

# MEERSCHAUM

## SMOKING TOBACCO



**MEERSCHAUM**  
AN ABSOLUTELY PURE  
SMOKING TOBACCO  
10c. PER PACKAGE.

*The Immigrants' Impression of Quebec.*

**Thomas** (Yorkshire) — Isn't this a grand sight, Andrew? There's nothing like this at home."

**Andrew** (Fifeshire) — I dinna call it so very grand. It's nothing to Edinburgh rock and castle....  
.....But listen. I'll take all that back since they sell "Meerschaum" Smoking Tobacco in the toon. I have not much left, and I canna' do without it."

**Thomas** — "You're right there, Andrew. Once you smoke "Meerschaum" you'll always smoke it."



flames was red against the growing darkness. The crowds were increasing, the engines had stopped; already the hoses were uncoiled like throbbing snakes along the pavement; fierce jets of water shot from the nozzles. On the outskirts of the throng Kendricks watched with great interest; but because he was at heart a fighter, because his sympathy was with the men who fought the fire, he found himself worming a resolute way to the inner rim of people. He loved to see an unruly element met on common ground and overmastered; when a sailor, nothing had pleased him better than a hand-to-hand bout with death aloft on swaying, jerking yards, with the biting sleet of a north-easter blinding him and the crashing horror of wind-hounded surges below.

So he came by slow degrees to the danger-zone, and saw there a tall house, a corner house, gripped fast by the devouring fire-demon. The lower floors were ablaze and going swiftly; the windows had fallen in, flames leapt outwards, curling angry tongues everywhere. The water-tower had been brought into use, but the terrific heat kept those who would have mounted it at bay.

It was a wonderful sight; thousands of upturned faces, lit up by a sinister sheen, drank in the grim details. A valuable house, undoubtedly; it stood in a fashionable quarter.

The heat was terrific. The foremost of the crowd breathed heavily. Kendricks decided that nothing could save the house. Already the lower floors were gutted clean; the fire was leap-

ing upwards, the windows of another floor cracked and vanished, fresh flames roared.

Into the fire-zone, stumbling over the palpitating hoses, hatless, coatless, grimy stains showing on his shirt-front, a man flew. He had forced a way somehow. None might tell how; but there he was running along like a frightened dog, his neck uncouthly bent the while he stared upwards at the house.

The chief of the fire brigade turned to an imperious clutch on his arm, a curt order on his lips; but his expression changed as he saw his accoster.

"You, sir? You'd be better out of the way—there's no chance."

Kendricks heard the colloquy, but haste and fear had clothed the newcomer with a complete disguise.

"Is everybody clear? I heard—I was dining in town—I came as fast as I could—good God!" His eyes had been roving over the lit face of the building as he spoke; now he stopped short, his figure convulsed; an arm shot out, pointing: "There, on the fifth floor—at the window; my God!"

"Steady! get hold of yourself; we'll do our best." The fire-chief spoke firmly, but his face expressed no hope. Kendricks, following that pointing finger, saw a small figure standing at a window on the fifth floor. It was a human figure. There was no doubting the evidence of his sea-stained eyes. A girl's figure; she was framed in the window, a small mite in a white night-robe; to the ordinary watcher she was little more than a blur. But Kendricks saw and understood.