

### THE KING FISHER'S DAUGHTER

I.

The deep blue-green of Lake Michigan washed itself into white foam as it rolled in against the breakwater and broke into a thousand shattered rainbows in the morning sun. Lower down on the shore it spread its great waves over a long, wide stretch of sandy beach, and with gurgling laughter sported with the strong men, the timid women, the venturesome young folk and merry children who swam, floated, dived and waded in its cooling depths. Out across the expanse of surging, restless water was dimly outlined a little disappearing steamer. There a little nearer, the glass revealed one or two private yachts; still nearer, and visible to the naked eye, were smaller craft and sailing vessels, looking like butterflies soaring against the blue; there a tugboat puffed out a long plume of trailing smoke as it steered shoreward with its burden. Over on yonder pier, abandoned by the larger vessels for the more pretentious one on the wharf above, sat silent fishermen with their baskets, nets and tackle; some few were out in skiffs, with their nets dropped low; near in, close hugging the old pier and moored securely to it, rested a typical, queer-looking houseboat. That some pretensions were made toward gentility by its occupants was evident from the freshly painted doors and windows and the presence of two or three potted geraniums that stood about on the one deck, and the song of a canary singing in his cage, telling in his way, perhaps, of his captor's life in this drifting home.

The general silence on the farther end of the pier was broken when Old Bailey aunched in his lines and drew in a catch, the size of which made less successful ones envious, placed it in his big fish basket, and, after arranging the great, red handkerchief about his neck, started landward with his load along the centre of the pier.

"Somethin' wrong when Old Bailey quits this time of day," said one fisherman to another.

"Thinks he'll get a 'corner' on fish, maybe," said a second voice.

"He don't mind what ye fellers say," said a third. "That gal o' his has a birthday to-day, and he has promised her something, and it would take a typhoon to stop him from gettin' it."

"Birthday? How does he know when her birthday is? He picked her up on this very pier when her mother had left her to the tender mercies of this world, while she searched for a better one by sinkin' herself under the blue," said the first speaker.

"It was this way," was the reply of the third. "There was a tag on her, tied 'round her neck, you see, sayin' she was two year old; her father dead and mother wantin' to be better; would be by the time the baby was found; maybe the one who found her could be better to her than her poor, sick mother, who could not work to support her. And when—"

"I remember the very day," broke in the second speaker. "Old Bailey had been on a terrible bender; hadn't been sober for a week and was sleeping it off out here. Nobody thought much of Old Bailey then days. We didn't call him King Fisher then, I'm here to tell ye. He wasn't aristocrat enough then to own a houseboat, although I guess he had seen better days, for when he was sober he would tell about places he had been and wind off stories a yard long that he had read out o' books."

"And when, as I was tellin' ye," said the third voice again, "when he found her he just took that day for her birthday. The gal's happy."

"And," said the second voice, "it's been ten years, and King Fisher has not touched a drop o' liquor since that brat toddled over to where he was asleep and—the Lord knows how long he was asleep—kept pullin' his hair and pattin' his face, sayin' 'in her baby way, 'Det up! 'Det up!' until the old man did get up and come to himself just to find he was owner o' a baby with no place to keep it. But he kept it, he did. He's stubborn as a mule, and when I told him to put it in an orphan asylum he looked at me like thunder and told me to mind my own business. So I let him dead alone ever since, though I ain't got nuthin' agin him."

"And kept her well, too," continued the third voice again. "I'd like to know what he'll bring her. She's powerful on books, an' readin' an' pictures ever since he sent her to school in the city, and she has mighty purty ways for havin' no mother. And as to the housekeepin', them two rooms look like parlors. Old Bailey has learned her how and she can fry fish and make coffee good as anybody."

"Hey! Here, you fellows! What's the matter with that line out there? Pulls like a sea monster, by jing!"

"And all eyes were turned toward the dancing line and the King Fisher and his adopted daughter were forgotten.

Shortly before the noon hour a young girl appeared at the door of the houseboat and looked eagerly and thoughtfully toward the busy city. Not seeing the object of her search, she went in, and in a few minutes reappeared wearing a muslin hat but half shielding her olive-brown face from the sun's glare. Dark eyes glanced again along the pier, then turning, she went to the aft of the boat and proceeded to feed and water some chickens that were kept in an enclosure.

"Poco, you're greedy; let biddy have a little," to the great yellow rooster as he helped himself somewhat too liberally to the rations to suit his young mistress. "Daddy will put you in a pen by yourself, if you don't be careful. Now listen and I'll tell you a secret. Now listen. I baked a cake—my own birthday cake—and daddy doesn't know it. Won't he be surprised when he comes from market? And there are twelve red candy drops on it, for I am twelve years old and I'll soon be a woman. Daddy says I am getting big too fast, but he has gone to get me a present and we are going to have a cel—"

She did not finish her tale to the chickens, for a stout man with a smooth, sun-tanned, wind-browned face and blue eyes was coming down the steps from the pier, carrying a wonderful parcel.

"Daddy! Daddy!" cried the girl, running to him, throwing both arms around his neck and giving him two resounding smacks.

"Easy! easy! my cherub, or you'll snap the boat rope, upset The Ark and give as a ducking. I'll untie this in a minute; better lay it on your bed, I reckon, where it will be safe. We'll have a look at it and then I'll tell you its story."

Very carefully were the outside wrappings removed, showing a long green cloth bag.

"Oh, daddy! a mandolin!" cried Dot, excitedly, and dancing round for joy.

"No; guess again, my cherub, my child."

Dot clenched her hands as the cover came off and the snapping of a fastening disclosed to view a fine old violin. Tenderly, as he had handled Dot in her baby days, did the old man lift it from the case and bend lovingly over it as he drew the bow across the strings, and the old air of "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt," floated through the little boat-house and out over the water. Dot sat transfixed, unable to speak, delirious in the future that in that moment she had mapped out before her. She pictured herself a great musician who could tell again in concert halls, through speaking strings, the song of the waves she knew so well. Daddy could teach her. But how did daddy know? Again she became conscious of her surroundings, and there was daddy, who seemed to have forgotten her, leaning on and on, with a mist in his eyes.

"Stop! stop, daddy! I cannot bear it! You make me cry!"

He laid down the violin and took a sobbing child in his arms. They were quiet for a while, and then the rebounding nature in youth spoke out: "Oh, thank you! I thank you! And I shall be a great player and make money for us both; and you can teach me—but, daddy, how did you know?"

"How did I know?" said the King Fisher, reflectively. "Well, I played once, and well, many years ago. But that was before things went wrong, cherub; things I don't even now care to tell you, though you might know. So I threw up the sponge, as they say, and drifted up here; went to the bad generally until I felt your tiny arms around my neck one day, as I have told you. But you anchored me, Dot, and I've tried to be good to you. It isn't much I've done. I want you to live better, be educated, and live as you deserve to live. Music will aid you and you love it. So I decided to buy back the old violin I had pawned once with the promise that the man would not sell it without giving me notice. She's a fine one, and I have saved little by little until I could bring her to my cherub as the best gift I had to offer. If the season is good and I am lucky you can take lessons this winter from a professor in the city, and then we will know what Dot can do. But, come, I am as hungry as a wolf. Let's have our dinner, and then we will play the rest of the day, for some time you will be slipping out of these arms and leave your plain old dad for finer folk, and I suspect, in time slip into somebody else's arms. But when that time comes, child—he paused a moment and took a deep breath—"when that time comes, be sure you know your heart and don't wreck any man's life by your foolishness—you hear, child, my cherub?"

"We are disagreeably early," said Mrs. James Potter, as she arranged the flowers she held and made herself comfortable while her escort slipped the white opera cloak from her shoulders.

"But Professor Von Bleim wanted me to engage this new violinist, for my coming musicale and suggested I should see her before the performance to-night. He promises us something extraordinary; so, perhaps, it will repay us for listening patiently to this agonizing process of orchestral tuning."

"I am so unsophisticated that I enjoy seeing the audience assemble. I never tire of a study of people from the boxes," was the response from Gerald Le Moyne.

"Nor they of us, I fancy," Mrs. Potter smiled.

"They would not always envy us our opportunities if they understood some of the difficulties that—"

"Difficulties—" interrupted Mrs. Potter, "that word is a key note. For instance, as regarded a drawing card for my musicale, first I sought Herr Helwig, but he was engaged; then an opera singer, but without avail; then I prostrated myself, so to speak, with suppliant petitions before Madame Villiard, but, alas! we could not agree on the numbers or on the remuneration. And so on until I actually thought it meant a postponement, but happily this new star whom Professor Von Bleim presents as a soloist to-night is both reasonable and personally charming, and—as regards her talent, of that we may judge a little later. Ah! the first number."

The applause following it was dying away when Mrs. Potter raised her lorgnette to the opposite box, which a man occupied alone. "Evidently a stranger," was her comment.

"He seems somewhat uncomfortable. I should say he was a man of the plains taking his first lesson in Wagner. One with more money than he knows how to spend," was the reply.

"D. Katharine Bailey, violinist," was the next on the programme, and the audience awaited with an expectant hush as a girlish figure in white appeared and moved with easy grace to the centre of the stage, where the conductor took her hand as she stepped upon the raised dais. It was notable that but one appearance was scheduled; therefore the more important.

With a grave face, but with eyes that shone like stars, the girl saw the sea of faces before her, raised a moment, then with a sudden lightning of the long lashes to a box on the right, she raised the violin and touched its vibrant strings with its bow.

When Musical Director Von Bleim announced a rare treat in connection with his orchestra, no one ever thought of doubting his statement, but at the first note there arose a soft murmur of suppressed approval, and then the hush of a great audience fell.

Not a fan stirred; not a sigh or whisper. Caught in the flight of imaginative inspiration, they moved from bird song and forest song to the song of the waves as they broke low and sweet, or came as the moaning cry of a lost soul—now dashing, splashing, glorious in furious frenzy; now breaking in mad delight over fallen oar or beating in an angry wail against a forlorn vessel; and now, in reverberatory echo, they

seemed to hear the long low swish of the water as it rolled itself in and out over a deserted pier, and slowly died away.

The man in the box, forgetful of but one thing in the world, had risen. It seemed but a signal for an outburst of the pent-up enthusiasm of the hundreds, who rose en masse, waving their hats, handkerchiefs and fans amid a deafening applause; flowers were taken from the hair and corsage and thrown upon the stage at the feet of a girl, who, while smiling acknowledgement, seemed half frightened by the furor, and almost hastily retreated from the shower of floral petals.

The audience sat down, but applauded wildly for another sight of the slender figure. Even that was not enough. Professor Von Bleim retreated in vain for silence until he led D. Katharine Bailey to the footlights again and she stood touching the violin to her delicate chin, the strings responsive to her magic touch. Again the deafening applause; twice was not sufficient—nay, thrice. Would the audience never be satisfied? Professor Von Bleim, elated as he was by the triumphant success, was almost impatient. "This was positively the last. And this last! It was the simple strain of 'Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,' with a hundred variations that none had heard or dreamed of before. Men left strange lumps in their throats, women cried silent tears or sobbed outright, and one man in a box on the right bowed his head forward on the railing and dreamed of life past, life present, life future; and one thing he wished, and it was that when death came to him he asked nothing better than to pass the Great Divide listening to his cherub, his Dot, playing this last strain now ringing in his ears.

—Oriana Burdy in Men and Women.

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### SAINT VINCENT DE PAUL

(Agnes C. Storker, in the Leader, New York.)

None of God's glorious saints ever obeyed more generously the Divine behest, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," than he who has been well called "l'Intendant de la Providence et Pere des Pauvres"—the gentle saint, Vincent de Paul.

Those of my readers who have shared with me the great privilege of journeying to that loveliest of Our Lady's shrines, far-distant Lourdes in the Pyrenees, will doubtless remember passing through the little town of Dax, where Vincent's school days were spent, he having been born, in 1576 in a small hamlet near by.

The lad's sweetness of disposition, love of serving those who were even poorer than himself, and great devotion to our Blessed Mother, so impressed his parents that they readily made the greatest sacrifice to provide him with an education far above their humble station. So diligently did Vincent profit by the instruction of the good Franciscans at Dax and by the subsequent theological training he received at Toulouse, that at the age of 24 the future hero of Catholic charity was raised to the holy priesthood. Shortly after this great event, an unlooked-for trial opened to Vincent a whole new world of desire and aspiration.

Summoned to Marseilles on a matter of business, the ship on which the young priest was returning was captured by African pirates midway the Gulf of Lyons, and he, with the crew and other passengers, was carried to Tunis and there sold into slavery. For the next two years Vincent remained a captive, passing from one owner to another, and receiving at their hands the greatest unkindness. The last master to whom he was sold proved to be an apostate Christian, whose Turkish wife one day accosted her husband's slave and ordered him to sing to her.

Overwhelmed by the remembrance of his beloved home and country, and above all by the thought of the sacred offices he could no longer perform, Vincent for a moment could not reply; but, regaining self-control, he began to sing the Psalm, "By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept," and then, with rising courage, the triumphant strains of the Salve Regina. Strangely moved by both psalm and hymn, Vincent's listener eagerly demanded instruction in the doctrines of the faith of which she now heard for the first time. She and her husband were finally converted, and escaped to France with the guide whom heaven had thus wonderfully provided to lead them from the darkness of paganism and apostasy into the full light of God's truth.

The fiery trials through which Vincent passed during these years of captivity served to intensify and purify the heroic charity which filled his heart. He who had himself drunk so deeply of the dregs of human wretchedness, who had known neglect and illness, chains and slavery, now felt himself irresistibly drawn, poor and penniless though he was to labor for the most neglected and abused of his fellow-men. Especially did his heart go out in pity to the galley slaves, to whom he was appointed chaplain by King Louis XIII.

A single incident will illustrate how far Vincent's charity carried him in his ministrations to these unfortunate creatures, who, regarded hardly as human beings, and chained by massive fetters to the rowing benches below decks, suffered and ragged in darkness, amid such hideous conditions as we can hardly imagine.

The anguish of one of these poor slaves, beside himself at the thought of his family's misery in his absence, so awakened Vincent's sympathy that he insisted on freeing him, and assuming the prisoner's fetters in his stead. Several weeks passed before the missing saint was found and released from his voluntary captivity.

Beneficent as was St. Vincent's work among the galley slaves, its importance is overshadowed in the record of his life by the commencement of those two great religious orders which, to this day, reproduce in every quarter of the globe the spirit of their holy founder. The Congregation of the Mission, or the Lazarists, is a society of priests especially devoted to giving missions at home and in pagan countries, and to holding retreats for the sanctification of the clergy, while that noble army of self-sacrificing women, the everywhere loved and revered Sisters of Charity, minister to every form of human suffering.

We should especially remember another of St. Vincent's great charitable undertakings, the foundation of a hospital for the poor little deserted foundlings, whose sad lot first awakened our saint's notice through his finding one cold winter's night a lit-

### He Put Up His Gun

One of our best practical farmers related to us the other day how he came to change his mind about killing birds. He said he formerly took a great deal of pleasure with his gun and dogs. About six months after coming to the territory he told his wife he would go out and kill a few quail. It was about four o'clock; so calling his dogs he started out on his own farm. He soon shot three quail, and his wife, knowing that if he got thoroughly interested in the pursuit of game he would be out till long after supper time, persuaded him to come back to the house and they would have supper, when he could go again. "All right," said the farmer, "I will dress these and we'll have them for supper." His wife remarked on the fullness of the craws of the birds and on opening one it was found packed full of chinch bugs! Out of curiosity they counted and found ever four hundred dead chinch bugs in the craw of one quail! Said the farmer in relating the circumstances to us: "I just cleaned up the gun and have not shot a bird since, and if you'll come down to my place of a morning or evening and see the birds coming to my farm you'll think they know their friends."

### How it was Managed

John (sheepishly)—I guess you'll be gettin' married some time?

Betty (with a frightened air)—Oh, I dare say I shall some time.

John—I dare say I'll git married, too.

Betty—Oh!

John—Praps we might both git married at the same time.

Betty—Wouldn't it be awful, John, if the parson should make a mistake and marry us to each other?

John—I shouldn't mind.

Betty—No—neither should I, to tell you the truth, John—Tit Bits.

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time to time. Finally she made a very ineligible marriage, and in a few brief years her name appeared in the divorce court list. During the years of her reign as a beauty and a belle sober-minded people were wondering why her dotting parents did not assert their authority and save their daughter from the inevitable fate to which every one saw she was drifting.

The diversions and athletics of the modern society woman smack too strongly of abandon. It is well enough for women to indulge in moderation in out-of-door sports and recreations; it is not, however, necessary that they should devote so much time to making "records" winning "championships," or in neck and neck competitions with men in the many sports. People of the old school can not refrain from deprecating the unfavorable effect on the next generation of automobiling, yachting, fencing and the present strenuous life of some women. Let the leisure class cultivate greater veneration for holy things, insist upon less dissipation of every kind, less display and extravagance in dress, and more respect for industry, and we shall see women stronger morally, more interested in elevating pursuits and less given over to frivolity.

In our dealings with the souls of other men we are to take care how we check, by severe requirement or otherwise, lead to a noble issue; and still more how we withhold our admiration from great excellences because they are mingled with rough faults.