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PROVINCIAL LOAN OF \$3,000,000

The Government of the Province of Ontario, under the authority of Chapter 4 of the Statutes of Ontario, 1906, invites subscriptions from the public for a loan of \$3,000,000 on bonds of the Province of Ontario, dated 1st July, 1906, and payable \$1,500,000 on the 1st July, 1926, \$1,500,000 on the 1st July, 1936.

With coupons attached for interest at the rate of 3 1/2 per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly, on the 1st January and the 1st July in each year, at the office of the Provincial Treasurer, Toronto. Bonds will be of the denominations of \$200, \$500 and \$1,000, and will be payable to bearer, but on request will be registered in the office of the Provincial Treasurer, and endorsed as payable only to the order of certain persons or corporations, and on request of holders may be exchanged for Ontario Government Stock, bearing the same rate of interest.

The issue price during the month of July, 1906, will be par, and after the 31st July, 1906, the issue price will be par and accrued interest.

ALL BONDS AND INSCRIBED STOCK ISSUED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE SAID ACT ARE FREE FROM ALL ONTARIO PROVINCIAL TAXES, CHARGES, SUCCESSION-DUTY AND IMPOSITIONS WHATSOEVER.

Purchasers of amounts up to \$1,000 will be required to send certified cheque with the application. For amounts over \$1,000 payment for subscription may be made in instalments, 10 per cent. on application, 10 per cent. 1st August, 10 per cent. 1st September, 10 per cent. 1st October, 10 per cent. 1st November, and 50 per cent. 1st December, 1906, with privilege of paying at an earlier date the interest on instalment subscriptions being adjusted on 1st January, 1907.

In the event of any subscriber for bonds payable in instalments failing to make payment of subsequent instalments, the bonds may be sold, and any loss incurred will be charged to the purchaser in default.

Forms of subscription (when payable by instalments) may be obtained on application to the Treasury Department.

This loan is raised upon the credit of the Consolidated Revenue Fund of Ontario, and is chargeable thereupon. All cheques should be made payable to the order of "The Provincial Treasurer of Ontario," and subscribers should state the denominations and terms (20 or 30 years) of bonds desired.

A. J. MATHESON, Provincial Treasurer. Treasury Department, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, 27th June, 1906.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for it.

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Professor and the Tiger

Bravery, Doctor (said my friend the third officer), isn't such a simple thing as you think it. One man is brave in one way, and another in a different one. Often enough, that which is called bravery is nothing more than custom. You wouldn't go up on the fore-royal-yard in half a gale to reef sail, would you? Not you? You're afraid. Well, you might think me a brave man because I would. But then, I'd be afraid to cut a chap's leg off, and you wouldn't.

That was what old Captain Hoskins whom I used to sail with, could never understand. If a man was a bit nervous about the sea, he used to look down on him as all sorts of a coward. But there came a day when he learned better.

It happened when I was with him in a three-masted sailing ship called the Arrow. We lay at Singapore, alongside the Tanjong Pagan wharf, loading with a general cargo for Liverpool. The principal object in that cargo—or, at least, the one we took most notice of—was a tiger that we were shipping for London. It lay in a strong cage of wood and iron, with a door in the front through which it could be freed. It was a fine big brute, and every time it stretched itself you could see the muscles slipping over its sides and the big, wicked-looking claws peeping out of the pads of its feet in a way that made you very thankful for the bars.

We had a passenger or two. One of them was a young girl who went by the name of Hilda Sandford. She had been a governess in the family of one of our agents out there, but the climate hadn't suited her, and she had to go home. She was coming with us instead of by steamer, because she got her passage for nothing and she wasn't too well off. Directly the old man set eyes on her trim figure and the wealth of golden brown hair about her head, he was struck all of a heap so to speak, and I could see that he was promising himself a mighty pleasant voyage.

The other passenger was a strange, little, dried-up man, who wore gold pince-nez and kept peering about the ship in a most uncomfortable way. He gave his name as Mr. Hay—Prof. Hay, he called himself, though we didn't find out what he professed until later. Of course, the tiger had his attendant, but he berthed forward.

An hour or two before we started this Mr. Hay came up to the old man and began asking him a lot of questions.

"Captain," he said, nervously, "I hope we shall have a quiet passage."

"I don't see why we shouldn't," said Hoskins, genially. Mr. Hay looked up at the sky.

"There seems to be a good deal of wind about," he said. "Pretty fair," said Hoskins. "That is what's going to take us home. Not being a steamer, we can't do without it."

"You're sure it's quite safe?" asked Hay. "Safe!" said the old man, getting on his high horse; "safe! I'm sailing this ship!"

The little man smiled apologetically. "You will excuse me, Captain," he said; "I did not mean any offence. The fact is I am constitutionally nervous on shipboard. It is a feeling that I have never been able to overcome."

The old man looked at him with a sort of good-natured contempt. "You've no call to be alarmed," he said; "we'll take you to England safe enough."

Mr. Hay smiled again and walked off into the waist, where we had fixed up the tiger's cage. It seemed to have a sort of attraction for him, for he stood before it for at least a quarter of an hour. Hoskins looked after him, and then turned to Miss Sandford, who was sitting near.

"Nice sort of chap to have on a ship," he said. "A man like that ought to stick to dry land."

"Well, you know, I have a fellow-feeling for him, Captain," she answered; "I'm afraid of the sea myself."

"Ah," he said, "but you're a woman, you see."

He turned away without even a glance at the girl.

"That man," said Hoskins, looking after him, "is frightened of his own shadow. Let me give you a bit of fatherly advice, Miss Sandford. When you are looking for a man to marry, never select a coward. A girl like you want some one who will protect her in times of danger—some one she can rely on and look up to."

"I'm not thinking of getting married," she said, shyly. "But when I do I'll bear your advice in mind, Captain."

"That's it," said Hoskins. "Think over it carefully. And as for getting married, I'd be glad if you'd hink over that, too."

She started like a frightened horse. "Oh, Captain!" she said. "I don't understand. What do you mean?"

"You do understand," he said, tenderly, drawing his chair a bit closer to her. "Miss Sandford! Hilda! Haven't you a word for a poor old seaman who worships the very ground you tread on? Think it over. 'None but the brave deserve the fair,' you know."

"You mustn't speak like this," she exclaimed, rising, as though she were distressed. "You are older than I am. And I don't know that you are a brave man. I have only your word for it. Please don't speak to me about this again."

The old man saw that he had gone a little bit too far. "Wait!" he said, "don't be frightened. I promise not to say a word until we reach England. Before we get there, if we have a bit of rough weather, I'll show you the sort of a man I am. I should love a bit of danger for your sake."

For the next few days he went about whistling for a wind, as though he wanted to send us all to Davy Jones' locker. As for his seamanship, no one ever questioned it; and as for his contempt for danger, he was to get his chance all right, though not quite in the way he expected.

It was about a week after his conversation with the girl that it came. Hilda was sitting on the poop deck reading a book. The old man was marching up and down with a quarter-deck trot, casting glances at her and thinking how pretty she was, when suddenly he let off a howl that would have frightened an elephant and sprang into the port mizzen rigging. I wasn't far off him at the time, and I looked at him, wondering whether he had gone mad. I then saw what he had seen, and I went up the starboard mizzen shrouds as quickly as he had gone up the port ones. The girl raised her head and looked up at Hoskins, and he gaped down at her and tried to shout. But for some time he could only make faces.

"Look! look!" he yelled at last; "come up the rigging! The tiger is loose!"

She sprang to her feet and looked about her. Not four yards away from her the tiger was playing with a coil of rope. It was paying no sort of attention to her at that moment, but she felt that it might take it into its head to spring at her at any minute. As she stood, she was cornered between the stern of the ship and the cabin door. There was nothing to be done but to climb up the rigging. She tried, but the first step was too high, and she could not manage it. And when she realized that I thought she was going to faint.

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He just took one look round and saw the tiger. Then he picked up a broom some one who had been washing decks had left leaning against the deckhouse, and pushed at the tiger with it, looking it straight between the eyes. I'd heard of the power of human eye before, but I had never believed it until that afternoon. He kept walking forward, pushing the beast gently before him right into the waist and back into its cage.

When he had it safely fastened in he came astern again, looking not the least bit excited or worried, and put the broom carefully into its place. The girl was looking hard at him, and her eyes were shining; but he didn't seem to be aware of it. Hoskins had come down the rigging and was looking a trifle ashamed of himself. He hadn't known it was so easy to push tigers into their cages with a broom or he might have had a try at it. After a bit he spoke up. "That was a fine bit of work, sir," he said. "If I hadn't seen it I couldn't have believed it."

"Oh, it's nothing," said the professor. "It's my business. I tame wild animals."

After that he seemed to dismiss the whole subject from his mind, and went down into the cabin. But I saw him later in the evening talking to that girl, and he must have had something important to say to her, for when the old man met her next morning and began making excuses for himself, she cut him short. "Captain," she said, "do you remember advising me to marry a brave man?" "I do," said Hoskins, a bit puzzled. "Oh, Captain!" she said. "I don't understand. What do you mean?" "You do understand," he said, tenderly, drawing his chair a bit closer to her. "Miss Sandford! Hilda! Haven't you a word for a poor old seaman who worships the very ground you tread on? Think it over. 'None but the brave deserve the fair,' you know."

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