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cerned I accept the contract."

Signora Branca, widow of Felice Romani (the famous librettist, author of "Norma" and "La Sonnambula," and who was so dear a friend of Bellini), tells in her memoirs how Donizetti, in fact, came to Romani and informed him of the proposition, adding:

"I give you a week to get the libretto ready. Let's see which of us has the greater courage. To be sure, friend Romani, we have a German soprano, (Heinefelder), a tenor who stutters (Genero), a buffo who has a voice like a goat (Frezolini), and a baritone who isn't much (Dabadie). However, we must do ourselves credit."

At last "L'Elisir d'Amore" was completed and the impresario was able to present it on May 12, 1832, fourteen days after the order had been given to write it—truly a miracle, which makes me who recount it almost melt with envy!

January, 1901, was an hour of mourning for Art. In that month died at Milan, Giuseppe Verdi, not only one of the greatest composers recorded in history, but also with whose departure—say what you may—closed the golden age of real opera makers.

During this painful period I had to do some hard thinking as to how to repair a serious failure which had upset the orderly progress of our season. "Le Maschere," a comedy in three acts, music by Mascagni, produced simultaneously in seven different opera houses, came to grief irreparably at the Scala in spite of a most admirable execution. The longer I thought the further away seemed a convenient and practical substitute. Something out of the com-

mon must be had—something, indeed, that would hold its own in the same field in which the last battle had been fought—in a word, something of a comic nature.

On one of these evenings, while the Scala was closed, I went in company with Arturo Toscanini to the neighbouring Cafe Cova. We both were preoccupied and from time to time one or the other remarked: "Ah! if we could only prepare such an opera—or such another; if there were some way of mounting an old opera buffa," and then we would lapse with silence for a while. "Suppose," said I, presently, "we try to put together 'L'Elisir d'Amore,' an opera always fresh, although forgotten."

So "L'Elisir d'Amore" was decided upon.

For the role of Adina I engaged Regina Pinkert, a most excellent and gracious artist. As for Nemorine, I spoke of the part the same evening at the opera house between the acts of "La Boheme" to Enrico Caruso.

"I know only the romanza 'Una furtiva lagrima,'" said Caruso; "but if it is necessary to sing the opera, I will begin to-morrow to study it and you can rely upon me."

The great artist was always most obliging and ever ready to render cheerful service in any and all circumstances.

Dulcamara in the person of Federico Carbonetti arrived duly from the provinces, where he had been passing a wretched existence and presented himself to me in the heart of Winter without an overcoat and carrying a little canvas valise tied up with a piece of string.

"They say," said he to me, "they say that I am growing old! It is a calumny! Growing old, indeed! I defy all the youngsters to travel around Italy as I do—in the cold weather and without an overcoat!"

Then he hurried off to the rehearsal, where Toscanini had a fine job to induce him to sing his part without adding top notes not in the score.

"Let me do that F sharp, Maestro," begged Carbonetti. "Believe me, it is

a fine note! Won't you hear it?"

Toscanini laughed—grimly. He prepared the opera with scrupulous care and unapproachable good taste, but he was not satisfied and showed his discontent openly. As a matter of fact, he was justified. The voice of Dulcamara irritated him.

"My dear Gatti," said he, "I fear we have made an unfortunate decision. However, may God send us good fortune!"

Conscription, Why, What, How

(Concluded from page 5.)

and an unproductive life in times like these means more and should be amenable to martial law.

As we have already shown, however, there is one thing which should be conscripted, not last but first, and this is money, wealth.

But, you say, it is too late to conscript wealth justly, the war is over two years old, and while conscription of men at this time will fall only on those who have stayed at home, conscription of wealth will fall on all. Well, those who have already subscribed to the war loans haven't lost anything but the temporary use of their money, and they are being well paid even for that inconvenience. And conscription of wealth at this stage in the world war will not, or should not, involve the exchange of bonds for gold, not at all; the title to the money should pass to the State forever. The Province of Ontario is not exchanging bonds for the income war tax which it is collecting, and the Dominion Government is not exchanging bonds for the stamp war taxes which it is collecting.

But, you say again, the people who have already subscribed to the war loans should not be allowed to get off free. Of course not, and the Government can reach these by the gradual repudiation of its war debts. Impossible? Why do we instinctively hold up our hands and say impossible, that it would be the last blow to the forces upon which the countries must depend for their rehabilitation? Why is money such a fetish? War debts include money, but is that all? Have we not shown that our Government is paying absurd interest on her vital war debt and is going to discontinue this and wipe out the principal of each individual debt when the beneficiaries die or marry again?

SUPPOSE the Government should decide to reduce the interest on its bonds to 2 per cent. It could put the 3 per cent. saved each year into a sinking fund and pay back the entire principal, however large, in a generation. Five per cent. on too large a sum might be too large a yearly drain, since the principal it represents will have been spent, be non-existent, but the method outlined is capable of varied application.

The actual repudiation of our war debts, whether this be done at 3, or 5, or 10 per cent. a year, is a way of retrieving our mistake in not long since conscripting wealth, and the patriotism of the early subscribers can be recognized in the length of time which is allowed before repudiation becomes complete. Since this will stop the flow of voluntary money, however, the Government will have to follow some such precedent as the one already established by the Ontario Government and levy a tax on incomes, corporate as well as individual, sufficient for the future prosecution of the war. The shoulders of the present must bear the burden which we aim to fasten on the future. But the time is now, not after peace is declared.

We are dealing with results, not causes, for we are confronted by a condition, not a theory. Nations are at war. The science spirit that insists on the ferreting of facts and a knowledge of the truth was not sufficiently widespread. When the open mind of any people does its own thinking the nation which they govern will never wage an unjust struggle. And their sense of justice and injustice will be keen. When the major peoples of the earth achieve this independence and impartiality in the search for truth they will still police minorities but wars will cease.

KING, OF THE KHYBER RIFLES

(Continued from page 9.)

letter and the silver tube, noticed that the street curved here so that no other door and no window overlooked this one.

He followed the Rangar, and he was no sooner into the shadow of the door than the coachman lashed the horses and the carriage swung out of view.

"This way," said the Rangar over his shoulder. "Come!"

CHAPTER III.

IT was a musty smelling entrance, so dark that to see was scarcely possible after the hot glare outside. Dimly King made out Rewa Gunga mounting stairs to the left and followed him. The stairs wound backward and forward on themselves four times, growing scarcely any lighter as they ascended, until, when he guessed himself two stories at least above the road level, there was a sudden blaze of reflected light and he blinked at more mirrors than he could count. They had been swung on hinges suddenly to throw the light full in his face.

There were curtains reflected in each mirror, and little glowing lamps, so cunningly arranged that it was not possible to guess which were real and

which were not. Rewa Gunga offered no explanation, but stood watching with quiet amusement. He seemed to expect King to take a chance and go forward, but if he did he reckoned without his guest. King stood still.

Then suddenly, as if she had done it a thousand times before and surprised a thousand people, a little nut-brown maid parted the middle pair of curtains and said "Salaam!" smiling with teeth that were as white as porcelain. All the other curtains parted too, so that the whereabouts of the door might still have been in doubt had she not spoken and so distinguished herself from her reflections. King looked scarcely interested and not at all disturbed.

Balked of his amusement, Rewa Gunga hurried past him, thrusting the little maid aside, and led the way. King followed him into a long room, whose walls were hung with richer silks than any he remembered to have seen. In a great wide window to one side some twenty women began at once to make flute music. Silken punkahs swung from chains, wafting back and forth a cloud of sandalwood smoke that veiled the whole scene in mysterious, scented mist. Through