



## PATRIOTIC YEAR

The Canadian National Exhibition of 1915, to be Finer than Ever.

This is "Patriotic Year" at the Canadian National Exhibition and throughout the whole programme the theme will be "Patriotism and Production." The agriculturist, the manufacturer, the miner, the lumberman are combining to make it the greatest demonstration of Canadian unity and progress in all Fair history.

For thirty-seven years now the Canadian National Exhibition has at once been Canada's great show window, her educational centre in all that pertains to the arts of peace and industry, and her great national playground where the hard worked agriculturist just emerging from his most trying season, the tired business man, the toiler of the cities and the faithful housewife gather for two weeks' instruction and entertainment.

It is truly a national asset and so closely allied to Canadian progress that to close down for one year would be a national blow, an evidence that our wheels, industrially and commercially, had ceased to revolve.

Few could really imagine September without its Fair at Toronto; yet the suggestion was made by extreme pessimists that the directors should conserve their resources this year and postpone it.

The answer of Dr. Orr and President Oliver and his directors, was to decide on a more elaborate programme than ever, a larger prize list and a bigger show generally. Theirs was a bold move, but the public response has been hearty and immediate. Canada is looking forward to the Canadian National Exhibition this year as never before.

As demonstrating Canadian stability and enterprise even in war times the manufactures will be more numerous and diversified than ever before, and the agricultural exhibits will be greater and more representative of the productivity of our soil and the progressiveness of our farmers, who are this year endeavoring for all time to establish for Canada the reputation of being the "Bread Basket" of the Empire.

Nor are the home arts, or any of the subjects of peculiar interest to women, forgotten or neglected. The exhibits in the women's buildings this year will show that the Canadian mother has attained the very apex of perfection in domestic economy, the scientific study of the home and home requirements and the proper care and development of baby.

It is sometimes said that the Canadian woman is somewhat behind her United States sister in infant study and kindred subjects, but a visit to the Fair should disillusionize the sceptics who entertain such views. True she may be less demonstrative, less prone to outward show, but she is essentially practical and conservative with a conservatism that promotes the highest degree of domestic felicity and marital confidence and respect.

The Fair this year breathes the Canadian spirit from entrance to exit gate; has its foundation in Canadian agricultural, commercial and industrial progress. Every one should visit it. A ticket to the Canadian National Exhibition in 1915 is a vote of confidence in the Empire.

## LIFE OF VLADISLAV REMM

(Continued from page 10.)

horse like mad in order to be able to extort from his passenger, at the point of the whip, as it were, an extra 20 kopecks for "speed."

Marinka was in a more melancholy mood even than usual that afternoon, as she sat by her window overlooking the cheerless stream. It was not always the paradise which unimaginative folk infer, to be the wife of a famous man. Genius and a high degree of fitness for the quiet joys of domesticity are but rarely allied. Specifically, Marinka, in her married life, had not been happy.

Near her played her child—a little boy, with dark gold, waving hair, with fine, widely-opened eyes of gleaming blue, and small hands and feet, a trait he took from both parents alike. In looks and in nature, however, he was a replica, *in parvo*, of the father. Marinka loved him even more than her husband; this she realized, but made herself no reproach on this account. Is it not always the way of woman, to set up, upon a pedestal, to idolize and apotheosize, seeing no limitations and no defects? And with whom should such an apotheosis be easier than with a child, an innocent, sweet, unspoiled little child, with a soul like an eternal symphony, flowing harmoniously on and on, with never a hitch and never a discordant note? Certainly it would be harder with a man, and especially a man, who, like her husband, had been spoiled by the world's adulation, through whose mind flowed sombre thoughts, dark clouds and secrets in which even she could have no share. She had never thought to complain, but she was bound to confess, if only inwardly, that she had but little of her husband's society, and the scantest satisfaction when it was vouchsafed her. Remm was restless and moody, at times irritable, at times even violent. His brain seemed always to be in a state of continual ebullience between his creative work, his underground activities, and other things, the nature of which she did not know, and felt herself unable to inquire. That he had secrets of which he told her nothing—that she knew. There were strange farings-forth at the dead of night, the purpose of which she dared not ask. On such occasions he would sit up late in his little private cabinet adjoining her bedroom; hour

after hour he would sit there, smoking innumerable cigarettes; the pungent, penetrating odor came strongly to her nostrils as she lay there, unable to sleep, listening to the crackling of papers as he moved and folded them upon his desk. Finally, when all the city was wrapped in darkness and the silence of profound sleep, he would open the door, enveloped in a long, flowing cloak, and with a large felt hat pulled down low upon the brow (a revolver, she knew, lay hidden in each of the two side-pockets of the coat beneath), and would throw to her a low "Sleeping?" On her negative reply, he would come and press a kiss upon her lips—a strange, feverish kiss it always seemed to her—and depart into the night. She would lie there and listen to the door close behind him with a muffled click and clack; sleepless she lay, staring up into the palpitating darkness of her room beside the sleeping child, and waited—waited—counting the hours and half-hours ring out startlingly distinct in the silence of the night, restless and unquiet until his return. When he came, he would throw himself down like a log upon the bed without undressing, and lie there motionless, without a word. Marinka did not know if he slept or no.

Of late his gloom and reticence had increased, rather than diminished; a cloud seemed always to hang above his head; an anguish, when he thought himself unobserved, gleamed in his fine eyes, and distorted the features of his face. That strange, typically Slavic malady which the Russians call "tasska" and the Poles "choroba duszu," and which is, at bottom, but a mere neurosis, flowed, like a slow, black stream through the hidden channels of his psychic life.

Marinka heaved a sigh as she rose and went to give instructions to the *kucharka* for the evening meal.

"Ah, Life, Life!" she thought, bitterly. "It is nonsense!"

One evening Vladislav came home even later than usual. He was very tired when he came in. He had been presiding over a meeting of the Neo-Confederats, that powerful secret organization spreading out its multiple ramifications between Warsaw, Peter, Moscow and other important cities of the North. There was another plot on

to "execute" the Governor-General, who, if that were possible, was execrated now even more than ever. All previous plottings had come to naught; why, the Revolutionists were hardly able to explain themselves; but this time they had drawn their net so fine that it seemed, on paper, at least, that unless the authorities unexpectedly got wind of the conspiracy, there was no escape for the victims designated. And this meant trouble and sickness of soul and frightful mental torture for Vladislav Remm. He was deeply depressed that night when he came home. Without a word, he threw himself heavily down into his armchair, and closed his eyes. He was tired, deadly tired of the struggle, the eternal, never-ending struggle; the conflict of warring forces; the remorse, the Nemesis that pursued him everywhere he went. Often had he thought of taking his wife into his confidence, but always before this thought his courage had oozed away. She knew nothing, as he believed, of his frightful mental sufferings; she did not even suspect the difficulties of his position, the murmurs of deep discontent, the suspicion, the diminishment of his prestige. And now he was called to put a stop, once and forever, to the perpetual leaking of their party's plans, whereby they were forestalled and rendered harmless by the police—*He!* He laughed a low, mirthless laugh as he sat there, with a face of marble, in his cushioned chair.

"Hast thou supped?" asked Marinka quietly.

"*Tak!*" he muttered, without stirring.

Soon he seemed to fall into a heavy slumber. It was then 11 o'clock. Marinka turned the light low, and undressing, threw herself down upon her bed. She, too, was strangely depressed that evening; she felt that premonition of impending evil which comes to us in moments of gloom and discouragement, gnawing at the heart as a dog gnaws a bone already bare. The child slept in its little crib beside her bed; it slept soundly, a calm, sweet slumber, its dark-gold hair clustered in little curls and ringlets about its rounded, softly flushed cheeks; between the slats of the crib, one tiny arm, bare and sculpturally perfect in the plastic harmony of its contours, hung inertly out. As Marinka lay there in the dimly lighted room, her brooding eyes fixed strangely on the child's unconscious face, she realized now once again how much she loved him. From time to time her gaze wandered to the sleeping man beyond, and strange thoughts came to her as she gazed. This man she had chosen to be her life-companion; his name was on the lips of all; he had done—was doing—much for the cause so dear to every Pole. Aided, pushed on, encouraged by her in the early days of doubt and indecision, he had won fame and riches; his genius was conceded even by his bitterest enemies. But to her he was a husband only in name; she had thought, in the old days, to be his comrade, the sharer of all his joys and sorrows, the co-worker in all his plans. And he—he had put her outside his life like a useless thing; she knew not his goings and comings, nor the why and wherefore of his life; his soul was a book which, in her very presence, he had locked and sealed.

Little by little, she relapsed into a drowsy state. The dimly lighted room swam blurredly around her; shapes and contours faded away into nothingness, and she fell asleep.

She was awakened by a terrific peal of the bell. Still half asleep, she lay there drowsily, until another peal reverberated through the quiet house. Then she rose, and going to her husband, touched him lightly on the shoulder.

"Vladislav! Vladislav!" she cried. "The bell has rung twice! Who can it be?"

The French clock on the wide mantel musically chimed three. Remm stirred and woke, with a start.

"*Co? Co?*" he muttered, startled. Even as he spoke, a third peal, loud and imperious, echoed through the house. Suddenly a strange expression flitted across his face; it was, as Marinka remembered it afterward, like that of a hunted animal, who knows not where to turn. Without a word, he rose heavily to his feet, and went to the door of their apartment.

### CHAPTER V.

MARINKA, straining her ears, heard a low, guttural voice as the door was opened; a brief, short question; a sharp, immediately repressed exclamation from her husband. Then the door closed, and Vladislav, followed by two men—she

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If you are suffering in any way, make it a point to visit us during the Exhibition—August 28th to September 11th.

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