SUNDAY MORNING

12 7 1

THE TORONTO WORLD

exclaimed the woman, removing her hat and throwing back the beautiful brown hair that rebelliously waved in every direction. "Oh, dear! Oh, there's a log just ahead of us, Mr. Kane. Quick! See!"

The oarsman recovered himself quickly and prevented a collison by a parrow margin. "I must watch more carefully," he said in an embarrassed way, while he dared not look back at the face in the end of the boat. "We'll watch for you; you certainly are doing your share. Let me take a hand at rowing," interjected David-

"It's not far now," returned the oth-er with quiet determination. "We must not lose any time. Great Scott! there goes that pesky steamer now; we've just missed it," he concluded as he mopped his face with his handkerchief. The little old fisherman who had the cabin on the point was not there, of course, when he was wanted. David-son would have to wait. "You need not stop, Mr. Kane," he said. "Flo and I will find him when he comes back. The young woman drew her coat about her and shivered silently. "It's dark here to-night," said Bron-

"It's dark here to-night," said Bron-

son, monotonously. "It is dark." replied the woman. "It seems to me, Mr. Davidson, that it is not a very cheerful outlook for the lady here. She can ride down with me if she desires. I shall be glad to favor you." favor you."

"We shall not forget your kindness. Flo, I think you had better do that a:d tell the folks I will get back there some time in the next two hours." Chetac was still and the moon shone very brightly above the fringe of dark

"You remind me of some one I used to know while I was at the seminary, Mr. Kane."

Mr. Kane." "Then I trust the impression will be a not unfavorable one," the skipper re-plied quite gallantly for one so quiet, and then there came a shock which nearly upset the skiff. The broad sun hat landed on Bronson's lap and the young woman came yery nearly diving

blue waters, slightly rippled by the breeze of a dying day. His boat drift-ed athwart the current and lazily car-eened with the wind, until the stem was slipping toward the shore. Then he quickly recovered his thoughts, and with firm, athletio strokes sent bis craft over the waters of Lake Chetac with the swiftness of an expert.

APRIL 30 1905

Henley Regatta A Losing Venture

EPORTS from England agree that the Henley regatta fi-nances are in bad shape. The annual statement of the re-

gatta committee was issued recently,

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The Empire Gown

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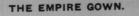
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It modesty in offering a service that landed on Bronson's lap and the young woman came very nearly diving under his seat. Solicitous, but awk-seat. Solicitous, b

Romance of Lake Chetac

most undignified position and narrow- you are he. with the swiftness of an expert.

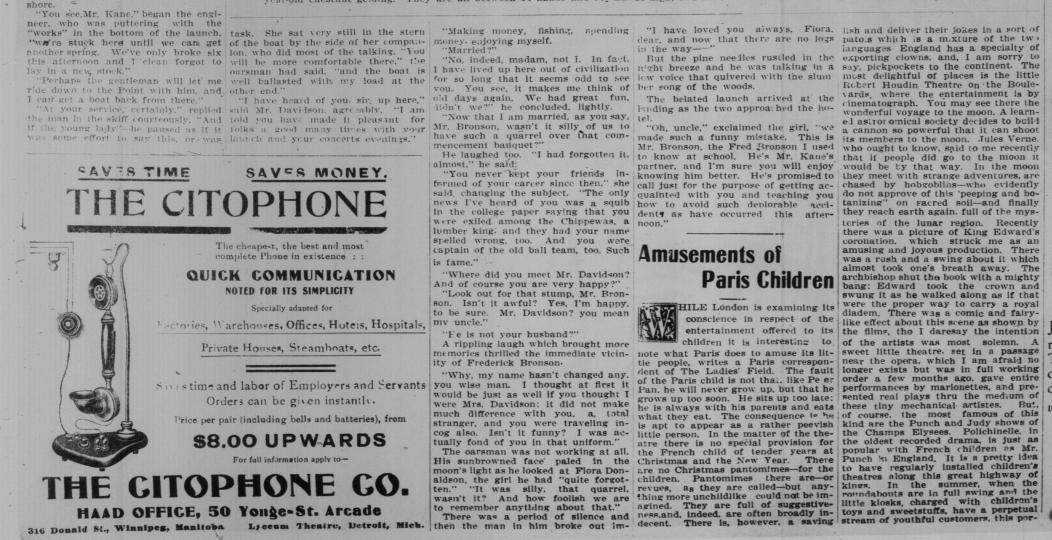
evening air. "And now we have our breakdown 1 promised you," laughed the gentleman at the wheel in reply. "But it really isn't going to keep us out here all night, surely," the man in the skift heard the musical voice say, with just a little fright cot unbe-coming.

"Only a breathing spell for the Lena," retorted the other, proudly, and the conversation subsided into a hum in the distance on the perspect left the n the distance as the rowboat left the aunch behind, while the oarsman pursued his way silently, apparently lost in the brilliant red sunset at the end of the long stretch of blue water.

nights And sit by the silver sea-The words would not come back to the broken-down launch should succeed in stirring up old memories like

"Halloo-oo! Stranger, can you help us out of this?

Bronson poised his oars as if to de-termine what he knew was already settled; yet, altho it was ungentleman-y, he thought it was with reluctable hat he guided his boat toward the



with the swiftness of an expert. "I have heard that voice before or I am dreaming," he muttered, and then exclaimed aloud, as the startling sound of the little end wheel reversing nois-ily at the rear of the pretty little launch in the bay suddenly brought the boat to a landing, while a low, he-witching laugh fairly thrilled the quiet evening air. most undignified position and narrow-ye scaped falling into the water, while the young woman concluded for him laughngly. "Davidson." The young lady noticed the lumber-man's boots as she was assisted into slightly over his eyes made it impos-sible for her to see whether the skip-per was amused or displeased with his sible for her to see whether the skip-per was amused or displeased with his evening air. MRS. FRANK OLIV "I confess. I am, Mrs. Davidson." "In evening miserably" "It's the shore," replied her guide in the nick of time. "The landing is just around the bend and we can walk it in ten minutes."

of the long stretch of blue water. But Bronson could not even pretend to fish somehow. It was not the right time for bass anyway, he said to him-self, and in the uncertain grey-green light just out a little way from the shadows of the tall pines he pulled his light craft slowly on his return to the hotel.

He used to come in the long blue

The words would not come back to him and it vexed him not a little to think that perhaps he was growing old. Then he laughed at himself, for it was only five years ago after all. He had made it a business to forget anyway, so how could he be expected to remember now? The very fact that he did not remember the words of that he did not remember the words of that he did not remember the words of that old song was proof positive that he had succeeded well in blotting the face of Flora Donaldson from his memory. It was the one affair in his college life which he didn't want to think about, and he was half angry that the un-known young woman on the beach by

that

You see, Mr. Kane," began the engi

STABLE OF FINE POLO PONIES OWNED BY CR. MEYER OF CEER PARK.

Dr. Meyers possesses one of the best stables of Polon Ponies in Canada. Realing from the left, this group consists of Pinto, a roan gelding, 9 years old; Duchess, a chestnut mare, 7 years! Martini, brown gelding, 9 years; The Arab, bay gelding, 7 years, and Dynamite, a 7 year-old chestnut gelding. They are all between 14 hands and 141 hands high, and have been much admired by Polo enthusiasts

spelled wrong, too. And you were captain of the old ball team, too. Such Amusements of

BAR

A ripping laugh which brought more memories thrilled the immediate vicin-ity of Frederick Bronson. "Why, my name hasn't changed any, "Syou wise man. I thought at first it would be just as well if you thought I were Mrs. Davidson; it did not make much difference with you, a, total stranger, and you were traveling in-to assume was not working at all. His sunbrowned face paled in the moon's light as he looked at Flora Don-aldson, the girl he had "quite forgot-tem." "It was silly, that quarrel, wasn't it? And how foolish we are to remember anything about that." "There was a period of slience and then the man in him broke out im-

they reach earth again. full of the mys-teries of the lunar region. Recently there was a picture of King Edward's coronation, which struck me as an amusing and joyous production. There was a rush and a swing about it which almost took one's breath away. The almost took one's breath away. The almost took one's breath away. The bang: Edward took the crown and swung it as he walked along as if that

HILE London is examining its conscience in respect of the entertainment offered to its

children it is interesting to of the artists was most solemn.

MRS. FRANK OLIVER, WIFE OF THE NEW MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR.

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