

organ. Then—it was to drown the hideous voice of the Moloch music, it was with the wild unreasoned hope of somehow awakening Carrington unharmed, it was her woman-musician's soul fleeing to sanctuary and calling in despair for the help of the All-Powerful—her fingers struck the first mighty, heaven-born chords of one of the immortal choruses of the Messiah.

In an instant the swift and ruthless, horribly exultant, trampling march of the canon stopped dead. It was as if a crucifix had been raised amid the devil's mass, as if some skeleton-and-demon dance of death had been banned and halted. From the smaller organ raved up a pandemonium of fiendish snarlings, ghoulish execrations, haggish shriekings, and then the whole Gehenna gathered itself into one raging fury of resistance. All the challenged powers of darkness seemed to rush together and pour from the canon as from the pit's mouth. The chapel was a-surge with such a chaos of wild, atrocious malevolency as, it well might seem, nothing in earth or heaven could stand against.

The girl felt herself choking, swooning. But again her desperate love fought down her weakness, and her fingers pressed the keys in one final cry of agonized appeal. In that proud martyr's ecstasy strength flooded back to her. The great organ shook itself free once more, and, finding its full diapason, high above all that screaming devil defiance of revilings and blasphemies rolled on giant-mouthed in its tremendous exorcism.

Then it was as if that old Sulpician chantry had been that great Sistine chapel of Michael Angelo which is walled about with stupendous configuration of the Last Judgment, and all the hosts of heaven and hell had sprung to warring life. And the thunderstorm gave to the battling organs an awful chorus and accompaniment. The lightning falling about the chapel in almost unbroken flash, struck through the ground-glass windows to right and left of the somnambulist, and leaped and rioted about his blind face in shuddering flickers of unearthly green. But through the great stained oriel which looked upon the girl the heavenly fires came in glowing bursts of colour and wrapped her in a mantle of lives divinely luminous. And the thun-

der with its dreadful fulminations seemed now like some colossally protecting friend. It was the voice of the legions she was invoking. Higher and higher pealed the trumpet-tongue of the great organ. The canon still gnashed its teeth like a thousand frenzied hell-hounds, but gradually its hideous exultation died away. Stronger and stronger came the great conquering chords of good; and then the mighty anthem rose to its tremendous apotheosis in that earth-awakening, heaven-soaring chorus of hallelujahs.

The storm was passing. The canon's voice was now only a raucous paroxysm of frustrated rage. Into the baffled ranks of evil the chorus swept like some celestial soldiery. The girl felt herself inspired, and in her hands every Gabriel-note became a sword of flame to beat the vampire music from her lover's soul. . . . His fingers faltered on the keys. . . . In a last impotent falsetto the canon altogether ceased.

He was awakening. The girl called to him. He answered her. In his voice was amazement, but no note of brain-destroying terror, nor of demoniacal possession. The spell had been utterly broken! She fled through the darkness from her organ-loft to his, and gathered him to her bosom. Then white and trembling they hurried together from the chapel.

The mansion was in an uproar.

The servants were running about in the rain, terrified. One of the last fierce thunderbolts had struck the cupola and torn its splintering course down into the library. Apparently the steel of the safe had drawn it, and indeed the whole charge of electric fluid seemed to have plunged itself into the open strong-box. Of the Colonel's papers nine-tenths were burned past all hope of recognition, and of the devil's head canon only the great seal of the prince-bishop remained.

The one man who a month ago could perhaps have furnished a duplicate of the manuscript has now only a rapidly-fading nightmare memory of it. Other than the statement he is preparing with the help of Colonel and Miss La Shelle for the secretary of the Society of Psychical Research, what is here written contains his final utterance upon the subject.

People and Places

The Duke Labours in Vain.

WHEN the Duke of Connaught was out in Winnipeg recently, one afternoon, he laid a corner-stone for the Selkirk memorial. It is now realized that the Duke's trowelling was all done in vain.

The committee of citizens who have the matter of the monument in charge, have suddenly come to the conclusion that they do not want the site chosen. The site which had been proposed was in front of the new Bank of Montreal building. The architect of that structure has so arranged the building that it would dominate the monument.

Sir William Whyte moved that the committee try to procure a site from the Provincial Government on the grounds of the Parliament Buildings.

A Summer Idyll.

IN this column a few weeks ago mention was made of a deer which wandered from the forest confines of Moncton, New Brunswick, down the city streets.

The following incident reported from Halifax may be of interest to game lovers and those people in Montreal, Toronto, or Winnipeg whose experience with deer has been limited to an afternoon spent at the zoo:

"Residents of Rockingham recently were given a rare treat in the appearance of two fine deer, a doe and her fawn, which were discovered in Dr. S. D. McDonald's garden. The visitors had evidently spent the night there and, becoming alarmed at the sight of the many onlookers, gracefully bounded over the fence into Hiram Donkin's property. From there they continued down to the shore of the Basin, the older animal taking to the water and swimming some distance out. She was obliged to return, however, as her young could not swim, and together they

quickly made off, disappearing in the forest back of Sherwood. The deer were first found about half-past six, and as they remained in view nearly half an hour a number of people were given an opportunity of seeing them."

Who is John Lyle?

A MAN died in New York the other day. He was worth more than a score millions of dollars. When his life flickered out no children surrounded his bedside. He had few friends. No one knew much about him except that he went by the name of John S. Lyle and was said to have got his New York start as an office boy in a dry goods store.

The despatches from the metropolis claim that the dead millionaire was born in Nova Scotia. Some of the Maritime papers are busy with queries about the origin of John Lyle.

Not Disconcerted.

MR. H. B. AMES, M. P. of Montreal, is a philosopher. He believes that even holidays may bring their worries, but he is resolved that nothing shall seriously disturb the enjoyment of his vacation season.

The Montreal parliamentarian this summer resolved to take his off days cruising in his well-equipped and valuable yacht. He organized a party of friends and the sail began. The yachting party came to an abrupt end when Mr. Ames' craft was wrecked down east at Port Hood.

The calm, cool and collected Mr. Ames did not lose any sleep over his drowned yacht. His party was safe.

Mr. Ames did not, as many would have done, say his regrets to his guests and tell them that the trip was over. The yacht gone, he sought a substitute. He hit upon a land-lubber scheme of driving through the Cape Breton district in Nova Scotia.



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