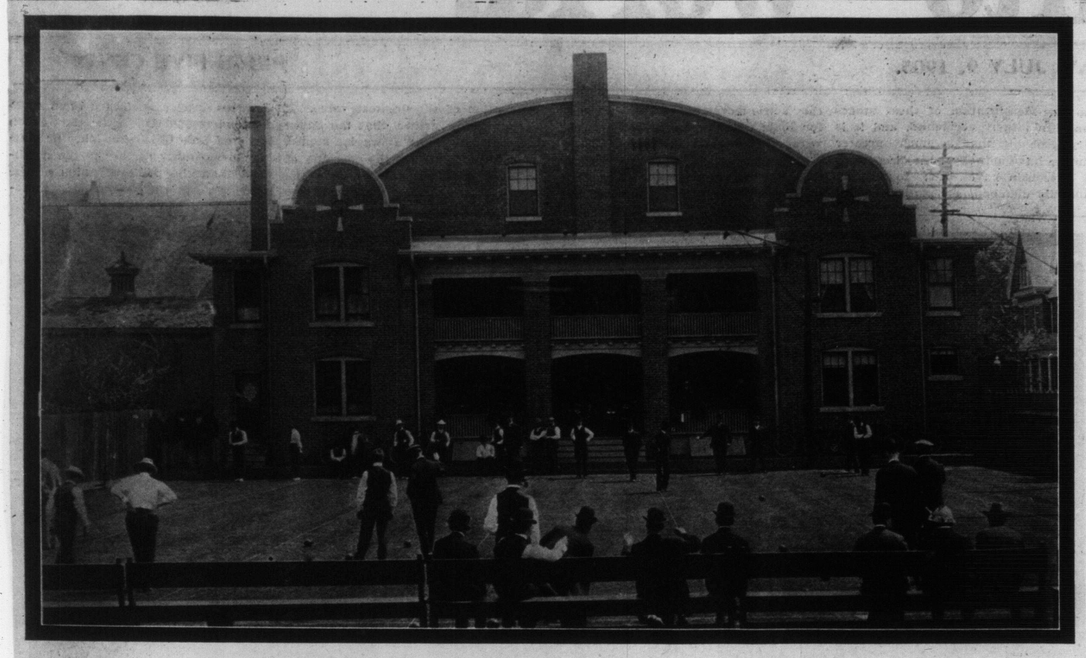


BOWLING ON THE GREEN AT THE QUEEN CITY BOWLING CLUB, TORONTO.

European Duties On Automobiles

THE frontier regulations for automobiles and motor cycles are well worth knowing by the tourists who are going abroad this summer. Briefly they are as follows:

Austria—The duty on automobiles and motor cycles must be deposited and a receipt taken at the time they enter the country. The money will be repaid to the traveler on his recrossing the frontier with the machine if the receipt is presented to the customs authorities. The receipt is valid for two months, and may in certain cases be extended, but not beyond Dec. 31 of the year of issue.

Belgium—The duty is 12 per cent. ad valorem, paid on entry; a receipt valid for a year is given.

Denmark—No duty is collected on automobiles for traveling purposes and as a means of transportation. A simple declaration of the traveler that the entry is temporary is sufficient.

Germany—Automobiles and cycles are identified at the last custom house before leaving German soil so that there may be no additional proceedings on their re-entering the country. On foreign automobiles the duty is 150 marks ($35.70) each. The automobile is provided with a lead seal. The amount will be repaid if the receipt is presented at the custom house when the machine is taken out of the country.

England—Automobiles in condition for use are duty free. There are no special requirements.

France—On entry of automobiles into France a guaranty must be deposited, viz., 50 francs ($9.65) for 100 kilograms (220 pounds) if the vehicle weighs more than 125 kilograms (275 pounds), and 120 francs ($23.16) if it weighs less than 125 kilograms. The customs receipt is good for six months, and the amount will be repaid to the traveler on his leaving the country.

Greece—Besides a non-returnable fee of a few drachmas (1 drachma equals 19.3 cents) the duty on automobiles is calculated according to a special tariff. When the vehicle leaves the country the duty is repaid, but 5 drachmas (97 cents) for expenses and an additional payment are deducted if it does not repass the same custom house as he entering.

Italy—For motor cycles with two or more wheels 42.60 lire ($8.22) duty must be deposited. Automobiles with two wheels and three springs attached directly to the vehicle pay 119 lire ($21.23). Motor vehicles having more than two wheels and three springs which are attached directly to the vehicle or by means of auxiliary springs pay a duty of 330 lire ($63.69). The receipt is valid for six months, but the period may be extended to one year upon a written application made before the expiration of the six months. The money will be refunded to the traveler on leaving the country.

Luxembourg—Automobiles are duty free if in condition for use on entering from Germany, as Luxembourg belongs to the German customs union. The duty is 150 marks ($35.70). The duty will be refunded when the traveler leaves the country on condition that he has given a notice containing a description of the automobile and place of entering and leaving the country to the custom house in Luxembourg ten days before his entry.

Netherlands—Automobiles are free of duty if used for traveling, but the frontier customs official has discretionary authority, as a matter of precaution, to demand a deposit, which may not exceed 5 per cent. of the value. The receipt is valid for one year, and the duty will be refunded on presentation to any frontier customs official by the traveler on recrossing the border with the vehicle.

Norway—Automobiles are free of duty as a means of traveling. The traveler must make written declaration that the vehicle is for the purpose of travel and is being entered for temporary sojourn only.

Portugal—Duties are established for particular cases. Deposit will be refunded when machine is taken from the country. Notice by letter or telegram should be given to the frontier customs official concerned.

Roumania—Duties on vehicles are according to a special tariff. Deposit will be refunded when machine is taken from the country. Previous notice is indivisable.

Russia—Vehicles can cross the frontier only by special permission of the Minister of finance obtained by written request. The duty for a two-seated vehicle is 99 rubles ($46.35) in gold and 4 per cent. extra for coach and trimmings; for a four-seated or larger vehicle the duty is 132 rubles ($67.98) in gold and 20 per cent. extra. Duty on the motor is additional, according to a special tariff. There are many requirements to be fulfilled. Duty will be refunded to traveler in two to ten months, when he leaves the country with the machine.

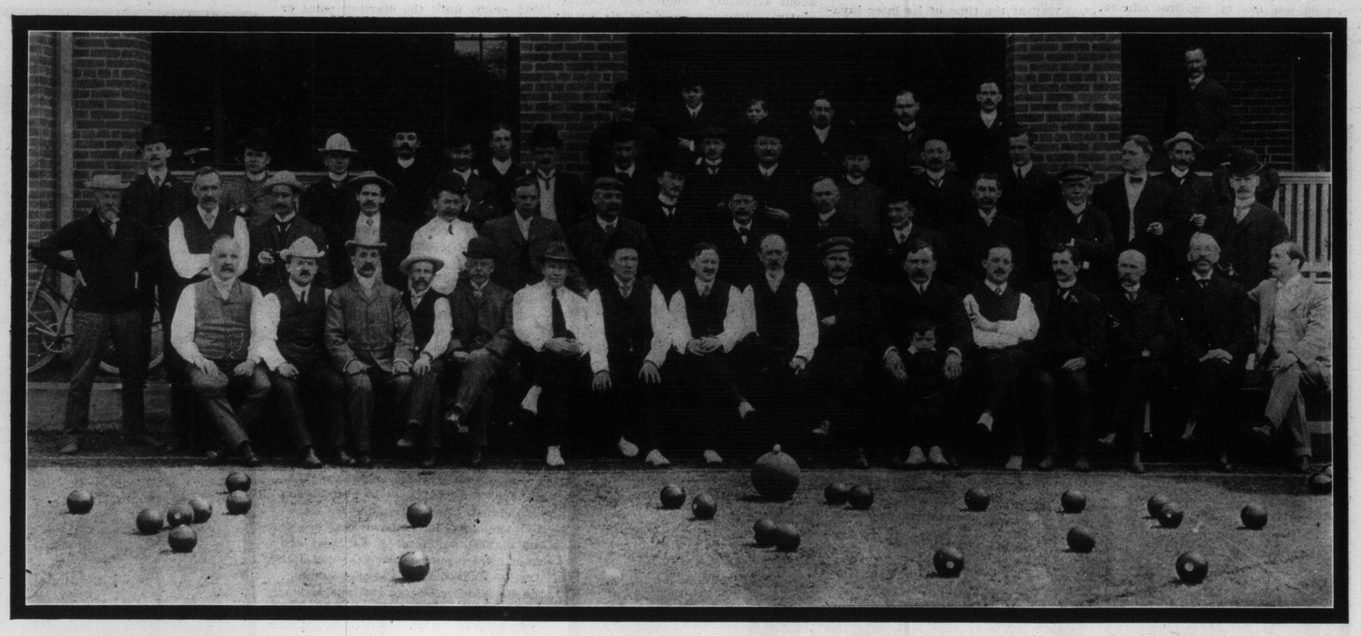
Sweden—A duty of 15 per cent. of the value of the vehicle is required to be deposited, to be refunded when the machine is taken out of the country. Under some circumstances expenses to the amount to 5.5 crowns ($1.47).

Switzerland—A free passport of admission for six months is granted for automobiles with lead seal attached. Otherwise the rates of duty are 20 francs ($3.86) for 100 kilograms (220 pounds) and 4 francs (77 cents) for 100 kilograms of the motor.

Spain—A duty of 18.50 pesetas ($3.57) is levied per 100 kilograms (220 pounds) for motors, and for vehicles according to form, varying from 350 pesetas ($67.—) to 1000 pesetas ($193). The receipt must be duly confirmed by the frontier customs official where machine is taken out of the country before presentation at the custom house first passed on entering the country in order to have deposit refunded.

Turkey—A duty of 8 per cent. is collected on vehicles. Two per cent. will be refunded to traveler when his machine is taken out of the country. An excessively high assessment should be guarded against.

It is sometimes necessary, and always advisable, to have an authentic description of the automobile, weight, number, etc., signed or stamped by the manufacturer, to be presented at the frontier or elsewhere. Previous notice to customs officials as to entering or leaving a country will be the means of facilitating matters in many cases.



A GROUP OF THE ENTHUSIASTS OF THE QUEEN CITY BOWLING CLUB, ONE OF THE LIVELIEST LAWN BOWLING ORGANIZATIONS IN TORONTO.

Spirits of the Alhambra

A Story of the Last of the Zegris

IT was the day before the famous festival of the Most Holy Corpus Christi. The City of Granada was decking itself in gala attire for the celebration of the Mystery of the Eucharist and the expulsion of the Moors by Ferdinand and Isabella. Among the throng that had congregated in the city from all the quarters of the globe were the two people of whom this story tells. One of them was a stranger, unknown to you and to me; the other was myself. As my readers have some acquaintance with me already, let me begin by telling who the other man was—or, rather, what he was like. He had arrived in the same diligence with me, but he did not come, as I did, from the royal City of Madrid—or anything like it. On the contrary he rode only from the humble inn of the Zegri, about six leagues distant from Granada. The diligence makes a brief halt there. During the time we spent in coming the six leagues behind ten restless, galloping horses, we passed a few bare, commonplace compliments, following the strange custom which prevents one from addressing more than a few words to the unknown traveling companion. But altho the rules of courtesy prevented me from conversing with the stranger, I had the consolation of carefully studying his bearing and physiognomy, inventing for him, according to my wont in such cases, an entire history and biography, and using my psychological intuitions as data.

As for his appearance—he was extremely handsome and looked to be about 33 years old. His stature was moulded in a noble cast, and his complexion reflected the pale brown hue of antique marble. A restful attitude and elegant movements were set off by a seriousness verging on melancholy, especially when he talked—and this, I repeat, was very little, that little being more with the stage driver than with me. In his voice I thought I noticed some strange accent, of a kind new to my ears—not French, nor English, nor Italian, nor German, nor Portuguese, which are the languages I am accustomed to hear, altho I do not speak all of them. He wore a full, but very short beard, which was coal black, and showed traces of the Oriental, or even of the Semitic in its outlines. His large and expressive eyes, velvety in their blackness, recalled those of Malek-Adal, the hero of 'Mathilde of the Crusades,' whom we have all adored since our childhood days. In his hands, perfection of anatomy, rather than aristocracy, was evident, and his feet were irreproachable in both senses. He was dressed in orthodox traveling clothes, made according to the mode of all Europe, but inconspicuous except for the graceful abandon with which he wore them. Finally, his head, with the hair closely trimmed, was covered by a half-Greek, half-English cap, that added a classic tinge to his magnificent profile. Who could he be? I confess that I left him on alighting from the coach in Granada without having been able to determine, or rather without having decided upon any one of the thousand conjectures that occurred to me along the road. Now, if you want to know what these conjectures were, I will tell you that the man appeared to me to be simultaneously a bandit chieftain, a prince traveling incognito, an Italian artist, an employe of a commercial house, an Andalusian marquis, a pirate, a fantastic being of the vampire genius, a novice of the Hieronymite friars and a soldier of Garibaldi; in short, some extraordinary being who was either illustrious, exotic, terrible, dramatic, supernatural, or stagey and disagreeable. I asked the driver for the stranger's name, but he replied that the traveler had boarded the coach too near Granada to make a ticket necessary. I then thought of following him, but some people who had come out to meet me claimed my attention. Just as we separated, it occurred to me to subject him to a cross-examination, but that, I concluded, would be discourteous. So I answered his silent salute with a bow, and, full of curiosity, turned my steps toward the Hotel of Victory.

Nine o'clock the next morning arrived, and the great day of the Corpus was beginning. The air was filled with joyous chimes of many bells, and the musicians of the garrison were playing the royal march. The awning-covered streets were carpeted with sweet-scented plants and blossoms; gorgeous tapestries adorned the overhanging balconies, and vast multitudes of people were pouring into the city at every gate. Everything in nature seemed to overflow with life and joy—for the procession was passing along the streets of the "Jerusalem of the West." I posted myself in the plaza of Bib-rambla, near the Zacatin, and in a few moments the vast line began to file past, with its guilds, fraternities, children of the orphanage, parochial crosses and all the brilliant retinue that is wont to accompany the Most Holy Sacrament. Last of all came the consecrated host, encased in a rich and elegant pyx of gold and jewels, and resting upon a bier of heavy silver borne on the shoulders of eight priests. Straightway the heads of the worshipping multitude were bent low; the people fell on their knees and smote their breasts, causing all the plazas and streets to palpitate with holy enthusiasm. It seemed as tho all hearts were responding in dull accents to the inspiring hymns which a hundred-voiced choir chanted in unison with the glorious pealing of numberless bells. And with it all the senses of the devout were lulled to quiet rest by clouds of incense and by the soft odors wafted over them from the flowers that surrounded the pyx. In the midst of the prostrate throng one solitary man remained standing. Naturally he attracted every one's attention. I looked at him, following the gaze of all.

It was my traveling companion! I know not whether he interpreted my look of astonishment as one of advice or friendly reproof; but, be that as it may, as soon as our eyes met, the stranger saluted me lightly and dropped to his knees like all the rest. A moment later the procession had passed. In mingled confusion the crowd whirled itself away, and the particular object of my curiosity was lost amid the billows of the multitude. That afternoon I clambered up to the Alhambra. Its dark avenues and ancient turrets, its plazas and palaces were deserted. The Christian celebration kept everyone down in the city. I entered the Royal House, as the palace of the Moorish kings is generally called. This, also, the place that Zorilla says ethereal fairies built, was wrapped in sweetest solitude and deepest silence. A stray swallow, flying from African shores, was singing on the same pillar upon which his ancestors had rested four centuries before. The sun was fondling, as in days of old, the graceful columns of the Court of Lions, and sending its laughing, caressing rays gliding along the silent galleries. For some minutes I remained dreaming, not noticing that another wanderer was in the place. Finally, my glance shifted about and rested for a moment upon one of the dome-covered pavilions across the court. I saw—my traveling companion. He was intently studying the architecture of the structure, in which scattered debris showed that renovations had been in progress. As I moved toward him, drawn by a sudden impulse, the sound of my footsteps attracted his attention. He turned his head and, coloring slightly, came forward to meet me without hesitation. We passed a few words of formal greeting, and then he turned suddenly and pointed to the pavilion he had been examining.

"Why are they tearing that down?" he asked abruptly. I looked at the scaffolding and at the fragments of scattered roofing on the flagstones.

"They are not tearing it down, but reconstructing it," I said.

"Reconstructing it! Then the Spaniards love the Alhambra!" wonderingly exclaimed this strange individual. "We love it above all comparison," I answered.

"Ah! Pardon the frankness with which I talk. I was so solitary here, thinking that no one save myself would remember the old Mohammedan castle to-day. You, like all the rest, would naturally have stayed down there this evening to assist in the grand Nazarene festival which modern Granada is celebrating. Apropos, I owe you an explanation. This morning a glance from you reproved me because I had not fallen to my knees as the procession passed. Do not deny it. Alas! It was not pride; it was not impiety that impelled me; for perhaps I, too, am a Christian. It was sorrow that was driving me mad, and——"

"Pardon me," I interrupted. "I do not understand." But I became all ears, seeing that he was about to unfold the longed-for biography. "I must give free rein to my feelings," he continued in a voice full of the saddest melancholy. "Yesterday, when we were nearing the holy city, you doubtless saw me tremble in silence; this morning also, during the procession, you surprised me in a state of unknowing preoccupation. So you are already my confidant, and therefore I bid you listen to me for a moment." Having delivered himself thus, he grasped my hand and led me to the hall of the Abencerrajes.

"Here," he said, "above this fountain that is still darkened with the red stains of ancient blood, the valiant Zegries struck off the heads of their rivals, the Abencerrajes. In this court, and in this very hall, once lived those famous houris, daughters of Yemen and Damascus, who worked their enchantments over the Prophet's soldiers. Look up—view the galleries of filigree, thru which the moon's inconstant beams will flicker again to-night. Look at those roofs, bordered with gold and red, and you will see the mysterious legend of a thousand glorious reigns. Once they stood as praises to God and His warriors; from the days of Alhamar, who reared this castle in 40 years, to the time of Boabdil, who lost it in less time than it takes to heave a sigh, all the heroes of Granada engraved their names on these fantastic galleries. O thou Yussef, ruler of the ancient Moors! O unfortunate Muley! O noble Mahomad! Where, oh where, are your ill-fated descendants? Here I am, the last Zegri, who comes to call up your shades amid the Alhambra's ruins; but where, alas! are my unhappy brothers!"

"The last Zegri," I exclaimed. "What! You?"

It was fast growing dark. The mysterious man put his arm in mine, and we passed out of the hall of the Abencerrajes, thru the Court of Lions, and on again thru the Court of Myrtle Pond, finding ourselves at last in the Hall of Ambassadors. As we walked along I tried to realize the strangeness of the adventure. The idea of a Zegri in the middle of the nineteenth century, dressed like an Englishman, speaking perfect French and Spanish! To think of finding him as courtly in manner and as suave in bearing as a Parisian, as kindly and tolerant as the best Catholic! What poet could fancy greater good fortune? Chateaubrand himself would have bartered his pen-and-ink Abencerraje for my Zegri of real flesh and blood!

The balcony of the Hall of Ambassadors is one of the Alhambra's classic spots. From its parapet may be seen the ever-blooming gardens that lie along the street of the Darro. Directly in front the picturesque pinnacles of Sacro Monte raise themselves aloft, and from beneath them there comes across the lovely vale that endless, melancholy echo of the river, as it cuts its way thru an abyss arched over by trees and flowers—trees and flowers which ascend in terraces on that side of the fortress, until they reach the very windows of the palace and waft their perfumes thru its vast chambers. It is like a tale of the Thousand and One Nights; it is the work of genii and fairies. To this balcony it was that Zegri led me. The faint twilight was growing fainter on the other side of the cathedral, which stood out dark and gigantic against the background of gold in the west. The moon was beginning to tip the treetops with white, shedding her mellow light like a gauze of silver over the dark woods and valleys. The nightingales, eternal dwellers in this paradise, hailed her with their sweetest songs, while the cuckoo, that singer of silent places, uttered his measured, oft-recurrent groan. It was nightfall! It was springtime! It was Granada! You who have not loved or mourned in that Eden, and at that hour, will long in vain to imagine all the mystery, all the enchantment, all the poetry that is contained in the human soul. The voice of the romantic being beside me broke in upon my thoughts.

"Yes, I am an African. I am Aben-Adul, the last of the Zegries. No, that is wrong; I am as much a Spaniard as you are. I am a son of Granada, exiled—one of a proscribed race. Centuries have passed since my fathers, my entire tribe, with their kinsmen and servants, were hurled forth from the houses they had built, from the lands they had tilled, from the woods they had planted to give them shade in their old age. 'Be Africans,' you said to them, when they had lived for seven centuries in Spain—and you cast them out of the land and hurled them into the seas. By a miracle of the Most High—nobody knows how—swimming or in fragile barks, shipwrecked and starving, they reached the other shore of the Mediterranean, coast of forgotten Africa, the unknown continent. You say that continent is our fatherland! Listen: We came there, and the Kings of Atlas and the Desert called us strangers, as you had, 'Be Spaniards,' they said to us; 'return to the sea. Between the sea and the Empire of Morocco there was a strip of coast—bare and devastated by war. It was called 'The Riff.' There we encamped without clothes or food, without instruments of labor, with neither leaders, nor priests, nor law, nor God—like the accursed Israelites. Later we spread out toward Tetuan and Tangier, where the more fortunate families established themselves, leaving the rest of us to take refuge in the mountains. And there we have been for three hundred years, laden with our tents of canvas that serve us for houses; wanderers, nomads; without civilization or art, without a name; having neither laws, nor fatherland, nor tombs. The Moroccan Emperor robs us and hunts us like wild beasts. The Christian King calls us dogs and shoots us. Hence it is that we, the sons of those cast out princes of ages past, return evil for evil, the sword for the sword, and infamy for infamy. Here are those princes of long ago, here in front of us! Nevermore shall I return to see my brothers of The Riff! Here, here are those who built the Generaliffe, who inhabited the Albaicin. Here are those who made a paradise of this plain, who bordered the banks of this river with gardens and enameled the rocks with gold and carpeted the paths with flowers. My race has fulfilled its mission on earth; not so with yours. We, when we passed thru Spain, bettered her, civilized her, rescued her from barbarity. Scientists, poets, botanists, architects philosophers, mechanics, agriculturists—we were all of them in your country. Art and science may be thankful to us; humanity owes us a debt of gratitude. Ah, they are far away—my fellow countrymen—and sunken in misery, ignorance, ignominy. And here you are—happy, rich, powerful, illustrious.

"Well now, Christians, philanthropists, propagandists, enemies of slavery—what have you done for my fathers and mothers, for my brothers and sisters? Of what use are arms, or eloquence, or suffering? Does it not make you shudder with horror to think that there lives on the very borders of Spain a race that is barbarous, savage—nay, even almost ferocious—and that you are doing nothing to redeem it? I understand why the Greenlanders are barbarians, for they live on the edge of the earth, upon a mountain of ice inaccessible to men of other races. I understand, too, the condition of the negro, buried in the sandy deserts of the unexplored torrid zone. In their cases, and in some others, it is the man outside the region of the law. But that such people exist in the centre of the civilized world, surrounded on all sides by cultured races, that leave them to live and die like irrational things—ah! it is outrageous, terrible. It is a sacrilege! You, O haughty Spaniards, shall answer before God for the crimes the Moors are committing in this life and for their punishment in the next. Yes, you shall answer. And for what? For having forgotten your fate, for having renounced your duty, for having broken the laws of Providence. But what is all this to me?" he continued with bitterness. "'I am no longer an African, no longer an Islamite, no longer a Zegri! Five years ago I was the poet of my tribe. A generous Christian taught me your language and your religion, and in your tongue I first read my history—and blushed crimson with shame.

"Yes—a descendant of kings, converted into a beast of the field like Nebuchadnezzar! That I, the poet of my tribe, should live to see myself despised by the world of thought and knowledge! To be a reproach to the human race, an outcast among citizens, a degradation and a disgrace to my fellow men! It was too much. I sold my flocks, and herds, and tents, kissed thrice my promised bride, the beautiful Alcina, and fled away from Africa forever. Ten years have I wandered over the globe, and fortune has been propitious to me as far as she had intended to be. A warrior in the Crimea, a merchant of India, a consul at Jerusalem, an American sailor—I have been all of them. And I will be anything else save one—a dweller in The Riff. But if my riches, or bravery, or Christian faith, or my love for humanity could ever avail to restore to my people the social dignity they have lost, the standing that the world denies them, and the blessings that they have forgotten—then my life would not have been useless, and happiness would enter my soul for the first time!"

Thus spoke Aben-Adul. I stretched out my hand to him with deep and genuine emotion, and was about to answer him with one of those fixed editorial utterances, such as we Spanish journalists are accustomed to dedicate to "our future in Africa," when a new incident came to add enchantment and poetry to the romantic scene. Down below us, among the woods that fringe the river's bank, the tremulous and delicate vibrations of a guitar resounded thru the still night, and the broken, murmuring strains of the fandango were wafted up to our ears.

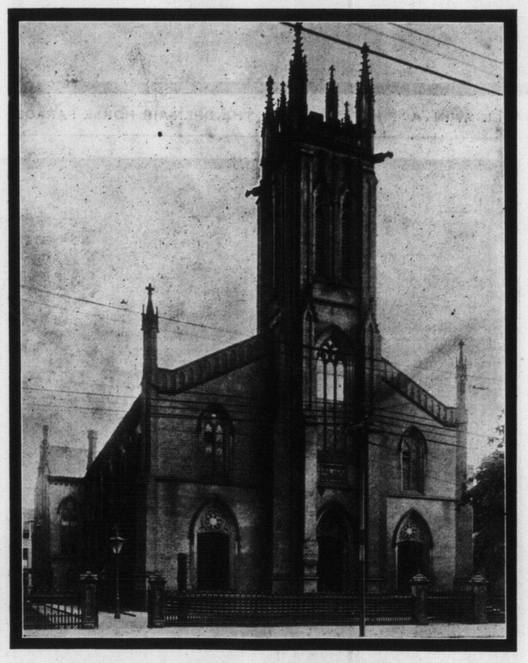
"Hear," said the Zegri. "The echoes of Africa answer my sighs! What you hear is the song of the desert, the prayers of the caravan."

As we listened, the nocturnal troubadour began one of those verses of long cadences and voluptuous melody, which comprise all the passionate sadness of the tragic Andalusian amour.

"Alcina!" murmured the African. Yes, it was the melancholy song of his land. It was the monotonous and languidly compassionate air that the French monk David learned in the Algerian deserts. It was first the fandango, then the yodeling rondena, then the dancing cana, and last, after a silence, the playeras of Andalusia. It contained all the glossary of that delicacy and incomparable musical Andalusian motif, which even inspired Italy envies us. And there is reason for envy. For never has human sentiment produced melody so touching and tender, so natural and ineffable, as the infinite sigh and the thousand-times repeated "ay!" upon which our southern songs turn. When it is night-time, when the hour is at hand that brings back to the imagination the days of long ago, then is its power felt. When solitude, moonlight, sleeping nature, silence and the inborn piety of the spirit all come to arouse the most remote foundation of the soul, and the idea's unexplored deserts, then—then it is that this "ay!" this Afric song, this mystery-laden guitar, this vague conception and elusive memory of the Moors, stirs up in us a feeling of suffering, as of exiles, and kindles in our breasts a longing for new fatherlands. Then it is that these plaintive notes uproot from the depths of the heart a bitter-sweet flood of tears, a sacred and pleasant sadness, and a certain solemn and exalted prayer, which can amply compensate for a life of vanity and folly. Such were my feelings. I dreamed anew the splendid dreams of childhood and moulded them to the tune of the music, living again in the delirium of my youth and with the beloved ones, of whom death had robbed me, traversing anew past nights of love, and reveling in illusions which yesterday I saw in the future and which I find today in the past. As my thoughts wandered thus, I guessed what was passing in the mind of Aben-Adul. He was thinking of Africa, where that same pathetic song resounds thru the night air, where the same moon lights up the laughing vales of Atlas, where, at that moment, perhaps, the first breath of the northeast wind was cooling the fevered brow and refreshing the burning heart of her whom he could not forget. Long did we remain dreaming, each laboring under the burden of his own fate. At last the serenade, which had held us entranced, ceased. The Moorish apostate, brushing aside a tear and encircling me in his arms, exclaimed:

"Adieu, brother! O that I had never come to the Alhambra! I will depart for the north. To-morrow night the moon of Andalusia shall no longer light my way. I think you understand me. Adieu! And may He be with you."

Thus he spoke, and, without awaiting my reply, quickly disappeared. It seemed as tho he were vanishing away in the fantastic shadows of the Moorish colonnades that the starlight was tracing along the flagstones of the court, and upon the water of the Myrtle Pool. Had I been dreaming? Was I awake? I know not. But is there, after all, so great a difference between a dream and a reality?



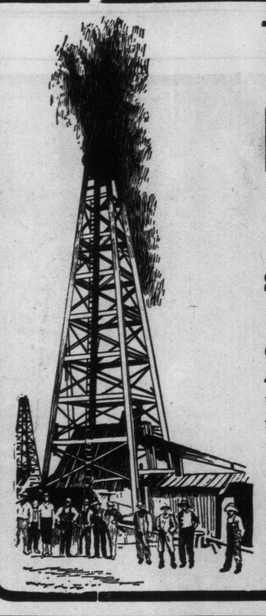
KNOX CHURCH—PRESBYTERIAN.
Oldest church of its denomination in Toronto to be torn down to make room for the expansion of Simpson's big stores.—See "The Pictorial Side.

Largest Pair of Shoes.

A woman wears the largest pair of shoes that was ever manufactured. It was turned out recently in a New England factory, says the Boston Globe. The size of these shoes may well be imagined when it is known that the weight is 18 pounds for the pair. Each shoe is 23 inches long and 7½ inches wide in the widest place. Every detail is as carefully attended to as in an ordinary first-class shoe, but because of the enormous size it required several weeks to turn them out. Special lasts were made, and nearly all of the work, except the stitching, which was done on the usual machine, was done by hand. The vamp of the shoes is made of the leather known to shoe men as satin, and the tops are of calf. The sole and heel are of the best quality of sole leather. On this part of the shoes considerable work was necessary, as all of the rabbeting on the extension sole was done by hand, and the treeing and polishing was also necessarily done by hand. As near as can be figured the size of the shoes is 40 as compared with the average ordinary man's shoe. The entire cost of manufacturing them was about $50. They were made for a negress who lives near Atlanta, who is known for many miles because of the size of her feet.

The Servian Crown.

King Peter of Servia, it is said, will abdicate at an early date in favor of his son, the Crown Prince George. It is not known in what way the youth has offended his father, says Punch.



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