



A scene from Maxine Elliott's great success, "Her Great Match," by Clyde Fitch, to be played by Ida Conquest at the Royal Alexandra this week.

## We Were Smugglers Four

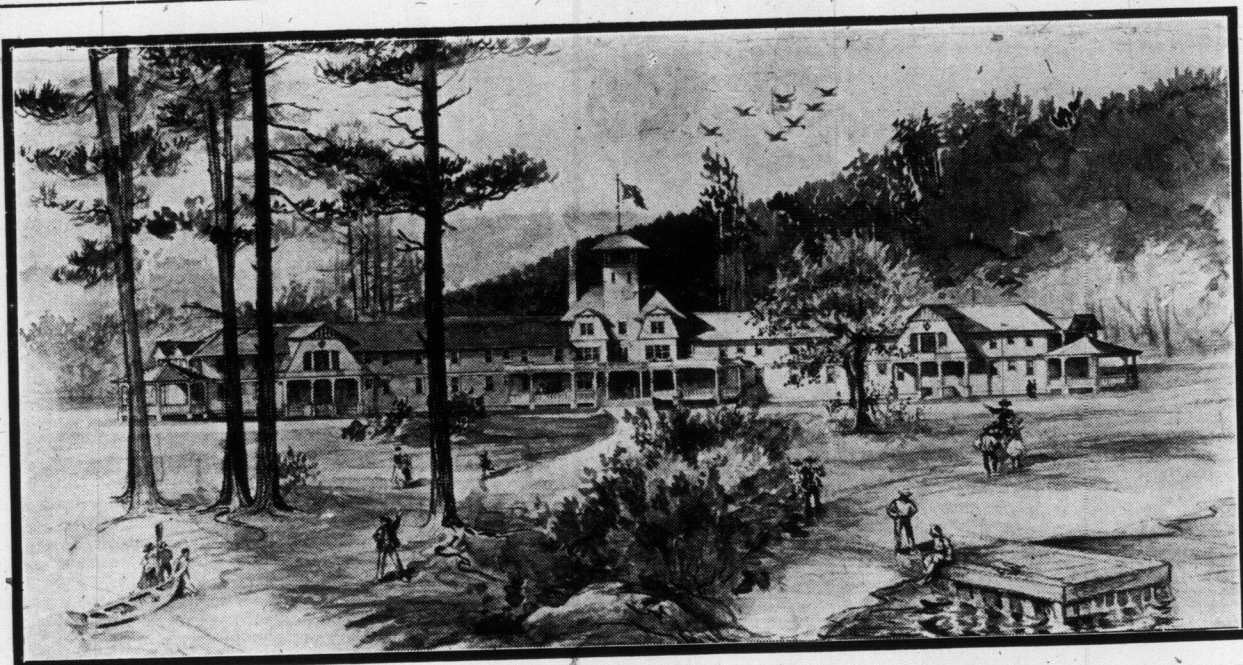
A letter with the Jersey postmark brought me news the other day of the death of poor Tom Peters who was so innocent a man that he probably became a confirmed smuggler in the conviction that he was doing no wrong. His demise reduces to two the witnesses of a contraband operation, lasting 20 minutes, in which I once engaged. Tom's brother Walter, who was also with me, has long since left Jersey for America, and if these lines happen to meet the eyes of Number Three, Theo Martin, he will smile and say nothing, especially as Theo Martin is not his name.

Tom Peters possessed, away back in the last decade, a boat with such a deep keel and large capacity for ballast that when she lay high and dry in Gorey Harbor, with a prop on each side of her, a tall man could scarcely see over her side. Her precise length I forget. Gorey fishermen used to sneer at Tom and say he had her built for racing and not for fishing. Old Charlie Rondil, who was 85 if he was a day, had declared in my hearing that if he had her he would do a bit of "freestrading" yet, as old as he was.

As a matter of fact, it was "freestrading" that was Tom's hobby; and it was part of his plans to let the fishermen think him a fool. For the rest, his boat, I may call her the Fleurette, as some index to her name—had two suits of sails, one of brown canvas for fishing, and the other of white, for what Tom called yachting. Tom had been an acquaintance of mine long before he mentioned the word smuggling. Partly because I was not a Jerseyman and partly because I kept a still tongue, he mentioned it several times; and when out fishing one day, we met another fast little craft, whose men spoke the Breton, he discoursed on what proved a fascinating theme.

For the Jersey smuggling of that day—there is little or none now—was "double-ended." You look over to France bales of the good old black Dutch tobacco, procurable in the island

that the cognac part of the trade was the less lucrative. One morning Tom met me, and having remarked that his brother and Martin had "gone out" heavy laden, told me that if I would stay at his farm that night I could be present at the return. Tom dabbled in farming as he dabbled in fishing, tho his harvest was neither of the sea nor of the plowed field.



A new hotel, to be called the "Wa wa," which will be opened this coming season in the beautiful Lake of Bays region. This reproduction is from an architectural drawing.

at less than a shilling a pound; and you returned with casks of cognac, defrauded—since I must use the word—the customers both of the French Republic and the States of Jersey. I have heard

it was a quiet vigil we kept in the brick-tiled kitchen until two the next morning. The rendezvous was for Bouling-Bay at three, and there was an one cask somewhat bigger than the others I threw a sling around it, balanced it with a smaller one, and was yards off when a voice rang out in the only words yet uttered:

"L'Anglais a pris notre barrique!" I said. The astonished cry was Theo's; and the accusation was true; for with new-born zeal against the customs I was landing the ship's barrel of water, duty free!

There was yet delay when the last cask was slung, for we had to give the Fleurette ballast by placing rocks where the liquor had been. But at last, his anxious eyes on the east, Walter Peters would wait for no more, and with an easterly breeze worrying her, the top-heavy craft rolled away towards the northernmost of the streaks of dawn.

Next afternoon, when she came to her berth, she was a fisherman again, with dark-brown sails, a hull fully ballasted, and two or three dozen conger, which she ostentatiously landed by her dinghy. "Bought 'em of a Frenchman at the Ecrehos, I'll bet!" said Tom, as we watched her. He was right.

How that cargo was brought up and sold is not mine to tell, except for this—that a few days later a wine merchant from town drove a van and pair into Tom's farmyard and came out with a load of hay.

It was soon after this, also, that the constable looked in for a chat. "You keep very good cognac, Peters," he commented, as he replaced the social glass (empty) on the table.

"I hope I always shall, sir." "And I believe you will," said the constable.

"Does he know?" I asked when the gig had driven off.

"Just what I'm wondering," said Tom.

An Approval of the Idle. "Everybody should be made to work in this life," remarked the political economist.

"I don't agree with you," answered Miss Cayenne, "there are so many people who, when they try to work, merely succeed in getting in the way."

## Queen Elena of Spain

By Prof. C. Cattapani of the Italian Geographical Society.

Her Majesty Elena, Nicolaelewna, Queen of Italy, is one of the most beautiful and interesting figures in Europe. Daughter of Prince Nicola of Montenegro, she has embodied in her nature all the solid virtues of her father's race. She has been educated in Russia and the photograph here reproduced is a previously unpublished autograph of her when a school girl in St. Petersburg.

The selection of a bride for a king is



## ERECTED BY CONGREGATION.

Church of England Mission which has been built in Wychwood, one of the suburbs of Toronto, by the parishioners themselves. Instead of subscribing sums sufficient to cover the cost of the building, men and women gave time and skill after their regular hours of business and labor, to saving boards, laying stone, driving nails, etc. The structure, the unpertentious, gives a comfortable home to the members. It is nicely furnished inside and promises some day to present a much more prepossessing appearance. Rev. W. J. Brain, formerly connected with Holy Trinity Church, is in charge, and thru his energy the mission was put up.

place of ballast there lay little flat casks, rows on rows, two of them a comfortable weight for a man when slung across the shoulder. In five minutes Tom and his brother were going and coming between the boat and the vraic-heap, while Theo fended the boat from the rocks and made ready the casks in pairs for slinging.

But the pace was not fast enough. There were some white streaks already in the eastern sky. The tide danced in, bouncing the Fleurette up and down on its rollers, and the casks were flying in pairs for slinging.

"Give me a load," I cried, as I ran knee deep into the water; and soon I was a third in the race from ship to cache.

As I said, it was only for twenty minutes. But if excitement grows in

as a rule, of international importance and can not be decided by the mere taste of the person concerned. The present King of Italy, even as a prince, was not an ordinary suitor, and reasons of state had no influence in the choice of his partner; love alone supported the match. And wisely he chose, because if the daughter of the modest prince did not bring him wealth and power, she possessed treasures of virtues, and solid qualities to more than offset the absence of the former. Queen Elena is extremely devoted to her beautiful children of which the last one was born on the 13th of November. Unaffected in her manner, she is a model of home's virtues to all Italian women, by whom she is almost worshipped.

The royal Italian family stands very high in Europe and there is nothing to mar the happiness of the home life of the royal couple, who live most of the time in Rome, or in other royal residences in Italy.

The king is an extraordinary man, brought up in a rather stern way by his tutor, Colonel Osio, and has added to the qualities of the soul an unusual wealth of knowledge and is truly the highest representative of the Italian gentleman of to-day. He has at heart the welfare of his kingdom, and Italy has, under his rule, risen very high among the great powers of Europe.

The Queen and King of Italy can often be seen driving in their carriage thru the streets of Rome, having with them their children, like any other happy family. Their simplicity of life, their unaffected manner and great charity have gained for them universal love and devotion, and the respect of even the most rabid opponents of monarchical institutions.

At the annual meeting of the Engineers of Toronto, held at their club rooms, recently, the following officers were elected for the year 1908:

President, J. G. Sing, C. E., engineer in-charge public works of Canada, Eastern and Northern Ontario, Toronto.

First vice-president, A. B. Barry, C. E., health department, City of Toronto.

Second vice-president, C. M. Canniff, C. E., Toronto.

Directors, W. J. Fuller, C. E., assistant engineer public works of Canada; R. G. Black, C. E.; W. J. Reynolds, C. E.; secretary, R. B. Wolsley, C. E.; treasurer, L. J. Street, C. E., all of Toronto.

Flashes of Fun. "That widow says he is clever but impossible." "If a widow has found him impossible he must be clever."—Houston Post.

Mrs. De Style: "Is she fond of her baby?" Mrs. Smith-Jones: "Fancy, yes. Why, she's almost like a mother to it."—Boston Globe.

"I don't believe Hughes would stand any chance of being elected." "Why not?" "Because he couldn't get the safety-razor vote."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mrs. Smith: "My husband always says that I am his first thought." Mrs. Jones: "From all that I hear, he seems to think that second thoughts are best."—Town Topics.

## TO THE PUBLIC

Announcement is made of the opening of an Optical and Kodak Establishment at 131 Yonge Street, Toronto, by Joseph C. Williams, Prescription Optician.

Mr. Williams' years of select experience with the leading optical house of New York, and his position of recent years as manager of Rye Brothers' Optical Department, Toronto, are suggestive of the kind of service to be had at his present quarters.

Numerous styles of glasses offered are exclusive designs. All lenses and mountings made by him are of the very best quality. Mr. Williams enjoys the distinction of being the first optician in Canada to successfully grind the celebrated "Kryptok" Invisible Bifocal Lenses and has acquired patents and exclusive rights to manufacture these lenses for the Dominion.

Mr. Williams says: "You may trust the care of your glasses here with confidence. The pleasure of serving you is most respectfully solicited."

131 YONGE STREET.

"Make many purchases in Europe?" "Not many. We might have bought a couple of dukes and lords cheap for cash, but we didn't need any in the family."—Atlanta Constitution.

"Well, little one," said the kindly old man, "what are you going to be when you grow to be a man?" "I guess I'll be a freak," replied the bright child.

"A freak? Why?" "Cause I'm a little girl."—Philadelphia Press.

"What sort of a time did you have at the theatre?" "Perfectly lovely."—answered young Mrs. Torkins. "So of the scenes were so pathetic that wept, and the others were so funny that I laughed till I cried."—Washington Star.



QUEEN ELENA OF ITALY. As she appeared several years ago, from an autograph photo of her as a school girl in St. Petersburg. It was loaned to The Sunday World Prof. Cattapani, whose mother received it as a gift from the queen.

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### OFFICERS OF ENGINEERS' CLUB OF TORONTO:

Sitting, from left to right: C. M. Canniff, 2nd vice-president; J. G. Sing, president; W. J. Fuller, director; L. J. Street, treasurer. Standing, from left to right: R. B. Wolsley, secretary; R. G. Black, director; W. J. Reynolds, director; A. B. Barry, 1st vice-president.



SPINNING CHORUS IN DRAMATIC PRODUCTION AT GREEK THEATRE.