

# The Canadian **Courier**

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



"ON THE GREAT LAKES"

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER,  
COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO.



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THE  
**Canadian Courier**

A NATIONAL WEEKLY

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PUBLISHER'S TALK

TWO of the chiefest of August amusements are Yachting and Bowling. From time immemorial, the harbours, lakes and bays of Canada have been brightened by the white sails of the pleasure boat—sailing skiff, dinghy, dory or pretentious yacht. Perhaps "time immemorial" is too sweeping, since the Indian preferred the canoe to the sail-boat. The expression must not be taken too literally. The cover this week celebrates the yachting season. It has not been too stirring, as there have been few important meetings on the Great Lakes, and the international contests have been confined to the yacht clubs on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. Bowling has become a common sport in this country, and is steadily growing in popularity. The Dominion Bowling Tournament in Toronto last week was not really national, but it approached to that ideal as closely as it is possible under the circumstances.

MUCH attention has been given to sport in the "Canadian Courier." We have tried not to overdo it, but we recognise that an illustrated paper is more interesting when it presents a people at play than at work. While giving attention to sport and play, we have tried not to allow this to interfere with a full treatment of sterner matters when these were of national importance. A national weekly should reflect all the life of all the people. It should neither be frivolous nor too staid. Hence every issue is planned out in such a way as to present the activities of the public in both its lighter and more serious moments.



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A National Weekly

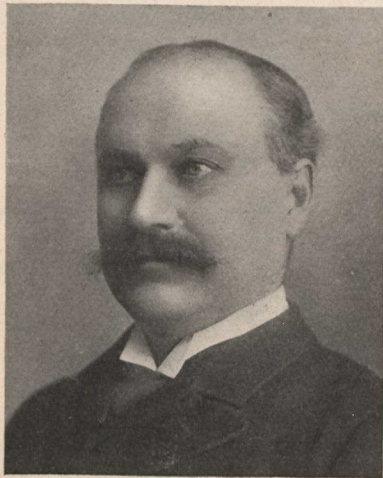
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Toronto, August 29th, 1908.

No. 13

## IN THE PUBLIC VIEW



Hon. Justice Robidoux.

**M**R. JUSTICE ROBIDOUX arrives last in the list of those who received conspicuous honours in the wake of the Tercentenary. Last week Justice Robidoux was the chief figure at a mass meeting in the reception hall of the Union Nationaliste Francais in Montreal. It was a brilliant crowd. Frenchmen were there from France and Frenchmen from Quebec. Representative of France at the Tercentenary, M. Louis Herbette, was, next to Justice Robidoux, the chief actor. He it was who received greetings from the French colony at the hands of M. Heilbronner, chairman of the gathering; and it was he who after a brilliant address

pinned upon the lapel of Justice Robidoux the rosette of the Legion of Honour. Thus was Justice Robidoux honoured for his conspicuous and patriotic share in the Tercentenary celebration. M. Herbette was extremely felicitous in his remarks. He warmly alluded to the community of interest between old and new France; to the community of language and of literature—and to the bond of union represented by the Alliance Francaise.

Hon. Justice Robidoux was born in the Province of Quebec—down at St. Philippe de Prairie—in 1844; son of the late Toussaint Robidoux. He has spent his life in law and politics; was educated at McGill and was afterwards professor of civil law there, entering politics in 1884 as member for Chateauguay; afterwards under the Mercier administration being Provincial Secretary and Attorney-General; again in the cabinet headed by Premier Marchand he was Secretary of the province. He is a thorough son of Quebec, to which he has devoted his entire energies and talents.

\* \* \*

**F**IRE fighters in Canada stand a better chance of becoming heroes than Canadian soldiers do. Many is the fireman who since Canada last took part in war has gone to death while at a post of duty. Chief Clark, of London, Ontario, is the most recent and one of the most conspicuous of the fire-fighting roll of honour. He

fought his last fire a few days ago in one of the worst battles with fire ever known in London. He went down with two of his men when the floor of the building gave way; because he was in the thick of the smoke and the heat, elbow to elbow with his men. A gamey, hard-headed man was Clark; an iron ruler of his brigade—but he never expected his men to go anywhere in height or heat that he didn't go himself. Because, like his two men that went down with him, he was a man who played the game of fighting fire with the instinct of a soldier, London mourns his loss to-day—wondering what man will step into his shoes as solidly as he wore them and fight fire as he did. He reformed and reorganised the fire department of London which officious partisan aldermen had made inefficient through petty politics. When Hon. Adam Beck became Mayor of London and Chief Clark took the reins at the fire hall, London began to get one of the best fire brigades in Canada; in spite of the fact that all London has to fight fire with is an eighteen-inch main from a reservoir miles away.

Chief Clark, however, had more than ordinary stimulus to become a hero. He succeeded a man who died at his post; Chief Roe, who in January of 1904 was killed by a falling wall.

Canadian firemen are among the best men engaged in the public



Mr. V. E. Morrill, Sherbrooke,  
Grand Master, Quebec I.O.O.F.

Mr. W. S. McCorkill,  
Deputy Grand Master.

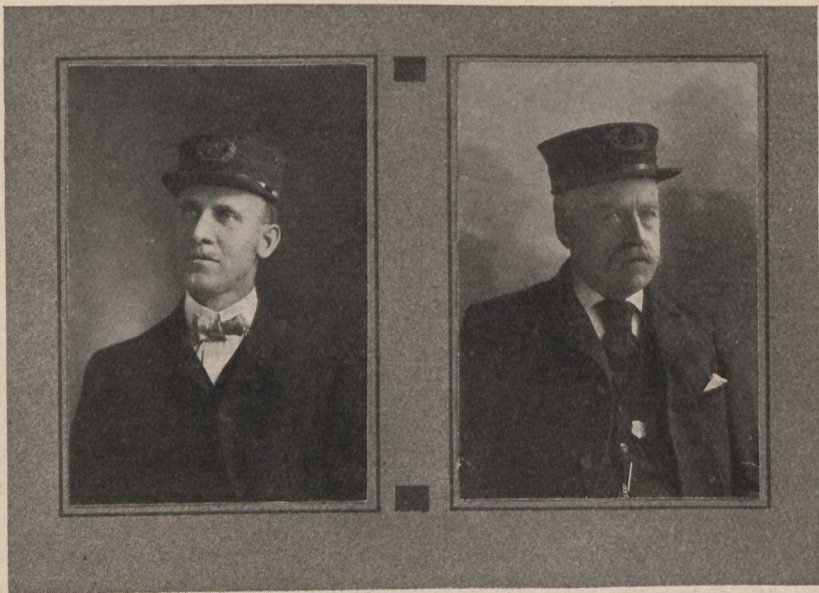
service. Canada has a large number of efficient fire brigades; men who enter a service which has greater extremes of ennui and excitement than even the life of a soldier. The example of men like the two fire chiefs of London does a good deal to teach firemen that in their function as public servants much is expected of them—and that he who leads his men to victory against a fire is not less honourable than the general who rides into battle.

\* \* \*

**A**T the twenty-ninth annual meeting of the Grand Lodge of Quebec, Independent Order of Foresters, Mr. V. E. Morrill, of Sherbrooke, was elected Grand Master in succession to Mr. John Shirlow, of St. Johns. Mr. W. S. McCorkill, of St. Hyacinthe, was elected Deputy.

\* \* \*

**A**UGUST 19th was an historic festival in Nova Scotia, being the celebration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of legislative government in that province. Halifax was the scene of the celebration. Many parliamentary and legislative celebrities were present with a large crowd of the people who after a century and a half of government know what good government is. The city was profusely decorated. The principal feature of the celebration was the unveiling of a memorial tablet in the legislative buildings. The tablet was unveiled by Lieutenant-Governor Fraser, who is a descendant of one of the oldest families in Nova Scotia.

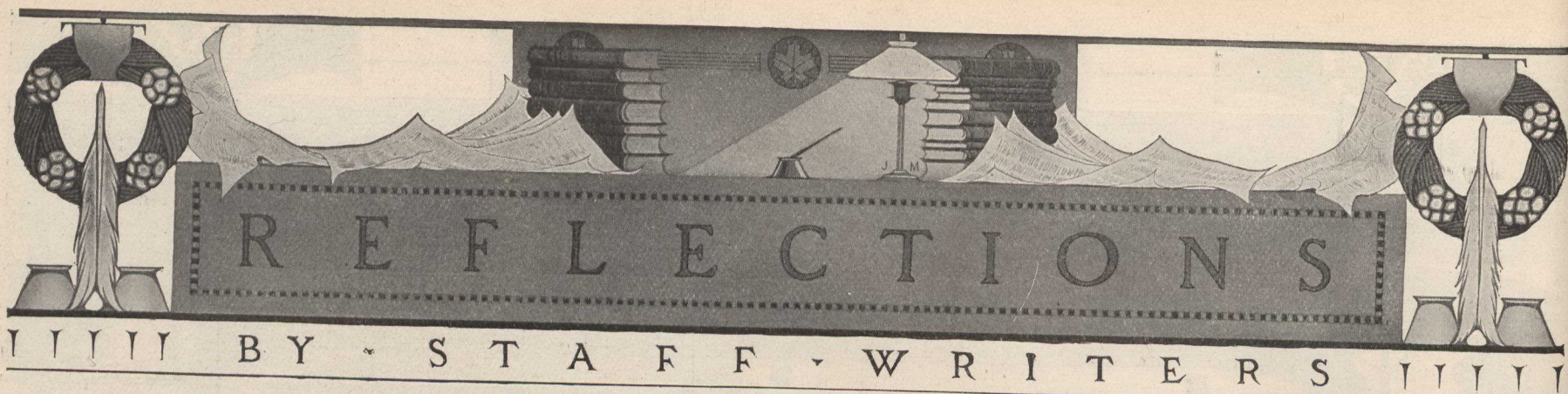


Chief Clark.

Chief Roe.

The two London Chiefs who lost their lives in the service, one in 1904 and one in 1908.





### BRINGING OUT THE BIG DRUMS

THE quadrennial beating of the big drums is about to occur. The politicians are preparing to get the public excited. When there is much noise in the air, much rushing hither and thither, much whispering and secret meeting, much picnicking and speech-making, the politician gets an addition to his reputation. His hirelings go about telling what a great man he is, how much he has done for the country and his constituency, and how people should bow down and worship his magnificent brain and brilliant abilities. The enthusiastic partisan comes around and offers his purse and his spare hours. The excitement becomes intense. And why?

It is certainly proper and necessary that the people should take an interest in the respective policies of Government and Opposition. It is profitable that there should be a discussion of records and proposals and an examination into the parliamentary situation. The beating of the big drums does not, however, assist this judicial consideration of public questions. The partisans on both sides get too excited to reason or discuss. All they can do is assert and shout. Most of the calm, deliberate discussion which occurs is held between, not during, general elections. The big drums are beaten to prevent thought rather than to encourage it.

The voter who intends to cast an honest, patriotic ballot at the approaching election would do well to avoid political meetings, big and little. If he goes there, he will come away with one-sided views and a disturbed equanimity. He will hear appeals to his selfishness and his party spirit which will arouse within him feelings which are best kept under close control. There will be much talk about corruption under Tory rule before 1896, or graft under Grit rule since 1896. He will hear prominent men who should know better slander their opponents and misrepresent their position on public questions. He will hear more calumnies than arguments.

The other day, the *Montreal Gazette* had a long editorial to prove that nearly every good thing which Canada possesses was due to the Conservative statesmen who governed the country between 1878 and 1896. The truth is that most of the reforms and advances of that period were due to the Opposition and the public-spirited and aggressive citizens outside of Parliament. The Liberal newspapers are full of the greatness of the Liberal statesmen who have filled the high offices since 1896, whereas the Opposition has no doubt suggested and forced many of these legislative advances, and the people themselves have been responsible for most of the prosperity and national progress.

No one will deny that some of these Conservative and Liberal statesmen were men of high purpose, clear vision and constructive ability. It was given to them to lead, and lead they did in many ways. Nevertheless it is equally true that public opinion has done more than all of them combined. Or to put it in another way, these great men have usually trailed along after public opinion. No one will deny that in all our parliaments there have been hardworking, painstaking legislators who have served their country faithfully and well. Nor will there be found many to deny that less politics and more public service might easily be the rule in Canadian parliaments.

The beating of the big drums should not be allowed to prevent the public from distinguishing between the honest, hardworking public servant and the noisy, self-assertive and wordy dispenser of political diatribes. Beware of the big drums, for they are inimical to calm and sober judgment.

### PROVINCIAL CIVIL SERVICES

IT is unfortunate that the newspapers and the various social organisations have not yet recognised the timeliness of a discussion of provincial civil service reform. The advance in this respect at Ottawa should pave the way for a similar advance at all the provincial capitals.

If an independent civil service commission is necessary at Ottawa, it is equally necessary at Toronto, Quebec and other provincial centres.

The civil service in each of the provinces is of equal importance with the civil service at Ottawa. In some ways, it is even more important that provincial officials should be entirely independent of the ruling political party. Provincial officers come more closely into contact with the public. Sheriffs, bailiffs, registrars, and crown land officers are able to do more injury or more good, as the case may be, than an equal number of postmasters or customs officials. The latter are merely administering a set of clearly defined regulations; the former have much discretionary authority. That the provincial employees are less numerous than the federal may make the need seem less important, but this is not truly the case.

It is the duty of every man who has been talking and working for civil service reform at Ottawa to take up the subject in relation to his province. Public opinion in this matter needs educating and stimulating. The reform will not come from within; it must come from without. Let the agitation begin.

### DOUBTFUL PATRIOTS

OCCASIONALLY an English-speaking Canadian, whose father and grandfather were born in Canada, will be heard to cast doubt upon the patriotism and loyalty of an Irishman who has not yet forgotten the wrongs of Ireland. Or it may be that he has similar doubts concerning the French-speaking Canadians who love the Tricolour, have considerable reverence for France and cling tenaciously to their mother-tongue. Such a doubter believes that to be loyal and patriotic, a Canadian must speak only English words and revere only the Union Jack.

The other day the Canadian Club of New York held its annual banquet and Dr. Macphatter, the president, started his address by saying: "We Canadians, residing in the United States, are three times loyal—we are loyal to the land that gave us birth (cheers), we are loyal to the institutions and government of this great Republic (cheers), we are loyal to the Anglo-Saxon race (cheers)." The pictures of the banquet show that a British flag was hung beside the Stars and Stripes. The speakers of the evening were mostly Canadians—Hon. Charles Marcell, Deputy Speaker of the House of Commons; Mr. Hugh Guthrie, M.P., of Guelph; Hon. Justice Longley, of Halifax; Hon. D. C. Fraser, Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia; Mr. R. G. McPherson, M.P., of Vancouver; and the Right Hon. James Bryce, the British ambassador at Washington. In addition to the Canadians who introduced the speakers, there were two United States orators, Hon. J. Van Vechten Olcott, of New York, and Rev. Dr. N. McGee Waters, of Brooklyn.

As a result of that banquet, did any one arise in the United States to say that the Canadians in the United States were disloyal or unpatriotic? So far as we know, no one was so foolish. Every person recognises that loyalty to Canada on the part of one of these expatriated Canadians is not incompatible with loyalty to the United States. Their homes, their families and their investments are there and they are just as good citizens as any other class. Perhaps if war broke out between the United States and Great Britain, some of them would sympathise with Great Britain. Perhaps some of them would sell out and come back to Canada. Those who would do this would be but a small percentage.

If we believe that the Canadians in the United States are loyal to the Republic, in spite of their Canadian Clubs and their hanging of the Canadian flag in their homes and banquet-halls, why should we not accept the Irishman and the French-speaking Canadian as loyal subjects of His Majesty and as good Canadian citizens? If loyalty to their native land is no defect in the character of Canadians resident in New York or Boston, why should loyalty to France and the French



language be a defect in the French-Canadian?

Again, there is a positive reason why the French-Canadian should be loyal to Canada which does not exist in the case of the Canadian in the United States. The French-Canadian can trace his Canadian ancestry back four, five, and six generations. His family tree has its roots deeply fixed in Canadian soil. This element does not exist among the present-day Canadians in the United States.

Looked at in this way, there is little if any ground for doubting the loyalty of the French-Canadian. He is provincial, no doubt. He is clannish also, though not more so than the Scotch or the Irish. He has affections and sentiments which the English-speaking Canadian cannot fully understand, but he is nevertheless as good a patriot as the rest of us. He recognises the prime qualities of the British constitution and form of government with its thoroughly Christian basis, and when he places these in opposition to the less stable qualities of French republicanism and French infidelity, he cannot be otherwise than thoroughly Canadian and strongly British.

#### THE TRAGEDIES OF LIFE

A FIREMAN grasps the nozzle on a length of hose, walks into a burning building, and is crushed to death. We say "How sad!" and pass on. The other day a C. P. R. engineer at Kamloops was informed by wire that his little five-year-old daughter had been burned severely. He was allowed to detach his engine from the train which was ready to pull out, and run light to his home town of Revelstoke. And what a run it must have been! And no wonder all records were broken. As the father stepped off the engine, he was informed that his daughter had been dead an hour.

These are but instances of the hundred tragedies which daily beset the people of this country—of all countries. Our fierce, swift life demands a daily toll of humanity, a daily addition to the world's burden of sorrow. It is a wonder that the people endure it. Yet they do bear it, struggling onward with fairly cheerful countenances. Yet behind our smiling features lies a grim fear of the tragedy to come, or a dull, dark pain left by the tragedy which has gone.

Perhaps all these phases of our vicarious existence are but to make humanity more human, to keep the world from getting purely selfish and hard-hearted. While it is common opinion that constant contact with trouble and danger and sorrow, hardens people's hearts and reduces the range of their sympathies, it is not necessarily true. Many people who have seen little of life's tragedy, are hard, selfish and unsympathetic; while those who have seen much of it are tender, generous and compassionate. It is just possible that the continuous array of accidents and disasters to human beings which takes up so large a portion of the front page of the daily newspaper tends to weaken our sensibility towards human sorrow and woe. The extent of this tendency is, however, often over-estimated.

An ancient story tells that a great judge, who lay dying, was asked what was the greatest need of the world. He answered, "Sympathy." To a large extent he was right. The dangers to human bodies and human minds have been greatly increased with the advance of science. The introduction of gunpowder, steam-engines, dynamite, electricity, elevators, automobiles and other industrial instruments have increased the dangers to which the human body is daily exposed. Nor has science lessened the dangers from famine, disease, flood or earthquake in a degree which will offset the dangers which it has invented. Consequently, the tragedies of life are even greater to-day than they ever were, and the command to "love your neighbour as yourself" is as necessary as in the days of the Roman Empire. It is an open question if the world is not paying too much attention to industrial and intellectual development, and too little to the lessening of the sum of human poverty and sorrow.

#### VENEZUELA AND THE NETHERLANDS

SOME twelve years ago, the late Mr. Cleveland played to the anti-British element in the United States by a blustering message to England regarding the affairs of Venezuela. Arbitration resulted in Great Britain obtaining more than her original demand, while Mr. Benjamin Harrison returned from Paris with little to comfort the South American republic. Ever since Mr. Cleveland's strenuous interference, Venezuela seems to have taken a malicious delight in showing how little such championship was justified. This comic opera government is really a despotism with nothing of democratic freedom as Washington or Ottawa would read the phrase.

An autocracy, flavoured with anarchy and assassination, is not

the unusual thing south of the Caribbean Sea and President Castro of Venezuela is a fair specimen of the South American tyrant. He has the vanity of his class and has busied himself in other nations' affairs with an assiduity which would have brought severe punishment before this, had he been arbiter of a larger state. These picayune governments have a splendid fashion of spending money, with a superb disregard of obligation to pay. A Dutch firm made persistent demands upon the Venezuelan government for a sum which had been owing for many months but the blithe dwellers in the tropics refused to notice the impertinent accounts. Then the inhabitants of a Dutch island, some forty miles from the Venezuelan coast, took a day off and stoned the consul from President Castro's careless state. The Dutch cruiser, *Gelderland*, entering Venezuelan waters, magnificently omitted to salute the forts, whereupon M. de Reus, the Dutch Minister to Venezuela, was given his passports and departed for The Hague.

The situation is recognised as acute but the people of the Netherlands are not by any means excited. President Roosevelt, who has good Dutch blood in his veins, will hardly be likely to follow the example of 1896 and espouse the Venezuelan cause. However, the head of the Netherlands is a monarch and it would be curious, indeed, to the demagogues of this continent if such a form of government were to be found on the side of correct business principles while the radiant republic of the south should be discovered as an unscrupulous tyrant. The dismissal of a Minister is not a light matter and although the Netherlands are proverbially slow to wrath, the next fortnight will probably see some interesting cable despatches between the little kingdom near the German Ocean and the republic on the Caribbean Sea.

#### MEDICAL MARTYRS

THERE is hardly a week which does not tell the story of a medical specialist who has fallen a victim to the very disease which he has made a lifelong study. Such men have a scientific passion, combined with a devotion to suffering humanity, which is not surpassed in any other profession. The "chances" taken in certain callings are in no case greater than those taken by the physician, and the quiet heroism of many a *Maclure* goes unnoted, save by the parish which knows the man by his life-work. The men who fight insidious disease require more courage than those who storm a battery, for it is in the silence of laboratory or hospital ward, uncheered by anything but the innate desire to know and to heal that the medical expert fights the forces which sap life and strength. The healthy throng is hardly aware of the constant fight against dire disease until it is announced that some famous medical authority has succumbed to the very foe he was supposed to have mastered. "Queer that he could not save himself" is the general comment, with little thought for the years of unwavering effort that others might be saved.

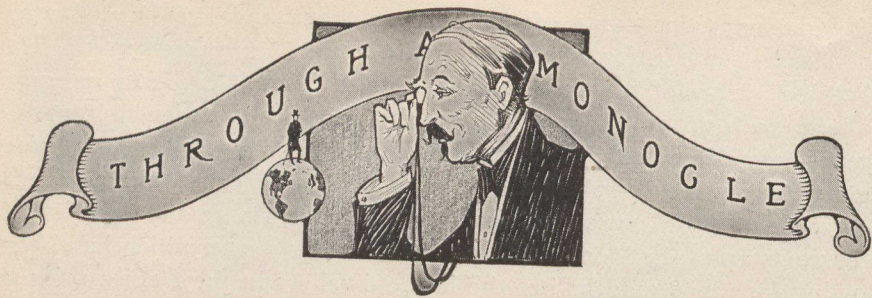
#### TRADES UNIONS AND PROTECTION

IN some ways trades unions are better than a protective tariff. A tariff may not keep foreign goods out; it may only make them expensive. Trades unions sometimes prevent people buying foreign goods even when they are cheapest. From this point of view, the trades union is a great friend of the manufacturer. The latter never admits it, because that might endanger the benefit. He keeps quiet and conceals his delight.

In the recent election in Saskatchewan, the Unions fought against the Scott Government because it had some school-books printed in New York. It was a rush order and the facilities there for such work were better, and no doubt the price was lower. The Union fought so that other governments might be warned against a similar practice. The Canadian book publishers were delighted with the campaign, because it will help them to sell inferior books at higher prices.

The "Courier" believes in Canada for the Canadians and in the spending of Canadian money at home. It is not so foolish, however, as to be blind to the possible exceptions. There is a sane policy of "Canada for the Canadians" and an insane policy of the same kind. The "Courier" does not desire to be considered insane. Canada should manufacture her own materials if possible, but she should not allow any set of manufacturers to have such a monopoly that they will cease to be progressive. Canadian book publishers have been terribly backward. They have been and are to-day producing school-books which are a disgrace to the printing art. If they wish to hold the business, they must learn to do better. The Saskatchewan and Alberta governments have taught them that.





ARE the elections coming? Unless the politicians are trying to fool us, they are. Everybody is visibly getting ready for them, and, if they are not held this autumn, any business men or publishers, who make financial arrangements based upon their expectation, should have actions for damages against somebody. Just why we should so seldom let our five-year Parliaments run more than four years, may need some explaining; but we have caught the habit recently of quadrennial elections. Sir John Macdonald had it, too, though he did put an additional half-year on the life of his second Parliament after the Mackenzie regime. Governments dread to find themselves crowded up against the ropes. They like to have plenty of foot-room in the "ring" when the battle approaches. The only Parliament which ever ran out its term ended in complete disaster for the party in power. People seem to rather like a Government which is plucky enough to face them before it is constitutionally necessary.

\* \* \*

THE making of predictions as to the probable result is now our great national sport. Every other politician you meet will take out a pencil and jot down on the margin of a newspaper his reasons for believing that "the country" will go thus-and-so. Even great newspapers have begun to publish estimates which show results that they would dearly like to see. The Conservatives make great play with New Brunswick and the election of Bourassa for two seats in Quebec; while the Liberals retort with Saskatchewan and the sweep of the Gouin Government back into power. The victory of Mr. Hazen in New Brunswick—though a bi-partisan victory—certainly indicated the final break-up of the Blair party in that province; but its effect upon federal politics is more difficult to prophesy. If New Brunswick is convinced that the Liberals are going back to office, most people will look to it for a fairly strong Liberal delegation. As for Nova Scotia, few imagine that it will repeat the unanimity of four years ago; still the chances for this are much better than they were when Sir Hibbert Tupper was talking of "taking his coat off" and making a fight for the province.

\* \* \*

IF the Liberals are still further crushed in Ontario, they ought to know who to blame. They have neglected this province federally. To-day their most effective leader here is Hon. George Graham, a superfine fellow and a capital campaigner, but a recent minister and an importation from the local legislature. Ontario deserves at the hands of the Liberal party a great national leader of the size of Blake, George Brown, or Cartwright at his best. There should be a man in the Cabinet from this province who shoulders up beside Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Mr. Aylesworth has earned our enthusiastic approval on more occasions than one; but he is debarred by physical affliction from taking a leading part in the rough-and-tumble of politics; and then no one imagines that he would succeed Sir Wilfrid were the Premier to retire. Mr. Fielding of Nova Scotia outranks him; and, if Mr. Sifton of Manitoba were not out of the Government, he would out-rank him too. Should the Liberals be routed in Ontario under such conditions, they can credit it to their own neglect.

\* \* \*

IN fact, we could wax quite indignant over this matter if we did not see quite as bad—or worse—when we look across the House. Where are the Conservative giants from Ontario? Where is the man who has stepped into the shoes of Sir John Macdonald? Mr. Foster is the most vigorous debater from this province; but he is not an Ontario man—only a New Brunswicker who has found a temporary resting place here for the sole of his foot. Is it that we do not grow the public men we once produced? Have we no more Macnabs, Macdonalds, Browns, Sandfield Macdonalds, Mackenzies or Mowats? Or is it that we will not elect them to Parliament? We did have a B. B. Osler; but he never got to Ottawa. We have yet a Sir William Meredith; but he is on the bench. Sir William Mulock was just beginning to bulk large in our eyes, when he, too, went to the bench. The truth is that our Lauriers, our Fieldings, our Siftions, our Borden,

our Fosters, our Fitzpatricks, do not go into politics. Commerce, finance, and the law swallow up the men who should represent us in our great national council.

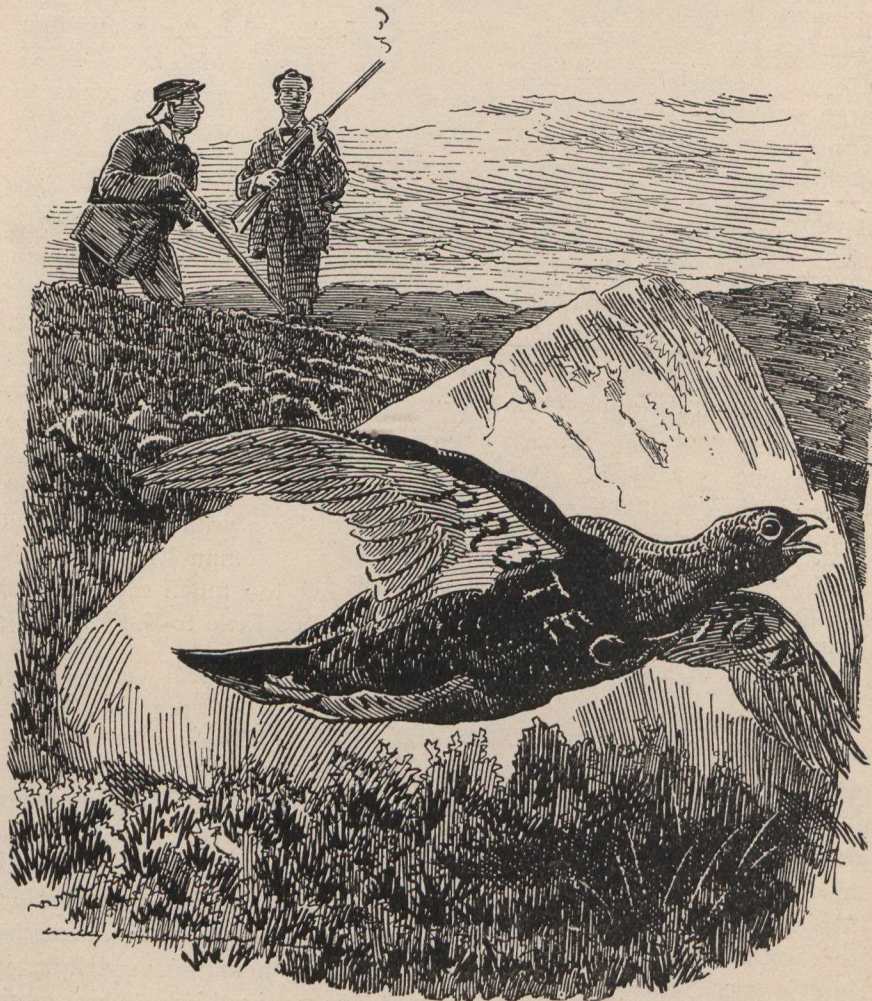
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BUT we were talking of election probabilities. The West has as yet shown no signs of change. Roblin is as secure as ever in Manitoba; and so is Scott in Saskatchewan. Nor is there any evidence of change in Quebec. Bourassa captured two seats; but he ran as a Liberal. One of his two seats was St. Hyacinthe; and if any one imagines that an opponent of Laurier can win in St. Hyacinthe, he does not know much of the condition of politics in Quebec. The people of that province like to "see sport" in politics as well as most folk, and were very willing to have Mr. Bourassa promise them a bit of liveliness in the deadly monotony of their local legislature; but it would be quite another matter if they were asked to destroy their idol, Sir Wilfrid Laurier. What it all comes to when added up—all these probabilities for the whole Dominion—I will let some more venturesome prophet declare. When we do not know how large a majority the Conservatives will have in Ontario, how Manitoba and British Columbia will go, or how New Brunswick will pan out, prediction is a pretty risky business. But it is a significant fact that Sir Wilfrid is to make his first appeal to rural Ontario. Rural Ontario was for long the staunchest stronghold of Liberalism.

*Widmporte*

MAJOR HODDER is a very inquisitive Englishman, who has been wondering why the Barbados, alone of the Antilles, are free from malaria. He thinks it must be because the Barbados, alone of the Antilles, are free from gnats. But why no gnats? Because of the wild and beneficent profusion of fish called "millions." The millions eat the gnats while they're still larvae. Acting on Major Hodder's theory, the Jamaicans, the people of Colon, and the colonists of British Guiana have imported millions, and lo! the gnats vanish. In Africa, where rage the most deadly swamp fevers, millions are employed with immense success. The same means has been adopted by the Italian government to rid the Roman Campagna of its insect foes.

"Protection" is still a live issue in England and "Punch" takes advantage of the opening of the grouse season to represent its vigour.



AN OLD BIRD.

First Gun (Mr. Asquith). "Seems to carry a lot of shot! I thought we both hit him."  
Second Gun (Mr. Winston Churchill). "I know I did." Bird. "Ha! Ha!"



# The Dominion Lawn Bowling Tournament, Toronto.



General View of the Green and the Gallery during the Finals for the Trophy.



At the Other End of the Green.



The Winners, (Kew Beach). The Trophy and the Individual Prizes.

## DOMINION LAWN BOWLING

**L**AST week the chief athletic event in Toronto was the Dominion Lawn Bowling Tournament. It is an open question whether bowling should be classed under athletics or sport, but perhaps the name does not count. It is also open to question whether the tournament deserved the name "Dominion," although the Association has been in existence for about sixteen years. Nevertheless the absence of any competitors from outside the province, makes it an Ontario rather than a Dominion body. Aside from this feature, the tournament was most successful. Four hundred bowlers on one bowling lawn makes the meeting notable, even were the lawn not the "largest in the world," as our Friends-to-the-South would say.

The Trophy Competition dates back to 1900. The winners since are:

1900—Victorias, Toronto.	1905—Thistles, Toronto.
1901—Kincardine.	1906—No Competition.
1902—Canadas, Toronto.	1907—Elora.
1903—Victorias, Toronto.	1908—Kew Beach, Toronto.
1904—Canadas, Toronto.	

This year there was a possibility that the trophy might again go to an outside town, although Toronto supplied 62 of the 96 rinks in attendance. London and Peterboro had each a rink in the semi-finals, but unfortunately they were drawn against each other, London surviving. McNee of the Western City played an excellent game in the finals against Forbes of Kew Beach, but was finally beaten out by a score of 24 to 19. In the semi-finals, the scores were: McNee, London, 24 vs. Fitzgerald, Peterboro, 12; Forbes, Kew Beach, 17 vs. Swabey, Victoria, 15.

In the semi-finals of the Ontario Cup Dr. Moore of the Canadas beat Swabey of the Victorias and Knox of the Alexandras beat Thauburn of Brampton, the only outsider. In the final Knox had 20



Mayor Oliver presenting prizes to McNee of London, runner-up in the Trophy Competition.

and Dr. Moore 15, although the latter is a many-prize winner.

In the semi-finals for the Toronto Cup, which is the third of the competitions into which the losers in the others drop mechanically and automatically, Strowger of the Canadas and Hastings of the same club were victorious over Boothe of Balmy Beach and Swabey of the Victorias. The latter got into the semi-finals in each of the three competitions, but could not win out. In the finals in this competition Strowger beat his club-mate by two shots.

## THE HARVEST

**T**HE estimates of the western harvest have not been reduced during the past ten days for which every person is thankful. The cutting is now practically completed so far as wheat is concerned, and oats are being harvested. Canada's crop is now beyond disaster and if not the largest in her history it is equal to the largest—which was in 1906. There is every cause for rejoicing and hopefulness.

The following interview with Mr. Ussher in the *Montreal Star* is worth reprinting:

"Mr. C. E. E. Ussher, assistant passenger traffic manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway, with headquarters in Winnipeg, arrived in Montreal today from the West on a brief visit of business and pleasure. Mr. Ussher describes the crops as being in a condition of perfection hard to beat, and says that the grain all over the country has advanced so far that no harm can befall it. In the south it has mostly been cut and is ready for the binder and thrasher, while in the north field after field is covered with the well standing, thoroughly ripened stalks, and work will probably be general all over the country to-day.

"It has been stated that there was a superfluity of farm labour sent out to the West this year. The C. P. R. sent out 23,000 men, and it is stated that this number was by no means too large. The distribution of the harvesters, however, has been poor and while some districts, such as Moose Jaw, are overrun with them, other places have none to give the farmers the necessary assistance with the crops. There are several thousand men too many at Moose Jaw, and the city cannot house them, and an effort is being made to scatter them to other sections where work awaits them."



## SOME WINNIPEG RESIDENCES OF NOTE



Residence of Mr. John Galt, a member of the firm of G. T. & J. Galt, wholesale grocers. Mr. Galt is a native of Montreal.



Crescentwood, Residence of Mr. F. Morton Morse, of the Miller, Morse Hardware Company. Mr. Morse has lived in Winnipeg since 1887.



Residence of Mr. E. F. Hutchings, owner of one of the largest manufacturing harness and saddle businesses in Canada. A resident of Winnipeg since 1876.

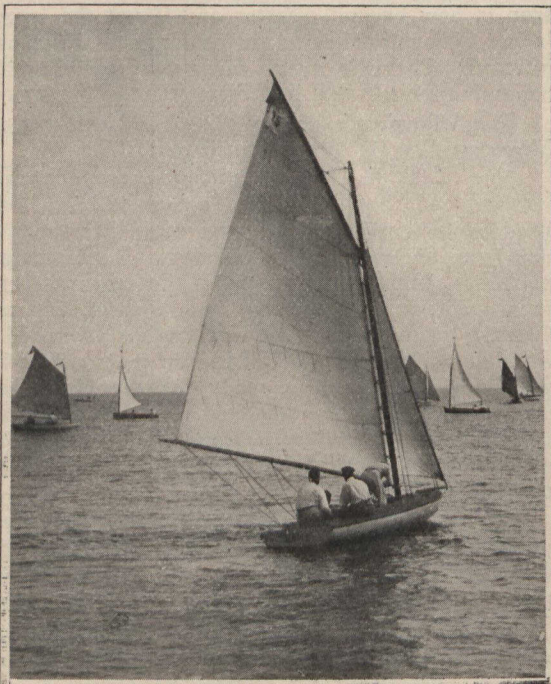


Ravenscourt, Residence of Mr. J. Stewart Tupper, K.C., a Nova Scotian, and eldest son of Sir Charles Tupper, Bart. Called to Manitoba Bar in 1882.



Residence of Mr. William Whyte, second Vice-President of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Scotch by birth, and a resident of Canada since 1883. Superintendent Western Division since 1897.

## AQUATIC SPORTS AT WINNIPEG ON THE LAKE



Winnipeg on the Lake.—The fact of Winnipeg being a prairie city to most minds, at once precludes the possibility of such water carnivals and aquatic sports as are held annually at Toronto and other eastern cities. When it is known, however, that Winnipeg is within an hour's run of one of the finest beaches imaginable on the shores of the vast Lake Winnipeg, the matter is understood. The water carnival this month at Winnipeg Beach was a great success. Thousands of people from the city spent the day by the water and the sports of all kinds were well patronized. The rowing event was one of the chief features of the day as well as were the ladies' racing events. There were good swimming contests, diving, greased pole stunts and everything that could go to make a happy day in the water.



# A Visit to Sonora, Mexico

By VERY REV. DEAN HARRIS \*

WHEN I passed out of the Arroyo of the Churches, it was well on in the afternoon and the sun beat intensely hot upon the steep trail, while the whole atmosphere was motionless and penetrated with heat. No man, experienced in mountain trails, would trust his life down these precipitous windings to the best horse that ever carried saddle. The long suffering "burro" or donkey, with the pace of a snail and the look of a half fool, may be a butt for the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune in animal histories; he may be ridiculed and despised in cities and on the farm, but in the mountains, amid dangerous curves and fearful, dipping trails, the donkey is king of all domestic animals.

The burro is not, as Sunday-School books picture him, the clown and puppet of domestic beasts. He is the most imperturbable philosopher of the animal kingdom, the wisest thing in his own sphere in existence, and the best and truest friend of the mountaineer. He is a stoic among fatalists, a reliable staff in emergencies and an anchor of hope in dangerous places. Like the champion of the prize ring, Joe Gans, or the sporting editor's "king of the diamond turf," Cy Young, the donkey "neither drinks, nor smokes, nor chews tobacco"; in a word, he's a "brick."

The greatest avalanche that ever thundered down the sides of the Matterhorn, the loudest detonation of volcanic Vesuvius, the roll and heave and twist of Peruvian earthquakes; any one of these or all of them "in damnable conspiracy" could not turn a hair on the hide of his serene equanimity. No mountain goat, leaping from rock to rock, can give him pointers. He is contentment and self-possession personified; he will eat and digest what a mule dare not touch, and will thrive where a horse will starve. Work? I have seen hills of fodder moving on the highway and thought with Festus that too much learning had made me mad, till on closer examination I perceived, fore and aft of these hills, enormous ears and scrawny, wriggling tails and under the hills little hoofs, the size of ordinary ink bottles. Down the dangerous mountain trails his head is always level, his feet as sure as those of flies and his judgment unerring. His muscles and nerves are of steel, his blood cool as quicksilver in January, and his hold on life as tenacious as that of a buffalo cat. But more than all this, the burro is one of the pioneers and openers of civilisation in Mexico and the Southwest. Patiently and without protest or complaint he has carried the packs of the explorers, prospectors, surveyors and settlers of uninhabited plateaus and highlands. With his endurance, his co-operation and reliability, it became possible to profitably work the silver mines of Mexico and the copper mines of Arizona. He helped to build railroads over the Sierras and across the plains and deserts of New Mexico, California and Arizona. He brought settlers into New Mexico, into Arizona and the Pacific lands, and with settlers came progress and development, peace, education and prosperity. Therefore, all hail to the burro! In grateful recognition of his kindness to me I owe him this commendatory tribute. He has done more for civilisation in these lands than many a senator in the halls of the capitol or LL.D. from the chair of Harvard.

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We descended to the land of "Las Naranjos," of the orange orchards and banana groves, and as the sun was setting entered the picturesque and ancient town of Urique. Founded the year Champlain first sailed the St. Lawrence and eight years before the

\* The "Canadian Courier" has the privilege of publishing this advance chapter from "By Path and Trail," a book of Southern Travel by Very Rev. Dean Harris, which is to be published in October. This volume deals with incidents of travel in Lower California, Sonora and Northern Mexico, and treats of the Yaqui Indians, the Digger Indians and Papagoes. Dean Harris, who was born at Cork, Ireland, 1847, came to Canada at an early age and was educated at St. Michael's College, Toronto, and Ste. Anne's, Quebec. After holding several positions of responsibility he was appointed in 1884 to Parochial charge in St. Catharines. Dean Harris is a writer of fine literary judgment, a churchman who has accomplished a great work in his diocese, and a man whose genial personality has won him friends among all classes of the community. A former volume, "Days and Nights in the Tropics," appeared some years ago and showed the vivid descriptive power of the ideal raconteur.

Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock, Urique has never known waggon, cart, carriage or bicycle. Its archaic population of 3,000 souls, mostly Indians and Mexican half-castes, has few wants and no ambition for what we call the higher life. If the wise man seeks but contentment, peace and happiness in this world, these primitive people are wiser in their generation than we. I must confess that among the civilised and half civilised races of Mexico I found a cheerful resignation and more contentment than I expected. Unprejudiced study of their social and domestic life leads me to believe that there is here a much more equitable distribution of what we call happiness than in much busier and more brilliant life centres. The fertility of the arable land, the continuously warm climate, the abundance of wild and domestic fruit and the simple life of the people are bars to poverty and its dangerous associations. It would be well for many of us if we could change places with these people, drop for a time the life of rush and hurry and artificial living into which we of the North have drifted, and take up this dreamy, placid and uneventful existence. We deplore what we are pleased to

slowly up the side of the opposite mountain. The air was preternaturally still and was filled with the reflected glory of the departing sun. The sky to the east was like a lake of blood, and under it the ancient mountains were coloured in deep purple and violet. The sun was an enormous ball of fire floating in the descending heavens and above it were banks of clouds through which flashes of bloody light came and at times hung to their fringes. Just before the sun plunged behind its own horizon its light penetrated the motionless clouds in spires, and when the sun dipped and was lost, the spires of glory quivered in the heavens and waves of red and amber light rolled over the atmospheric sea. Sharply outlined to my right was the mountain rising above the Urique like a crouching lion and holding in its outstretched and open paw the unknown and attractive little village.

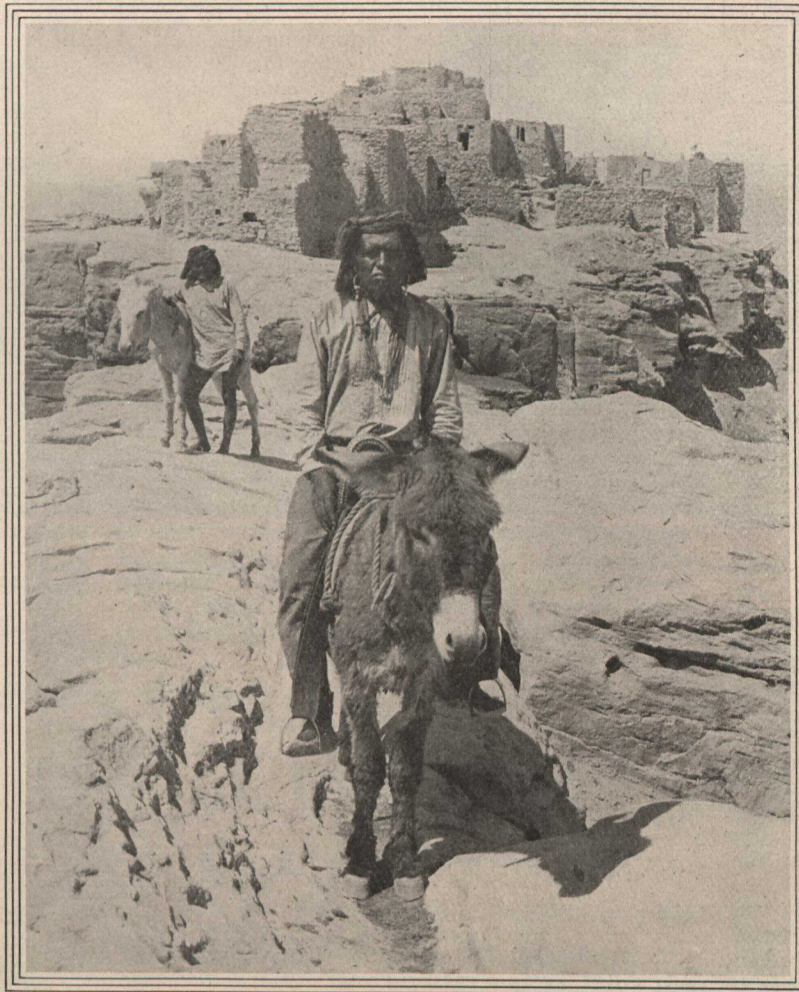
It is only nine of the night, but all lights are out and the village sleeps. My window is open, I can hear the flow of the Urique, and as I listen to its gurgling waters a cock crows across the river. The crow of the cock changes my thoughts which carry me back three years, and bear me to a room of the "seaside cottage" in the negro town of Plymouth, Montserrat, West India Islands. Unable to sleep I am seated at my open window looking out upon the tragic waters of the Caribbean Sea. The moon swings three-quarters full in a cloudless sky, the air I breathe brings to me a suspicion of sulphur escaping from the open vents of La Souffriere, the volcanic mount rising to the west and dangerously near the negro village. I can hear the wash of the waves combing the beach and see the "Jumbo lights" in the windows of the negro cabins to remind the ghosts of the dead and the demons of the night that friends are sleeping there. It is 2 o'clock in the morning, a sepulchral quiet possesses the uncanny place, when—the cock crows. Then from out a large hut, down the shore street, there comes a negro well on in years, followed by a young negress, two women and three men. They do not speak, nor shake hands, they exchange no civilities, they separate and disappear. Who are they? Snake worshippers. Great Britain owns the island and British law prohibits, under penalty, the adoration of the serpent. Stronger than the law of Great Britain is the law of African superstition and the fear of the demon that dwells in the white snake, so reverently guarded and fed by the family who live in the hut. Again the cock crows. Where am I? Oh, in Urique. There is no noticeable difference in the crow of the cock the world over. This friendly bird from over the Urique river warns me it is getting late. I must go to bed, so "Good-night to Marmion."

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If there be any state in the Republic of Mexico about which it is difficult to obtain accurate or exact statistics, it is Sonora. Populated largely by Indians and miners scattered over the whole state

and immune to the salutary influence of law, it is difficult to take its census or bring its population under the restraining checks of civilisation. Hermosillo, with 25,000 people, is numerically and commercially the most important town in Sonora. It is 110 miles north of Guaymas. The harbour of Guaymas is one of the best on the Pacific coast, it is four miles long, with an inner and outer bay, and will admit ships of the heaviest tonnage, and could, I think, float the commerce of America. The Yaqui River, of which I will have occasion to write at another time, enters the Gulf of California, called the Gulf of Cortez by the Mexicans, eighteen miles below Guaymas. The Sonora flows through the Arizapa valley, which is known as the Garden of Sonora on account of its incomparable fertility. Formerly it was dominated by the terrible Yaquis, and a few years ago the depopulated villages and ranches were melancholy reminders of the ruthless vengeance of these ferocious men.

The Sonora River valley, with its wealth of rich alluvial land, its facilities for irrigation and adaptation to semi-tropical and temperate fruits and cereals, will eventually support a great population.



Photograph of a Tarahumari Indian, riding away from the Casa Blanco, a pre-Columbian ruin in South-Eastern Sonora, Mexico.

PHOTOGRAPH BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD.

term their ignorance, but are they not happier in their ignorance than we in our wisdom, and are not we of the North, at last, learning by experience the truth of what Solomon said in the days of old "For in much learning is much grief, and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow."

The delightful little gardens and patches of vegetable land stolen from the mountain present a dozen contrasts of colour in the evergreen foliage of the tropical trees and vegetable plants. The red river of the Urique, after emerging from the great canyon, flows gently and placidly through the peaceful village. The river is not truly a deep, clay red—not the red of shale and earth mixed—but the red of peroxide of iron and copper, the sang-du-boeuf of Oriental ceramics. Rushing over irregular beds of gravel and boulders and by rock-ribbed walls, it cuts and carries with it through hundreds of miles red sands of shale, granite and porphyry, red rustings of iron and grits of garnet and carnelian agate.

The evening of the next day after entering the quaint and picturesque town, I stood on a ledge overlooking the narrow valley and again saw the long, snake-like shadows of the Suaharos creeping



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

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

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

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

# The Struggle of the Middle Classes

By NORMAN HARRIS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

How will he do it?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## PUBLIC OPINION

A SUGGESTION ON MARITIME UNION.

Editor CANADIAN COURIER:

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

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

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

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

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

Quebec and Ontario have suffered from exodus

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

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

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

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

S. CHADWICK.

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

### Lake Rosseau

By ALBERT D. WATSON.

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

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

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

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

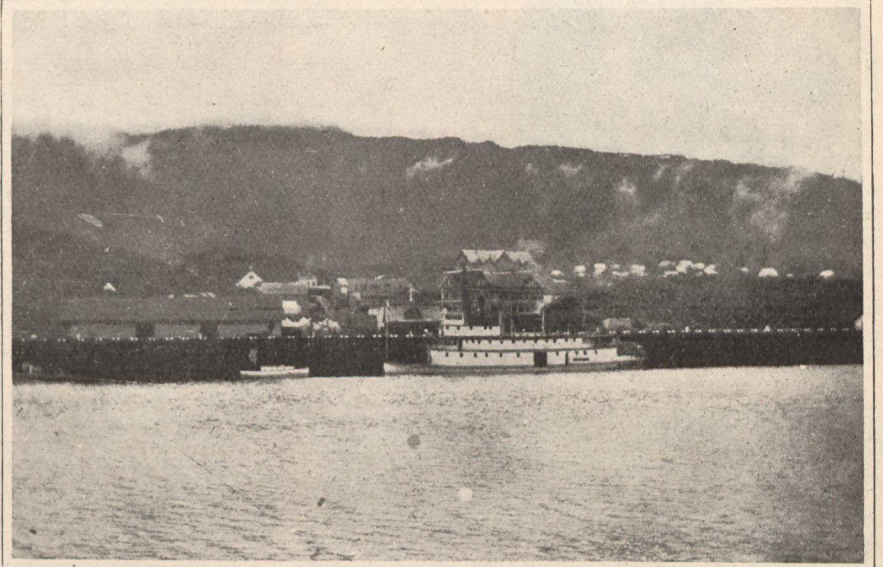
—*The Wing of the Wild Bird and Other Poems.*



# SOME NEW PICTURES FROM PRINCE RUPERT, B. C.



Unemployed on Wharf at Prince Rupert, waiting to return to Vancouver. The Steamer "Venture" took up 100 on July 1st and brought back 50 of the same men the next day.

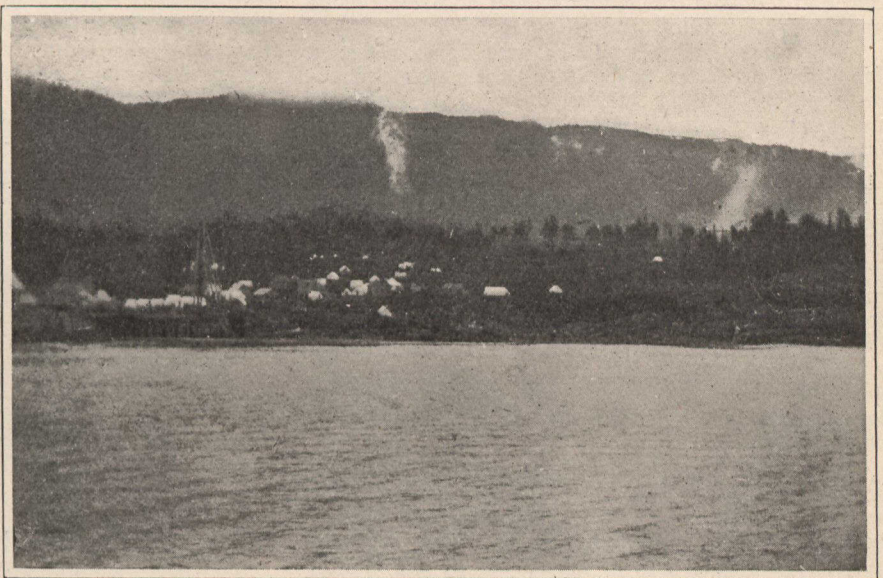


General View of Prince Rupert, July 2nd, 1908.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY REV. A. E. ROBERTS, VICTORIA.



The way Houses are constructed at Prince Rupert. Board walls, tent roof. This is the Home of the Presbyterian Minister.



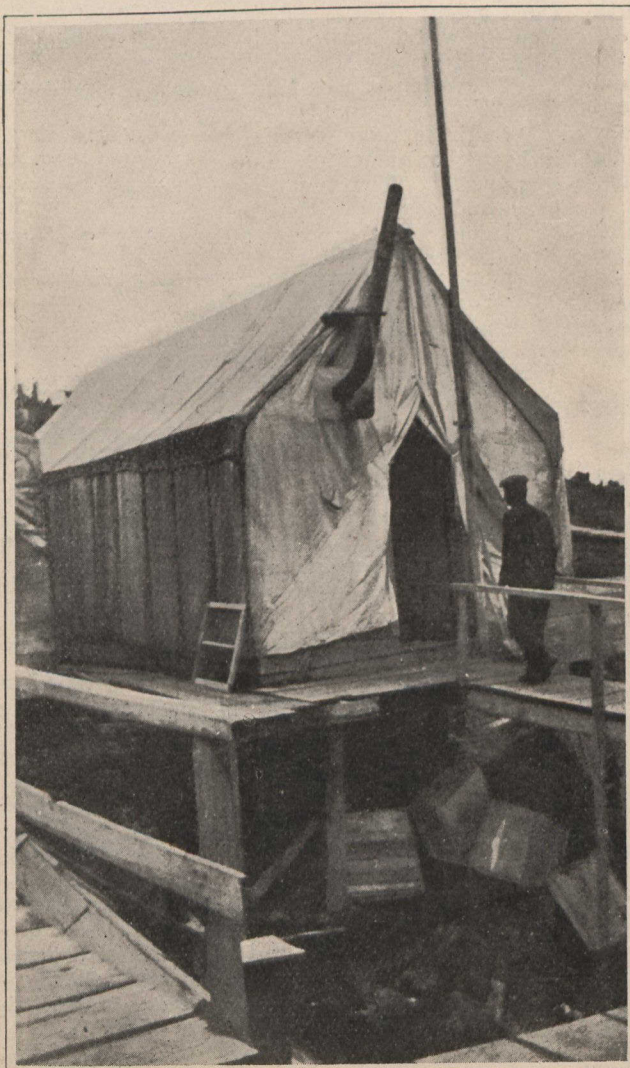
Where the Wharf ends and Railway begins, Prince Rupert.

## The New City

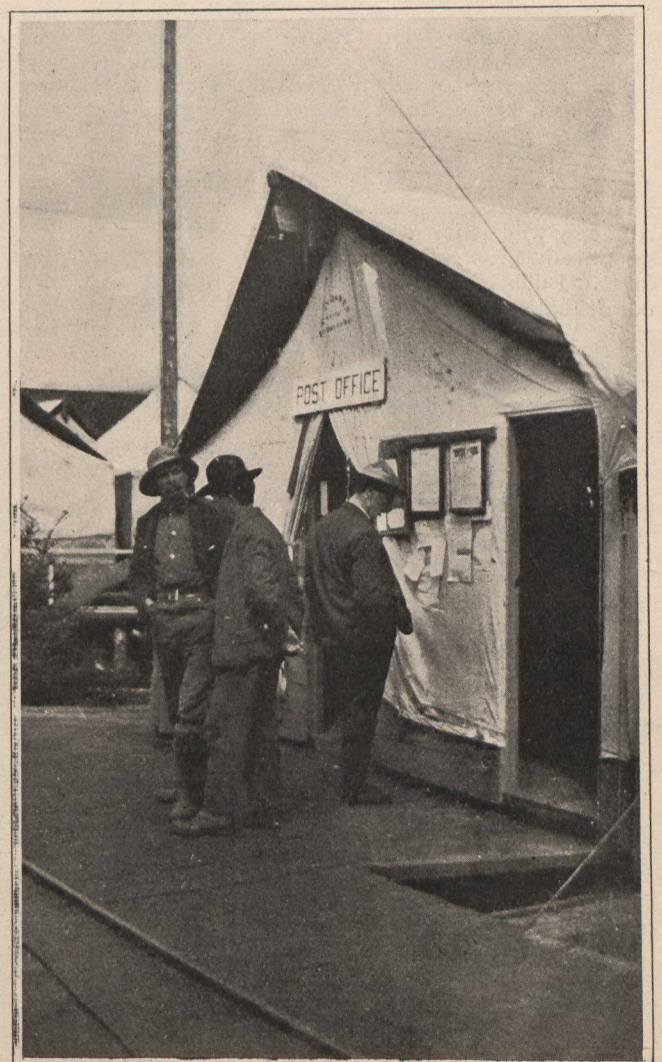
IF the middle-aged residents of Canada in 1858 could come back and view the country as it is today, they would marvel. The size of Montreal and Toronto would interest; the existence of Port Arthur and Fort William, of Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary, Edmonton and Vancouver, would surprise them. Canada has built a new town almost every year since the opening up of the West in 1870. There seems little doubt that we will continue to do so for another thirty or forty years, perhaps longer.

The newest city is Prince Rupert, through which is expected to flow much new trade — Canadian and foreign. Our pictures show how it is growing. It is new yet, but in five years it will be a Pacific coast seaport which will make Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle and Portland look to their laurels. The townsite has not yet been sold, though there have been many rumours as to the date at which this would occur.

It is expected that Mr. Hays, president of the Grand Trunk Pacific, and Sir Charles Rivers-Wilson, president of the Grand Trunk, will visit Prince Rupert next month. With these two men rests the fate of the new city. They are spending a hundred millions or so to run a railway line from Winnipeg through the mountains to Prince Rupert, and they must have some serious intentions with regard to this new Pacific coast harbour. They should do for it what the C. P. R. did for Vancouver.



Provincial Police Headquarters, Prince Rupert.



The Dominion Government Building at Prince Rupert.





# MRS. SELWYN'S EMERALD

## Astro the Seer Takes Part in a Drawing Room Mystery

*The second of a series of five Mystery Stories in which Astro, The Seer, and Valeska, his assistant, use their crystal-gazing and their common-sense to their own and the general good. Astro is supposed to have great occult power, and many people who have private troubles come to him for aid. The Seer has a keen appreciation of all modern foolishness.*

By ALAN BRAGHAMPTON \*

"Monsieur Astro and Miss Wynne!" As they were announced and made their

way toward their hostess, the buzz of conversation in the reception room was for a moment hushed. Women watched through curious eyes the distinguished, picturesque figure of the Master of Mysteries, whispered to one another, and noted critically the face and costume of the beautiful girl who accompanied the lion of the evening. Men glanced with amused contempt at Astro's oriental face, and scrutinised Valeska Wynne more indulgently. The murmur arose again, and the temporary stillness that had followed the announcement of Astro's name gave way to motion and persiflage.

The room fairly scintillated with lights, reflected from the cut glass pendants of the electric chandeliers, smouldering in the dusky gold carvings, twinkling from the jewels on women's necks and breasts, gleaming from the polished oak parquet floor. The large double salon of the Selwyns' was about half filled; there were not yet too many present to hide the elegance of the highly decorated Louis XIV. rooms which inclosed the brilliant company as in an ornate frame. The ceiling, frescoed in the panels with nymphs and cupids, seemed faintly to reflect the life below; the tall mirrors multiplied the complexity of mysterious distances; there was an odour of winter roses which mingled with the perfumes of dainty women. An orchestra sounded languorously from the balcony at the head of the wide staircase.

"I'm delighted!" Mrs. Selwyn exclaimed effusively, leaning gracefully forward with a swan-like movement. She was a deliciously, almost a foolishly, pretty creature, with her bright smile accented by a black beauty spot at the corner of her mouth, with her slender little fingers flashing with jewels, with her lovely neck and her fair hair. It was hard to believe her a matron.

Astro, in his masculine way as striking a figure as she, presented his assistant. Valeska seemed more human than either. There was little artifice in her appearance; her costume was girlishly simple. One was not tempted even for a moment to let his eyes wander from her earnest, pretty face.

"I'm so glad to see you, Miss Wynne!" Mrs. Selwyn scarcely gave her a glance and returned spiritedly to Astro. "My dear," she said archly, "I had no idea that I had captured such a lion. People are simply wild about you! Why, I've made a sensation already by merely inviting you, I assure you! Not that I didn't know you were famous and popular and all that, of course; but, dear me, it's a positive rage! You have no idea what stories I've been hearing about you! They say you can read one's thoughts, and go through a stone wall, and eat fire, and conjure the dead—and dear knows what! I'm actually afraid of you!"

"And I of you also, madam—in that gown."

She spread her hands demurely down her side and looked up at him from under her lashes. She wore a costume of silken mesh, sheer and delicate, over cloth of silver, touched Frenchly with black. The base of her corsage was caught by an immense square cut emerald, set in small blue diamonds. Mrs. Selwyn was evidently not beyond being pleased at Astro's compliment; but her look suggested an unsatisfied desire.

"They're expecting something wonderful," she hinted.

Astro frowned. "My dear lady," he began.

She nodded and shook her fan lightly. "Oh yes, I know. I sha'n't ask you, of course. I promised. But at the same time if something—anything—should happen, you know, it would be perfectly lovely; and it would make the thing go, wouldn't it? Oh, and there's an Italian countess here, whose hand I'm simply dying to have you read!"

Valeska, smiling amusedly at her hostess' prattle, was about to turn away, when Mrs. Selwyn caught her hand eagerly.

"It was so good of you to have come on so

unconventional an invitation! We must make you at home. You shall have positively all the men you want; I have armies of 'em to-night. And perhaps," here Mrs. Selwyn became almost coquettish, "you may have more influence with Astro than poor I. Do talk to him! Countess Trixola will be so disappointed if you don't succeed!"

A fresh group of guests here interrupted her, and she turned to welcome them.

Valeska took Astro's arm again, and he led her to a corner of the room where they could view the assembly.

"I see what's coming," he began hurriedly. "I'll be at my wits' end to avoid doing parlour tricks to amuse this crowd, in spite of what Mrs. Selwyn promised. I won't have much time to attend to you, my dear. But really you did beautifully. Nobody would ever imagine that you were born in an East Side tenement. Why, I think you can tell the would-be and the bounders as quickly as I can, already. It's all worth seeing, and I want you to use your eyes. Watch every little thing as if it was all of the utmost importance and you were to use every bit of information you acquired. But don't on any account lose sight of me, if you can help it, and watch for my signals. Be ready for anything. It's the accidents of life by which we profit, and there is no predicting accidents. Give me the 'up and down' sign if you discover anything particularly interesting. Well, I'll see that you are introduced. I'm going to be mobbed."

"Here's the Countess, I'll wager," Valeska said. A tall, ashen haired, limp, and insipid youth was bearing toward them, escorting a vivacious, green-eyed brunette, with a narrow, alert face and eyes heavily shadowed. Nearer, those dark eyes seemed a bit hard and glassy; but they were quick. She was considerably made up; but her rouge had been applied cleverly.

Astro had time only to remark out of one corner of his mouth, "Look at her right hand!" and then the Countess was fairly bubbling over him.

Valeska gave the hand a glance. It hung, white gloved, lightly by her side, the first and second fingers tentatively outstretched, the third and fourth curled toward the palm, the thumb projecting.

"You are Astro the Palmist, aren't you?" the woman asked gaily, tipping her head to one side and peeping over her fan. "Mrs. Selwyn said I mustn't bother you; but I do hope something extraordinary is going to happen! We're expecting something quite miraculous, after all we've heard about your occult powers!"

"My dear Countess," said Astro, a bit cynically, "even saints must have holidays. I'm afraid I am out of miracles to-night."

"But at least you can tell me something about myself before you go?" she insisted.

Astro smiled quizzically. "Surely not in public?"

The pale youth burst into a guffaw.

The Countess shook her finger at him airily.

"Why, my life is an open book!" she protested.

"Be careful that it's open at a blank page, then."

The pale youth again bellowed and was struck on the shoulder by the Countess' fan.

"Oh, I hope I'm naughty enough to be nice," she said demurely.

"Madam," said Astro, with a queer expression, "I doubt if you could be either naughtier or nicer."

"Well! what d'you think of that?" she cried.

"Why, positively, I don't know whether it's the nicest kind of compliment or the worst kind of insult!"

"I leave it to your conscience—and your vanity," said Astro calmly.

She laughed it off and turned to Valeska. "Does he say such enigmatical things to you too?" she asked.

"Oh, he doesn't dare," said Valeska. "He knows that I'd take them all as compliments."

The group were now joined by others eagerly pressing about them to listen to the dialogue. The fame of the Master of Mysteries had grown wonderfully with the reports of his recent exploits, and his reputation as a palmist was almost eclipsed by his fame as a seer and solver of inexplicable problems. The distinction of his appearance and charm

of his manner gave him a personal influence as well, and on this first appearance in society in the role of guest he was, as Mrs. Selwyn had said, an immense success.

Valeska's reception was as flattering. She had passed the ordeal of introduction cleverly. The men flocked to this pretty blond girl with the hazel eyes, as to a popular heiress. Unused as she had been to fashionable life, her native wit and confidence, combined with Astro's own support, carried her through with colours flying. The affair soon resolved itself into a rivalry among the women for Astro's whimsical notice, and among the men for Valeska's flashing sallies.

To all hinted requests for character readings, the palmist offered polished and affable excuses. He seemed as much at home in this smart company as in his own picturesque studio. Women gathered about him, fascinated by his romantic personality, and rather pleasantly afraid of his powers as an occultist. Mrs. Selwyn persistently showed him off; but, anxious as she evidently was to make her reception a success, kept to the letter of her promise and did not ask him to perform any tricks for the company.

The salon filled. The talk became gayer. Astro had no time now to speak confidentially to Valeska; but from time to time he sent her a look, a motion of head or hand, which directed her attention to one or another of the party. The quick witted girl watched him everywhere he went, and followed his cues on the instant. Long practice had made it easy for her to communicate with him thus; but this was the first public test of her facility. She played their game with a new zest, her bright eyes and high colour alone betraying her excitement.

At last supper was announced, and as the company paired off and began to leave for the great dining room, Astro succeeded in eluding his worshippers and captured Valeska for a few hasty words.

"There's something in the air," he said under his breath. "Can't you feel it? I don't know just what it is; but there is something sinister impending. Don't laugh. This is not mere professional jargon. You know I'm sensitive to this sort of thing. I never felt it more strongly."

"I have felt so too; but I thought it was a mere fancy."

"Cultivate those fancies, my dear; they're the inchoate beginnings of intuitions. Nothing comes sporadically. There's a reason for every whim we have, and you must learn to trace it."

"I don't like that green-eyed woman. I wonder if she is really a Countess?"

He smiled in amiable derision. "Are you?"

Valeska's eyes dilated. "Who is she?"

"That I don't know. I've tried her with all sorts of traps; but she is too clever."

"Oh, she's bad, I know that; but she fascinates me."

told me. She got acquainted through mutual friends in Florence. That's all I know, except—"

"She came alone, in a hired cab, Mrs. Selwyn

He had lowered his voice to a whisper, and was leaning toward Valeska to continue; when the woman in question appeared at the door of the dining room, cast a sharp look up the hall, and espied them.

"Aren't you coming in, monsieur?" She smiled bewitchingly.

"In a moment, Countess."

"I want to know if you're magician enough to tell me what Mrs. Selwyn's punch is made of. It's the most mysterious thing I ever saw."

"If it's as mysterious as you are, my dear Countess, I'll have to admit I can't fathom it."

She dropped a curtsy, tipping her head roguishly to one side, and withdrew.

"Looking for some one," Valeska suggested laconically.

Astro nodded. "Oh—did you see that chap with a pompadour and a curled blond mustache?"

"Yes. One eye was bigger than the other—the right eye."

"Watchmaker. Comes from screwing up his



right eye in his lens and using it so much. Or possibly—by Jove! a diamond cutter! Queer, isn't it?"

"Decidedly. But they seem to be sure enough of their position here. They're as well received as the other guests."

"There's something awry. I wish I could get it. It's all there in my brain, but I haven't time to think it out, now and here. Never mind! Only wait, and be ready! Come, we'll go in. I'll talk to you later. Here's Mrs. Selwyn now."

Her hostess sailed past on a young man's arm, and, holding out a hand, carried Astro in with her to a seat at the end of the room. Valeska was promptly annexed by Selwyn, a short, puffy little man with muttonchop whiskers and a big stomach. He had the air of not being at all at home in his own house. Nobody could seem so harmless and timid as this chubby, round-faced host. He might have been an awkward servant, in his endeavours to efface himself. At seeing Valeska left alone, he offered his arm in a sudden access of courage. She was not like the others, and apparently he was not afraid of her.

"Infernal humbug, all this sort of thing!" he grumbled.

"Why, what do you mean?" she answered, a little surprised.

"Having this fool palm reader here, and all that. Bosh!"

Valeska could scarcely repress a titter. But Selwyn was evidently quite serious about it. Seeing that he had no idea who she was, she humoured him.

"It is nonsense, of course," she said gravely; "but I think that Mr. Astro is quite modest about it, don't you?"

"Oh, he's all right—he has to make a living, I suppose—but the women make such fools of themselves about him. I might as well give a monkey dinner and be done with it!"

Muttering thus, in an inconsequent, petulant way, he led her into the dining room, where she was immediately surrounded by men who offered her chairs, plates, and refreshments. Selwyn, more than ever disgruntled, retired to the wall, against which he flattened himself, and gloomily regarded the crowd. Valeska, besieged as she was, threw him a smile and a remark occasionally, pitying his discomfort and his timidity.

Meanwhile, her eyes were busy in the room. Once she caught sight of the green-eyed Countess talking with the pompadoured man, and she noted a certain surreptitious haste in their encounter. It was furtive, suggestive, or did she merely fancy it? From them, her glance wandered to the group of which Astro, with Mrs. Selwyn, was the centre. The Countess joined it, sparkling, vivid, keen. A heavy, soggy dowager in black silk, with an extraordinarily low cut dress, plump, round neck and innumerable curls in her gray hair, was absorbed in Astro's conversation. A debutante, as fresh as a lily, ingenuous, eager, bright-eyed with curiosity, leaned over his shoulder, holding out her hand for him to read. Valeska heard little gushes of laughter whenever he spoke. She had never before seen him in such a company, and it amazed her to see how he dominated it, how his magnetism radiated and drew one after another into his circle of influence.

So it went on for half an hour, until the party began gradually to leave the room, drifting out in twos and threes, all more or less stimulated by the supper and the champagne to an increasing good fellowship. All, that is, excepting poor Selwyn, who seemed to shrink smaller and smaller. He hardly spoke to anybody, except to apologise to some woman for stepping on her train, or to call a waiter to pass cigars or wine. His round eyes winked continually, and his lips moved as if he was talking to himself. When Valeska looked at him with an arch smile, he beamed like a child upon her for an instant, and the next all the light went out of his face.

She met Astro in the hall, passed him, and caught a sign. It was the "up and down" signal this time, denoting whom she was to observe—a glance up to the ceiling, and down to his feet. His hand touched his hair with a little flourish. The man with the pompadour! She had it as plain as words could tell it.

She drifted away and sought the man with the pompadour. He was nowhere to be seen. The party was now humming with talk and laughter, and the double salon was crowded. The orchestra swept into a Hungarian rhapsody which seemed to waft a wave of abandon into the room. The men that followed her flirted persistently; it was all she could do now to parry their jests and at the same time keep track of what was going on about her. Astro was standing near the centre of the room in a group of wonderfully dressed and wonderfully

pretty women, each perfect, finished, poised, yet animated and merry. Their little aigrets nodded as they talked and laughed. Selwyn, his hands in his pockets, moodily effaced himself behind the piano in the corner. Every time he saw Valeska, he beamed.

As she stood near the great hall doors, new men were continually brought up to her to be introduced, each with a new compliment or a flippant remark or a joke, each showing a friendly rivalry with the others. Valeska enjoyed it all excitedly. She could recognise the nervous pitch in her voice, as she shot her frivolous retorts; but the newness of it all stimulated her. For the moment she lost sight of the pompadoured man. She was gazing across the room to where Mrs. Selwyn stood, when—

Suddenly the lights in the two chandeliers went out! The room for an instant seemed as black as night. Several women cried out in fright, and then a light chorus of laughter rippled round the room hysterically. In the instantaneous cessation of talk, a shuffling of feet was for a moment all that was heard.

The picture in Valeska's view remained for a moment in her eyes as clear as a photograph against the darkness: Mrs. Selwyn, merry, jubilant, talking to a fat old man; behind her the dowager, the debutante, the pale youth, all talking together; and a little aloof, the Countess, with a strange expression, and her fan pressed to her lips, looking in Valeska's direction—as if she was giving a sign! Then the picture faded; a babble of voices arose. Then,



The Missing Emerald Fell to the Floor

mounting over them all, rising to a scream, Mrs. Selwyn's excited cry:

"Oh! Stop! Help! I'm robbed!"

Valeska at the same moment felt a man rush swiftly past her, and there was a sharp twitch at the side of her waist.

Then another voice came like a bark, swift, stern, mandatory, abrupt, angry. "Light up there immediately! The switch is at the side of the door. Don't anyone dare to move till we have a light!"

At last, after a frightened half-minute, full of whispers and shocked expletives, the lights sprang up again, and showed a room full of shocked, agonised faces. Everyone looked at his neighbour with startled eyes. A louder buzzing of talk arose, only to cease suddenly again as Selwyn, pushing his way into the middle of the room, took command of the situation, like a General.

"Nobody shall move a step here until we find out what's the matter! My wife has lost her brooch, the Selwyn emerald. You all know it. I insist that everyone keep his place until it is found!"

What had awakened in the little man? At the crisis he had changed from a bashful boy into a wilful, assertive man, dominating the room with his resolution. The talk swept excitedly about the place now; each questioned his neighbour, or stared spellbound. Meanwhile, Selwyn had walked to the folding doors and rolled them shut with a bang. Then, red-faced, with a fierce scowl, he strode back to his wife:

"Now who was near you, Betty?"

"Oh, I don't remember exactly," she answered hysterically. "All I know is that when the lights went out some one came up to me and I felt a snatch at my corsage—see where the lace is torn! Somebody stole it. It's preposterous!"

"Search everybody!" somebody called out.

"No, no!" cried others.

"See if it hasn't dropped on the floor!"

For a moment everyone spoke at once, and the confusion was maddening. Then, suddenly clapping his hands for silence, and speaking as sharply as an officer commanding his soldiers, Astro's voice rose over the tumult. He had sprung upon a chair, and his fine head appeared above the throng.

"Mr. Selwyn, let me find the brooch. There will be no trouble, no unpleasantness for anyone. Let everyone keep his place until I've finished, and I'll promise to discover the emerald."

A clapping of hands all over the room responded to his speech. Instantly the mood of the company relaxed from its nervous strain of uncomfortable embarrassment and suspicion to an amused interest.

But Selwyn shook his head savagely. "No indeed! None of your parlour tricks, thank you! I will send for the police immediately. Meanwhile, everyone in this room is my prisoner. Those who object must necessarily be regarded with suspicion."

"Oh, George!" Mrs. Selwyn pleaded, "do let Astro try it! I'm sure he'll be able to do it. He's so clever, and he has done such marvellous things!"

"Yes, yes! Let him try it!" came from everyone.

Selwyn hesitated, looking half-contemptuously at the palmist. "How do you propose to find it?" he asked finally.

Astro put his hand to his head and drew his brows together. "I already feel an influence disturbing the gathering," he said. "I shall be drawn inevitably toward the person who committed the theft, as if by a magnet. Or at least I shall be drawn to the emerald," he added.

"Bosh!" Selwyn exclaimed. "That's all poppycock! What I want is a good detective and a police officer or two to search every man and woman in the room."

At this there came an indignant chorus of protest; the guests stirred uneasily.

"Mr. Selwyn, do you believe in the X ray?" Astro asked.

The little man grunted. "Yes, I do; but this is no time for a lecture!"

"One moment, please, however! Nobody knows in just what part of the spectrum the X rays lie, except that they are beyond the ultraviolet. They are visible only with the fluoroscope. Nobody knows just where the so called actinic rays lie, either. They are invisible also; but they react upon a plate sensitised with nitrate of silver. Where are the N rays, which emanate from the human body? Nobody knows; but I tell you, Mr. Selwyn, that they are registered in the gray matter of my brain. I am sensitive to them, as no one else has been, consciously, for centuries. And it is that sensitiveness that I propose to utilise. No thought can exist without modifying the molecular structure of the brain cells in the thinker. That change acts upon the ether, and is transmitted in vibratory form. Is it not possible that those ether waves can react upon the molecules in my brain and set up a corresponding change to that made by the original thought? Mr. Selwyn, I'll prove it!"

Astro's voice had risen to a strident tone, compelling and incisive. Everyone looked at him eagerly. There was a hush. Then a volley of exclamations broke out like a storm, and Selwyn's last objections were swept away.

At last the host, overborne, and himself piqued with curiosity, gave a gesture of acquiescence. Astro stepped down from the chair, with a fixed look in his eyes, and gazed eagerly to right and left. He paused one moment, standing with his hand to his forehead, his little finger pointed upward. Valeska saw and read the signal.

"Follow the person I point out!"

He then walked up to the dowager with whom he had been at supper time. "Will you kindly take off your left glove, Mrs. Postelthwaite?" he asked.

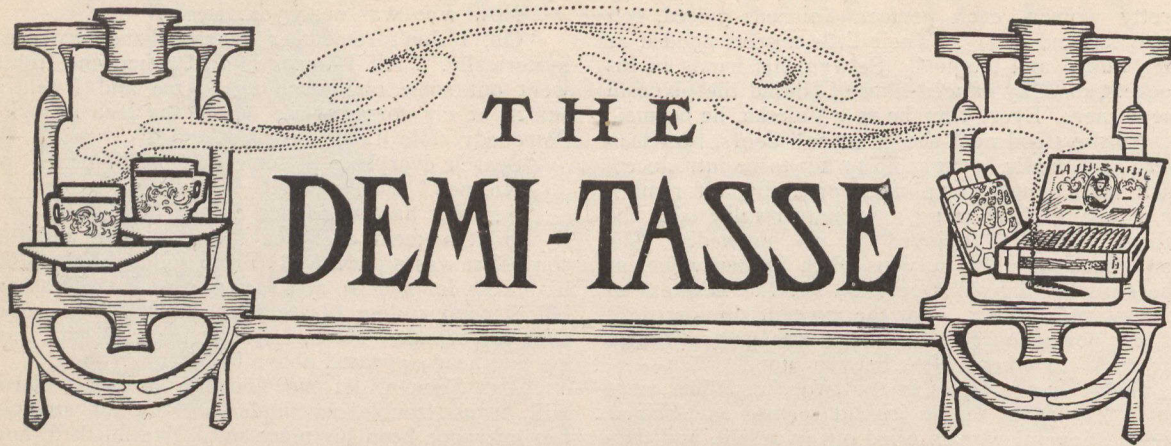
"The idea!" she ejaculated. "Why, what do you mean? Do you dare insinuate that I took Mrs. Selwyn's brooch?"

Her eyes were as wide open as a doll's, and her anger was ludicrous to the company who watched her. For the first time since the lights went out, there was a hearty laugh all over the salon.

"Silence!" Astro commanded harshly. He turned to the gaping matron. "Madam, you must do what I ask, and do it quickly, so as not to delay the recovery! If you are innocent, you have nothing to fear. If you hesitate, we can't, of course, be blamed for suspecting you."

(Continued on page 21)





## TIMELY RHYMES.

There once was a province out west,  
Which was used as political test,  
Sir Wilfrid, with smiles  
And beneficent wiles,  
Said: "I guess we may now do the rest."

The Londoners with awe descry  
A noble knight with aspect high.  
They say with glee  
"Tis plain to see  
Ontario's 'Sir James' is nigh."

Now do the country cousins  
Anticipate the "Fair"  
And to Toronto housewives  
Their happiness declare:  
"For just a little visit  
(To do the Fair up brown)  
We'll be so glad to see you  
We're coming to the town."

\* \* \*

## SAFE.

Prison Keeper: "That convict is what we call a trusty. We can put him at anything and be sure he won't try to escape."

Visitor: "How remarkable!"

Prison Keeper: "Oh, I don't know. He's in for bigamy."

\* \* \*

## A NEW BOOK OF TRAVEL.

It is rumoured that Lord Roberts is writing another book as a companion to *Forty-One Years in India*. It is entitled, *In Hottest America, or A Fort-night in Tropical Canada*.

\* \* \*

## THE LATEST INVENTIONS.

PROFESSOR LANCASTER, the distinguished scientist, in addressing his classes one day, said that, while he would like to believe that all scientists were impeccable, he was forced by a dream he had experienced to doubt their universal goodness.

In this dream the professor had been carried to the gate of the lower regions, which, he was surprised to find, was made of highly-polished marble. Everything within reminded him of a well-appointed club, even to the refreshment which might be obtained at small tables in cosy corners. He resorted to one of these and was promptly served by a dusky attendant who inquired softly: "Ice, sir?"

"Where in the nether world do you get the ice?" said the professor.

"There are many scientific gentlemen here, sir," was the reply.

\* \* \*

## A DEFEATED CANDIDATE.

A CANADIAN politician who came last in a four-candidate election was highly mortified over his defeat and exerted himself to appear jovial and indifferent.

"Ah, well," he said pensively, reviving an old joke. "I was like Lazarus—licked by the dogs."

"No," said a friend of the opposite party. "You were like Lazarus because you came fo(u)rth."

\* \* \*

## THEIR ASPECT.

"There are many sides to politics," said the Man from Hamilton.

"There are only two," said the Man from Ottawa, "the outside and the inside."

\* \* \*

## INFORMATION FOR FOOLS.

Tilly Gruel: "Will you please print in your delightful column directions for making a daisy chain. I have a young man friend. He is fourteen but I am seventeen. Would you let him call on me? He also desires to use my first name, being short and cute."

Thanks for the slush about the column—so glad

it has helped you to lead a nobler life and to see more green in the grass and more blue in the sky, etc. It must be very exciting to have a young man friend aged fourteen. By all means, let him call. You might play marbles in the back yard or teach him ping pong but be sure to send him home at nine o'clock, for a growing boy needs lots of sleep. Yes, let him call you Tilly. It rhymes with "silly," you know. I really don't know a thing about a daisy chain, but if you'll write to the sporting editor of the *Christian Guardian* he'll tell you all about it.

Mabel: "What colour should I wear to the wedding of my second cousin, Gladys Irene? It is going to be a quiet but pretty wedding and the bride is to be married in a going-away gown of smoke-coloured velvet. What would you advise me to send as present? I don't care a button for Gladys Irene but she is marrying a man who has piles of money and an automobile and they are to live just two blocks away from us on their return from the bridal tour."

Green voile over purple calico would be a lovely thing to wear to a quiet wedding. It might be trimmed with fawn applique and touches of sunset gold velvet. I should certainly send a present that will look every cent that it is worth. Don't send a book or a picture. A cut-glass lemonade jug looks large and imposing but do not send lemons with the gift. Some people are so sensitive about these little things.

Pearl: "I have lately become engaged to a young theological student. Can you advise me as to the kind of wedding-gown that is proper for a minister's bride? What refreshments should be offered at the wedding? We are not to be married for two years but I think it is right to know about these details beforehand. Do you think a minister's wife should make her own gowns?"

I do not think I should worry much about the wedding as it is two years off. Theological students are gay deceivers ever and the youth to whom you refer will probably be engaged early and often during the next two years. If he remains constant you had better be married in a serviceable grey alpaca, of which the village congregation will approve. The refreshments should be ham sandwiches with raspberry vinegar. Of course you should make your own

gowns and give the dressmaker money to the little heathen.

ANNABELLE.

\* \* \*  
THE GREATEST BLESSING.

There was a good deal of sound human nature in the unexpected reply of the dying old woman to her minister's leading question: "Here at the end of a long life, which of the Lord's mercies are you most thankful for?"

Her eyes brightened as she answered: "My victuals."

\* \* \*

## HIS ALTERNATIVE.

IT is best to keep one's personal dignity at whatever cost. A befitting sense of what is due one never comes amiss, even within prison precincts. This truth was appreciated by an Irishman whose expression of it is quoted by Michael MacDonagh, in "Irish Life and Character." The prisoner, refractory and obstinate, flatly refused to work in the treadmill.

The man was brought before the governor of the prison for disobedience. The governor asked him what reason he could give for not following out his orders.

"Me go on the treadmill!" exclaimed the prisoner drawing himself up to his full height of offended dignity. "Never, sir! I'd rather lave the jail first!"

\* \* \*

## SCOTCH, PLEASE.

A DISTINGUISHED Indian officer, Scotch to the core, never lost an opportunity of advertising his countrymen.

One evening at mess he had a large number of guests, and had a magnificent specimen of a Highland piper on duty.

To draw attention to the man's splendid appearance he turned to him and said:

"What pairt o' Scotland do you come from, my man?"

With a punctilious salute the reply came:

"Tipperary, yer honour!"—Answers.

\* \* \*

## HE WAS AN ENGLISHMAN.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING has long since declared against the "Little Englishmen"; there is nothing insular about him. Nevertheless there remains a good deal that is English—in more senses than one. Not long ago this was made evident when, at a London club, he encountered one of those unfortunate beings who give their leisure moments to a study of the Baconian cipher.

This person engaged Mr. Kipling in talk; at any rate he engaged the novelist in listening. For fully fifteen minutes he poured forth his arguments, and, in the end, wound up with:

"Now, sir, I think even you cannot doubt that it was Bacon who wrote the plays of Shakespeare."

"Indeed?" replied Kipling with an unaffected yawn. "That may be, but really, what difference does it make so long as it was an Englishman?"—*Saturday Evening Post*.



Lady of Uncertain years. "Ah, Major, we're none of us as young as we were."  
Major (absent-minded, but vaguely aware that a gallant answer is indicated). "My dear lady, I'm sure you don't look it."—Punch.



# PEOPLE AND PLACES

**N**EITHER have miracles ceased. The latest on authentic record is that the municipalities of Edmonton and Strathcona have a tendency to unite under one mayor and council and one civic debt and one street railway system and one hope for the future. Notice of a resolution to that effect has been given by an Edmonton alderman. That this matter is a modern miracle will be attested by all those who remember Edmonton as it was in the famous fight over the land office when there was a pitched battle of Edmonton citizens and police to prevent the removal of that institution to the south side of the river; who recall that after the Klondike rush, Strathcona inhabitants informed new arrivals on trains that there was no more beyond, and that the old town they could see across the river was just a landmark; that some ireful citizen of South Edmonton, as it was then called, rose in the night and daubed red paint over the name of the station; and then—the holy fights they have had over hockey and lacrosse and baseball and the slangwhanging in the newspapers! Now—the lion and the lamb and the millennium. Fort William and Port Arthur papers please copy; likewise North Battleford and South Battleford.

\* \* \*

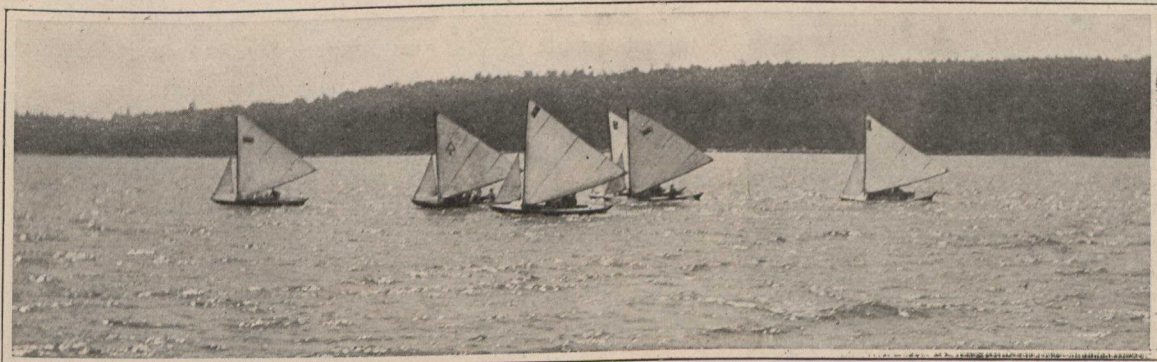
**I**T turns out that Hayes, the winner of the London Marathon, is a Canadian by birth; born in Ottawa, his father being Patrick Hayes, a cabman; for some years a horse trainer in the Capital and associate of Rane, the champion long distance runner. The family moved to New York years ago.

\* \* \*

**F**IFTY years on the map of Ontario, Renfrew has had a celebration that brought local history in that town and incidentally some general Canadian history right up to date. The *Renfrew Mercury* has published a portrait gallery of half a hundred Renfrewites who have helped to make that sturdy northern town one of the feeders of middle Canada. Two of the most conspicuous live ones—for a number of the thrifty pioneers and map-changers are dead—are the two members of Parliament, A. A. Wright, M.P., Conservative organiser, and Mr. T. W. McGarry, M.L.A. Mr. Wright has been thirty-nine years in Renfrew, 1870 to 1899 merchant and member of School Board, of which he was chairman for nineteen years; member of Fair directorate, Hospital Board, Farmers' Institute, pioneer in electrical development, and for ten terms representative of South Renfrew in Parliament. Mr. McGarry is a Renfrew lawyer and is now in his second term as Conservative member of the Ontario Legislature for South Renfrew.

\* \* \*

**A** FEATURE of seamanship that might naturally be expected to belong to the Maritime Provinces is the distinction recently won by the dories from Halifax. Down at the international dory races at Marblehead, Mass., the Nova Scotia dories cut out all other contestants in the third and final race for the Lovitt-Wagner cup; but as they lost the first two races the cup does not come to Nova Scotia. The *Margaret C.* of the Yarmouth Club and the *Maple Leaf* of the Shelburne Club took first and second places in a triangular race of one hundred and twenty miles—which is some distance for small craft calling for much variety of wind and water. The Nova Scotia dories won handsomely.



Start of First International Dory Race at Shelburne, N. S., in 1907. Won by Massachusetts boats. This year's contest took place last week at Marble Head, Mass.

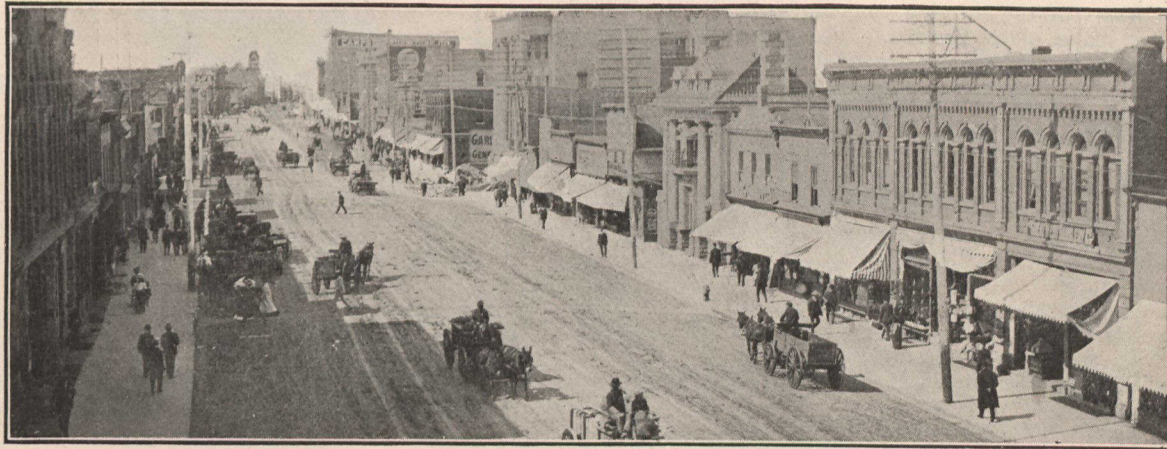
Again at Springfield, Massachusetts, Halifax prowess looms up at the national regatta—this time in oaranship. John O'Neill came a close second to a masterly winning performance of Frank Greer of Boston, in a race on the Connecticut, leaving three other men hopelessly in the rear. Day before

representatives of the St. Mary's Athletic Association of Halifax won the association singles and the senior international fours—in the former Sculler O'Neill being the winner. A few days before the Caledonian games of the Boston Caledonian Club at Boston were held. Largely this was a gathering of the athlete clans of Nova Scotia along with some of the famous strong and swift men from old Scotland against some of the best athletes of the United States. So that the provinces down by the sea amply know how to take care of their good name when it comes to going against athletes abroad.

\* \* \*

**C**REDIBLY the first coal mine ever opened in Canada and for many years neglected has been re-opened near North Sydney, N.S. A heavy seam of coal was discovered, the old workings being in as good shape as they were more than a century old.

\* \* \*



Jasper Avenue, Edmonton, on which Street Cars are shortly to run.

**T**HEY are navigating the Saskatchewan again. This is a revival of an ancient custom which used to be practised on that sacred river of the sand-bars and the islands twenty years ago, and long before that by the York boats. But the old steamers are all kindling wood now and Edmonton, desiring an excursion route for such as have not automobiles, has launched a new passenger boat which made her first trip to Fort Saskatchewan a few days ago. The Fort has always been a warm adjourning place for Edmonton; great attractions—the races and sports and the police; just as St. Albert, nine miles northwest, used to be the meeting-place for religious festivals. At the same time they are building large flat-bottom boats at Strathcona for the purpose of floating coal down the river. This revival of Saskatchewan shippery will be a joy to many who in that land think the winter is quite too long, and sometimes record heavy bets as to when the ice in the Saskatchewan will break.

\* \* \*

**A** HALIFAX coloured man is president of a United States college. President Goler, head of the Livingston College, was born in Halifax, and a brief account of this rather famous negro from the Maritime Provinces has been written by Booker T. Washington, who says:

"Mr. Goler learned the trade of mason at Halifax, Nova Scotia, where he was born. He recalls

Boston that he was able to pay his way through Lincoln University, Pennsylvania, which he entered in 1873, at the mature age of twenty-seven. After two years as a pastor of a church at Greensboro, North Carolina, he became a teacher at Livingston College, where, with the help of the students, he made the brick and laid the walls of most of the college buildings. He is now president of that college."

\* \* \*

**T**WENTY-FIVE Scottish agriculturists have been traversing the beautiful fruit and farm paradises of the Grand Pre valley, in the land of Evangeline and the apple orchard; of great Holland-like dykes and scientific fruit farms and wild reaches of hay land and marshes yet to be reclaimed. The commission have been wildly enthusiastic over the landscape charms of the Sea Provinces. At a New Glasgow dinner every item on the bill of fare was

produced in Nova Scotia. Dr. Carlaw Martin, the chairman, recorded some impressions. With evident enthusiasm he says: "We were much impressed by the beauty of Prince-Edward Island as seen under ideal atmospheric conditions and by the evidence of long settlement with the valleys well studded with homes in which the people evidently take pleasure in living. Some of the farm houses visited showed a real desire to be surrounded by things of taste and culture. The soil of the island struck us as naturally good for agriculture. The wide spaces of the Cornwallis Valley seen from the mountains were a dream of loveliness. Here nature in serving the purpose of man has not lost her pristine beauty and the historic background with the traces of French culture formed a never-to-be-forgotten picture in their minds."

\* \* \*

**N**OW there is talk of Vancouver establishing a public museum and picture gallery in memoriam of Captain Vancouver and Captain Cook—concerning the former of whom an article appeared in the *CANADIAN COURIER* two weeks ago. The Art, Historical and Scientific Society are advocating to acquire the old court house for the purpose of keeping alive in the minds of Vancouverites what they owe to the great Pacific mariners who did so much to prepare the way on the western coast.

\* \* \*

**O**NE thousand dollars from Glace Bay, the celebrated mining town of Nova Scotia, has been voted for the relief of Fernie. This was voted at a public meeting of citizens; and how much sympathy connects miners distant thousands of miles may be feebly measured by the fact that Glace Bay optimists expect the total amount collected for Fernie to reach three thousand dollars.

\* \* \*

**M**OOON-GAZERS up at Dublin, near Stratford, Ontario, have been seeing a cross on the moon. The nature of the phenomenon, signifying as it does that regard for the supernatural is as strong among white people as among savages and children, is well delineated in the *Catholic Record*:

"At 11.30 the blue-embroidered veil that hid the moon from view was suddenly rent in twain, leaving a cloudless sky in the east. Affixed to the moon was a copper-coloured cross. In height the cross seemed about fifteen feet, or ten apparent diameters of the moon. The united arms of the cross measured about seven diameters of the moon; the sky was blue and free from vapour. The cross had no rugged edges; it was perfect in proportion and outline, and it remained in evidence a full half hour."

that he worked at a later period on the old Adelphi theatre building in Boston, and that when the men employed there refused to work with a negro, he organised a gang of negro bricklayers to take the places of the men who struck on that account. It was from the money he earned as a bricklayer in



## What Canadian Editors Think

PROTECTION IS FUNDAMENTAL.

(Toronto News.)

WHEN we have read all the lecturing and hectoring of the doctrinaires and the academicians it is still true that, situated as we are alongside the United States, we must afford a substantial protection to capital invested in Canadian industries and guarantee adequate wages to labour. Otherwise we will drive thousands of our young men over to the American industrial centres, check the growth of population in a multitude of towns and villages, reduce the output of many of the factories in Toronto, Montreal and other populous centres, impair the local markets of the farming communities, and make older Canada a dumping ground for the excess productions of American manufacturers and Western Canada an industrial dependency of the United States. This is the policy which commends itself to the great mass of Canadians regardless of political opinions or party connections and which, if Canadian manufacturers give due attention to the Western market and in conjunction with the transportation companies supply goods of Canadian production to the Western settlers in fair competition with their rivals in the United States, will be as strongly supported on the prairie as in the industrial hives of Eastern Canada.

\* \* \*

### SOLDIER ON AIRSHIPS.

(St. John Telegraph.)

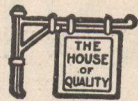
MAJOR BADEN-POWELL, who urges the British Government to grant \$500,000 for airship research and construction, is a soldier of high reputation and an aeronaut as well. He employs language now which, had it been used twenty years ago, would have caused him to be regarded as crack-brained. To-day, in the light of recent experiments, he is seen to be dealing in truth that is stranger than fiction. "The one fact to be impressed upon our legislators," he says, "is this: The power which has the speediest and best equipped fleet of aerial cruisers will possess an immense advantage over any country which has lagged behind in the conquest of the air. What this great revolution means is this, so far as we are concerned, although the fact is insufficiently realised: In time of war we should no longer be an island, and our mighty fleet would cease to be our first line of defence. A dozen great Dreadnoughts would be helpless when faced with the task of repelling a swift fleet of foreign airships sailing high above the earth. In the near future, too, machine guns of light construction may be mounted upon these aerial ships of war, in addition to the explosives which may be carried to drop death and destruction upon an enemy."

\* \* \*

### MR. SIFTON'S PORTRAIT.

(Seaforth Expositor.)

"As I looked at Mr. Sifton in the House, and as I listened to him speak, I have frequently wondered where or how he got his strength or popularity. He is, no doubt, an able man, but so far as any person can judge from the outside there are many men in the House outside of the Government more able than he. He is a large man, but not overly prepossessing in appearance or manner. He has not a good or an agreeable voice and his delivery is not in any way remarkable. His argument, however, is usually strong and his speeches read much better in Hansard than they sound."



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## Torontonians in Summer

THE present long, hot summer, with its unchanging procession of cloudless days and warm, clear nights, has been a perfect bonanza to the numerous and famous resorts of Canada, all of which are being taxed to their utmost capacity by the unprecedented rush of tourists from town and city. Those unable to get away for a prolonged vacation, manage to steal at least each week-end from business and fly to the nearest haven of coolth and rest from city rush and worry, the two most popular places with Torontonians seeming to be the beautiful Muskoka and old-world Niagara, which both welcome large contingents from week to week, whilst many Toronto people are also finding their way to the Lake of Bays, where the new Wawa Hotel is the special inducement. To the few, rapidly becoming the many, who wisely conclude that there is no place like home, at least in hot weather, the ideal city is certainly Toronto with her shady streets, lovely parks and easy access to near-by places of amusement.

For those who love the life and stir of their fellow men, Scarboro Beach and Hanlan's Point are always with us, while, just across the Bay, the Royal Canadian Yacht Club offers inviting balconies, which are crowded daily for afternoon tea and dinner.

The Chief Justice, Sir Glenholme Falconbridge, and Lady Falconbridge are amongst the Torontonians electing to stay at home for the season, and are enjoying the quiet of their own home, enlivened from time to time by the visits of their daughters and grandchildren. Mrs. Cawthra Mulock, who is in England until the autumn, being the only member missing from the family circle. His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor, Lady Clark and the Misses Mortimer Clark are at Cushing's Island, Maine, enjoying the sea breezes and a well-earned vacation after their long season of arduous duties efficiently performed. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Dyment and Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Phillips and their families are among those summering on Lake Rosseau. Mrs. Gzowski is at Port Carling. Mr. and Mrs. Hagarty and their daughters are at Woodington, also Mrs. Warren Burton and Miss Hilda Burton. Col. and Mrs. Maclean, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Maclean, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Lennox, the Misses Lennox, Mr. and Mrs. Worts Smart, Mrs. Michie and two of her daughters, are all spending some time at the Royal in the heart of Muskoka.

Sir James Whitney is in England; Lady Whitney and her daughters will spend a few weeks at their old home in Morrisburg.

A few of those who went down to the Tercentenary were: Colonel Sir Henry and Lady Pellatt, Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie with the Misses Mackenzie, who have just returned from England; Colonel and Mrs. Denison, Colonel Robertson, Captain Douglas Young, Major and Mrs. Van Straubenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Mann, who took down a private car with a party including Mrs. G. Plunkett Magann, Mr. and Mrs. Walker Bell, and many others.

The Attorney-General, the Hon. J. J. Foy, and his daughters are at their Niagara cottage. Mrs. Bruce Macdonald is also at Niagara-on-the-Lake and entertaining very enjoyable week-end parties. Mrs. John Foy is at her cottage with her daughters who are spending the summer riding and driving about the beautiful roads which abound in Niagara. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel have returned from England and are at their Chataouqua

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cottage. Mr. and Mrs. Inglis and Mrs. Andrew Smith are spending some time at the Queen's Royal, to which every well-known citizen of Toronto finds his or her way some time during the course of the summer, and where the Saturday night dance is frequently made the raison d'être of a sail across the lake by the R. C. Y. C. fleet, the young yachtsmen making very acceptable partners in the Casino.

President and Mrs. Falconer, of Toronto University, are summering down in Halifax. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Nordheimer are at Penetanguishene and will return in time to prepare for their daughter's marriage to Mr. Edward Houston, this autumn. Mr. and Mrs. Beardmore were at Minnicoganashene for a time and are spending the remainder of the season at Miss Beardmore's farm, Terrington, on the Kingston Road, where Mrs. Charles Kingsmill and her little sons are staying with them for the summer. Mr. Justice and Mrs. Ritchie have been staying at the Wawa Hotel on the Lake of Bays. Colonel Sir Henry Pellatt and Lady Pellatt are at Casa Loma, where Lord Bruce, son of the Earl of Elgin and Kincardine, was staying with them recently.

A number of distinguished visitors have been at the Queen's Hotel this summer, including General Sir Reginald and Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew, Lady Mary Leith and her son, and Madame Pierre de Raynald, who passed through on her way to Vancouver. The Hon. Adam Beck and Mrs. Beck returned from England in

time for the Tercentenary, after which Mrs. Beck was in Toronto and accompanied the Viscountess Falmouth, who was staying at the King Edward, over to the Queen's Royal at Niagara for a few days.

Mrs. John Cawthra, Mrs. Agar Adamson and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cawthra have also been in England and Mrs. Henry Cawthra is staying at Harrowgate, where her daughter, Grace, is indulging in her favourite pastime of driving her own car, at which she is an adept. Mrs. Albert Austin and Miss Adele Austin are returning home this month and may expect a hearty welcome from the many friends who have missed them so much during their year and a half's absence from Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston have also returned from England and the Continent, where Mr. Johnston visited Dordrecht to indulge his hobby of collecting china and old silver. Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones are in England, while the Hon. Melvin Jones is in town for the summer.

At Cobourg, the Newport of Canada, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Bristol, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Drynan, Captain and Mrs. Walker and Mr. and Mrs. Diaz-Albertini are among the all-summer visitors, while innumerable parties motor in for the week-end. Mrs. Timothy Eaton is at Ravenscrag and Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Eaton are also in Muskoka after a trip to Vancouver and Banff. Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Christie and their sons with Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Clark and daughter, are spending some weeks at St. Andrews, New Brunswick.



The Wawa Hotel, Lake of Bays, possesses one of the finest sandy beaches in Muskoka.

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### A REGGERLER WRIGGLER.

BY BURGESS JOHNSON.

When you was as little as me, did you care  
If they made you stand still while they  
fooled with your hair,  
And combed it and brushed it and  
told you "There, there!"?  
Nurse says, when she lays down the  
comb, with a slam,  
I'm a reggerler wriggler—maybe I  
am.

When I'm doing my lessons or eating  
my meals  
I have to be still as a mouse, till it  
feels  
As if I *must* pound on the floor with  
my heels.  
At church it is awful—the folks all  
declare  
I'm a reggerler wriggler while I  
am there.

It isn't so easy, this trying to keep  
Quite still in the daytime—it hurts  
me a heap;  
And they seem to forget that I'm still  
when I sleep.  
I think little boys who sit still are  
a sham;  
I'm a reggerler wriggler—that's  
what I am.

—Ladies' Home Journal.

### BRER RABBIT'S LOSS.

A MAN who loves the folklore  
stories of Joel Chandler Harris,  
and has taught his little girl to love  
them, too, told the child that "Uncle  
Remus" was dead.

He noticed a little later that the  
child was unusually quiet.

Presently he called to her.  
"What is it, dearie?" he asked;  
"what's bothering you?"

"It's 'bout Uncle Remus, daddy,"  
she answered, and there was a little  
catch in her voice; "I was des think-  
in' how awful sorry Br'er Rabbit  
must be!"



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hold you erect and  
keep you there. *Nulife* positively  
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Write for free booklet or send  
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*Nulife* will be sent  
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Mrs. Selwyn's Emerald

Continued from page 15)

She stared at him indignantly, muttering to herself; but tugged at her glove, nevertheless. He took her bared hand and inspected the palm. Then he took her right hand, gloved as it was, and inspected that.

He left her as suddenly as he had come, however, with no comment whatever, and darted to the young debutante who had also been of his group in the dining room.

"Quick, Miss Preston!" he said. "Take off your left hand glove!"

Miss Preston was young enough and thoughtless enough to take the situation lightly, and obeyed him with a smile. He gave her palm a glance, then turned her hand and looked at the back. Then he left her for the pale, wan youth. His glove too came off his left hand, and his right gloved hand was examined. The man with the pompadour came next, and the same pantomime was enacted. Astro's eyes stayed for a second or two on the man's left coat sleeve; then he passed on.

So he went from one to another, now to a woman, now to a man, until he came to the Countess Trixola. Her eyes had never left him; her hand remained on her breast, as if to hide the beating of her heart. Her eyes were hard and cold; but the pupils were dilated. Her upper lip quivered a little.

"Will you kindly remove your glove, Countess? No, your right, if you please. Yes, thank you. Now your left hand, just as it is. Thank you."

He turned swiftly to the next beside her; but before he had examined the hand he had bitten the knuckle of his forefinger, as if in abstraction.

This Valeska noticed, and from that moment regardless of what he was doing, she kept her eyes on the Countess. The woman had turned to a companion, and was evidently voicing some sarcastic comment on Astro's methods. As she spoke, she moved insensibly away, and backed toward another group, nearer the wall by the windows. The company had now begun to move a little, and her progress was so clever as to be unnoticeable to one who did not specially follow her movements. She passed a few feet nearer the window.

Astro went on steadily, from one person to another, examining palms. In another moment, however, he had stopped dramatically, put both his hands to his forehead, staggered, and dropped to the floor. A woman screamed. Two or three men ran up to support him in their arms. A physician elbowed his way through the crowd.

At that moment, while everyone was staring at the group that surrounded the Master of Mysteries, Valeska saw the Countess move quickly toward the window. There, for a moment, she stood facing the assembly, looking sharply about, her hands behind her back. An instant more, and she had left again and joined the man with the pompadour. She drew him aside and spoke to him. He nodded, looked behind him, and moved away.

Some one was calling for water. A man laid his hand to the door to open it, when Selwyn's voice barked out again. He assumed command again.

"No one leaves this room! This man is not seriously hurt; he hasn't even fainted. It's all a trick to cover his failure. We'll end this nonsense right now, and have in the police!"

Valeska hurried up to the group, pressed in between the bystanders, and knelt beside Astro. "Stand back, please!" she exclaimed. "I know how to attend to him. He has gone into a psychic trance, that's all. The

strain was too much for him. He'll be all right in a moment, and will go on with his search."

She took his hand, and, unseen by the company, pressed it four times. Astro's eyes opened. He sat up; rose to his feet slowly; trembled; looked about; took a step forward tentatively. Valeska still held his hand.

"Silence, everybody!" she called out, and held up her right hand with a warning gesture.

Every eye turned to the two, and every tongue was silent, as Astro moved, at first uncertainly, and then with increasing confidence, directly across the room. He stopped before a tall cloisonne vase standing in front of the window, looked at it for a moment stupidly, then lifted it and turned it upside down. Out dropped the Selwyn brooch.

A hurricane of applause burst from the company, hands clapped, and men cried "Bravo!" Mrs. Selwyn rushed forward.

Astro handed her the brooch. She gave one look at it, clasped it to her breast, and then took the palmist's hand with both hers.

"Wonderful!" she exclaimed. "It's perfectly marvel—"

Then her eyes caught a whimsical look in his, saw his cryptic smile, and her face changed. First it grew suddenly blank, then a delighted expression flooded it.

"Why—why, it was a trick! wasn't it? How clever! Oh, it was worth the fright, really! It was the best thing I've ever seen done! I never suspected it for a minute! Oh, thank you so much! I knew you wouldn't be mean enough to refuse altogether. I knew you'd be nice and amuse us somehow. But my! You are a wizard! aren't you?"

Selwyn strode forward. "Do you mean to say you cooked this whole thing up, sir? Well, you certainly fooled me, by Jove! Ha, ha! You got us all going, didn't you? Think of that! But you pretty nearly caused a big scandal, I tell you!" He turned to a neighbour and began to talk vociferously about it.

The crowd swarmed about Astro now, each eager to congratulate and to praise. Everyone gesticulated, almost screamed at one another, laughing, asking questions without number. Dozens of people, their conventional reserve broken down by the strain of the last few minutes, shook Astro by the hand.

The Countess came up also, to flatter him on his success.

"But you didn't tell me my character after all," she complained playfully.

The glance Astro gave her was cold and sharp. "Madam," he replied, "your character will hardly stand another such test. If you will call at my studio to-morrow, I shall give you some advice. When do you expect to return to Italy?"

She gave him a long stare, grew a little pale, but shrugged her shoulders. "Are you in a hurry for me to return, monsieur?"

"I predict a great misfortune for you, if you remain here for more than a week."

"Thank you very much for your advice, then. You are too kind. Yes, I think I shall be bored to death in this town. I shall go. Au revoir, monsieur! I should like to know you better. We would make fine playmates!"

She smiled, and, as if reluctantly, removed her eyes, and left him.

Mrs. Selwyn drew him aside with eager eyes. "Of course I know I'm a pig," she said; "but really, Astro, couldn't you get that diamond off the Countess' hand and hide it somewhere? It would be such fun, you know! Do be nice and do just one

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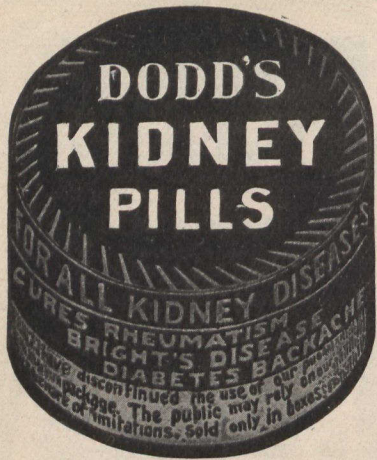
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more! They'll talk about my reception forever, if you do!"

Astro laughed. "That's one thing I'm afraid I can't do. You see, the Countess isn't quite so innocent as you are, Mrs. Selwyn."

"It was a pretty big chance you were taking, seems to me," said Valeska, as Astro drove her home. "Of course she grabbed the stone so tightly that it printed the marks of the facets on her white glove; that part of it was easy. But how could you be sure? You didn't look at half the people's hands."

"You noticed the way she held her fingers when I spoke to you, didn't you? I didn't have time, then, to explain. But I knew by that that she was or had been a pickpocket. The professional dipper works with his first two fingers, and almost always carries his hand with them extended, and the other two fingers curled up out of the way."

"But why did you look at her left glove, instead of the right, as you did all the others?"

"I had noticed at supper time that she was left handed. Where I took my long chance, my dear, was when I trusted to you to find out what she did with the brooch. I confess that when I dropped on the floor and waited for your signal, I was rather anxious. It was up to you, then, to make me or break me. But I was sure I could trust you, and you did beautifully."

Valeska herself had been more anxious during that few minutes than she confessed. There was, however, one more thing to be straightened out in her mind.

"What I don't understand is who put out the lights," she remarked. "I forgot to tell you that I was standing near the wall where the electric switch was and immediately the lights went out some one brushed past me roughly, and something twitched at my waist. I wonder who it was?"

Astro cast a look down at her side and smiled. "Oh, that settles something that bothered me," he said musingly. "Clever little buckles on your corsage, my dear! I wondered how that pompadoured chap happened to have his left coat sleeve cut in such a queer way; but I was too busy to think it out. I wish now I had given both of them over to the police. I expect he's a diamond cutter, fast enough! Mrs. Selwyn is lucky that six or seven different persons won't be wearing pieces of her emerald next year."

The next Master of Mysteries story "The Lorrson Elopement," will appear September 12.

**Englishmen in Canada**

BY EXETER HALL.

A MAN is too apt to judge things generally from his very limited experience about men; it is a safe rule to wait a while before passing an opinion on the country and the customs which prevail. I heard of a man who came to this new world of ours and was so overcome by feelings of homesickness that he did not get any farther than Montreal, and yet this blessed nuisance had the unbridled impudence to announce a lecture on Canada when he got back to his mother's lap again. Oh, ye hardy Norsemen, how shall the graves contain you when your sons so dishonour your fearless history of the past? Let us be thankful, brothers, that there are but few cases on record like this. Speaking of lecturing, this is a temptation against which every very young man in the ministry has to steel his heart. When the Rev. A. B. C.

announces that he will lecture on "His Life," we are at once impressed that something unusual has taken place in the career of the said A. B. C. more particularly as it appears that he has not favoured the terrestrial sphere with his presence more than a quarter of a century—perhaps hardly that. We are further informed that the lecture is one of the said A. B. C.'s "popular efforts," which leads up to the conclusion that this very young man has more than one of these entertaining deliveries. Tickets are purchased without delay, and we appear in due course as expectant auditors. The prodigy tells us a lot of pretty little incidents about the home life which are interesting to the children. The climax is supposed to be reached when A. B. C. relates that one day when three years old he fell into a washtub, and providence and another woman pulled him out, and that as the mountains are round about Jerusalem, etc. We fail to see any connection between this incident and a call to the ministry, although this was strongly urged. The whole affair was sheer twaddle, and we felt as we went home that perhaps it would have been better to have left A. B. C. in the tub. — *Christian Guardian.*

**The Open Road**

BY MAUDE GOLDRING.

Out past the bars of Square and Place,  
And streets where toilers bear their load,  
Past all the hurrying populace  
There runs the Open Road.

How white its ribbon measures out  
The sun-baked acres round the town!

How hoarse the People's empty shout  
Behind us travels down!

They fret, but we, with scrip and staff,  
Take pilgrims' way some dusty eve.  
Behind the People snatch and laugh  
Over the toys we leave.

Beyond us lies the healthy hill,  
Lone valleys where the brown streams meet,  
The low-roofed cot, the turning mill,  
The waving plains of wheat.

Before us still the wide skies arch,  
The primrose West with rose is strewed,  
And shadowy cloud-battalions march  
Across its solitude.

The wild-flower clusters brighter twine,  
The wild birds' note more clearly rings,  
And from the shade of beech and pine  
Look forth the forest things.

But, far behind, through dusty days  
The People fret against their bars,  
And set no foot in open ways,  
Nor eye the evening stars.

And some have paused by purple slope  
To hear the echo of their sighs,  
Turned back to bring the People hope,  
And toiled to make them wise.

For air and the blue heav'n are free  
(Say they), and peace is not for few.  
And these must share, as well as we,  
The stars and morning dew.

These must come forth with pilgrim song,  
With light-weighted scrip and strength'ning rod,  
For unto all the roads belong,  
And the straight paths of God.

—*The Spectator* (London).

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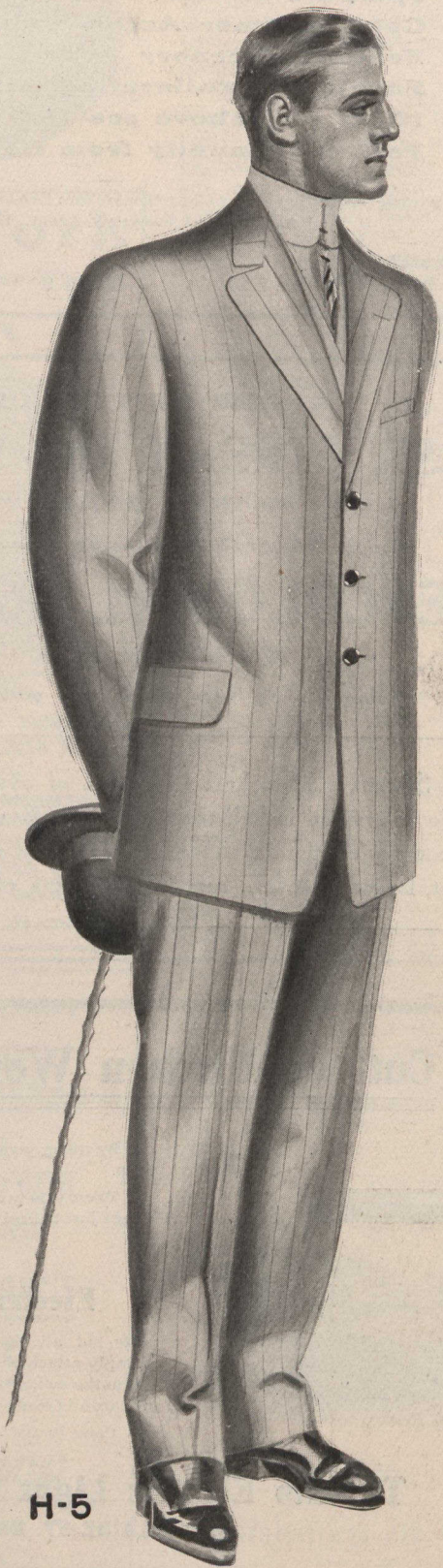
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