But independent of both views, there is a provincial sentiment, deep and irresistible, that the tide of Japanese means, economically, the driving out of the white population, not through superior skill and industry, but through ability to work for lower wages; and means, politically, that the Province is securing a population incapable and unwilling to perform the duties of citizenship and maintain the political standard set by the rest of the Dominion.

A large proportion of the present incoming Japanese are from Hawaii, and, fortunately, statistics are at hand to show what kind of people they are. Their low standard of living may be taken as the primary objection to the Japanese. In Hawaii the Japanese plantation labourer pays from \$6.00 to \$7.00 per month for board. It costs about \$10.00 a month to provide a Japanese man, wife and two children with eatables. They would use every month one or two bags of rice—probably Japanese rice which they prefer to that grown in Hawaii—which would cost \$4.75 one month and \$9.50 the next. In addition they buy soy, dried fish, a little of the cheaper cuts of fresh meat which they stew, a good many beans, canned goods and preserved provisions. (Note:— Bul-

letin of the Bureau of Labour of the United States, No. 66, Page 475.)

In Honolulu the scale of living is more expensive. There are numerous Japanese hotels that have charges ranging as high as fifty cents a day, but these are for the aristocrats. There are Oriental labourers in Honolulu who do not spend more than a dollar a month for lodgings. With these schemes of living it is very difficult, if not impossible, for the white labourer to maintain a struggle for existence.

The Japanese are not content to remain common labourers. In Hawaii they have entered the skilled and semi-skilled trades. In Honolulu the making of men's garments and boots and shoes is almost entirely in their hands. White labour is being driven from the building industries and the Japanese are generally engaging in all-skilled employments. Nor are they content as employees, but as entrepreneurs and merchants are successfully engaged in manufacturing and mercantile pursuits. As a consequence, much white labour and capital has been driven from Hawaii and the Islands have failed to make the economic and political progress expected from their annexation to the United States.

A large number of Japanese are now leaving Hawaii for British Columbia because they expect to better themselves. They have no love for Hawaii. They have taken no direct part in its political life. The history of Hawaii will be the future of British Columbia unless—

We all recognise the difficulties of the situation. No one better than Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Honourable Frank Oliver has a keener appreciation of the requisites of citizenship. We imagine the plain, unvarnished language with which Frank Oliver of the "Edmonton Bulletin" would express his views if he had not become a Privy Councillor of his Majesty—the ruler of an empire pledged to a strong alliance with the realm of the Mikado. It is one thing to diagnose the disease and an-



other to cure it; but this much is certain—there are no imperial considerations strong enough to induce Canada to allow British Columbia to be overrun with Orientals.

The Japanese Government stands in a peculiar position in reference to emigration. Most governments discourage it; Japan encourages it. Japan is anxious that its inhabitants shall learn the arts of other nations. There is no danger of any permanent loss to the Japanese Empire. Experience has shown that the emigrant will not forswear allegiance to the land of the Mikado, and, unlike the Italian, the German or the Russian, adopt a foreign country as his own. Some day he will return with money to invest in Japan and with knowledge to make his investment valuable. Some day he will be a better Japanese citizen by reason of having been a citizen in a foreign land; but there may be a

officials so anxious that there should be an open door maintained for their people abroad.

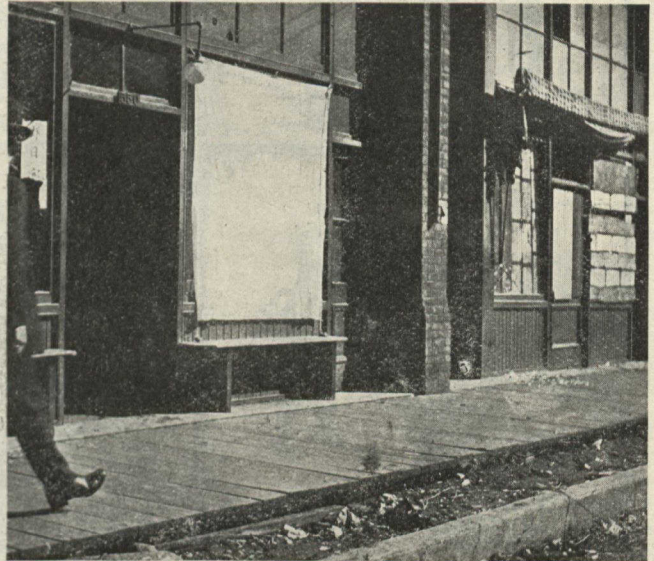
## Oriental Immigration to B. C.

By DR. W. J. THOMPSON

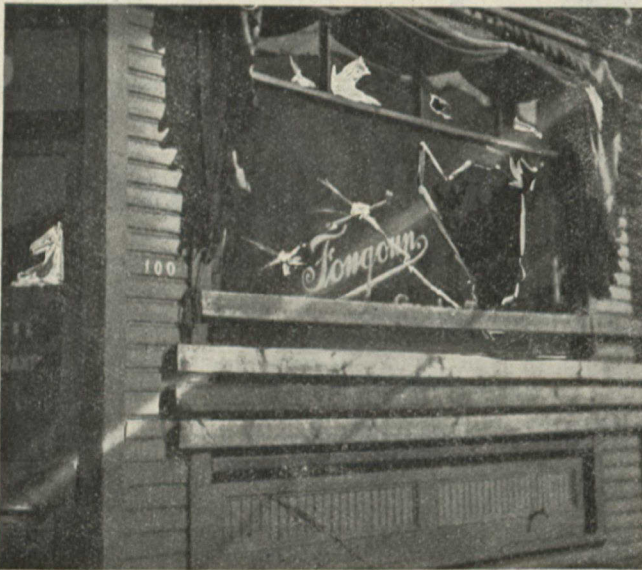
THE question of Oriental immigration to British Columbia is a purely local one, and in all fair play should be treated as such. Residents in other portions of Canada are not qualified to pronounce on the problem, and before they can become qualified they must come to British Columbia and study the matter at close quarters. Meantime it may be well to say that things have come to such a pass in Victoria and Vancouver that a native Canadian or an immigrant fresh from Eng-



Shanghai Alley in Chinatown.



Canton Street opposite Shanghai Alley.



Fongoun's Tailoring Establishment, damaged as the mob travelled the half-mile from Chinatown to Japtown.



Japanese General Store at entrance to Japtown. Just here the mob was routed by the Japs.

### THESE PICTURES GIVE SOME IDEA OF THE DAMAGE DONE BY THE ANTI-ASIATIC MOB IN VANCOUVER, DURING THE RECENT TROUBLES THERE.

more immediate reason for the encouragement of emigration.

Japanese emigration is undertaken and controlled by corporations, who, it is whispered, have important political connections. Originally these emigration companies were simply for the very laudable purpose of ensuring that the Japanese did not become a charge on the country in which they settled, but, in the course of time, the companies formed an association and extended their operations until to-day they extort from the emigrant charges under one guise or another which in the aggregate mean an immense annual revenue. The Japanese are being sent to British Columbia by one or more of these emigration companies. It is very difficult to understand all the facts of the situation but it would be interesting to learn whether there are other reasons than statecraft which make the Japanese governing of-

land or Scotland cannot get a job. A young Englishman spent a month looking for a position, and it was only by accident he happened on one. He would have taken anything that offered, for his funds were low. He applied at the hotels; he found that one of them, the leading hotel in Vancouver, employed twelve Chinamen and twenty-five Japanese. The Englishman would have been glad to have had any of their positions, but owing to some wretched twist in the condition of things, the Jap is preferred before the Englishman. A friend of the writer visited Vancouver and Victoria. I asked him his impressions. He was delighted with all he saw, but, said he, the name of the Province should be changed from British Columbia to Jap Columbia. A halt to the march of Oriental immigration must be called sometime. Why not do it now?

We want to keep British Columbia a white man's





Two Snap-shots of the Bishop of London, at Trinity College Reception, Toronto.

country, and at any and all costs we will keep it white. Japan, of course, will feel wounded, but if Japan will analyse the question it cannot blame us. The two races cannot pull together. They were never intended to pull together. Do they pull together in Japan? Ask the four or five thousand Englishmen in Tokio. It is a well known fact that the Japanese hate them with a bitter hatred.

Now, we, in British Columbia, don't hate the Jap. He is not obtrusive: he minds his own business, but he is gobbling up all the "business" in sight. He is crowding the white man out.

The goody-goody Sunday School organ of Montreal takes a different view of the situation. Has its editor ever been in Vancouver, or does he just write from hearsay? The fact is, that he knows as much about the problem of Japanese immigration as a lobster does about the Nebular hypothesis, so how is he competent to discuss the question. If he could see the Chinese quarters in Vancouver it would open his eyes. We have 10,000 of them here. They cook in our restaurants, they are kitchen hands in all our hotels, but it would spoil the flavour of our breakfast if we saw the room the "cook" slept in. I saw it. It was 18 feet square and 50 Chinamen slept in it. Its filth is indescribable, its odour was the most horrible that ever offended a human nostril. The building in which this room is situated is about 40 feet wide and 200 long, and as many as 2,000 Chinese are crowded into it. The condition of things that prevail in that wretched warren is not fit to print. I saw 50 rats fighting over the ill-smelling vegetable refuse in the little yard or open space where the sanitary conveniences are supposed to be situated. Soap is conspicuous by its absence in the little corridor where the heathen are supposed to wash themselves. The dirt is more than two inches deep on the floor and there's not a broom in all the place. Yet every Chinaman in the crowd is earning wages, sometimes high wages, yes from \$50 to \$75 a month. He is storing this up to take him back to China. He will be a mandarin there one day. That's his only ambition in life. Is it any wonder we are ambitious to curtail this influx? That "warren," for it is a warren where 2,000 Chinese are packed like herring—sleeping five and six in a single bunk, is enough to poison the atmosphere of a city twice as large as ours. The Japs are not, as a rule, unsanitary in their habits. They are law-abiding, too, and inoffensive, but are these any reasons why they should swarm over British Columbia like bees and crowd the white man out! But we must not wound the feelings of the Mikado by telling him to keep his Japs at home. The Mikado is a broadminded man and he can be made to see our predicament and not be a bit wounded. How would he feel if the cry went up that Japan was fast becoming a white man's country? Does anyone—does the editor of the Herald find fault with us because we can truthfully say that British Columbia is fast becoming a yellow man's country? The matter is purely local one and we will keep it white or know the reason why. The Sunday School organ of Montreal would sell us body and soul to a heathen majority, but if he will read his Bible over again he will find that the Lord never had any compunction in driving the heathen out to make room for His chosen people. Now we shall keep and treat decently the thousands of Japanese already inflicted on us, but we will have no compunction of conscience in saying we have all we want of them, and treat all new arrivals as they treat them in the States—deport them.

## The Bishop's Victory

THE Bishop of London has scored another victory—he has won the hearts of the people of Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto. His genial smile, his ever-present good humour, his straightforwardness and directness have pleased and satisfied. He found his Canadian reputation ahead of him when he came here, and he has enhanced it during his visit. Immense audiences have listened to him and gone away impressed.

Just what the people were most impressed by, it would be unwise to say in very definite terms. The breadth of his religious views was most noticeable perhaps. The people found him a social reformer, an economist, a philanthropist, and a philosopher as well as a clergyman. This should not have startled them perhaps, but it did. They are not accustomed to finding gaitered gentlemen discussing the problems of fresh air and the best food for babies. When he pleaded for absolute straightness in public life, he touched a chord which our own clerics have already touched though quite lightly. When he talked of church union, he probably did not please as well as most Canadian utterances on the same subject, since he found it necessary to declare for the maintenance and unending glory of Apostolic Succession.

He has come and gone, the first Bishop of London to visit North America, though there have been one hundred and thirty odd of them and they were at one time supposed to have charge of the religious welfare of this continent. His coming and his going were worthy of him, and his visit will strengthen the ties which already bind us to what he was pleased to emphasise as "The Heart of the Empire."

## Tennis in Ontario

THE Ontario Championship Tennis Tournament was held in Toronto last week and the competition was fairly keen. Miss Hedley was in excellent form and easily disposed of all of her competitors with the exception of Miss Andras who, by defeating Miss Witchell went into the finals. Miss Hedley won the championship, however, but was defeated in the handicap by Miss Witchell and in the Ladies' Open by Miss Moyes.

In the men's finals, Mr. Paterson of the Toronto Club, who has recently spent two years in England, defeated Mr. Baird after a splendid struggle. The score was 7-5, 3-6, 6-4 and 6-2. Mr. A. R. Graham won the special prize for singles donated by Mr. Duncan C. Ross.

Interest in tennis seems to be reviving in Ontario and many new courts have been opened this year. The sport has still some distance to go before Canadian players rank with those of Great Britain or the United States.

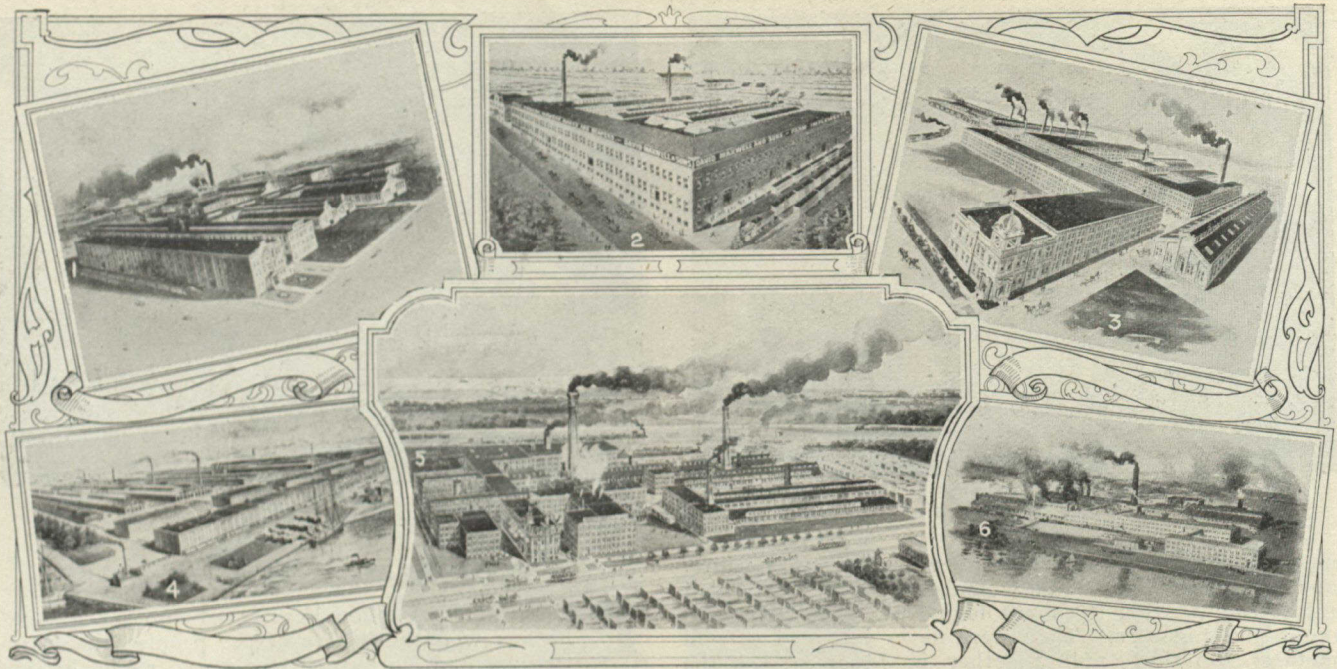


Miss Andras.



Miss Hedley.





SOME AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENT FACTORIES.

1.—Brantford, 2.—St. Marys. 3.—Smith's Falls. 4.—Hamilton, 5.—Toronto. 6.—Brantford.

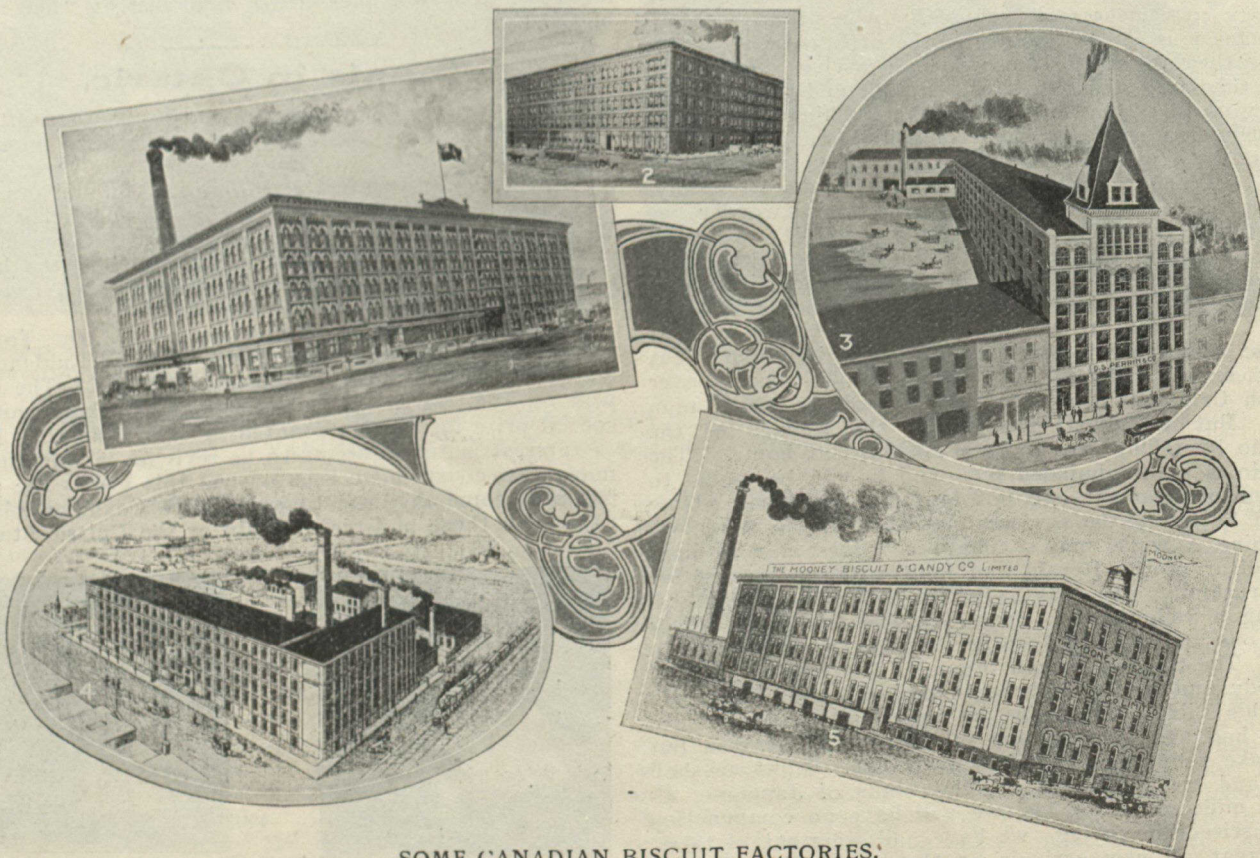
# Our Lords of the Factory

**T**HE coming meeting of the Canadian manufacturers and the recently published figures showing that the manufacturing output of the country has doubled in the last five years are an excuse for a survey of the progress of Canadian manufacturing in general.

The C. M. A. claims to be thirty-five years of age, which would place its origin in 1872, or six years before Sir John A. Macdonald won his National Policy campaign. There were manufacturers in Canada previous to that date—small people whose mills were put up beside the numerous natural water-powers which abound throughout Eastern Canada. To-day those little factories are crumbling memorials of a period which has passed into history; their old wooden water-wheels are rotting into oblivion. This is a day of turbines and electricity, of great engines and immense factories, of tall chimneys and massive towers, of miles of shafting

and belting and of acres of floor space. Before 1872, Canada was an agricultural nation and her manufacturer was usually a prosperous merchant or farmer with ambitions and dreams; her cities were towns, knowing little of machinery or coal-smoke. Since 1872, through stress and storm and trials and disappointments, slowly but surely, the Canadian manufacturer has forced his way against prejudice and established conditions—to success. He has changed the character of the country and altered the national aim. He has captured the imagination of the people, until they wake in their sleep to cry: "Give us Made-in-Canada goods."

When the C. M. A. visited Great Britain in 1905, the press of the Motherland expressed the greatest surprise that a colony should have enough manufacturers to make up an excursion party and that the party should be sufficiently large and wealthy to charter the finest



SOME CANADIAN BISCUIT FACTORIES.

1.—Toronto. 2.—London. 3.—London. 4.—Montreal. 5.—Stratford.





THE CANADIAN MANUFACTURERS IN GREAT BRITAIN IN 1905.

vessel sailing between the two countries. Here, for example, is an editorial paragraph which appeared in the London "Daily Telegraph" at that time:

"For this is no ordinary or insignificant pilgrimage to the Old Country. Canada has long been in the forefront of the self-governing colonies in this matter, and her commercial development has within the last few years become the most remarkable feature of the newly-stirred activities of the Empire."

There is no doubt that the visit of the C. M. A. to Great Britain increased the British attention and the British capital directed towards this country. The party proved that manufacturing was being done at a profit, and the Britisher admires nothing in this world, except his Sovereign, with so much affection as that self-same "profit." Similarly, it has been impressed upon the United States manufacturers that here is a field for exploitation. That the smart business man from the South has grasped this chance is proved by a



A Carriage Factory at Brockville.

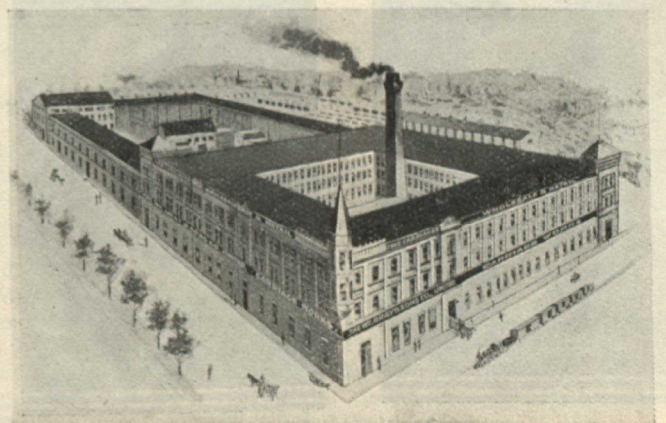
great harvester factory in Hamilton, a great sewing-machine factory in St. John's, P.Q., and numerous other structures of a similar kind. It is curious that of the recent presidents of the C. M. A., three are practically branch managers in Canada of United States concerns. However, no one can emphasise that point and be popular.

Again, the influence of the C. M. A. on the imagination of the Canadian people is worthy of more discussion. It is not yet fifteen years since Canadian-made felt hats for men were labelled "American," when all Canadian-made woollens and tweeds were labelled "Scotch." The Canadian manufacturers had no brands of their own and were getting their goods into wholesale houses by the underground route. At that time, the people who sold Canadian goods to Canadian consumers were about as whole-souled a set of prevaricators as ever existed. The temper of the people made them so. How St. Peter will be able to let some commercial travellers of that date through the Pearly Gates is a mystery of the deepest dye. To-day, there is

very little use of foreign labels; the prejudice against Canadian-made goods has disappeared. There has been a revolution, due partly to an awakening national spirit, and partly to genuine merit in the home-manufactured article. Canada will always import a great deal, but the comparative quantities of imported and home-made manufactures will continue to change gradually in favour of the latter.

The influence of the Canadian manufacturer on legislation is a rapidly increasing force. There can be no denial that the creation of a Canadian Railway Commission was the result of continued agitation by the C. M. A. The Lords of the Factory felt that the Lords of Transportation needed advice of an official character as to uniformity and equality in transportation charges, and the Dominion Government saw wisdom in the suggestion. The influence of the C. M. A. in tariff-making, in labour legislation and in the public attitude towards commercial and technical education is also noteworthy. The movement in Ontario for governmental control of natural water-powers is mainly the work of the manufacturers; the Hon. Mr. Beck and the Hon. Mr. Hendrie, members of the Power Commission, are themselves manufacturers.

Finally, the Lords of the Factory are not confined to one province, or two. Manufacturing in Canada is becoming general, and among the 2,200 members of the C. M. A. almost every province is represented. At present the majority are from Ontario and Quebec, but in the far East and in the West the number of factories is steadily increasing. Nova Scotia, Manitoba and British Columbia show considerable progress in this direction.

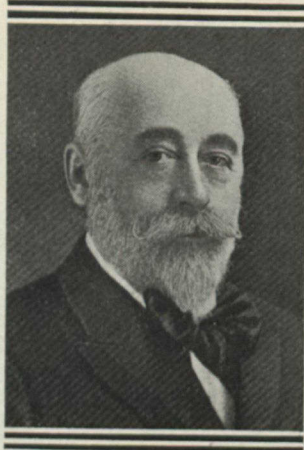


A Carriage Factory at Chatham.

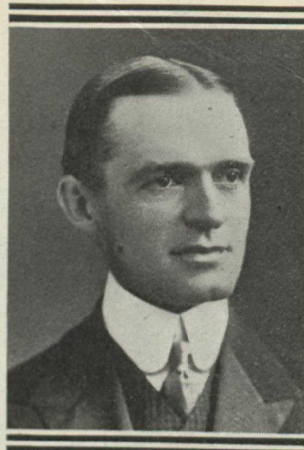




Mr. Henry Cockshutt,  
Brantford, President.



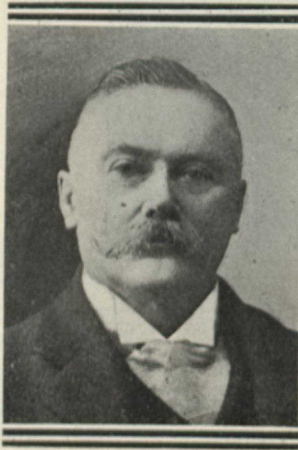
Hon. J. D. Rolland,  
Montreal, First Vice-President.



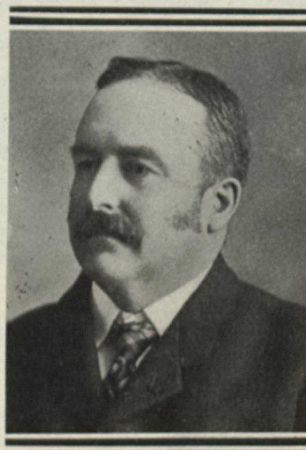
Mr. Lloyd Harris,  
Brantford, Ontario Vice-President.



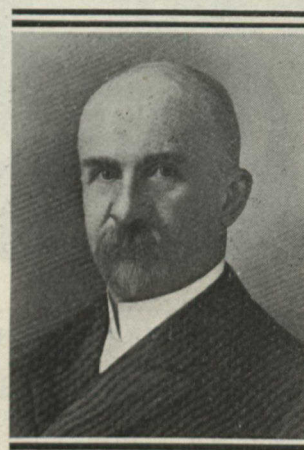
Mr. T. M. Cutler,  
Halifax, N.S. Vice-President.



Mr. John Hendrie,  
Vancouver, B.C. Vice-President.



Mr. F. L. Haszard,  
Charlottetown, P.E.I. Vice-President.



Mr. J. H. Houser,  
Toronto, Chairman Ry. and Trans. Com.



Mr. Charles S. Meek,  
Reception and Mem. Com.

**C. M. A. Programme**

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24TH.

- 9.30 a.m.—Registration.
- 10.00 a.m.—Manufacturing Grocers' Section.  
Furniture Section.  
Engine and Boiler Section.  
Manufacturing Jewellers' Section.  
Agricultural Implement Section.
- 12.00 a.m.—Woollen Section.  
Stove Section, Drawing Room.  
Paper Box Section, Board Room.
- 2.00 p.m.—Reports of Officers and Committees.  
Address—"Progress of Canada in the Twentieth Century," Mr. Arch. Blue.  
"Industrial Canada."  
Reception and Membership.  
President's Annual Address—Mr. H. Cockshutt.
- 8.00 p.m.—Reception by the Toronto Branch, Reception Hall, King Edward.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25TH.

- 9.30 a.m.—Reports of Committees (continued).

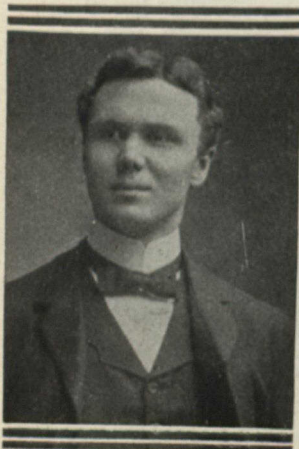
- Address—"Reforestation," Dr. Fernow.  
Insurance.
- 10.00 a.m.—Threshing Machinery Section.
- 2.00 p.m.—Drive to Lambton Club for the Ladies.
- 2.15 p.m.—Railway and Transportation.  
Address—Mr. Jas. Hardwell.  
Presentations.  
Tariff.  
Commercial Intelligence.
- 8.00 p.m.—Theatre party—Royal Alexandra.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26TH.

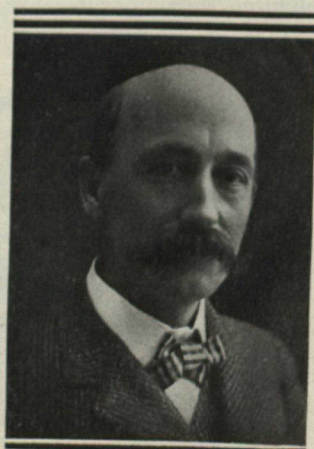
- 9.30 a.m.—Reports of Committees (continued).  
Address—"Industrial Education"—Mr. Jas. A. Emery.  
Address—"Cost of Power as a Fixed Charge," Mr. L. G. Read.  
Resolutions.  
Election of Officers.
- 4.00 p.m.—Garden Party—Government House.
- 7.30 p.m.—Annual Convention Banquet.
- 8.00 p.m.—Theatre Party for Ladies—Shea's.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 27TH.

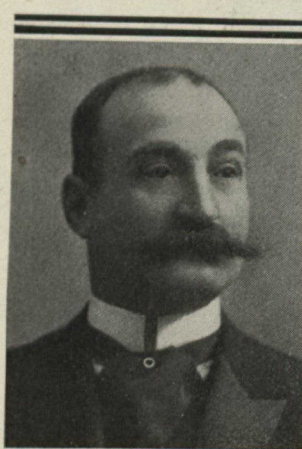
- Excursion to Hamilton and Niagara Falls.



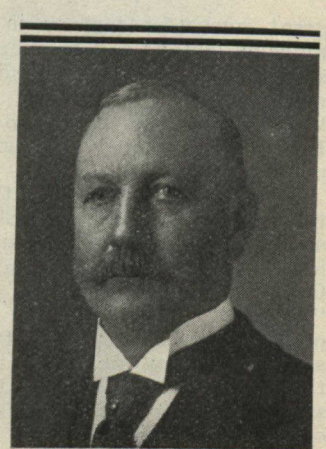
Mr. T. A. Russell,  
Toronto, Com. Intelligence Com.



Lt.-Col. W. M. Gartshore  
London, Member of Executive.



Mr. Geo. E. Amyot,  
Quebec, Member of Executive



Mr. S. J. Williams,  
Berlin, Member of Executive.



# THE STOLEN KASABA

A STORY OF A PEARL ROBBERY IN INDIA.

By **W. A. FRASER**, Author of "Thoroughbreds,"  
"The Lone Furrow," etc.

**T**HE solemn firm of Cook Company, jewellers, in Calcutta, was in a most unusual hurry. Dimitri the Greek and Duttoo the Hindoo goldsmith were working all day and half the night on a wondrous pearl head-dress, a moti kasaba, for Maharajah Darwaza.

The "Bushira," the most beautiful pearl in the world, that had just come up from its finding in the Persian Gulf, was to be enthroned in this wonderful golden crown surrounded by myriads of lesser pearls.

Hansen, the head clerk, had in charge this trinket that would cost four lakhs of rupees—\$125,000. All day he must keep his eyes on the priceless pearls, and at midnight take them to the vault in the showroom, of which he and the manager alone knew the combination.

Maharajah Darwaza must have the kasaba for the durbar at Government House on the 20th, for the express purpose of humiliating his rival in Oriental display, the Thakore of Bharana. It was an old-time rivalry; and for weeks Calcutta had talked of a wonderful silver bedstead, with a musical box beneath, that the jewellers had made for Bharana.

Mr. Dodd, the manager of Cook Company, occupied the flat above the showroom; and on the morning of the 19th when he came down to his office, Burns, a clerk, asked if he would open the vault, as Duttoo was waiting to finish the moti kasaba.

"Hasn't Hansen been here yet?" Dodd queried.

"No, sir."

"That's strange; hope he is not ill; must be, though—must be. Send a peon to his bungalow to ask."

Dodd adjusted the combination, swung the heavy iron door and stepped into the vault. Then he gave a cry of alarm. The silver casket which should have contained the kasaba yawned empty.

"Who has taken the head-dress?" Dodd gasped, wringing his hands and turning frightened eyes upon Burns.

"Nobody, sir; they couldn't—the vault was locked—you opened it yourself, sir."

"Where is Duttoo? Where is Dimitri?"

"Here is Duttoo, sir; he is waiting."

"Where is the kasaba, Duttoo?" Dodd gasped; "where have you put it?"

The frightened Hindoo stared in bewildered astonishment.

"Speak! Do you hear?" And the manager grasped him roughly by the shoulder.

Burns interposed, saying: "Duttoo is frightened, sir." Then turning to the goldsmith he added gently: "Tell the Burra Sahib when you last saw the kasaba, Duttoo."

"Last night when the big clock struck twelve times, Hansen Sahib took the kasaba and his little lamp. He unlocked the strong door that is between here and our little workshop, and he passed through. Then the sahib locked it again, and I went out the back door, as Kushna, the durwan, will say. And now here am I waiting for the work; that is all Duttoo knows, huzoor."

"Call Gopal Singh," Dodd commanded; and when the durwan of the front door came, the manager asked if Hansen had passed out the night before.

"Yes, huzoor, surely Hansen Sahib went out at midnight and locked the front door behind him," Gopal Singh answered. "No one went in because I and Peroo Singh rested on our charpoys against the outside of the door."

"Did Hansen Sahib carry anything?" Dodd asked.

"Nothing, huzoor."

"Ah, I have it," the manager declared. "He has forgotten the combination—he could not open the vault, and has hidden the pearls somewhere. Quick, Burns, jump in a gharry, drive to Hansen's bungalow, and tell him we are waiting. Durwan, allow no one in or out while we search the premises. Of course, it will be all right as soon as Hansen comes—quite all right, but in the meantime—" Dodd broke off and rubbed his hands together nervously.

The search brought forth nothing; and it was with a cry of relief Dodd heard a gharry clatter up to the front door and stop. "Ah!" he said eagerly, "here is Mr.

Hansen at last; now we'll—" His voice broke and he leaned against the door jamb.

Burns descended alone from the gharry and in his white face was a look that frightened the manager.

"Come into my office—don't speak," he whispered, grasping Burns by the arm. Inside he said: "Now, what is it?"

"Hansen hasn't been to his bungalow since yesterday. He lives in a chummery out on the Tollyjunge Road, and his comrades are anxious—they can't understand it. He was always so steady, sir."

"My God! Here, Burns, take a gharry—quick—go to police headquarters and tell Mr. Creighton, the Chief of Detectives, that I want to see him. Give him my compliments, and ask him to please come at once. But not a word to anybody, mind—silence."

In fifteen minutes the detective chief appeared, and the jeweller explained his trouble.

"I'll put Teck on this," the Chief said. "You've heard of him, Mr. Dodd? He brought the Nawab of Kojac to book over poisoning the Resident. And he found the Nizam's jewels that were stolen when the Nizam was here last year. Yes, Teck is the man; I'll send for him at once. I'll have a look about, myself, in the meantime."

"Thank you, Mr. Creighton. I do hope you are successful. I have a feeling that there has been foul play. I'll give a reward—yes, ten thousand rupees for the recovery of the kasaba."

Again Burns was dispatched in a gharry to police headquarters, and presently returned with a short, chubby round-faced little man who looked quietly at Dodd out of mild blue eyes.

"We had better go into your office, Mr. Dodd," the Chief said, "and you can explain the case fully to Mr. Teck."

When the circumstances had been repeated to the detective, Creighton said: "It seems quite clear that this Hansen has disappeared with the pearls; there is not the slightest evidence of any one having broken into the place. If we can locate him, we shall find the pearls. He has yielded to the temptation, I fear."

"It wasn't Hansen," declared the manager firmly. "I would trust my life with him. There's been foul play, I'm sure."

"Whom do you suspect?" Teck clicked in a soft, gentle voice.

"Perhaps the durwans. I've had Gopal Singh for some time, but I've just discovered that Peroo Singh, who has come lately, is a subject of the Thakore of Bharana."

"What connection has the Thakore with the case?" Teck asked.

"Well, there is fierce rivalry between the two princes. They happened to meet here yesterday, and nothing would do Darwaza but he must have the pearl kasaba and try it on, just to anger Bharana. I tell you the Thakore's eyes were unholy in their vicious jealousy. He knew that the Maharajah was going to wear this at the durbar."

"And you think he may have put the durwans up to stealing it, out of revenge?" Teck asked.

"He is, capable of doing it, I know that. He came to the guddi (throne) through the murder of his uncle."

"Well," said Teck, "I want an hour to look about. Shut the front door, let no one in or out, and we'll hold another little conference here in one hour. It is now"—Teck raised his eyes to a clock on the wall—"what! Half-past eleven? Ah! I see, it is stopped."

"It is just eleven o'clock, Mr. Teck," Dodd advised, pulling a watch from his pocket. "That clock must have stopped last night—it was going yesterday. My man has forgotten to wind it."

Dodd arose, went to the clock, which consisted of the works, a dial plate, and the weights and pendulum hanging down the wall without an enclosing box. He swung the pendulum and the clock started off.

"It is not run down—odd it should have stopped," he added. "Well, we'll meet here at twelve again."

"I will go to my office, send out Detective Thoms on



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Hansen's track, and return at twelve," the Chief said.

"And I will be upstairs, Mr. Teck, if you wish any information," the manager added. "That will give you the whole lower floor to yourself. The durwans and assistants are at your command."

The detective drifted casually about the showroom; had the heavy iron shutters of the front windows lowered; tried the lock of the front door with the manager's duplicate key; examined the iron-barred window, the vault, the private office where he had sat with the manager; and finally walked out the front door and sauntered casually up and down the sidewalk with his hands in his pockets. Then he hailed a gharry and drove to the municipal offices, where, for five minutes, he consulted a city map. At twelve o'clock he was back waiting for his Chief, and together they were ushered into his private office by the manager.

"What was Hansen like, Mr. Dodd?" Teck asked as soon as they were seated. "Was he athletic—would he fight if cornered?"

"Yes, he was a Birmingham man; he would be a tough customer to overcome."

"But they did him up, the cowardly sweeps!" Teck exclaimed.

Dodd started. "You don't mean—"

"Yes, it's a thousand pounds to a gooseberry that you'll never see Hansen again, dead or alive."

Teck drew from his pocket some tiny fragments of pearl.

"Ah!" exclaimed Dodd, "the Maharaja broke that pearl yesterday."

Teck placed in the palm of his hand two additional pieces of broken pearl, and asked: "You are an expert, Mr. Dodd; are these pieces from the same pearl?"

With a powerful glass the manager examined the shell in Teck's hand. "No, they are quite distinct," he said; "one is from a pearl of exquisite lustre, the other carried a slight purple shade."

"Then Hansen is dead, instead of being a thief," Teck declared.

"You think the durwans killed him?" the manager asked in a hoarse whisper.

"The durwans had nothing to do with it. They could not get in at the front door until Hansen had unlocked it as he passed out. At the time the vault would have been locked—they couldn't get into it."

"I forgot that."

"There was a struggle in the vault. As Hansen was placing the kasaba in the silver casket he was struck from behind; the kasaba fell from his hand, struck the side of the casket—there is a little glint of gold there which I can show you, plain as a footprint in soft clay; and these pieces of pearl, that are not from the one Darwaza broke yesterday, were some of them on the floor of the vault, and some in the casket itself."

"But Hansen walked out the front door," objected Dodd.

"No, he didn't."

"The durwan saw him."

"He saw a man dressed in Hansen's clothes. Hansen always had a few words of greeting with the durwans when he went out; this man hurried off with a gruff salaam. The durwan admits that he didn't see his face, there was very little light. Gopal Singh says that was at 12.30, and Hansen left the workshop at 12. That gave them half an hour for the job."

"But you say they did this, Mr. Teck—only one passed out."

"Through the door; the other went out the way they

came in and took Hansen's body. The job was done by Ives Holborn."

"Holborn!" the Chief gasped.

"Yes. While I've been watching here for him—I had advice from Scotland Yard that he had headed this way after the Brighton Hotel robbery—he slips in and does this trick under my very nose. And, Mr. Dodd, I can tell you this, if Holborn had done it alone, we might say good-bye to your pearls; but, luckily, this time he needed an accomplice—"

"One of my employees, Mr. Teck?"

"No; fortunately it's next door to a fool, a sailor—I mean a fool at this sort of work. They came here last night at half past eleven and started to cut away the iron bars of the window for egress. I found the mark of Holborn's saw."

"But, Mr. Teck," the Chief said, "if they could get in, why this trouble to get out by a different route?"

"Because it was not low tide until six o'clock and they were in a hurry."

"I don't understand—what has the tide to do with my shop?" cried Dodd petulantly.



"..... a rustle, a gurgling, stifled cry, and at their feet on the ground lay the gatekeeper, his voice strangled in his throat."

had placed the lamp on the little shelf just above the casket where you will find a ring of oil. It was likely he was struck from behind with an iron bar or a sandbag and never made a sound. Holborn realised the situation at once. There is no cleverer thief in the world than Ives Holborn.

"Observe that he took nothing but the pearl crown. That was so that it would be supposed your man had disappeared with this that he had in charge. Holborn saw Hansen bolt the shop door on the inside and knew that he would not go back that way; and on the ring that held the key was another that fitted the front door, so he knew it was his habit to go out that way. He exchanged clothes with the dead man, sent the sailor out the way they had come in with the body, covered up his tracks, put the crown on his head beneath a cap or soft hat, and walked out."

Dodd and the Chief sat with their heads craned toward the little, blue-eyed man who spoke in the monotonous tone of one who reads from a book.

"Now," the jeweller asked, "how do you know they came here at 11.30 as you say, and how could they get

Teck's mild blue eyes assumed a bored, patient look as he answered: "My dear sir, it has taken me an hour to discover these matters, and you would comprehend all in a minute—please be patient. As I said, Ives Holborn and the sailor came here at 11.30. While Holborn cut at the window bar, the sailor amused himself with the silver trinkets in that showcase which has been disarranged. Fortunately for us he put a little trinket in his pocket, a silver boats'n's whistle. Now you see how I know he was a sailor, and by this we will make him pay for his whistle; this trinket will get us back the pearls, I hope. At twelve o'clock Holborn heard Hansen's key at the door of the workshop, and he and the sailor hid in this office. From a chink in the door Holborn saw Hansen open the vault that he had meant himself to drill open. As you have said, Hansen carried a little lamp so our friend was enabled to see the pearl kasaba. The two thieves crept to the vault, knowing that Hansen would close it when he came out. No doubt he was taking a good-night look at the beautiful kasaba, and as his back was turned they pounced upon him like two thugs. Hansen



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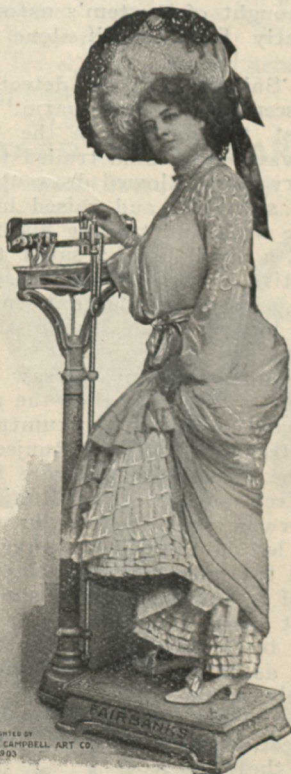
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out of the building with a dead body?"

"Your clock was stopped at 11.33 last night as you said. That meant that some one unfamiliar with its position on the wall had struck against the pendulum at 11.33. And as some one had been in the building who could not have got in from above, as I discovered when I investigated, and could not have passed the durwan at the door, he must have come up from below. A little trip to the sidewalk showed me the iron grating over a sewer-vent, and the stoppage of the clock suggested that the entry had been made in your office."

Teck rose and with his cane tapped along the marble floor, saying: "It was very simple, once started in the right way, to find the drum note." He stooped and rolled up the end of a Persian rug. "And here, you see, is the marble slab that—" Teck drew from his pocket a heavy sheath knife and pried up the slab of marble. Then he lifted another, and Dodd and the Chief looked down a black hole through the cement and gravel that underlay the marble, and up from the hole came a damp, sickening odor as from a sewer.

"That is the way they came in," Teck said; "they drove a little tunnel from the sewer and worked up. It was pure chance their coming into the office—but that didn't matter. That sewer empties into the Hooghli River at Barna Ghat. It is low tide at six o'clock and they could not have got out until that hour. That is why they meant to cut the bars. Hansen's body has probably been carried out to sea by this time. This is not the first time Ives Holborn worked from a sewer; it is an old trick of his in England."

"Now," continued Teck, "we'll cover up this hole. See how cleverly Holborn put this piece of studding across to hold the marble slabs where the cement was cut away—brought it with him on purpose, no doubt. And now we must find the sailor. Chief, will you come with me, sir. First, of course, we must go and adopt the garb of ship's officers—anything will do. You can open up shop now, Mr. Dodd. We've got all the clues we can obtain here; I forgot to mention that at the bottom of that hole in the tunnel are the small-heeled footprints of a sailor's boot, and also the broader footprints of a landsman. However, this doesn't matter, for we know that it was Holborn and a sailor without this additional proof."

The Chief and Teck drove first to Rada Bazar where they purchased the brass-buttoned white coats and caps of steamship officers in a second-hand shop. In the gharry, as they drove to Barna Ghat, the two detectives attired themselves in this garb.

"According to the city plan," Teck said, as they came to the river, "the trunk sewer empties just below Barna Ghat. We can't see it now for the tide is high. We'll tackle these sampan men just above the ghat for a trace of our sailor."

"A sailor who has deserted because he struck a Bengali boatman took a sampan from here to a ship about six o'clock this morning," Teck said to a grizzled boatman who came forward, "and here is a reward of five rupees to the man who will help us find him."

"Huzoor, even I, Emir Ally, put such a sahib on yonder steamer this morning at the time the Sahib says," replied the boatman. "Indeed, Huzoor, it was in my mind that the sailor sahib had been up to evil, for he was all of a mud. And even as he spoke to me for hire, he looked many times over his shoulder. Yes, indeed, he was the one that was pursued."

"Very good, Emir Ally," Teck said; "here are five rupees, and see, Emir, here are five more, and you will wrap these in your dhoti (cloth) when you have gone with us to the steamer and pointed out the man."

"I will go. Get into my sampan, Huzoor."

"No, Emir; this budmash (rogue) might see the number of your boat and know our errand. We will go higher up and take another sampan—come!"

Presently, under the Bengali's guidance, they swung alongside the steamer "Carnatic" that lay moored in the river.

Instructed by Teck to make no sign, Emir Ally recognised a small, pock-marked sailor as his passenger of the morning.

Teck made his mission known to the Captain, who said that the identified man was known as Straddles. He had signed on the ship the day before—indeed, had only come on duty that morning. The "Carnatic" was sailing next day and was picking up a crew.

The Captain had Straddles' bag searched quietly, and hidden in the toe of a sock was found a silver boatman's whistle. As Teck had instructed, this was not removed, and every evidence of a search was obliterated. No one but the Captain and Chief Officer knew of the search, or

why the two sahibs in ship's uniform had come aboard. The Captain promised to give Straddles leave to go ashore if he asked for it.

"And he'll ask for it to-night, Captain," Teck said; "don't give it to him before sundown whatever you do. We'll be waiting for him."

As Teck went over the side he noticed the small, fox-like eyes of Straddles watching him curiously; and to lull the sailor's suspicion, he called loudly to the Captain: "There'll be a hundred tons of jute come alongside to-night. That'll finish your cargo. We'll send you a new steward from the office."

On shore Teck paid Emir Ally his ten rupees and said to the Chief: "I'll take that big native policeman, Rustem, we'll dress as native gharrywallahs; I'll hire a gharry and lie in wait here at this landing ghat for Straddles. As he'll have important business on, and probably has had money already from Holborn, he'll hire my gharry. And having money, first of all he'll want a drink, so he'll drive to the Esplanade, where all good sailors drink. So if you're to hunt with me to-night, Chief, you can post yourself at the Esplanade corner at six. We'll need a determined man or two if we run Holborn to earth; he's a bad one."

As Teck had foretold, about half-past six the pock-marked sailor who was Straddles came to the landing ghat opposite the "Carnatic." There was no gharry stand at that point, and Straddles eagerly engaged the one he found casually waiting.

"To the Esplanade, gharry wallah," he said.

At that hotel Straddles discharged the gharry and passed in to the ground floor saloon, which was for sailors, to wait until night had come.

When the sailor came forth again in an hour, he did not know that it was Rustem sitting on the box of the new gharry he engaged, neither did he see as the gharry turned into Dhurumtullah Road a native, who was Teck, clamber to the little seat that projected from the hind axle, and crouch there; nor did he know that behind in another gharry followed the Chief and Runjeet, a Punjabi policeman.

For over half a mile straight eastward along Dhurumtullah Road Rustem's gharry clattered. Suddenly Teck felt the vehicle tip low on one side. Peering around the side, he saw the gleam of a white trouser leg, then another foot was thrust out, and the body of the sailor edged half through the side door till his feet rested on the low step.

Teck slipped to the street and darted to the sidewalk. As he did so, the sailor dropped to the ground and Rustem, all unconscious of the desertion, drove his gharry on into the darkness and disappeared. Teck chuckled softly as he thought of Rustem's astonishment when he would presently find himself alone with his horses.

"Very clever, Mister 'Sailor-man,'" the detective muttered to himself; "the scent now grows warm."

In and out amongst the natives on the sidewalk Straddles threaded his way, and behind trailed the detective. Once, as the gharry that followed drew up to him, Teck slipped from the sidewalk and raised his hand; then he was back to the walk and trailing his quarry.

At the second street, a small lane, a sailor turned in past a row of little native shops. Behind these was a high pucca wall, and at a heavy wooden gate in this the sailor stopped, turned, looked carelessly up and down the lane, then knocked.

Teck, bargaining for some sweetmeats, saw the gate open, the sailor disappear within, and then the gate was closed. The detective went back to Dhurumtullah, at the corner of which waited the Chief and Runjeet.

"We must capture the durwan at the gate before he can give an alarm," Teck advised; "so Runjeet must knock, and tell the durwan that he has brought the Sahib's purse that was left in the Sahib's gharry. The durwan, hoping to steal the money, will be drawn. You know the Thug trick of a handkerchief to smother his cry, Runjeet—only don't break his neck."

The Punjabi's white teeth gleamed in the flickering light of the shop lamps, as he unwound his kummerbund (sash) and held it loosely in his hand.

Teck and the Chief, standing with their backs to the wall, waited while Runjeet, with Oriental duplicity, played upon the cupidity of the gatekeeper.

"Kuhn hai?" the durwan's voice asked, in answer to the policeman's knock.

"I am the gharry driver to the Sahib, who has just gone in," Runjeet answered, "and here is his purse with ten rupees that the Sahib has lost in my gharry."

There was the clink of a chain, the rasp of a bolt,

(Continued on page 29)



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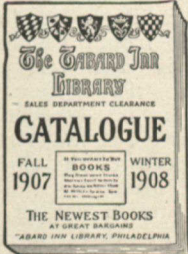


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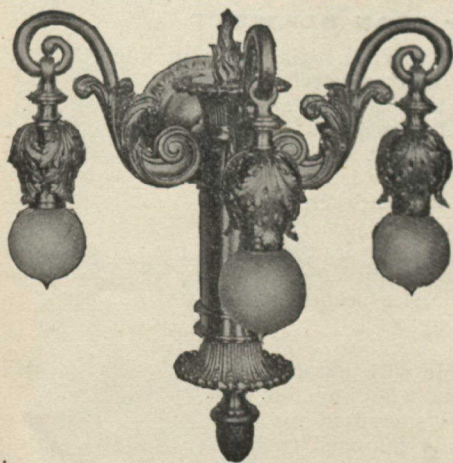
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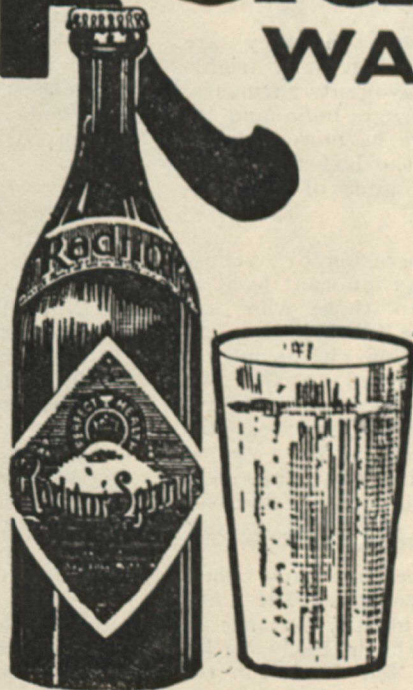


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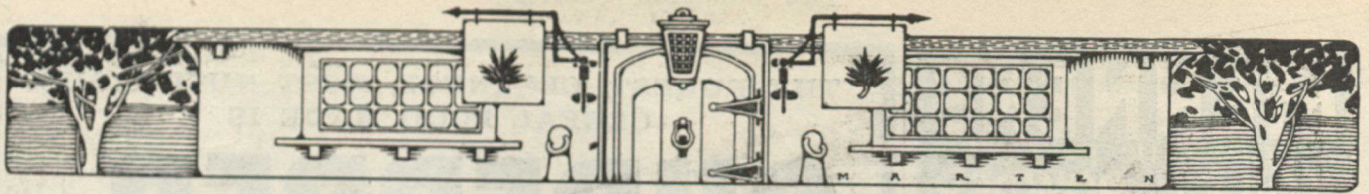
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## AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

**M**RS FLORA ANNIE STEEL is well known as the author of "On the Face of the Waters," and other lesser novels. Lately Mrs. Steel has been writing "special" letters to the London papers, and of these an epistle on the alarming subject, "Is Marriage Too Expensive?" has attracted some attention in the silly season when topics of a sentimental nature are made the head-lines of paragraphs long-drawn-out.

Mrs. Steel seems to be in a positive worry about the apparent indifference of the modern young Briton to the holy estate of matrimony. She scolds the girls for spending so much time and thought on gowns and hats. "Now," she says, "the one great absorbing interest in the lives of the majority of women at the present day appears to be dress. You have only to walk through the streets and count the shops devoted to feminine fal-lals; you have only to look at an ordinary blouse, with its tuckings and puckerings, its inlayings and frillings and stitchings, to see that a very large proportion of a woman's time must necessarily be taken up by her raiment."

This is rather cheering news because most United Statesers and Canadians have been under the impression that Englishwomen, except the upper classes, dress badly and wear hideous shoes with hygienic soles. So they are neglecting matrimony for millinery and actually frightening the men away by their extravagant garments. But do not be alarmed, novelist of Anglo-India and its Simple Life! Matrimony will always be more or less in fashion, and when Gabriel blows the last trump he will probably clash with many a chime of wedding-bells.

The comments of New York's occasionally yellow press on subjects, about which it is as ignorant as it is presumptuous, are highly amusing to those who are somewhat informed. That wearisome "World" has enlarged in this fashion upon the Canadian girl as nurse: "The several training schools attached to the city institutions on Blackwell's and Randall's Islands are recruiting from Canada, where strong, nerveless, unemotional girls come from the farms and after a course in the schools, go to the city institutions that have sick, and work like men for what to them is a fine compensation, but which a New York-trained girl turns up her nose at."

The New York scribe, as usual, does not know what he is talking about and writes accordingly. The Canadian girl from the farm is usually healthy but she is neither nerveless nor unemotional. She is likely to be self-possessed and courteous and the New York cub reporter is so accustomed to the hysterical and overwrought Yankee woman, whose shrill voice is raised in slangy exclamations on the slightest provocation, that he mistakes the Canadian girl's reserve for lack of feeling. The reporter seems to consider that women of a somewhat unrefined order are most successful as nurses; whereas the most delicate qualities of sympathy, reticence and tact are necessary to distinction in this calling. The Canadian girl from the farm or from any other home need not shrink from comparison with the United Stateser, although the former does not

court that publicity in which the latter seems to rejoice.

A popular vote taken by an English newspaper some time ago places it upon record that Lady Pole-Carew is the most beautiful woman in England. The five other English women who followed Lady Pole-Carew, in the order of their popularity, are Lady Helen Vincent, Princess Henry of Pless, the Duchess of Sutherland, Miss Julia Neilson and Miss Evelyn Millard. The two last-named are actresses. Lady Pole-Carew is the wife of the famous General and is Irish by birth.

The "Echo," which is always cheerful in its resounding force, comes from London, Ontario, and is capably edited by a woman. The "Western Fair" number is especially good and shows the industrial and social aspects of the thriving centre of Middlesex. Toronto people are in danger of forgetting that there is an Exhibition in Canada other than their own important affair which has recently taken on national proportions. Personally, I have a liking for the Western Fair in London, because it was there I first experienced the childish joy of possessing a purple balloon, the glory of which, alas, endured for only a brief half-hour but left a memory of gorgeousness such as no modern show can rival. The Western Fair is a much grander show than it was in the days of the purple balloon but the best of it belongs to the Small Person, who always finds the "Exhibition" a realisation of the Arabian Nights.

CANADIENNE.

### A Country Road

By JEAN BLEWETT

Not this road, friend; 'tis whim of mine  
To turn my back on beech and pine  
And running brooks that sing and shine,  
The while your prospects you define.  
And press your suit with ease.

I went this road another day,  
A glowing, pulsing, perfect day.  
The growing grasses laughed with me;  
The young leaves quivered in their glee;  
The ox-eyed daisies peeped to see  
So glad a thing as I.

As I, a-tremble with sweet fear,  
Because of one who, lingered near,  
Because he whispered in my ear  
The very words I longed to hear;  
Because—because he was so dear—  
Not this road, friend, I pray.

Of this one spot my thoughts doth make  
A garden rare for old sake's sake;  
And should your foot crush fern or brake,  
Or ox-eyed daisy, wide awake,  
This worldly heart of mine would ache—  
Not this road, friend, I pray.

—Canadian Magazine.

### WOMEN OF MANY LANDS



A Jewish Girl of Morocco.



# MURAD TURKISH CIGARETTES

If you attempted to smoke cigarettes made from one particular kind of Turkish tobacco, the result would be disappointing.

The cigarette would either be too strong, too mild, or absolutely tasteless.

The flavor of a cigarette depends upon the blending of different kinds of tobaccos in the right proportion.

The ability to do this successfully is an art possessed by few.

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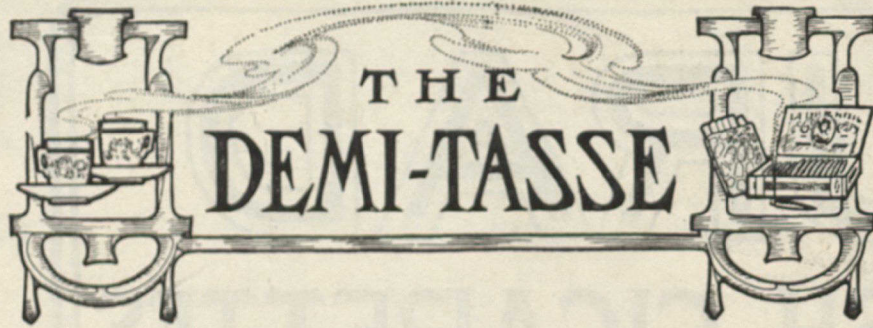


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Cleans everything. Take no substitute.

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## AN OPEN QUESTION.

**M**R. J. PIERPONT MORGAN is noted for his financial genius and his fine taste in Fragonards—also for a certain reticence which is in marked contrast to the volubility of Mr. Andrew Carnegie. Hence when Mr. Morgan offers a word of advice or warning, every syllable of that word has a golden value. Some time ago, a disgruntled magnate went to Mr. Morgan to complain that in a certain shuffling of boards and directors, the complainant had found himself discarded.

"I might as well be frank, George," said Mr. Morgan in a rare burst of candour. "You are too much of a sport for conservative business men. You play the races and gamble in the open in a way that scares a solid business man. You really aren't eligible for that board."

"Suppose I do," roared the injured and indignant George, "those men do the very same things that they're kicking about. There's just this difference. I do them in the limelight and they do them behind the door."

"George," said the wisest man on the Rialto, in a tone of bland and kindly interrogation, "what's a door for?"

## RAISING AN OBJECTION.

Recently the towns of Guelph and Goderich held a jubilation over their close railway connection, on which occasion prominent citizens of the Royal Burg went to the Huron town to celebrate. Before they departed from Guelph it was suggested that, as there would be dining and wining in Goderich, it might be as well for the visitors to take their dress suits with them.

"No," emphatically declared a Teutonic gentleman, well known throughout Ontario, "we'd be fine guys wearing our dress suits all day."

## THE POINT OF VIEW.

The Toronto "Globe" says that the present political tour of Mr. R. L. Borden is like a piece of Greek tragedy, while the "Mail and Empire" thinks that it strongly resembles a Roman triumph, with Hon. A. G. Mackay chained to the chariot wheels. It is really hard to tell what kind of time the Honourable Leader of the Opposition is having, but it is a comfort to know that our leading papers have sufficient dignity to resort to ancient history for comparisons. If it were a paper in Idaho or any other of those States where the citizens show their glorious independence by blowing up the governor or stabbing the sheriff, Mr. Borden's tour might be called either thirty cents or a gorgeous scene of popular enthusiasm which made the welkin reverberate.

## AUTUMN ATTRACTIONS.

Just now the Vancouver theatrical authorities are arranging for a series of entertainments which will be sure to mean battle, murder and sudden cablegrams. "San Toy" will be given as a Saturday matinee early in October and Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee" will be recited between the acts by the editor of the "Saturday Sunset." Then there is to be a whole week of that dear little Jap opera, "Madame Butterfly," with reserved orchestra chairs for the latest immigrants from Honolulu, in native costume with chrysanthemum boutonnières. The cheerful and winsome

"Mikado," under the ban of the English censor, will gladden the Anglo-Saxon once more.

## AN ERRING REPORTER.

Cardinal Gibbons, the venerable head of the Catholic Church in the United States, is one of the most democratic men in the country. He also enjoys a good joke, even when told at his own expense. He once related how a Baltimore newspaper man who may have been more zealous in journalism than in religion, called at the cardinal's house one day to ask His Eminence for information concerning some church matter.

"The cardinal is out of the city," said Father Fletcher, who received the caller.

"Then may I see Mrs. Gibbons?" was the startling request that followed.—Lippincott's Magazine.



Very Amateur Yachtsman (who is lost in a fog without foghorn, and has nearly run into a barge): "Ahoy, barge! can you tell me where we shall get to, if we keep on this tack?"  
Barge: "No, I can't, I'm not a clergyman!"  
—Windsor Magazine.

## A WELL-INFORMED OFFICIAL.

The post-master in a rural district would have a dreary time if there were no picture post cards to break the monotony of His Majesty's Service. During last August, several Toronto families were spending the holidays at a Lake Simcoe resort and a visit to the post-office became the most exciting event of the day.

One afternoon a lady said with unusual emphasis, "I do hope there's a letter from my husband to-day."

"Well, I'm sorry, Mrs. H—," said the local postmaster with genuine sympathy, "There's nothing but a post card from your mother."

No wonder the minimum salary has gone up:

## MARRIED?

Judge Blank, a justice of the peace in Oklahoma, was called upon to perform the marriage ceremony for a young couple of Guthrie.

The Judge, who until a short time before had gained his legal knowledge in a neigh-

bouring state, where ministers usually officiate on such occasions, was at a loss to know how to proceed. However, he arose to the occasion. Commanding the couple to stand up, he directed that they be sworn in the following terms:

"Do you solemnly swear that you will obey the Constitution of the United States and the Constitution of the Territory of Oklahoma, and perform the duties of your office to the best of your ability, so help you God?"

The couple nodded assent. Then, continued the Judge, "By the power in me vested by the strong arm of the law I pronounce you man and wife, now, henceforth and forever, and you will stand committed until the fines and costs are paid, and may the Lord have mercy on your souls!" — Philadelphia Ledger.

## ANOTHER EASTERN PERIL.

Mrs. Dashaway: "Yes, while we were in Egypt we visited the pyramids. They were literally covered with hieroglyphics."

Mrs. Newrich: "Ugh! Wasn't you afraid some of 'em would get on you?"—Philadelphia Record.

## AS IT USED TO BE.

Mrs. Johnston (over the tub): "Doan' Ah mek yo' a good livin', Henry Clay Johnston?"

Mr. Johnston: "Tol'ble, chile—tol'ble. But yo' sh'd have seen de way mah mothah suppoted mah fathah!"—Puck.

## A RESPECTABLE ESSAY.

A Spokane school-girl was required to write an essay of 250 words about an automobile. She submitted the following:

"My uncle bought an automobile. He was out in the country when it busted going up a long hill. I guess this is about fifty words. The other two hundred are what my uncle said while he was walking back to town, but they are not fit for publication."

## AGGRAVATED.

Doctor: "How is that patient with the D. T.'s?"

Nurse: "Worse; this morning he thought he saw a Sunday supplement."—Life.

## SURE OF HIS MAN.

On a Southern train some time ago the conductor appeared in the doorway of one of the cars though he had already taken up the tickets.

"Does there happen to be anybody here," he called out, "who hails from Kentucky?"

Far up the car a man with a vivid complexion held up his hand. The conductor noticed him. "From Kentucky?" he asked, to make sure.

"That's where," was the answer. "A gentleman in the smoker," said the conductor, "has just lost a bet. He wants a corkscrew."

## SUPPOSED TO BE FUNNY.

The Trade and Travel Magazine, published at Montreal, has the following in its September edition under the head, "Scene in Police Court, St. John, N.B."

Mr. Hen Peck: "Say, Judge, my wife is gadding about every night and blowing in my hard earned shekels on bridge."

Judge R.: "Well, my good man, I'm very sorry for you, but what can I do about it?"

Mr. H. P.: "I want to get some good advice from you. You know the game is bridge, cant-i-lever?"

Judge R.: "I'll fine you for contempt of court ten dollars and costs, or six months in the Provincial Hospital, with hard labour. If, however, you will promise not to repeat such another diabolical pun in this court room I will let you off under 'suspended' sentence; under a suspension-bridge sentence, as it were."

Mr. H. P.: "Police! Police!"—St. John Globe.



# EVERYONE KNOWS

# WHAT HELION IS

SHREWD

# INVESTORS

will do well to investigate and buy up quickly what little stock remains to be sold at par, as subscriptions are coming in fast. This passing opportunity, consequently, cannot remain open long.

Write for particulars of the best investment offered to the Canadian public in many years, and

## DO IT NOW

W. M. CAMPBELL, 209 Stair Building, Cor. Bay and Adelaide Sts.,  
TORONTO, CANADA

## The Sovereign Bank of Canada

Head Office - TORONTO  
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## The Bay of Quinte Railway Company

Connecting with the Grand Trunk Railway System at Napanee and Kingston.  
Connecting with the Canadian Pacific Railway at Tweed.

Connecting with the Central Ontario Railway at Bannockburn.

Connecting with the Kingston & Pembroke Railway at Harrowsmith.

Connecting at Deseronto with steamers operating on the Bay of Quinte and Lake Ontario.

Trains leave Napanee for the north at 7.50 a.m., 12.10 p.m., 1.25 p.m., and 4.25 p.m.

Trains leave Tweed for the south at 7.00 a.m., 7.20 a.m., and 2.55 p.m., and for the north leaving Tweed at 11.30 a.m. and 4.50 p.m.

Trains run between Deseronto and Napanee as follows:—

Leave Deseronto at 1.00 a.m., 1.40 a.m., 5.55 a.m., 7.00 a.m., 7.20 a.m., 9.50 a.m., 11.30 a.m., 12.40 p.m., 12.55 p.m., 3.45 p.m., 6.10 p.m., 7.40 p.m.

Leave Napanee at 2.20 a.m., 3.30 a.m., 6.30 a.m., 6.35 p.m., 7.55 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 12.05 p.m., 1.20 p.m., 11.00 a.m., 4.30 p.m., 6.50 p.m., 8.15 p.m.

The Deseronto Navigation Company operate the str. "Ella Ross" and str. "Jessie Bain" running between Picton, Deseronto, Belleville and Trenton, as also the str. "Where Now" making the famous 50-mile ramble from Gananoque to all points in and around the Thousand Islands, connecting with all trains at Gananoque, as well as making the railway transfer between Gananoque and Clayton, N.Y.

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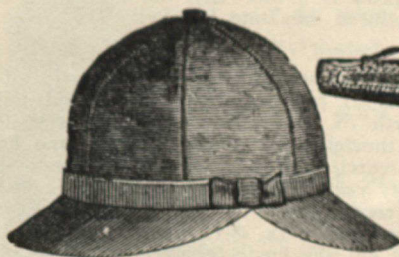
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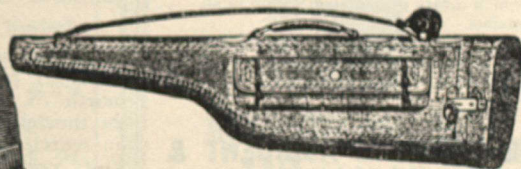
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83 Victoria St., - Toronto, Ontario

## Every Requirement FOR THE Sportsman RIFLES, GUNS, AMMUNITION



HUNTING CAPS—Unequalled Quality.



GUN CASE  
Assortment Unsurpassed.

W. C. Scott's, Chas. Osborne, Clasborough—Powders of all Kinds.  
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will mail on request copy of Quotation Record showing the recent low figures made on New York Stocks, the range of prices for several years, capitalization, bonded debt, surplus profits, dividends, when payable, and other useful information.

What's in a Name?

A great deal, when the name is "IMPROVED SECURITY." It signifies the most liberally constructed Accident Insurance Contract backed by Assets which insure prompt settlement of all claims.

We want to show you why our policies are a few degrees nearer perfection than those of our competitors.

WHAT IS YOUR ADDRESS, PLEASE?

THE STERLING ACCIDENT &  
GUARANTEE CO. of Canada

164 St. James Street, MONTREAL

WILLIAM THOMSON & CO.,  
GENERAL MANAGERS.

Will you care to canvass for us on a liberal commission?

**6% BANKING BY MAIL**

SAFE BANKING.—Considering both safety and profit, our plan of accepting deposits by mail at 6 p.c. compound interest affords an attractive form of investment for idle funds. Please write for booklet "K."

**FIRST TRUST & SAVINGS BANK**  
CAPITAL \$100,000.00 BILLINGS, MONT.

## Peculiarities

At Sandwich jail in the County of Essex, Ontario, Governor John Harmon finds himself in a strange situation, being his own prisoner. Judge McHugh recently issued an order directing him as governor to commit himself and for the past twenty days he has been filling a dual part. A company in Nova Scotia, to which he had been indebted before he became a government official, pressed for payment and secured a judgment in the division court. On his failure to follow the judge's directions the order to commit him for contempt was secured. He is not required to lock himself in, but can come and go at his own free will so long as he does not run away from himself. The situation is as good as anything in comic opera and is highly enjoyed by the Governor and his many friends.

They are resourceful people in the Golden West. Gilbert Plains found itself in need of a hundred harvest and threshing hands, and in order to get them, resorted to the novel plan of having a card printed with the name of the representative of the farmers of that municipality—J. A. Fortune.

Three months in Canada and half of that in jail is the record of Arthur Swansborough, a sixteen-year-old English boy whose case was laid before the Governor-General. His Excellency ordered the youth to be deported and Canada will soon be rid of this undesirable citizen, who will probably give the Dominion a reputation for inhospitality on his return to England.

Lieutenant-Colonel Frank Reid of the Seventh Regiment, London, is in receipt of a personal letter from General Welch, of the Sixty-Fifth, New York Regiment, Buffalo, in which he compliments the boys of the Seventh on their excellent behaviour during their visit to Buffalo. There were no unpleasant flag incidents.

The days of long treks are not yet over as was evidenced by the arrival of Fred Leiding at Sheho, Saskatchewan, last month, after having driven his team and wagon containing his effects all the way from Borton, South Dakota, a distance of nearly six hundred miles. He has taken a homestead a few miles north of Sheho and says he is glad that he took the drive.

Hon. George P. Graham announces in the Brockville Recorder in the following racy paragraph that he will continue to reside in the Island City: "The Minister of Railways and Canals will still reside in Brockville, so long as he can pay his taxes and the sheriff and bailiff do not interfere with the peaceable possession of his home. Ottawa is a nice city, but the world has produced only one Brockville."

Mrs. August Edstrom, the wife of a Swedish farmer living twenty-eight miles north of Minnedosa, Manitoba, was lost in the bush for several days, having been in search of strayed cattle. Although over sixty years of age, Mrs. Edstrom is rapidly recovering from her harrowing experience. For six days wild fruit was her diet but she finally reached the home of a distant neighbour.

The "Ancient Capital" believes in high living and plain thinking. The autocratic dairymen of Quebec have published the sad news that milk will be ten cents a quart during the coming winter. This is how they get even for the recent system of inspection established by the city authorities. With the price of beef and milk rapidly ascending, the cow should be a haughty animal.

A fisherman while lifting his nets off Van Buren Point in Lake Erie discovered the wreck of the propeller, "Dean Richmond," which was lost in a storm with all on

board during a gale in October, 1893. The lost vessel had a cargo of lead and copper ore valued at \$25,000 and vain attempts have frequently been made to find out where she sank.

A rather curious re-union took place recently in Wilberforce, Ontario, when one member of the Cutchaw family, who had been adopted in infancy by Pembroke friends and who had not seen her parents for thirty-four years, came back from Michigan to visit her native county.

The Canadian small boy is at home almost anywhere. Jack Dillon, of Ottawa, aged seven, recently crossed the Atlantic alone on a visit to his grandfather and informed an English reporter that he had been "across" before.

Canadian post office employees have no reason to be friendly to the picture post card craze, but they are hardy so afflicted as those across the border. On Labour Day, at Niagara Falls, N.Y., a clerk sold 32,000 one-cent stamps in an hour and a half to be used on cards.

Hamilton, Ontario, has a spirit of enterprise which is carried into every department of municipal affairs. Early last spring the Cemetery Board arranged a competition among the employees engaged upon the various sections of the Cemetery and promised prizes for the best kept sections. The competition has just closed and the results were so satisfactory that the Board has decided to continue the system of prize-offering. In encouraging the living and taking care of the dead, it is hard to beat Hamilton.

At Fredericton, N.B., there has been a decidedly interesting situation at Victoria Hospital, where the matron is in opposition to certain physicians on the staff. The former has declared that if she is dismissed, the entire staff of hospital servants will follow her—which is a disaster not to be lightly contemplated.

There has lately been a sea serpent in the St. Croix River, alarming honest fishermen and causing general consternation along the shores. It is now said to be a white whale, belonging properly to Arctic waters which has been led by some playful fancy to try warmer regions. It is said to have a hard, elastic surface, which leads a local paper to inquire plaintively what the sea serpent is "rubbering" about.

The Canadian Club at Winnipeg has given two hundred dollars to the victims of the Quebec Bridge disaster. This is the best address delivered by a Canadian Club during the last two weeks.

A resident of Edmonton was greatly surprised one evening to discover that a bank in the rear of his dwelling had sunk, taking with it the lean-to kitchen. And now some jealous towns in Saskatchewan will be sure to start the report that Edmonton real estate is going down.

It seems that we are never to hear the last of the Alaskan Boundary. Just as we have almost forgotten the ways of Alverstone, the Cheerful Giver, there comes to Winnipeg a traveller named Leo Nabokoff, a friend of Count Tolstoi, who has unearthed some ancient Russian documents in Alaska which materially affect Canada's position, showing how Russia forged evidences of early occupation of the Pacific Coast.

The problem of domestic assistance affects East and West alike. A German domestic out in Morris, Manitoba, inadvertently gave her mistress and a caller, a solution of Paris Green by way of afternoon tea. It is really very hard to secure a maid who combines intelligence with industry.

In answering these advertisements please mention Canadian Courier.





**ROOF for the Years to Come**

Just one roof is GUARANTEED in writing to be good for 25 years and is really good for a hundred. That's a roof of

**"OSHAWA" GALVANIZED STEEL SHINGLES**

Put them on yourself—common sense and a hammer and snips does it. The building they cover is proof against lightning, fire, wind, rain and snow. They cost less because they're made better, and of better material. Write us and learn about ROOFING RIGHT. Address 205

**The PEDLAR People** (Est'd 1861).  
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**The City of Enchantment**

**Scarboro' Beach**

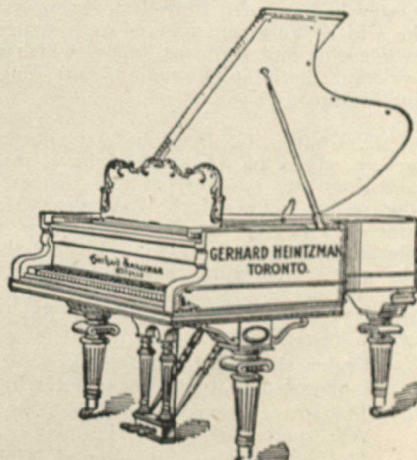
Canada's Famous Playground

Big Summer Bill  
All Feature Acts  
Better than a Circus } **FREE**

Every Afternoon and Evening Next Week.

**THE LIMIT**  
Mile. Bergerat

Double Somersault in a Modern Automobile



ESTABLISHED NEARLY 50 YEARS

**Gerhard Heintzman Pianos**

hold the place of honor as Canada's most artistic piano.

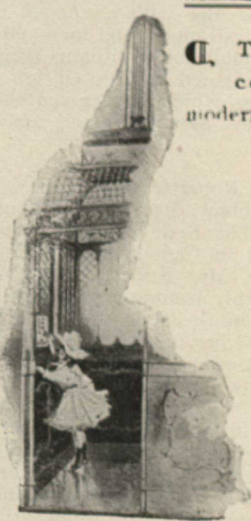
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**Raven and his Band.**  
Chute the Chutes.

Bath Houses Sand Beach KING ST. CARS INTO GROUNDS

**"OTIS"**  
Automatic Electric House Elevator



The luxury and comfort of a modern automatic house elevator can hardly be over-estimated. Absolute safety and the highest degree of refinement are found in the "OTIS." Enquire of us about them.

**Otis-Fensom Elevator Co. Limited**

Head Office - TORONTO  
Offices in Principal Cities



**Berlin Lion Brewery Pilsener Beer**

See that this label is on every bottle.

Manufactured of pure malt and hops.

**C. N. Fuether**  
Berlin, Ontario



**GONZALEZ & BYASS' IDOLO SECO SHERRY**

Bottled in Spain only.

a delicious, absolutely dry sherry. Possesses all the good qualities of the classic wine of Jerez, and combines with them a flavour of its own which cannot be imitated.

At all leading hotels, restaurants and bars.

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AGENTS, MONTREAL 507



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it was

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Pale Ale  
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Half

or

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trying, you found  
each of them up to  
the mark, didn't  
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That's because  
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**THE STANDARD LOAN  
COMPANY**

CAPITAL - \$ 900,000  
RESERVE - 50,000  
ASSETS - 2,500,000

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RIGHT HONORABLE LORD STRATH-  
CONA AND MOUNT ROYAL, K.C.M.G.

HEAD OFFICE:  
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☞ Debentures for one, two, three,  
four and five years issued, bearing  
interest at five per cent. per annum,  
payable half-yearly.

☞ Write for booklet entitled "SOME  
CARDINAL POINTS."

**Duc de Montebello**

A champagne of the  
highest quality. Try  
it and be convinced.

For sale at all the  
best hotels and clubs  
everywhere.

**Literary Notes**

IT is not often that the "Atlantic Monthly" contains a poem covering eleven pages of the magazine. But in the September number of that Boston publication there is found a poem, "Mary Armistead," by E. W. Thomson, which takes up the space aforementioned. The poem, relating to events in April, 1865, is called "a veteran cavalryman's tale," and tells in rather hackneyed and uninspired verse of the bravery of a Southern heroine. Mr. E. W. Thomson is a Canadian who was for some years on the editorial staff of the "Youth's Companion." He has written some picturesque stories, but, after careful reading of this eleven-page poem, the reader wonders why the editor gave up nearly a dozen good pages to "Mary Armistead."

The death of Mr. J. Macdonald Oxley in Toronto last week removed a writer whose books for boys were among the best of such fiction. Of late years Mr. Oxley had devoted himself to business but he will be long remembered as a writer of wholesome and vigorous stories which were welcome both in Canadian and English publications.

Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts is not altogether given up to stories about salmon and the other hauntings of the silences. In the recent issues of the "Windsor Magazine" his poetry has been appearing with pleasing regularity. His latest verse shows the poet's unvarying allegiance to his first love of sky and sea. The eight lines entitled "Under the Pillars of the Sky" are worth re-reading.

Under the pillars of the sky  
I played at Life—I knew not why.  
The grave recurrence of the Day  
Was matter of my trivial play.  
The solemn Stars, the sacred Night  
I took for toys of my delight.  
Till now, with startled eyes I see  
The portents of Eternity.

Most publishers will shake their heads over the aspiring young poet with his quires of impassioned verse. "Poetry doesn't sell" is the dismal reply frequently given to the youthful author who is sure that the world will listen to "his" songs, however deaf it may have been to less stirring strains. But the world is not so unready, after all, to recognise the poet "with straight-flung words and few." The Yukon poems by Mr. Robert Service, entitled "Songs of a Sourdough," have met with a cordial reception, as their strength and originality deserved. The publisher, William Briggs of Toronto, has issued a fifth edition of these robust songs which have given their young author an assured place among Canadian writers.

Mr. Theodore Roberts, who is now at his Fredericton home, has written a new novel, entitled, "The Red Feathers," which will be published in Canada by the Copp, Clark Company. Mr. Roberts is at his best in a thoroughly romantic story, and a novel somewhat in the style of his three-part story, "The Survivors," published in the "Canadian Courier," ought to please a public which gets more than enough of shabby melodrama and too little of healthy romance. Mr. Roberts can do much better work than has ever been accomplished by G. B. McCutcheon or Robert Chambers, whose "best sellers" have flooded Canadian counters with their rubbishy imitations of Anthony Hope and others. But those who have followed the magazine career of Theodore Roberts hope that some bright October day the spirit may move him to write such poetry as "A Vagrant's Epitaph," which blossomed in "Scribner's" about three summers ago.

"The Weavers," a novel by Sir Gilbert Parker, which has been running in serial form in "Harper's Magazine," will be one of the autumn novels and will probably be extensively read, as it is some time since the world has had so serious a work from the Anglo-Canadian novelist.

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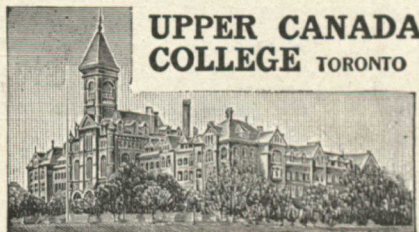
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**THE STOLEN KASABA**

(Continued from page 20)

the creak of hinges as the heavy gate was swung to a crack; a lean black arm was thrust through, and a voice said: "Give me the purse, brother—I will give it to the Sahib."

"Call the Sahib," Runjeet answered, "that I may give it into his hands. How do I know that thou are not a thief?—all durwans are of the robber caste," and he jingled the rupees seductively in his hand.

"Give it to me, brother," the gatekeeper answered, "and thou mayest keep a rupee for thine honesty in bringing it; the Sahib will not mind." The gate opened a little wider, and the speaker, in his eagerness for the money, thrust his shoulder and one leg through.

"Ah, brother, thou art indeed the durwan," Runjeet exclaimed; "here are the rupees, and give me the one that is my dustoor."

Teck heard a rustle, a gurgling, stifled cry, and at their feet on the ground lay the gatekeeper, his voice strangled in his throat by the twist of the policeman's kummerbund.

Teck clicked a pair of handcuffs on the durwan's wrists, saying to Runjeet, "Easy bhai (brother), don't choke him."

"Now, durwan," he added in a low voice, "we are police sahibs. Whose bungalow is this?"

"Baboo Ram Chunder's," the durwan gasped when the cloth was taken from his throat.

"All right. And in there are two thief sahibs, and unless you lead us to them quietly, you will be sent to jail; also, in the meantime, this little gun which I have here will kill you if you make a noise."

Teck drew a strong cord through the handcuffs, passed the end to Runjeet, and added: "If the durwan gives a warning to the thief sahibs you are to kill him."

"Huzoor, I will lead you to the little room wherein are the two sahibs with Baboo Ram Chunder. Huzoor, have pity upon Ramatha, for I am a man of a large family."

They slipped through the gate and Teck shot the bolts behind them. Then, led by the captive, they passed through a little courtyard in which a fountain played amongst crotons and aloes. It was perfectly dark. The heavy walls of a pucca building rose a gloomy blur against the night sky. They circled this on a cement path, coming to a set of steps at the back. Up the steps and across a broad verandah they passed, and leading, the durwan brought them to a spiral stairway that wound up a corner tower of the building.

As they passed, a servant called sleepily from a charpoy on the verandah: "Kuhn hai?"

"It is I, Ramatha, the durwan, brother—I go to the Baboo Sahib," he answered, as they stood silent in the darkness.

"Salaam, Ramatha, thou old fool!" the servant replied.

At the top of the winding stairway, they stood on a landing, and from a latticed door little blades of light crept weakly into the darkness of the hall. Ramatha touched Teck on the arm, and with his manacled hands pushed him gently toward the door.

Through a chink Teck surveyed the interior. Four or five brass lamps held cocoanut oil, in which floated lighted dips, their soft glow showing the detective, at one end of the room squatted on a silken cushion, a fat Bengali Baboo. Beside him stood a huge, gaunt Punjabi leaning on a tulwar (curved sword). In front of the Baboo, seated on the floor, tailor fashion, were Straddles and Ives Holborn. And in the centre of this group upon a square of black cloth rested the pearl-studded gold kasaba.

The inmates of the room were evidently bargaining. Teck saw the Baboo reach behind him and take from a small iron box a sheaf of Bank of England notes. He held them in his lap. Ives Holborn said something and the Baboo threw the notes back into the box angrily, grasped the snake-like stem of his hookah and puffed, then blew the smoke through his nostrils as if in disdain.

Teck touched the Chief and drew him

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gently to the chink in the door, whispering in his ear: "See, we need not wait. You have your pistols, I have mine; the door is not even locked. We'll just step through and cover them and Runjeet will snap the darbies on their wrists."

Teck whispered this in the policeman's ear, and then: "Ready! Now!"

A wrench the door flew open, and Ives Holborn, springing to his feet with an oath, looked into the muzzle of a big Webley revolver and heard Teck's voice saying: "Put up your hands, Holborn. A wrong move and you're a dead man. Now, Runjeet, the darbies, please."

The Baboo's guard raised his tulwar. As he did so the chief's pistol crackled and a bullet ripped through the giant's shoulder. He spun around like a top, reeled, and fell across the iron box.

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Bloomin' Teck!" said Ives Holborn. "I'd know your bloody fat voice if you was dressed like a coster. Wot's the little gyne? Here, Straddles, y'u swipe, behyve. These gents is visitors from Scotland Yard — wot's the gyne, Teck?"

"We've come for the pearls, Holborn, and you and this terrier. Put the irons on, Runjeet," Teck added. "Hold out your wrists, Straddles, and you too, Holborn. That's right!"

That was the evening of the 19th, and on the morrow, the 20th, the Darwaza wore his pearl kasaba at the durbar. Ives Holborn and Straddles are still doing time in the Andaman Islands for that job.

Hansen's body was never found and his murder was never brought home to the murderers.

The Baboo got a year in spite of his protestations that he knew nothing about the theft of the pearls.

### A Famous Canadian Shrine

THE shrine at Ste. Anne de Beaupre, Quebec, is rapidly becoming famous over a considerable portion of this continent, as the scene of notable and marvellous cures. Last year 80,000 people made the pilgrimage, and this year, when the season ends, it is estimated that no less than 100,000 will have made the journey. As yet, however, Canada is scarcely within hailing distance of France, where as many as 300,000 have journeyed to the shrine at Lourdes in a season.

The interesting feature of the pilgrimage to the Canadian shrine, however, apart from the cures, is the distance many of the pilgrims travel. Not only from Quebec, the Maritime Provinces and Ontario do they come, but from Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota and even Dakota. The travel from the Western States has been stimulated by the efforts of the Canadian Pacific Railway in co-operating with connecting lines and organising excursions at low rates with stop-over privileges. These excursions have been patronised by thousands, not only of sick but of well persons, who have seized the opportunity to visit the famous shrine.

Travel on the present large scale is the development of recent years, and is due to improved means of transportation from the city of Quebec to Ste. Anne. Twelve years ago, travel to the shrine was largely local. At that time it could be reached only by cab or caleche from Quebec city, and was visited mainly by the afflicted in the immediate neighbourhood and by tourists to Quebec who "took it in" as one of the sights. An electric road was then built from the city to Ste. Anne which had the effect of greatly increasing travel. The road is now operated by the C.P.R. and pilgrims are conveyed directly to the shrine.

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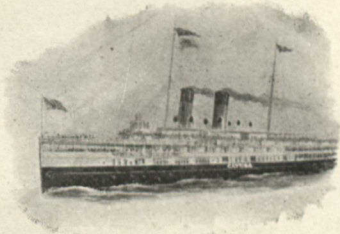
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