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TORONTO, CAN.

a semiquaver of that abominable tune. As the last notes died away I muttered something which might have been a prayer of thanksgiving, and my friend whispered across the table, "What is that lovely air? You really must give the man a tip, dear, he played it too beautifully."

The wretched creature cringed over my half-sovereign and said, "It was monsieur vat prayed me to play 'Mon Cœur s'Ouvre a ta Voix,' zat so charmant air de Samson et Dalila, vas it not, hein?"

The rest of the dinner was a blank as far as I am concerned; nothing seemed to rouse me. My friend looked charming—she always does look charming—and my pet savoury was on the menu, but I could only play with the toast and hum that tune and wonder how Samson managed to escape the lunatic asylum if Dalila sang it often. She must have thought me appallingly dull, but she might have refrained from saying as we parted, "I believe I am nearly as fond of that song as you seem to be. Will you come and play the accompaniment if I practice it up a bit?" After that I was almost afraid to go on to the Duchess of Dusabitt's until it struck me that of course they could play nothing but dance music there, so it was with quite a feeling of relief that I scaled the ducal stairs and sorted out my hostess at the top. She introduced me at once to a perfectly lovely girl—such a sensible woman the duchess—and I claimed the next dance in that manly tone which they never can resist. She smiled adorably and glanced at the programme. She murmured, "Yes," and then her eyes lit up with joy. "Oh, how too adorable!" she cried. "Monsieur Iff-notte is going to play his wonderful arrangement of 'Mon Cœur s'Ouvre a ta Voix,' from Samson et Dalila. They say it is quite too beautiful."

I don't know what I did, for all I know I may have fainted, but those of my friends who were present say that I turned and bolted down the ballroom like a madman. My best friend, Bertie Bullion, swears that the duchess met me in the doorway and said, "Oh, but you mustn't go yet. Why they're just going to play that delightful waltz from Samson et Dalila, 'Mon Cœur s'Ouvre a ta Voix.' Everyone's raving about it," and that I answered, "That's what I've been doing all day."

I do not know whether my friends have been strictly accurate, but I do know that ever since that frightful day my life has been a burden to me. I dare not lunch at the Ritz, I dare not have tea at the Carlton, I dare not dine anywhere. The very sight of a barrel organ sets me all of a tremble, and the fear that haunts me is that even if I can shake off that dreadful tune some other air will rise up and pursue me in the same way through town.

What is to be done? Cannot someone get up a petition? "Meat without music" would look very well on a banner, and I would gladly help to carry it. Cannot the orchestras be forced to sign a paper promising not to play the same thing more than once a day? There must be plenty of tunes knocking about. If they should happen to run short I would be quite willing to write a few myself for a consideration.—The Tatler.

Naming a Canyon.

THERE'S a story behind the naming of many places in Canada. Here is the one behind the picking of the name "White Horse" for a canyon in Alberta. An Edinburgh mining engineer went to Alberta two years ago to inspect and report upon a coalfield. He and his party travelled west from Edmonton on horseback, accompanied by guides and with pack horses to carry their belongings. One day a pack horse blundered against a tree with its pack, was knocked off its legs, rolled down a steep slope, and was only stopped from falling over the precipice into the canyon below by a tree on the edge of the precipice.

The party scrambled down and got the horse up to the track.

The packs had been very securely fastened, and, strange to say, no damage had been done. The horse carried their whole stock of whiskey, the "White Horse" blend. In that region whiskey is very precious, so, out of gratitude for its safe recovery, they named the canyon "The White Horse Canyon," and that name has stuck to it.

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