

Farthest North

It is a recognized fact among distillers that the finest Scotch Whisky is produced in the Highlands of Scotland.


In the North, the art of distilling has been handed down from father to son for generations.

The Stromness Distillery—established at Orkney over a century ago—is the farthest north of any distillery in the world.

The inference is plain.

The entire production of this distillery is devoted to "Old Orkney" Whisky and every drop is bottled by us.

McCONNELL'S DISTILLERY LIMITED
Dacre House, Arundel St., London, England.
Proprietors of
STROMNESS DISTILLERY
Orkney, Scotland.



glance Lourdes' way, he caught again the familiar nervous start, saw the fear dawn in Luke's pale eyes. In this hour which witnessed the realisation of his hot dreams, the husband still guarded his wife, and Gabriel knew that her ripe beauty was not for him. Had the passion which burned in his veins been ten times heated, he could not have passed that pale shadow, have abridged the distance between himself and the woman by a single inch. He knew it; harder to bear, he knew that she knew it and triumphed in his fear.

"You bade me to your cabin—I am here?" her look continually taunted. Sometimes, too, he could have sworn that she was trying to tempt him. But if a sigh or little look drew his quick glance, it was the coquetry of hate; he caught only the mocking flash of hard, resentful eyes. Thus while the slow hours drew into the night they sat, he studying the coals, she him—sat until, just after a heavier gust had caused her to look round, she sprang up, eyes dilated with horror and fear, pointing at the window. Whirling at her cry, Gabriel also saw a face pressed against the black pane, its pale eyes empty of thought, though seeing, its mouth set in a vacuous grin—the face of Luke staring them out of whorl of grey drift.

In Gabriel's own mind that which followed in the next minute was blurred and indistinct. A hunter of the company since his head levelled his father's waist, his gun always went of itself to his shoulder, his bullet to its mark. While he stood, eyes glued to the horrible face, he was not conscious of reaching his gun down from its pegs on the chimney above the hearth. He did hear Lourdes' terrible cry of "Luke!" and afterward recalled a fleeting impression that she thought the thing alive. He knew that she must have sprung forward as he fired, to clutch the gun, but the first clear picture comes when, as the smoke lifted, he saw her lying at his feet, a beautiful ruin of a woman shrouded in red-bronze hair.

SITTING here years after, before a bright fire, with people moving about the house, I freeze as I picture him raising eyes from the dead woman to encounter again the stare of that awful face. It is easy to understand the obsession of terror that sent him, a trapper born, flying out of that room, forth from the fort, to circle and recircle like any lost child. Whereas, in his senses, he would have steered by the wind, he now plunged forward in his mad desire to put distance between himself and the fort; and as none but an Indian—who places one foot always directly in front of the other—may walk in a straight line by night, it is small wonder that his circlings brought him back again. Ignorant of which, he dug his way hours later into the heart of a drift, and what of complete exhaustion of body and mind, sank into a coma that outlasted the night. Indeed he did not wake till roused by a vibration on the crust of the snow.

While he slept a furious wind had packed the drift so hard that he had to put all of his great strength into a mighty heave before, bursting up like a ptarmigan from its nest under the snow, he saw the fort stockade looming darkly through thin drift. Nearer, within fifty yards, a man was approaching, footing it easily over the hard crust. At the first glance Gabriel knew him. A second gave him the long hair that trailed down from his shoulders, proclaiming the burden under which he bowed.

The dead was burying his dead—yet Gabriel did not move. An image of death himself, for the night's frost had fixed his face in a white mask wherein only the eyes moved, he

watched them go by. As he passed, the grim porter turned his head, revealing the empty eyes, the vacuous smile. For a second he paused and Gabriel thought the lips twitched toward speech. Then, with a beckoning nod, he moved on, steering straight for the twin spruces in the distance.

TWO days thereafter came the first real break in the weather, and it was while snowshoeing north to end the three months' silence which had obtained between the folk at the post and us of La Passe that Jean Baptiste and I came upon Gabriel stumbling south. The bitter frosts of a second night had frozen his legs to the knees. His arms were solid to the shoulder. As aforesaid, his eyes sparkled in a set white mask. Never have I seen a man so terribly frozen. But it was mercifully decreed that he should not die by the torture of gangrene; a greater cold had seized on his heart.

"He called me, father," he said. "And I must go—to finish out the play on the other side. But I could not die, unshriven, out here in the snows."

Nor did he. It was a clean soul—clean of its passion, anger, tears,—that passed out from the mission late the following night.

A Question of Rules

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 15.

Captain Raymond say, "Mary, take Nan away and let her rest. I'll drive her home afterwards." Then his sister came and took her arm. How kind everyone was!

After all the speeches were over, she slipped away to the dressing-room, and was stooping to fasten her locker, when her opponent came and threw her arms around her.

"Miss Herbert! Nan!" she whispered. "Miss Dawson saw that my ball went under the stile and tells me I had no right to lift it out, and that you knew it, and yet you let me do it. It might have cost you the game."

"And if it had?" said Nan softly. "The losing or winning do not matter, you know. It's just being a good sportswoman that counts, and you certainly are that. You must come and stay with me sometime and we will have many games together." Then she kissed her, and ran out to where Captain Raymond was waiting for her in the dog-cart.

"Well, Miss Victory!" he laughed as they started off, "how does it feel?"

"Blissful, but for one thing. I wish I could have told that Dawson girl what I think of her."

"Nan," he whispered, "she and I were the only two who saw. You were generous to-day and you won the championship. You won something else years ago. Won't you be generous to me?"

"No!" the girl said, shaking her head, then as his face darkened with disappointment, she looked up at him, smiling, and her eyes were very soft. "You cannot call it 'generous' to accept the greatest gift there is."

Some years afterwards when Alice Armstrong won the championship for the third time, some one said to her:

"You are the nicest opponent I have ever had. You certainly have a reputation to be envied for that as well as your golf."

But the other answered with shining eyes: "Whatever there may be in me to envy I owe to Mrs. Raymond, who first taught me that life itself is all a game and nothing counts but how we play it," and then she smiled as she added lightly, "One swallow may not make a summer, but one good sportswoman makes a host of others."

Hotel York

New York



NEW AND ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF
Seventh Ave., Cor. 36th St.
EUROPEAN PLAN

RATES \$1.50 to \$2.50, with detached bath
\$2.00 to \$4.00, with private bath

Occupies the geographical centre of the city, near the vortex of travel. Within from one to five minutes' walk of twenty-one theatres. Cars pass the door, and within five minutes of all the large retail shops. Norman Grill Room. Cuisine of superior excellence. Moderate prices.

H. G. WILLIAMS, Manager

CANADIAN HOTEL DIRECTORY

The New Russell
OTTAWA, CANADA
250 rooms
American Plan \$3.00 to \$5.00.
European Plan \$1.50 to \$3.50.
\$150,000.00 spent upon Improvements

La Corona Hotel
(Home of the Epicure)
MONTREAL
European Plan \$1.50 up. John Healy, Manager

King Edward Hotel
TORONTO, CANADA
—Fireproof—
Accommodation for 750 guests. \$1.50 up.
American and European Plans.

Grand Union Hotel
TORONTO, CANADA
Geo. A. Spear, President
American Plan \$2-\$3. European Plan \$1-\$1.50

Hotel Mossop
TORONTO, CANADA. F. W. Mossop, Prop.
European Plan. Absolutely Fireproof
RATES
Rooms without bath, \$1.50 up
Rooms with bath, \$2.00 up

Palmer House
TORONTO, CANADA H. V. O'CONNOR, Prop.
RATES
\$2.00 TO \$3.00

Calgary, Alberta, Can.
Queen's Hotel Calgary, the commercial metropolis of the Last Great West. Rates \$2.00 and \$2.50 per day. Free 'Bus to all trains. H. L. STEPHENS, Prop

Why let that headache spoil your day's work or pleasure? Take

NA-DRU-CO HEADACHE WAFERS

25c. a Box at your druggist's.

Guaranteed to contain no morphine, opium or other poisonous drugs, by the 30 National Drug and Chemical Company of Canada, Limited, Montreal.

FROM THE

OLD COUNTRY

Everything for everybody, from a tin-tack to an air-ship, at the world's lowest prices. Send for our Catalogues and save money. Departmental Lists post free anywhere. Our big and comprehensive general list sent post free anywhere on receipt of 25c.

GAMAGES

HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C., ENGLAND



One Price and the same exceptional value for our customers all over the world. Wherever you live we guarantee satisfaction—splendid value and perfect fitting garments, whatever style you choose. We make the cloth, we make the clothes. Suits to measure from \$6.45 to \$13.40.

Cloth supplied from 75c. yard. Patterns and style book, together with full information of carriage and duty to any part of Canada, post free, C. E. Brierly & Co., 54 Station St., Huddersfield, Eng.