## AMBITION'S CONTEST

BY CHAISTINE FABER

CHAPTER XIII

VAIN IS THE SISTER'S SACRIFICE

Malverton Grosvenor approached Ellen, who had been a shocked and silent spectator of the scene recorded in the last chapter. "You had better retire, Miss Court-

ney, and prepare for departure; you are to leave with your brother as soon as the day breaks."

She looked up in tearful wonder. Do not be alarmed," he whised; "and when you have left this place there will be sufficient time for Howard to explain. That poor girl will be taken care of," observing her glance toward Vinnette.

Nothing could restrain Miss Flanagan's impetuous anger when Ellen, having motioned her to withdraw, acquainted her with what Malverton had said. At the risk of being overheard in the apartment where dead man lay, she poured forth her

vexed feelings:
"Running away from England, and now hunted out of Paris. She was sure it was nothing else, and she knew further that Howard wouldn't stop till he had got them all into His own life deserved to be danger. lost, and, for her part, she didn't care how soon his grave held him." Hush?" said Ellen, appalled;

"not till he is more prepared to die.' Miss Flanagan raised her head from the trunk she was rapidly

packing. Prepared! He'll never be that he'll die just as that poor wretch in there died. That confession from him told what they all are; and, just as if he had been a Jew, or an infidel, he never bent a knee at your The Protestant bowed his head, and treated it with respect. I am bad enough, God knows, but I haven't done what it seems most of that society has-given up my faith; and they're enlightened, they know, while I'm only a poor, ignorant creature. Who knows—maybe I'm creature.

not so bad after all ?" tinued in a kindlier tone: "I am sorry to hurt you, and"—dropping her eyes again and speaking as if to herself—"I am sorry for the mother that's so wilfully blind as to let you stay from her with that madcap. Influence doing him good? bah! he is too much like-" the name was lost in a mutter.

Some garments, and a few of Ellen's treasured books remained to be packed, and these Anne Flanagan had soon put away, deftly working while she talked. She was in some unaccountable humor—one moment talking in a tender strain to Ellen, the next muttering of some event in her own bygone life, and again bursting into invectives against Howard.

When the preparations for departure were completed, and mistress and maid equipped for the journey, the latter said suddenly, as if only then having thought about it: Where are we going to now? I

think it is high time for Howard to

If he only would," said Ellen;

" but I fear not." For some time sounds had been going on in the room where the corpse lay, as if the body were being prepared for burial. Ellen was meditating upon the propriety of entering to ascertain if she could serve Vinnette in any manner, when Malverton issued from the apart-

"Where is Howard going to take ' she asked, timidly.

Malverton smiled. Your brother has been pleased to submit to my direction this time, and have advised a hurried exit from Paris. There will be ample oppor-

Detecting the sound of wheels, he continued quickly:

"Better come and see that poor creature inside before you go. She went softly through to where

the remains of young Bronson lay, The body was decently arrayed in a hastily improvised shroud, thrown over his other dress, and a knot of white ribbon was fastened on the breast. His features had assumed a more composed form, but Ellen fancied that they yet wore the fierce, frightful expression with which he had repelled Vinnette's entreaties for a priest. Vinnette was kneeling by the head of the bed in a dumb, tear. less agony which left her power to do naught but kneel and gaze, and opposite to her sat a couple of mempart of watchers. Malverton remained at the foot of the bed looking sadly on, and just then Howard entered from the assembly-room, accompanied by another member. The latter recognized Malverton as an old friend, and extended his hand. Grosvenor

Aware of the trouble, Denbigh ?" all owe to your timely assistance. I would I were here when that occurred "—he pointed to the body but I was unavoidably detained."

'As well, perhaps," responded Grosvenor, "for your presence now. All, you know, will have to leave by a certain hour—those are the con-

Denbigh shook his head sadly.

" Most of the members have already gone, but I could not leave without taking a last look of poor Bronson " —ne bent low to the dead thee, con-tinuing in a voice that trembled with only such natures know, and it was which she deemed her due from the

emotion: "The best, the brightest, the bravest of us all! When he stood erect again, there

were tears in his dark blue eyes, and his fair, English-looking face wore a grieved expression. There is no time to be lost,"

whispered Grosvenor.
With averted face Denbigh extended a hand to Malverton and Howard, waiting while each grasped it with a warm and lingering pressure; then turning suddenly, he threw his arms about Howard's neck, pressed his lips to Howard's cheek, and whisper "Good by, my brother !" passed ing rapidly over to the other two mem bers to whom he gave a like embrace. On the threshold he

door closed on his retreating form, and the club was to know young Denbigh no more. Vinnette had been a silent, and apparently unconscious spectator of everything but the dumb watch which she maintained beside the dead. Ellen strove vainly to arouse her—to elicit some response to the tender consolation she endeavored to give; but the French girl only ently turned her sad eyes from

Ellen's face to the corpse again; and, when at last the gentle comforter-admonished by Malverton's whispassively received her parting embrace.

Dark, impenetrable Howard, who the whole of that dying scene, who had shown no emotion even in his leave-taking with young Denbigh, now gave the same strange embrace to the members who yet remained in the room, with the same coldness of manner, though one of the latter was affected as a girl might have been-but when he stooped for a parting glance of the dead, his whole form trembled. Pressing his cheek be. to the cold, still face, he said in a low tone, but Ellen standing beside

him heard the words: Your death, Louie, has been a noble one. Would that my efforts

might be crowned by such an end!" Even in that moment of anxiety and agitation, with her mind full of doubts and fears about their future, Ellen sickened at the sentence which had issued from her brother's lips. Could it be that he had renounced and smile, conducted Howard and tenet of his faith, that he every ment, possibly that he had become so inoculated with infidelity as to ignore the existence of God? The cali instruments lying in all directions of the caprolet for the cabin was a queer little cuddy hole. There were nautical instruments lying in all directions of the caprolet for the caprolet f believed not even in future punishwildest suppositions rushed through her mind; she grew faint from terror, and caught his arm, trying to murmur something, but not a word would come. It was evident that he result of the strange position in which she found herself. He stood erect at once, and signified to Malverton his readiness for depar-

In the garish light of the breaking day everything looked grim and ment, containing a sailor like fash-weird to Ellen, when she arrived ioned bed, and the appurtenances of outside the house; even the cab in waiting, with its driver heavily muffled, though the air was only slightly chill, appeared strange, and she turned sickeningly from all with a heart-breaking yearning for her make a bed in the cabin each night. mother and home. Howard and Malverton were holding some conference, to which in a few minutes they summoned the driver, and Ellen, mindful ever, even in the sharpest pain, of everything which of the cabriolet, aided by some seashe considered to be a duty, thought seriously of endeavoring to arouse Mrs. Boland in order to bid that kind carrying the trunks and a hamper, friend farewell; but there was no which latter had just arrived, having time, for the conference between the been sent post-haste after them—by both Howard and Malverton came to suspected. When opened, its con- urgent ne oung men was soon ended, and assist her and her maid into the car-

riage. Malverton said : "There is no danger to be apprehended now, Miss Courtney; recover your spirits as fast as postunity for you to learn it all in a sible, for I predict for you a safer, if not a happier time where you are going, than you have had heretofore. pressed her hand respectfully,

waited until she and Anne Flanagar were comfortably seated, then turned to bid Howard good by.

"You will see to every detail," said the latter; "arrange for poor Louie's burial, and see that our possessions are disposed of." He said the last words bitterly.

"Everything," replied Malverton; "only depart at once. The sooner you are out of Paris the safer for yourself and those who love you."

They shook hands—the two young men — and while Malverton stood to watch the last of his friends, Howard entered the cab, the door of which was closed, and the trio were rapidly bers of the club, as if performing the driven off. No one in the vehicle spoke for a long time. Howard had thrown himself into a corner, pulling his cap over his eyes, and winding his cloak about him, as if he wished to court sleep. Ellen, faint from grieving, sat opposite, with closed eyes, while Anne Flanagan beside her was sitting bolt upright, concentrating all her energies for an Yes," was the reply in as low a attack she intended to make upon be, "and aware of how much we Howard when she judged the proper time had arrived. Somehow, Ellen when that Courtney, with her gentle manners, her self-denying kindness, her consideration for others, had penetrated the callous heart of the spinster as no one of her sex had ever before been able to do-had touched the chords of tenderness and compassion which remained in the woman's nature and had awakened into being impulses of good that a harsh experience had rendered dormant long ago

for the latter's sake, much more than for her own, that she intended, to use her own expression, "to give

Howard his own."

The young fellow himself spoke first. Rousing slightly from his first. recumbent position when the vehicle had whirled through several streets, he said, as if speaking to himself :

'This is all Taggart's work." No one answered him. The time for which Anne Flanagan waited had not yet, in her opinion, arrived, and she feared to open her mouth lest sentence some indignant issue forth,—while Ellen felt too ill to respond.

bright, sunny morning was bers to whom he gave a like embrace. On the threshold he turned to waive his hand; then the door closed on his retreating form, somewhat surprised at receiving no reply, pushed his cap back to look at his companions; then, as if satisfied with the scrutiny, he pressed it over his eyes again, and resumed his the scene; she seemed oblivious to recumbent position. The cabriolet stopped at length on a bustling quay -bustling with the preparations making by the owners of fishing smacks which crowded the water preparatory to starting their voyages-with the unintelligivehicle, and passed, under the driver's guidance, to one of the pered "The time is up, Miss Court-ney"—was obliged to leave, Vinnette larger vessels anchored close to the quay. Miss Flanagan exclaimed in disgust at the smell of fish which so strongly saluted her nostrils, and had witnessed apparently unmoved daintily lifted her skirts from the slimy, slippery way. The party, speeding across some temporarily erected foothold, were quickly on board the craft, where they were met by the captain. The latter was a Frenchman, with all the characteristic politeness of his race, and much higher, apparently, in the scale of education, and refinement than most of his class were considered to He was attired in some quaint costume, which was nevertheles coming to his portly figure, and his pleasant face was indicative of the good humor and fun which are generally supposed to mark the jolly

skipper.

The driver handed him a card on which something in French was written. The captain responded, in the same language, to the effect that all was right, and, with another bow the ladies to his cabin, while the driver returned to the cabriolet for tions; there was a stationary table in the centre, with a half dozen hard-bottomed chairs scattered about it; a queerly constructed little writing desk fastened into the side, and regarded her frightened face as the a peculiar sort of hard cloth on the floor that served for a carpet. with all the courtesy of the drawing-room, the captain proffered this, his domicile, for the use of the party during the voyage; and, opening a door, he showed another little apartment, containing a sailor - like fasha rough toilet, which room he offered to the ladies, apologizing for its poverty. Then, turning to Howard, he said, laughingly, in French, that On returning to the cabin, he set before the party the contents of his simple larder - hard biscuit, dried fish, and wine — at which Miss Flanagan stared aghast. But the driver men whom he had enlisted in his repeated to herself: service, boarded the vessel just then, whom, Howard knew, and Ellen tents somewhat allayed Miss Flana-The polite captain was invited to

> An hour after, and the fishing smack, this time without its usual bore away; the captain repaired to his duties, and the cabin was left to the party in undisturbed peace. Howard sat near the open door, and the fresh, brisk breeze from the water was wantonly lifting his short, crisp curls, and tossing them into a becoming disorder. He was evidently in no mood to be questioned, and Ellen seeing that, refrained from putting the query which trembled on her lips, to know where they were going.

share the repast so much needed by

mirthful remarks of the gay French-

the travellers, and despite the heavy

"He will tell me himself soon, I suppose," she said, mentally Malverton knew, for he said I would

be happier." She strove to solace herself with the last thought, and sat opposite her brother, where the pleasant breeze reached her also, silently watching his gloomy countenance. Not so, however, with Anne Flanagan; she had no regard for the the scamp," as she menfeelings of " tally termed Howard, and the present she thought was "high time" for Ellen and herself to know some thing of his plans for the future. She rose from her seat in the corner of the cabin, drawing her tall, angular form to its full height, as if to brace herself for her intended tinued to keep his gaze seaward.

fact of being Mrs. Courtney's favorite maid, and in the family so long. As soon as her rising passion permitted, she spoke: Am I beneath your notice, Mas-

ter Howard ?"

The surprise with which Ellen had watched her movements gave place to slight alarm at the angry tone in which the words were uttered; while Howard turned suddenly, and looked at her with indig-

nant wonder. then. Forgetting the gulf which wealth and education had made between herself and the children of her mistress, she allowed the passion | sweet influence. He said softly and that she had been nursing for the past hours to have free vent. The coldness, the neglect, the harshness which had shut from her youth all ight and love, rushed upon her, till her wildly excited mind imagined that it recognized in the person of Howard Courtney one of those who had figured in that bitter period of She reproached him with her life. having fallen from his faith; she away from the kindly expression in taunted him with the disrespect he his eyes, walked silently to the little had shown to Ellen's prayer; and she predicted for him a sudden and hind her, she sank on her knees to ble jargon of the rude sailors, who looked wonderingly at the little party as they alighted from the perty and passed, under the ly, "will not have even the likes of the poor French girl to cry over you. But you're only as the rest of them -flinging away the love that's given you, as if it wasn't worth the keeping, and trampling on the heart that gives it. You could not be otherwise, for you have his mind and

his nature.' She paused for want of breath. Howard rose, the flush with which the brisk breeze had dyed his cheeks deepening to the more vivid color of

passion.
"I do not understand you," he with forced calmness. said, recognize no right by which you dare speak to me thus; hence I cannot understand what you mean." "No right?"—her voice became painfully shrill—"I have the right, which knowing that, that might make you carry your head lower

gives me-She had not intended to speak as she did, but, in the violence of her had become quite calm, and she passion, she had lost all self-control. spoke sharply in Ellen's behalf. Now, however, alarm for the effect of what she had said was rapidly

cooling her indignation. Howard stood erect, his face slowly settling into a stern expression far beyond his years, and his voice sounding cold and unnatural as he

Then I have greater reason to desire to achieve honor for myself. But Howard Courtney would carry head lower for no person neither would he carry any circumstance which you could possibly have learned about him. You cannot know anything of me personally, which is dishonorable his eyes flashing—" and if there is a character blighting secret attached to my family which you have surreptitiously learned, divulge it. sister and I know nothing of it-tell it to us."

He paused for a moment; then, as if impelled by some sudden thought, he asked with a slight change of

Has it anything to do with my father?

Anne Flanagan's sallow face had grown slightly livid; her eyes had a wild, restless stare, as if she was in some visible danger and seeking an escape. She did not answer,

from his fair name, then is there cessity that I, his son should make for myself a reputation gan's fear of immediate starvation. | that the world may envy. If there is such, I say,"-growing more excited "and it has come to be bandied about on servants' lips, then it is my

heart which Ellen bore she found herself frequently smiling at the Ellen, more alarmed at the excit Ellen, more alarmed at the excited state into which her brother had worked himself than she was disturbed by Anne Flanagan's strange remarks, rose and stood by his side. The woman's outward appearance had grown suddenly calm—inwardly the gusts of passion were sweeping as wildly as ever, but she answered

quietly I have been talking at random Master Howard. There is nothing upon your father's memory. When I spoke of carrying your head lower, I windows of the house to decide on meant for the shameful things you yourself have done."

'Shameful!" he answered indig I have done nothing but that which I would do over again; and failure has only served to make my purpose stronger. I will put forth every effort to accomplish my end, or perish, as Bronson has done.

"Oh! not as he did!" and Ellen, with a half stifled cry, clasped her hands about his arm, and looked up into his face with a countenance white with terror and anguish. But Howard was too absorbed in his own excited feelings to heed her plea. He

shook off her grasp, continuing: "They preach about the intellect of man—the powers of his soul—yet would have him restrain that intelect and cripple those powers, lest reigning systems should be disturbed and the powers that exist be assailed, lotta something that was stronger even though the systems are defective and the powers corrupt-telling the young man. He did not turn his head at her approach, and even while she waited for some recognition of her near presence, he continuous that religion commands the endurance rather than the righting of ills. But the mind of man says:

No! Put forth every endeavor to the same way.

No! Put forth every endeavor to the same way.

No! Put forth every endeavor to the same way. achieve great This was too gross a disrespect for imposes undue fetters, cast it aside; she loved the gentle girl with that the irate woman to endure. She peculiar strength of affection which held rigid notions of the deference name may last, for the end is only a Jose was an orphan.

soul, but the soul lives only in the deeds we do in life.'

heart-broken Oh! the white, which followed countenance motions and looked into his face when, at last, he turned it towards Ellen. She had no words with which to combat such a speech; she could only look at him with a silence more touching than the most earnestly spoken entreaty would have been. something in her pleading face re

called partly the impression which She gave her tongue full reign her kneeling figure, when she plead ed with him at Sorrento, had pro duced upon him, and for an instant succumbed to her pure,

almost tenderly:
"I do not wish to convert you to my way of thinking, for religion upon your character has a swee and purifying effect-upon all characters like yours; but manly minds are too strong for such restraints."

He attempted to encircle shoulders, but Ellen put aside his revoluntionists?' arm, and turning her face resolutely away from the kindly expression in room beyond. Closing the door begive vent to the anguish with which her heart was breaking. She felt that her brother was gone now-past all recall; that the sacrifice she made to remain with him had availed | need it. nothing; not alone had he abjured Church, but he was an avowed atheist.

Oh, my God!" she moaned: that neither prayer, nor sacrifice, nor love, can save his soul! Deprive my life of the things I most cherish of every pleasure, of every human consolation; make it a waste of suffering-but save his soul. Bring him back, oh! my God! Bring him back before it is too late." Overcome with emotion, she pressed her head to the side of the berth, burying her face in the rough coverlet, lest her sobs might be heard in the

adjoining apartment. Both Howard and Anne Flanagan had looked after the grief-stricken girl till she had shut herself from of her unlucky remarks was received of the revolutionists. spoke sharply in Ellen's behalf. Howard shrugged his shoulders.

"Aye, shrug!" said the indignant woman, "but maybe you won't look so indifferent when she's gone from you, and you know that you've killed

The young man smiled. Both she and you, if she prefers it, shall have the opportunity of returning to New York as soon as we reach our destination, which is Ire-Ireland ?"

Anne Flanagan sank overcome in

the seat which Ellen had vacated. her face with her long, tawny fingers through which tears slowly trickled.

The young man looked surprised at this strange exhibition of grief in one apparently so hard and little given to emotion; but deeming it to be some woman's whim, for which solitude might be the surest remedy, he left the cabin to go "aft" and watch the sailors.

TO BE CONTINUED

## THE DILEMMA OF JOSE

Howard resumed, speaking rapidly:

"If there rests on the memory of my dead father aught which takes on the Joses of San Marcos were just as the Joses of San Marcos were just as pied it. Jose found a shady place, side of the patio. Jose liked to sleep convent, filthy in the extreme, was the Joses of San Marcos were just as pied it. Jose found a shady place, lazy as this Jose. But it was not however, outside, and a little time to lazy in reality; they did not see why they should work when there was no | bered Carlotta's scream when he was actual need of working. As a matter of fact, work was surely invented only for the purpose of obtaining a prisoner in the cellar of the con what is sufficient for the day. Jose had worked yesterday, therefore why should Jose work today?

A pebble fell at Jose's feet, but he did not hear it. Then another pebble fell quite close to his ear, but he did not awaken. Then another pebble sat at the table with four other fell on the other side of his face, but he slept on. At last a perfect shower him guarded by the ragged soldiers of pebbles rained upon him, and one struck the point of Jose's nose. He woke up, but Jose was a very careful youth, so he opened his eyes only a little and glanced cautiously at the the culprit whose name he more than half suspected he knew. He was still feigning slumber when he heard a titter from the window directly above him. Lifting his eyes, Jose saw a bit of white, and was on his feet in an instant. He raced through the door and into the house. There was a rush upstairs and a glimpse of a clean white dress; then a pro nounced disturbance; then a slap then a smack; then a half scream Jose rushed out of the house, with something solid flying after him. Carlotta had a temper.

Jose dropped down on the same part of the patio; but this time not to sleep only to laugh. He rubbed his ear rather ruefully; but he brushed

Carlotta, a maid in the house of Jose's master was much admired by Jose. In fact, the boy had for Car than mere admiration; and perhaps Carlotta's admiration for Jose could understood his kind; so Carlotta was a tease as well. But Carlotta loved things; if religion Jose, and Jose loved Carlotta; and both found that the condition was

Jose was an orphan. He remem-

than the Sisters who took care of him, and the padrecito who used to visit the orphanage and say Mass for the children. The padrecito was now pastor of the little church not far from the master's house. Jose's love for Carlotta had its only rival in his love for the padrecito. He rather liked his master; but after all, masters can not expect to be liked too well when they are insistent

about such a foolish thing as work. While Jose sat, smilingly rubbing both his ear and lips, the padrecito came into the patio in a great hurry He was very much excited. "'is the master, Jose?" he asked. Where

The master did not return, Padrecito. He went to the city yester-

day."

The padrecito waved a telegram in his hand "Just look at this," he said. Jose took it and laboriously spelled through it. "Does this paper say, Padrecito," he asked, "that the aster has been arrested by the

"That is just what it says, Jose, answered the priest. "The maste was arrested and I am afraid he will But why, Padrecito, should the

master be shot?" asked Jose. is a good man. He takes care of the poor. He does not do any harm, and giver me some work when I "The master, Jose," answered the

"is not of the Revolution. priest. Therefore he will be shot." But you are not of the Revolu tion, Padrecito, and therefore will

you also be shot ?" "It is quite possible, Jose," an swered the priest sadly. "Where i

the senora?"
"I think she is in the house, Pad recito. Is there anything I can do? asked Jose, rather anxiously.

Nothing that I can see now Jose." The padrecito went into the house.

Jose began to sweep the patio. By and by he heard a great noise outside and he rushed to the gate. He saw a company of ragged men, some bare footed, all dirty, with an officer view. Anne Flanagan, confident in uniform leading them. Jose was that the explanation she had given alarmed. He knew the appearance

Have you seen the priest here? asked the officer.

Jose thought quickly. "I do not see him," he said, looking around. One of the ragged soldiers broke in I know Jose, Cap with a laugh: You may be sure that the priest is here."

"I will go into the house and search," said the officer, who struck Jose with the flat of his sword. He broke through the gate, crossed the patio and entered the house quickly. Jose started to quarrel soldier who had given information about him.

'I know you, Miguel," he said, Ireland?" she repeated, covering face with her long, tawny fingers ough which in a moment the you have no gun I'll tell you some

Miguel only laughed. "You will have a gun yourself before nightfall, Jose," he answered, and all the men joined in the laughter that followed. The officer came out of the house and the padrecito was with him. Jose felt the tears running down his cheeks, but he said nothing.

'Take him along with you," said the officer, pointing to the priest; and then pointing to Jose, this fellow a gun—we need men."

The next day Jose was in the

San Marcos. The barracks had for-Jose was sleeping on the shady cleanliness had disappeared, and the the Joses of San Marcos were sleep. At least, he tried to sleep, but n reality; they did not see why somehow he could not. He rememtaken away; and then, too, he remembered that the padrecito was vent. No, even now they were taking the padrecito out, and some of the officers were placing a table in the centre of the patio as if some thing important was to happen. colonel came from the convent and The padrecito stood before officers. holding guns. Jose's ears were all intent.

You are the priest of San Marcos?" said the colonel.

I am," the padrecito answered. Do you know that you have been ordered to pay \$5,000 in gold?"

'So I have been informed.' And you have refused to pay it? "I have no money."

"You have no money? Yet you have been living on the fat of the land. You have been drinking chocolate while others drank only water. You have been abusing your power as a priest, and you have been letting your people suffer. Where is your money? The Revolution needs it."

"I have never abused any power," said the padrecito. "I never had any to abuse. I have had no chocolate. I have lived as poorly as any of my people. I have spent my money for the orphans. The money came to me from my father. I have never taken anything from the people. Their little offerings would not have supported me. I told you the truth when I said I had money. I have not one peso. How,

then, can I give to you? "We know that you have money You will give it us or you will be shot. Take your choice. The time has come when the Revolution is not going to have any more patience with you priests. You pay or you

die."
"Then there is nothing left for me

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