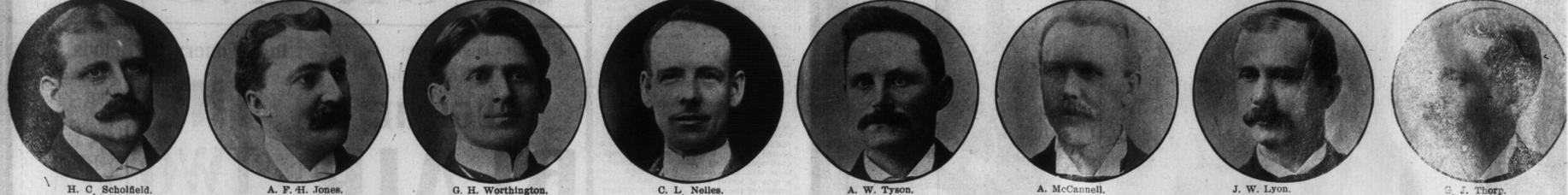


Some Good Citizens of the Royal City Who Helped to Make the Recent Guelph Horse Show an Eminent Success



Captain Nap

He was called Captain "Nap" by the men because they said he was like Napoleon; a Napoleonic head set upon the figure of a guardsman, the same pallid, stony face, the stony jaw, the light, cold eyes and the wispy hair upon the brow. He was akin to the great man, too, in the daring ingenuity of his plans and his contempt for danger. He was the most resourceful captain and invincible man who had ever led a band of robbers to their own destruction, and his name was fraught with the greatest terror to travelers even in the wild lands of North America, where desperate men were many and life was heavily hedged in private life he was the possessor of a pretty wife and a cattle ranch, and was very highly respected as Rancher Westwood. There in the silence and the solitude, he and his men would work and wait until time was ready to swoop like eagles from the sky upon their prey and bear away their ill-gotten gains.

It was three years since she had left the stores away west to follow the man of her choice. She had been the darling of Rourke's Camp, a light, laughing slip of a girl with a sweet-teeth for every day in the year, had she chosen. She often thought withfully of the winters there with her father, her sister Kit and the "boys"—the roaring fire, the mad dances, the reckless fun. She had never given a thought to one of the "boys" unless it was "Straightshot" Rickey with his tender blue eyes and his straw-colored hair. "I'd have been his wife now if I'd never seen Dan," she thought, with a faint touch of regret, soon lifted. Her father and her sister had never wanted her to marry the stranger, but she loved him and willingly enough had gone into the wilds with him. It was seldom she saw her own people, her sister had married a missionary man, and they seem to have drifted apart. Her husband was kind enough to her, in his way he no doubt loved her well; but it was not a woman's way. It hurts the heart when the old fiery ardor wanes. His was now the rough, careless love of a man who has little time or inclination to caress, to whom a woman must be content to play a second part.

"Have you seen Dan?" was her greeting. "He won't be home before morning, I should say," said the man. "He's on business the other side of the prairie, up at Long Hollow." The woman's face fell. "That's a pity," she said. "For I'm going to ride down to see Kit's baby." "It must be mighty lonesome up here all alone," "I'm used to it," she said below her breath. "It's no sort of life for a young woman like you. Why, only three years back—" "Don't speak of that, Rickey!" "Why did you marry him, Nita?" "I loved him," she said simply. "He was the only man in the world for me. I think my heart broke, Rickey, when I found out he was the terrible Captain 'Nap'." "Why didn't you come and speak to me last night when I sent for you? I may have stopped him going to-day. I sent a boy up with a note." "I didn't get a note." "He was afraid of the dog and put it under the door. Still, I thought you'd get it." "Is there dangerous work on hand?" "The police are hot on the scent," he said shortly. She put her hand on her heart with a quick gesture of pain. "I hope my gift won't come too late to save him from these ways."

"Your gift?" She blushed. "Like Kit's," she said simply. "Wait a minute, Rickey, and I'll be ready. We can ride a bit of the way together. I'll just scribble a note to Dan to tell him where I'm going. I just see the baby and return." At the end of the note she wrote: "I'll tell you such a secret when I return." Then she started away with Rickey. Her husband returned much earlier than was expected. With him was Black Sam. No light, no fire. The former he soon supplied, saw the note, read it, scowled and snored a little. Black Sam, who was sitting on the back and bade him bestir himself about a fire, reached for a bottle of brandy and lit his pipe. The fire was soon burning and lit up the homely interior. Three phrases the other. "We don't invite our wives to comfort our wives during our absence." A piece of paper attracted his notice, and he picked it up, read it, and chuckled. "I would not sell you

much to drink. "It was a deuced pity for her that your girl didn't marry the other fellow"—pointing with a dirty thumb to Straightshot. "They was almost married when you came along with your swagger and your tin. You spoilt our bird, captain; you caged her up and killed her song. I'm deuced sorry for her." The captain looked at him with fierce eyes and held out his hands. "Hold your tongue!" the captain thundered. "A year of this 'ud have killed her if it wasn't for the other chap. You leave her a deuced sight too much with that fellow, Nap. They're a sight too fond of one another." "Shut up!" the captain shouted.

staggered figure dropped at his feet. A man's voice, hoarse with pain, shrieked: "Heavens, man, what have you done? We came to warn you the police are here! Quick, man, to horse! I will remain by that!" But Captain "Nap" sprang upon Straightshot with a fierce oath. "You were her lover?" Straightshot wrenched himself free. "It's false, I loved your wife, but she loved you." "You had an appointment with her to-night?" "You're wrong again," shouted Straightshot. "I wanted to tell her how

When Straightshot returned Nap was rising from his knees; his mouth was twitching, his face was ghastly, his eyes were dim. The door burst open. All that the police saw was the straw-colored head of Straightshot bending over a woman's body. "Who's the captain?" demanded the leader. "There," said Straightshot, and pointed thru the back door to the prints in the untrodden snow. He was never caught. Only one man knows what became of him. The terror of his name has become but a memory, and his old haunts know him no more. Straightshot told him "the secret." For one solid hour he hid his face in his

"Anita was twenty-three," "How young!" she said to her young man. "I wonder to which man she belonged." "Should say they were both swayed," replied the man. "But she would only love one," as she said, "I hope it was the fair one, she has a kinder face. Kindness always wins with a girl." They passed on. The world, with its pleasure and its pain, goes on. But Anita has the better part—a steady sleep.



VICTORIA DAY REGATTA OF THE INTER-SANATORIUM YACHT CLUB, MUSKOKA BAY—THE START.

Norway and Sweden

NORWAY—"the North Way"—has an area of about 124,129 square miles, only a little more than that of the territory of New Mexico. Norway takes its name from the northerly stretch of the Scandinavian peninsula, extending 300 miles into the Arctic zone. It has a coast line of 170,000 miles, straight line around its outer belt of rocks skirting the north Atlantic ocean, but if the windings and indentations of its coast line be measured it has 12,000 miles of coast. Only 10 per cent. of its soil is cultivable, while 90 per cent. is bare, black mountain and the rest sparse woodland. Lumbering, fishing, copper, silver and iron mining are among the industries. None of these are of any great consequence. In 1900 silver worth \$88,000, copper worth \$670,000 and iron worth \$30,000 were produced. In 1901 Norway's exports were \$76,000,000; exports, \$41,000,000. The population is 2,270,880. About two-thirds of the people live along the rugged coast. There are 61 towns—small, smart, Christiania, the capital, next as large as Toronto, having 220,000 population. Norway's authentic history extends back only to the ninth century. A.D. Prior to that period barbarism prevailed among its warlike natives, who are believed to have been of Finnish and Pictish origin. Thru many centuries they have been in contact with the Swedish and Finnish neighbors to a relatively small extent. Modified Danish is now the literary language, but ancient Norse survives, and of late has been more strongly revived than Gaelic in Ireland. The government is a special cabinet chosen by the voters, who electors are chosen in the United States. These select from among themselves members for the parliament, which meets annually for three months, and may make laws, propose amendments, finance, etc. The king exercises power thru a council of state appointed by himself, which he is compelled to consult before acting in any case. In the ninth century the petty tribal rulers were united into a kingdom by Harald, who was under Harold Haafog—"Falcon"—whose family ruled until expelled by the Danes in 1025, who were expelled in 1042. The Danes were driven in 1065. In 1130 Magnus, king of Denmark, became king of Norway and united the three kingdoms into one. In 1314, as a result of the Napoleonic wars, Norway was severed from Denmark and united to Sweden under the rule of the Bernadottes. Just deposed by the stirring spirit of nationalism, but toleration prevailed. A separate Norwegian army is maintained. Of late years the influence of Russia in state affairs in Norway has been complained of by Sweden. Sweden is the eastern end of the Scandinavian peninsula, but toleration prevailed. A separate Norwegian army is maintained. Of late years the influence of Russia in state affairs in Norway has been complained of by Sweden. Sweden is the eastern end of the Scandinavian peninsula, but toleration prevailed. A separate Norwegian army is maintained. Of late years the influence of Russia in state affairs in Norway has been complained of by Sweden.

CUBA...THE LAND OF SUNSHINE

CUBA...THE LAND OF SUNSHINE INCORPORATED UNDER "THE ONTARIO COMPANIES ACT." CANADA-CUBA LAND AND FRUIT COMPANY, LIMITED Second Issue of Ten Thousand Acres Only Will Be Sold at \$20.00 an Acre After this is sold a further issue will be sold at \$40.00 per acre. Buy Now and Save Money. You can't duplicate this land for less than \$50.00 per acre to-day in Cuba. Buy a business lot at \$50 to \$75 which will rapidly increase in value. Terms cash; or 25 per cent. cash and 25 per cent. each month till paid for.

WINTER RESORT Cuba will be a favorite winter resort for the people of North America, because of its favorable location and uniform temperature. At the time when the Northern States are clothed with snow and ice, this island has the climate of June. With its fine sandy beach for bathing, its land-locked harbor for yachting, the rolling lands in the background for beautiful scenery, and Canadian people for neighbors, Ocean Beach should be the most desirable as a winter resort. The scenery on Guadiana Bay is grand and inspiring. Our Estate is covered with tropical foliage. The water is so clear that the gravelly bed from ten to twenty feet below can be seen distinctly, abounding in certain sections with Spanish mackerel, a species larger than the mackerel of our Northern markets, and fully as palatable.

LAND IS THE BASIS OF ALL WEALTH.

As a permanent place of residence as well as a health and pleasure resort, Cuba, owing to its climatic and scenic charms, is attracting wide attention. Any person from a northern climate can live in Cuba in Summer with as much comfort as in Canada, while the winter months are, of course, very much more comfortable than in a land of snow, sleet and blizzards.

Advertisement for Cuba land and fruit company, including sections on Purpose of the Company, Soil and Products of Cuba, Cattle Raising, Fish, Game and Animals, Truck Growing in Cuba, Profits on Oranges and Other Citrus Fruits, and No Danger of Overdoing. Includes a table with costs and estimated income for banana plantations.

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO AGENTS WANTED GEORGE F. DAVIS, MANAGING DIRECTOR, 106 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO Telephone Main 5731