

All A Mistake

By EDWARD C. HANCOCK

I reached my destination at eleven o'clock at night, was driven to the hotel, was shown to my room and went to bed. The next morning I did not return to the room after breakfast, but did so at noon. An important matter of business absorbed my attention, and I was unmindful of everything else. My key did not work in the lock; but, turning the knob, the door opened. I concluded that either I or the maid who had put the room in order had left it unlocked. Still thinking on other matters I saw on the mantel a package done up in paper. It was about three inches long by two broad and an inch thick. At another time I would have examined it, but, with my mind full of business, I concluded to be one of a number of small packages which had taken out of my suitcase when making my toilet in the morning, so I put it in my coatpocket. Going to the stand to wash my hands I discovered lying on it a ring set with two large diamonds. I dropped my business matter and fixed my attention on the ring. Then I looked about the room. There was a trunk in it that was not mine. A wardrobe stood open and I could see within articles of woman's apparel. I had got into the wrong room. Had the ring not thus been exposed I would have simply retired. As it was I should be seen leaving the room and a thief should appropriate the jewelry I would be suspected of having stolen it. I concluded to take it to the office. As I was leaving to do so I met a lady about to enter. She looked at me, flushed and excited and asked: "What were you doing in my room?" Before I had time to reply she called a porter who was passing and said: "Hold that man till I go into my room and see if anything is missing." She ran into the room while the porter kept me under observation. "It's gone," I heard her say, and coming out, she told the porter that she had left a diamond ring on the washstand and had taken it. "Pardon me," I said. "I got into the wrong room. I found your ring on the washstand and was taking it to the office. Here it is." "That's a likely story," said the porter. We three went to the office, where explanation was listened to with evident distrust. But the young lady, having secured her ring, was not minded to press the matter, and it was dropped, but not for long. In half an hour, while I was sitting near the hotel entrance, a policeman entered, the clerk pointed to me, and I was taken into custody. I was led to the police station to answer to a charge of robbery and, fortunately having evidence of property with my appearance, was paid by the clerk why the matter was so delayed. He replied that the lady had missed something else—she would not say what—and it had made her very angry. I tried to think of something I had misappropriated besides the ring, but could remember nothing. Later, upon putting my hand in my pocket for my handkerchief, I had found on the mantel. I went to my room—my own room this time—uncovered the package and displayed a bundle of letters. Having convinced myself from the address on one of them that they were not mine I wrapped them up again and put them back in my pocket. I made up my mind that there was a story in these letters which was running counter to the story of my having inadvertently come into possession of them. I was to be tried for stealing the ring and perhaps would not be able to prove my innocence. Indeed, appearances were much against me. Might not these letters be used to induce that lady to withdraw her charge? I had no sooner thought of this than I took them to the office of an acquaintance and put them in his safe. I did not wish them to be recovered by search. As soon as I had done this I wrote my accuser a note telling her that I had inadvertently appropriated some letters belonging to her and that she might have them by withdrawing her charge against me. She had become so sure that I was a professional thief that she wrote back stating that she would withdraw the charge and give me \$500 for the letters. I wrote her that I did not ask money for the letters and that she was welcome to them if she would withdraw her charge against me. In this she acceded, and instead of sending some one to me with an order for them to the hotel parlors, I did not propose to be outdone by a woman, so I left the letters where I had put them. We met as agreed. The lady was not over twenty-four years old and was quite comely. She was evidently of the upper class and had wounded my vanity by not recognizing my name for a social equal instead of mistaking me for a thief. She opened the negotiations. "Are you a tool of George Norton?" she asked abruptly. "I haven't the pleasure of the gentleman's acquaintance." "You must have seen his name on the letters. They were addressed to him." "I looked at one address, which convinced me that the letters did not belong to me." "Do you mean to tell me that you haven't read them?" "I do." "Then how did you know I would value them so far as to offer so much for them?" "I didn't until you made your offer." "Will you please tell me how you restrained yourself from reading the letters?" "Other people's letters don't interest me."

"SANDY" BARTLETT STORIES.

Late Windsor Magistrate Was a Famous Character For Many Years.

Windsor, Ont., sustained a great loss in the death, a few days ago, of "Sandy" Bartlett, who for over half a century was its police magistrate. In the best sense of the term he was "boss of the town," and wherever he went in Windsor people never dreamed of questioning his authority, even though he might be dealing with matters that did not come within the range of his duties as magistrate. He brought to bear on his work cool, calculating common sense, and often brushed aside technicalities to do justice. Many a time he imposed a fine and then promptly paid it out of his own pocket; he gave a great number of men good advice instead of a term in jail, and he would never separate man and wife if he could arrange a reconciliation. Newspaper men of Windsor and Detroit well remember "Sandy" and his advice. Some six or seven years ago on one of the occasions when a number of them had remained in police court after the session of the court, the venerable magistrate gave advice to some of them who were smoking. "You should not smoke," he said. "It's bad business. I never smoked in my life." Some of the reporters stuck up for their smoking, but he said, "No, it's harmful. Look at Brother William. He's just smoking himself to death." The magistrate at that time was about 81 years old, and Brother William was then about 85. Mr. Bartlett invariably stood for British law and order in a town which is subject to "dumpings" of foreign criminals. He was decidedly severe on the latter, especially such characters as entered upon matrimonial adventures, regardless of former ties in the "States." On one occasion there was brought before him an enterprising gentleman, who had taken the ferry from Detroit and settled in Windsor, with a view to marrying "a lady of means." His ingratiating manner brought him success in this undertaking, when it was discovered that more than one wife awaited him in vain in the "Land of the Somewhat Free and the more-or-less Brave." Life became rather strenuous for the foreign gentleman, who finally found himself in the police court under the searching eyes of Mr. Bartlett. "May I go back to Detroit?" asked the gentleman of many marriages. "After you've served a sentence here, this is no free country," objected the prisoner. "Not for such as you," said the magistrate, with a grim set of his Scottish jaws. "Well," said the dejected one persistently, as he was led away, "I want to know how soon I can get married after I am out." But the magistrate was too disgusted at this failure to appreciate the nature of the marriage vow to make any reply. Canadians With Mrs. Eddy. It will be of interest to Canadians to know that two of the chief lieutenants of the late Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy and who helped to make her great success, are Canadians. Mr. Archibald McLellan, chairman of the board, had the confidence of Mrs. Eddy, who, despite her deeper interest in spiritual matters, had a knowledge of the world which made her an excellent judge of men. He is also the editor of the Christian Science publications issued in Boston. Mr. McLellan was born in New Brunswick in 1857 and when a boy went to Boston. He was admitted to the Bar in Chicago. Mr. McLellan became actively identified with the Christian Science movement in 1905 and since 1907 has been in charge of the management of the property of Mrs. Eddy. Mr. Adam H. Dickey, private secretary to Mrs. Eddy and a director, spent most of his life in Kansas City, Mo. He was born in Toronto, Ont., on June 26, 1864, and received his education in the model schools of that city. In 1881 he went to Kansas City. He was converted to Christian Science in 1897, retired from the manufacturing company and in 1899 became a Christian Science healer. At that time the Scientists had no church in Kansas City, and Mr. Dickey was influential in bringing up the first church of that faith. Mr. Eddy summoned him to Boston three years ago and offered him the place of private secretary, which he accepted. His last official act was to recommend his appointment to the board. Last Session's Record. Last session of the Ontario Legislature opened on Jan. 25 and was prorogued on March 19. The session a year ago was marked by five divisions and the passage of 168 bills. The legislation included the extension to Toronto of power to construct a tube system of railways, also the right to construct surface street railway extensions. The passage by acclamation of the Ontario Telephone Act was one of the notable achievements of the session. There is every indication that the session which will open soon will furnish further proof of the progressive development and public ownership policy of the Whitney administration. Sir Charles Townshend. Sir Charles Townshend, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia since 1907, who is one of Canada's new Knights Bachelor, was born March 22nd, 1844, at Amherst, N.S. He is the son of Rev. Canon Townshend, rector of Christ's Church. He was educated at King's College, Windsor, and was called to the Bar in 1866. He was elected M.P.P. for Cumberland County in Sir Charles was from 1887 to 1907 Sir Charles was judge of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia. Winnipeg's Population. Henderson's directory for 1911 gives greater Winnipeg a population of two hundred thousand. The man who usually attracts more attention than the best one. You are in luck when you save for the rainy days that never come. The results of ability are often stilled by the ignorant as luck.

HOUSE CLEANING.

Commons and Senate Get a Thorough "Rubbing Up" at Christmas.

During long adjournments, such as for the Christmas and New Year holidays, the Parliamentary precincts were an unoccupied desert. The lobbies are given over to charwomen; the messengers take possession; the rooms, the Liberal headquarters, read the papers, and puff Laurier cigars. All the machinery of the big building stops, and the hum of the wheels is like a still, fresh from their holiday festivities, the members troop in and go through the motions of work once more until the May flowers bloom on the hill. In the Senate the cleaners have again been at work during the past few days. In the main corridor, where the old oil paintings have gone before, the whirling wheels of the sweeper have been busily engaged in sucking the dust from the red carpet. The gorgeous frames which surround the features of the old-timers are brushed up, and an evening attempt is made to make the Red Chamber and its surroundings appear once again as they were before their previous "morgue-like" appearance. One casualty has been reported. An energetic washerwoman, who was soaping the lion and the unicorn on the top of the throne, used the elbow as a scourge so vigorously that she broke off a corner of the marble. There was a council of war; old John Dufferin, who has been the major domo of the Senate ever since there was such an institution, had a long conference with the carpenter downstairs, Allan cattle ship, and between the two they managed to glue on the tail. But for a time the horrible thought that His Excellency might have to sit under a tailless unicorn quite upset the Senate staff. The glue was an excellent idea, as Ottawa stores are not glutted with a stock of unicorn tails. Saturday Night.

THE MISSIONARY'S FRIEND.

Sir Andrew Fraser Will Come to Canada to Attend Conventions.

Sir Andrew Henderson Leith Fraser, K.C.S.I., who, according to a recent cablegram, has agreed to come over to Canada next autumn to assist in a series of conventions of the Missionary Movement, is one of the greatest living lay authorities on the practical side of missionary work in the east. He has been quoted as saying, as one who has had experience as a very high public official in India, that the missionary is the most powerful agent of lasting imperialism now working in the world. He was educated at the Edinburgh Academy and Edinburgh University, obtaining at the latter the degree of M.A. in course and that of LL.D. honorarily. In his twenty-third year, he entered the Indian Civil Service, and remained actively engaged therein until 1908, when he returned to Scotland, taking up his residence at Auchincloss, in Perthshire, where he has exceptional facilities for gratifying his ruling passion for the game of golf, and where he delights to entertain missionaries and other toilers in the Indian field, who may be after a spell of hard work recuperating in the old land before returning to renew the uphill fight against fanaticism, superstition, ignorance, and disease in Britain's Asiatic Empire. In his hospitality to missionaries Sir Andrew Fraser recognizes no denominational lines. His activities in the Indian service covered a wide sphere. He was a member of the historical Hemp Drug Commission, which investigated the grave evils resulting from the general use of numerous vile drugs, and whose report resulted in the enactment of drastic remedial laws of the greatest importance. For two years he was Land Revenue Officer, an appointment which brought him directly into touch with all the local governing bodies in the country, and concessions to the Government revenues increased materially during his administration, and incidentally many injustices and petty hardships imposed upon the poorer classes of natives disappeared. In recognition of these services he was created C.S.I. For some time he held the important appointment of President of the Police Commission, using his influence to keep down the illicit sale and use of opium and other harmful drugs, and making a determined effort to put a final stop to child murder and kindred heinous practices, which in a few remote places had contrived to survive in spite of the law. From 1903 until 1908 he had the honor of holding one of the most dignified and influential appointments under the Government of India, that of Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, and the year he received his commission to this office he was created K.C.S.I. Lady Fraser, who is Sir Andrew's second wife, is a daughter of Col. H. L. Lugard, I.S.C.

AN ALPINE CLUB SONG.

Mr. L. S. Amery has well expressed the spirit of the Canadian Alpine Club in the following verses, appearing in its journal. They are an adaptation of the well-known Harrow football song, "Forty Years On," written by E. E. Bowen, and set to music by John Farmer:

Forty years on, when afar and asunder Parted are those who are singing to-day When you look back, and forgetfully wonder What you were like in your work and your play; Then, it may be, there will often come o'er you Glimpses of days when your pulses beat strong; Dreams of the mountains shall float then before you, Echoes of notes from our camp-fire song. Chorus: Follow up! Follow up! Follow up! Hear it ringing again and again; 'Tis the call of the heights to the plain. Follow up! Follow up! Oh! the great days in the distance enchanted, Days of fresh air in the snow and the sun; How we rejoiced as we toiled and we pained; Hardly believable forty years on. Then, you will say, not a feverish minute Strained the weak heart or the wavering knee Was the day hard? We were bound to be in it. And neither the last nor the faintest were we. Follow up! etc. Forty years on, growing older and older, Feathered wind as in memory long, Feels of frost and rheumatic of shoulder. What will it help you that once you were strong? God, give us summons to stir our endeavor. Peaks to be conquered in earnest Grant we mount eagerly, fearlessly ever. Twenty, and thirty, and forty years on. Follow up! etc. Now the great peaks watching silently or not, Sentinel guards of our camp and our land. Bid you remember the morrow before us. Bid us take thought for the task we've in hand; So from the camp-fire we must be going; Wishing each comrade a pleasant good-night; Soon on the summits the dawn will be glowing; We must be there to salute her bright. Follow up! etc. A Social Item. Vain are the efforts of the satirists who attempt to parody the "society" song, so much affected by the daily and other papers, not being able to distinguish between the real thing and the travesty. For example, the following account of a "Dejeuner de Luxe at the De Smythe Residence" is so close to the genuine article that feeling affronted may be excused for that resplendent function. On Wednesday morning last at 7.15 a charming little breakfast was served at the home of Mr. de Smythe. The dejeuner was given in honor of Mr. de Smythe and his two sons, Mr. de Smythe and Master Blunk de Smythe, who were about to leave for their daily travail at their white-sailed Bureau de Flour et de Fed. All the gentlemen were very quietly dressed in their habits de work. Miss Melinda de Smythe poured out tea, the dejeuner having refused to get up so early after the party of the night before. The menu was very handsome, consisting of eggs and bacon, demi-froid, and ice-cream. The conversation was sustained and lively. Mr. de Smythe sustained it and made it lively by his laughter and his good nature. In the course of the talk Mr. de Smythe stated that the next time he allowed the young people to turn his maison topsy-turvy he would see them in enfer. He wished to know if they were aware that some of the evening before had broken a pane of glass in the hall that would cost him four dollars. Did they think it was made of argente? If so, they never made a bigger mistake in their vie. The meal closed with general expressions of good feeling. A little bird has whispered to us that there will be more parties at the De Smythes' pour long temps. Stephen Leacock. Her Reasons. There was a small gathering of Canadian women, discussing the suffrage among other burning questions. There were present, also, an English woman who belonged to the "militant" class, and a bright, little matron from Melbourne, Australia. The English visitor, after declaring that woman is on a plane of intelligence quite equal to her brethren, asserted that the feminine vote in Australia has done much to elevate that colony. "You have voted; Mrs. A—," she said turning to the Australian. "Oh, yes," said the vivacious matron from Melbourne, "just once. He was a friend of Jack's, and he had splendid shoulders and charming manners." After Fifty Years. Wreckers are bringing up iron that they are salvaging from the steamer Hungarian, of the Allan Line, lost in the year 1860, on the coast of Nova Scotia. A cargo of this iron was brought to Halifax recently. Years ago a large quantity of iron was salvaged from the Hungarian, but it did not pay in the long run, and work makes the operation profitable. And many a man never realizes the value of his home until he has occasion to collect the fire insurance. Of the great cities of Europe the English of Halifax is the highest. The automobile industry provides a livelihood for 1,000,000 persons.

A CANADIAN M.P.

Sir Chas. Day Rose, Bart., Comes From Montreal.

Sir Charles Day Rose, Bart., who was recently elected by Newmarket to the British House of Commons in the Liberal interest, is not merely a native of Montreal, but was a very well known amateur in the commercial metropolis when a young man. In fact, as a boy attending the High School, he made a reputation for himself as a football player, a snow-shoer and a swimmer. Later, being sent for several years to Rugby he distinguished himself as a player of that great English school. He had the honor of playing on the "School" football team, won a place on his "heuss" cricket team, and captured the championship of the school at broad jumping. He became, in fact, a fine all-round athlete, and when he returned to Montreal he figured conspicuously in the local athletic world, being always a sure selection for the city's best lacrosse, football, and cricket teams in those days. He was an active and energetic officer in the militia, too, being a captain in the old Montreal Garrison Artillery and in 1870 commanding the company at the skirmish at Trout River, on the Huntingdon frontier, when the Fenians were driven from their entrenchments by the volunteers supported by H. M. 69th Regiment. Shortly after this event he left Montreal to join his father and brother who had taken their residence in England. Sir Charles Rose who was created a baronet by King Edward VII. in 1909, is the second son of the late Right Hon. Sir John Rose, Bart., who in his time was a very prominent figure in the public life of Canada. This former Canadian statesman was a native of Aberdeenshire, Scotland, and while yet a mere stripling, came to Canada with his parents and the rest of his family, and settled in the Eastern Townships. For a short time after he came to this country he acted as a tutor, and then went to Montreal to study law. He was called to the Bar of the Province of Quebec in 1842, and being a good speaker, a close student, and a hard worker and withal possessed of a striking appearance, he soon acquired a large practice at the Montreal Bar, the Hudson Bay Co. and many other large corporations being among his clients. After less than five years practice he was made Q.C. On entering political life he was offered the position of Solicitor-General in the Macdonald-Cartier administration of the old province of United Canada. As Commissioner of Public Works, it devolved upon Sir John Rose to take charge of the arrangements made for the extended trip through Canada of King Edward VII. (then Prince of Wales). Sir John attended to every detail personally, and accompanied the royal visit throughout the country. His Royal Highness was intensely pleased with all he did, and with Sir John as a personality, and thus laid the foundation of an intimate relationship which has existed ever since between the royal family and that of Sir John Rose.—Family Herald and Weekly Star.

THE JUDICIAL SANTA CLAUS.

Judge Morgan Can Hand Out a Pretty Severe Sentence When He Likes.

Whenever Judge Morgan takes charge of the county criminal cases, there is an outcry from the police and other persons who think too much leniency does more harm than good. The judge never imposes a sentence unless he cannot possibly help it, so thieves and shoplifters like to go before him. His white hair and his flowing white beard are a welcome sight to any one who thinks that the judge is kind and kindly heart, and one little child sized up very accurately a few weeks ago. A case was being tried, and a little girl who had come to court with her mother sat for a long time and watched the judge intently. Then she said to her mother, "Do you think I can go up and whisper to Santa Claus?" There are times, however, when the Judicial Santa Claus shows his severity. Some years ago a young man won leniently by making a very elaborate speech about his desire to reform, and to be a worthy son. He touched the judge on the arm and was treated to one of his honorably known lectures; after which he received his freedom. The news spread abroad later that the young man's desire to reform evaporated at the door of the City Hall and he was boasting how he had pulled the wool over the judge's eyes. A detective picked him up one day when he was bragging to some of his boon companions, and as Judge Morgan happened to be conducting court, he was placed in the dock immediately. He discovered that Santa Claus had handed out a real sentence when he saw that, for the smart youth went down for four years. Dr. Cash Forget. During the tour of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his party through the West embarrassing experiences were doubt frequent. The following one is on Dr. E. L. Cash, M.P., Yerkton, Sask. After the public welcome, speech-making, etc., his constituents crowded around for requests that they be introduced to the local doctor, who willingly complied, and then followed a long and confusing round of introductions. Finally, coming up to a group of men from a distant ridge, the doctor found himself unable to remember their names and, stooping down, he went around the group saying, "Name, please; your name, please." Upon straightening himself again to make the formal introductions, he found he could not remember a single name in the party. Just then one of his near neighbors happened along, and the doctor was forced to ask the name, and confidently affirms that if his own wife had appeared at that moment he would have been unable to introduce her without enquiring "Name, please." Curious enough, there's no member of Parliament who's deeply interested in his constituents or more likely to remember their names on most occasions than Dr. Cash. New Use for Electricity. A new use for electricity has been discovered by an Ottawa man. Dr. Mark McLinnney, a dentist and inventor, has constructed a machine known as "Teleelectron," which puts patients to sleep by placing them under the influence of a softened effect of Hertzian waves. The inventor confidently expects that his device will displace ether, chloroform and all other anesthetics for hospital operations, and will also in time find a place in the bedchamber of victims of insomnia. Dr. Grenfell's Conversion. Dr. Wilbur Chapman, the evangelist recently told how Dr. Wilfrid Grenfell was converted at a Moody meeting, because Mr. Moody interrupted an old deacon who had prayed all around the world twice and was starting a third time. "While the brother concludes his prayer," said Moody, "Dr. Grenfell hymn." This held Dr. Grenfell and he stayed, and the result was the great work on the Labrador coast. A large German electric power station is relying wholly upon peat for fuel. Revised for the ultra-fashionable space the roof and spin the bull pup. Did it ever occur to you that Adam was a little bit apple hungry?

Ten Years of Our Century.

Ten years of "Canada's Century" is now on record. There is one phase of Canadian development which the story of a decade depicts most very prominently. On January 1, 1901, there were half a dozen cities in Canada worth talking about—as centres of development. To-day there are a score. Ten years ago the two first cities were little more than half their present size. Winnipeg was just emerging from the fur-post era, with forty thousand population, plank sidewalks, and for the most part wooden buildings. Vancouver was an isolated seaport town—a city only by statute and in the promise of things to come. Victoria was mainly residential and big town. Edmonton had 2,000 population, and no railway. Calgary was still a big cow-town with a few sandstone blocks. Regina was a temperance village, with a train three times a week. Prince Albert was just getting over its failure to corral the Klondike outfitting trade. Medicine Hat knew nothing of the gas in its basement. Fort William and Port Arthur were a pair of stopping places half asleep on the edge of Lake Superior. The "Scot" was just beginning to be an iron centre, with Clergus as the dominant factor. Brandon was a small market city, and Ottawa had not yet discovered Chaudiere horse-power. Novel "Parcels." Two girls, aged six and five years respectively, the daughters of English parents residing in Strathcona, Alberta, traveled recently all the way from England unattended. They were put on the train at Sheffield labelled like parcels of merchandise. A brook father, being surrounded the waist of each, with painted letters reading "To Mr. M. H. Strathcona, Alberta, per S.S. Empire of Britain, care of Canadian Pacific Railway." The little pilgrims arrived safely with a cartload of toys given to them by the passengers on the boat with whom they became great favorites. New Government Buildings. Samuel Hooper, provincial architect for Manitoba, is preparing plans for new Government buildings, to cost over \$3,000,000, according to estimates. The proposed buildings include new legislative buildings, a new agricultural college and a new asylum at Brandon, to replace that destroyed by fire about six weeks ago. Welland's Remarkable Growth. Statistics which have just been compiled, show that Welland has had a greater growth during 1910 than during any previous year in her history. When the new factories which have located in the town are completed in 1911, it is expected that the population will practically double again, as it has done each year during the past three years. When every can't think of anything else to say it always accuses success of having a crooked head. Pennsylvania has one-fifth of the cement mills in the United States. Farham, Ont., had a \$25,000 fire on Wednesday. Stores were destroyed.