GERALD DE LACEY'S DAUGHTER

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF COLONIAL DAYS

> BY ANNA T. SADLIER BOOK II CHAPTER II

AN ENEMY DECLARES HIMSELF

The sky was still overcast, though a slight coolness had crept up from the Bay, relieving the sultriness of the previous day. As he looked out the previous day. As he looked out of the window that morning, Evelyn's father had said to her that surely there would be rain. But noon and dinner hour had passed and still the rain kept off, though the sun was obscured and was a perceptible dampness in the air.

Soon after dinner Evelyn set forth, walking by the banks of the stream towards the Collect Pond and the Indian encampment. For she was full of anxiety to put her catechumens amongst the Wilden on their guard, lest by word or sign they should betray to hostile observers describable animation, to which the vivid reds and yellows of the squaws' dresses, contrasting with the green of the trees, lent color. of the women were busy pounding corn in the stump of to the accompaniment of a low croon that had something wild and weird in its musical cad- "C were stringing clam-shells. The lood receded quickly from last-named carefully separated the Captain Ferrers' face. It was as

as currency. the woods, with the fragrance of at the encampment of the Wilder pine and sassafras and other wood- had convinced him that this imputa land odors in her nostrils, she tion was true, but it was hard to stopped to listen, for the old squaw, conjecture how much or how little was usually the spokeswoman of the tribe, was detailing to a group Kidd. The romantic story of that sea-rover had apparently seized upon their imaginations, told as it was with the wild hyperbole of their

"The great chief of the Sank n canin [the fire-makers]," the old squaw was saying, "had sailed over the big Sea Water, and had seized upon the war cance that came thither from beyond the setting sun. In it were the gifts of the great Manitou shining metals and stones that The chief had taken these glittered. and buried them in the earth, or in the depths of the dark waters."

Evelyn knew that the speaker was here referring to a pond on the East ern point of Sewanaka, which had an uncanny reputation amongst the Indians. For, though it was near the ocean, its waters were never still, but always bubbling, and perfectly fresh. So the Wilden declared that it was guarded by a Manitou or spirit, and to this spirit, as the old woman declared, the chief of firemakers" had entrusted from time to time his stolen treasure.

Evelyn could not repress a shud der as the grewsome history of Captain Kidd was thus recalled to her having frequently seen that notorpirate, swaggering about the city streets with his great pistols at his belt. He had been on friendly terms with many of the principal inhabitants, and had married the daughter of a respectable family. She had heard his end described: how he swung in chains from a ghastly gibbet over beyond the seas in London, while much of his rich booty, at least such as he had buried on Gardiner's Island, was recovered through the honof the Gardiner family. Enough was still missing to excite the cupidity of mariners; for tales were rife amongst them of a treasure as yet undiscovered, the remaining portion of the "Quidder Merchant's" cargo. And this was part of the booty which the Indians believed to have been entrusted to the Manitou, who for no earthly consideration would yield it up to mortal man.

Evelyn's mind was, however, much more fully occupied just then with the possibility of danger to her sternly, father, herself, or the missionaries who had implanted the seeds of faith had no small difficulty, at first, in explaining to the forest people the said Her Ladyship but in danger which would accrue to her-self and to their beloved "blackgowns," if it were discovered that they had been taught the Gospel mysteries, and had been baptized or were about to receive the waters of baptism. But once they realized Evelyn's meaning, they formed a pressy concern control of themselves by a Silver Covenant of the silver coven necessary with their lives, this beloved "pale-face member of their tribe" from every danger. This last clause in the new Covenant was framed by the Wilden themselves, for to Evelyn it never occurred as for to Evelyn it never occurred as Captain Prosser Williams, bo yet that here on this hitherto free low with plumed hat in hand. played as a child and spent those played as a child and spent those played as a child and spent those and distant. Her first impulse was an child and spent those played as a child and spent those played a

glassy surface where already one or two bits of local history had been enacted, she turned her steps to the Broad Way. There she presently be-held coming towards her with champing of bits and clanking of bridles the outriders and postilions, heralding the approach of the state chariot. Within its luxurious depths Lord Bellomont sat stiff and erect in his elaborate military uniform beside my Lady, who appeared, as Evelyn thought, somewhat faded and worn in the broad light of day Opposite them was Captain Ferrers, whose eyes for an instant caught and held those of Evelyn. The list-less face of Lady Bellomont bright-ened into momentary pleasure at sight of the girl, who had interested her from the first. voice which, whether intentionally or not, was quite audible to Evelyn, as she addressed Captain Ferrers :

"She is truly a most lovely and

charming girl.' The young man so addressed felt the warm color rise to his face, and there was a light in his eyes at that meed of praise, which Lady Bello-mont saw with amusement, not unof them were present in New York Colony, besides proving ruinous to her father and herself. The encampment presented a scene of in a queen paramount in her particular coterie—one of the gayest and, it is whispered, most riotous in London. After a brief glance at the subject of the remark, to whom he vouchsafed the curtest of salutes, Lord Bellomont turned in the opposite direc

" Captain Williams does insist," ences. Others were weaving corn leaves into mats or tying them up into brooms, while still other groups Lacey is but a naughty little Papist."

whole shells without blemish for the more valuable wampum, whilst the blow. For he had been totally unmore valuable wampum, whilst the blow. For he had been totally unbroken or defaced shells served for aware of the suspicions generated in the inferior sewant, both being used the mind of his fellow-soldier by that chance remark of Polly As Evelyn came walking through Cortlandt's. His own observations Captain Williams knew, and why he had been so imprudent, or so maliciof listeners an account of Captain ous, as to convey his knowledge to a quarter where it was likely to be dangerous.

Your Excellency," he said hotly, " may well defy Captain Williams to bring any proof.

Lady Bellomont looked steadily at him for a moment. Were it even so," she said at last, "we shall do what is possible to

protect her." As Captain Ferrers shot a glance gratitude at the speaker, Lord Bellomont, turning quickly, inquired as to the subject of their discourse
"We were talking about Papists,"

my Lady said, audaciously.
"If the orders I have given be obeyed," said His Excellency, with a frown, "there shall not be in all this colony, nor in His Majesty's adjaprovince, a single adherent of Romish superstitions. Such persons are a menace to the State.

"And is their number so considerable?" inquired my Lady with malice

But Captain Ferrers knew that she spoke thus, rather in opposition to my Lord than from any special sym-pathy with the class of people who, in the mad excitement following the accession of King William, were persecuted everywhere in the British The Protestant Succession was the fetish of the hour, to which all were ready to bow down, and no one could safely declare himself a professor of the ancient faith by which England had been raised to her highest glory To my Lady's query His Excellency replied testily:
"The proportion of these Papists

may be small, but they are a pestilent people whom we must root out lest they conspire to our detriment with the French of Canada." In my belief that is a chimera,

declared Lady Bellomont.
"What is a chimera?" said my

Lord. The Papists or the French I but mean their connection each other," answered Her ship. "Men have assured me with Ladyship. that none was more zealous against those same French and all other enemies of the province than the

ernor Dongan.' "Women," cried His Excellency sternly, "should most fitly busy themselves with their fripperies, leaving the affairs of state to men.

present Earl of Limerick, once Gov-

said Her Ladyship, but in a lower voice and with a smile at Captain Ferrers, who had naturally taken no

part in the discussion.

Meanwhile Evelyn de Lacey stood watching the state carriage till it had disappeared in the distance. She felt the more gratified at the pretty compliment from Lady Bellowas turning to pursue her way, she heard a voice at her elbow saying:

yet that here on this hitherto free low with plumed hat in hand. Insoil of Manhattan, where she had stantly her face, which had been

When she left the Collect Pond Williams." Instead, she merely that morning, pausing an instant to bade him a ceremonious good morn survey the tiny island on the water's ing, and, averting her face from him, ing, and, averting her face from him, stood slightly aside that he might pass on. Her whole demeanor was so intentionally repellent that the man's pale face flushed with annoy-He winced and bit his lip angrily. stirring, Evelyn, with a formal bend of the head, prepared to leave him, but she had barely taken a step when he overlook her, saying in low,

prejudice you against me?"
"No one," replied Evelyn, "since
I have scarce so much as heard the

with my grandmother to see Their
Excellency's arrive?"
Ever so slight a sigh escaped her

staying her steps with an abruptness that could not but convey her desire to be freed from his company. But Prosser Williams showed no disposi-tion to leave her, and, with deliber-

ate insolence, inquired:
"So it is merely that something

Evelyn deigning him no reply, the malignant meaning:

Have the savages down yorder been something dull this morning? Mayhap, they did not patter their Aves to your taste, or bend in adoration to the Virgin?"

The blow told. Evelyn felt in

in every fibre of her being the cruel listening for the confidence about to consciousness that this man had be made. learned her secret, and so held her her head high, and passing

me longer, Captain Williams. I am

He made no further effort to delay would go away overseas. I did not er, but said as she walked: would go away overseas. I did not precisely want him to go, sc—in her, but said as she walked Disdain, sweet Mistress Evelyn, is oftentimes a costly luxury."

And, with this implied threat in

Evelyn turned a corner and escaped him.

CHAPTER III.

GLADNESS AND TEARS Evelyn was undecided as to whether or not she should communieate to her father the anxiety which had been consuming her since ser Williams had so broadly hinted at his knowledge of her religion She was aware that it would consti tute an unpardonable crime in the sight of Lord Bellomont and his advisers to instruct the Indians in the tenets of the Catholic faith. it was part of the policy of the Government to keep the savages pagan rather than permit them to come under the influence of the mission. aries, since the latter were falsely supposed to be ready to conspire the Canadian French, and to lead their Indian catechumens into a lesgue with the Catholics and aborigines of the north.

Her mind was so disturbed that she absented herself for many days from the Van Cortlandt mansion and from the society of Polly, whose sharp eyes might have quickly discovered her perturbation. sitting in her room one afternoon, looking out towards the Fort where the flag of William of Orange was flying. The warship, lying at anchor in the Bay, seemed the very symbol of that power which, like some dreadful dragon, might reach out a claw to seize her. It was with very mingled feelings of pleasure and apprehension that she heard Polly's voice calling from the garden below. It would be so pleasant to see her again, and to revert, if that were possible, to the happy days before the coming of Lord Bellomont, or at least before his power had been disself. played in a manner so adverse to herself and her co religionists. And I am!" part should convey to Polly, and through her to others, any confirma-tion of what might be already suspected as to herself and her father. and as to her own relations with the Wilden. Not that she distrusted Polly for one instant, but she dared not put her upon her guard, or confide a secret to her which, in the present circumstances, might prove perilous even to the confidant.

The sight of the bright faced girl standing down there amongst the flowers, in the flower-sprigged and much beribboned muslin gown, recalled with a sudden thrill that was half a pang that other noonday when they had gone to witness the arrival of the new Governor, and had first laid eyes on those various per sonages who were destined subsequently to play such important roles their own life-drama. out of the window, Evelyn inquired whether Polly would come up, or if she herself would go down.

'Dearest friend," urged the other, "come down, I pray you. What I have to tell you, will be best told in

the garden. As Evelyn descended the stairs she reflected with relief that the other's news must needs be of a pleasant nature, to judge by the brightness of her face and her happily excited manner. She laid an arm affectionately on Polly's shoulder and the two began to pace the flower-strewn paths where since girlhood they had exchanged confi dences and chatted over the various

episodes of life in Manhattan. 'It is a full week," began Polly proachfully, "since I have seen or heard from you. And in that time But Tom was different, stubborn has happened—oh, I can scarcely and set, and not always tolerant of believe it myself, it came so sudden and seemed so wonderful. Nor do I

know whether to be sad or joyful."
"Your face decides for the latter,"

"Yes," answered Polly, though her face at the instant was sober enough. "I believe I am more joyful than sad, and yet-

She fell to stirring the syringa bushes near which she stood, while Evelyn waited with a smile for the which already she had 'Do you remember. Evelyn." said

Polly Polly suddenly, lapsing into that vein of reminiscence in which the former had been indulging as she came down the stairs, vehement tones: came down the stairs, our excitement that spring day when we drove

nention of your name." and she looked wistfully at her friend.

"I was so elated with the notion of meeting all those strangers who had come from overseas to enliven our old Manhattan. How exciting it was! And yet, my dearest," with a despondent little shake of the head, there was no use entering the lists, has ruffled my lady's temper this and I might have known it at once. To those men of His Excellency's Household and to the officers of the man added in a tone that was full of regiment save for a few subalterns, I have been as nothing, while you—"
"Oh, my dear," cried Evelyn, "why will you talk such nonsense!

But nonsense that is true," declared Polly, nodding in support of her words. There was a silence in the garden as if all the flowers were

'So I gave up all hope of the new-But she bravely held comers," went on Polly, "and con-th, and passing him soled myself with the thought that gain, this time decidedly, she said our old friends are best. Henricus has always wanted it, since I beg that you will not detain played together in our Company and a day or two ago he threaten that, if I would not have him he

> short, dear, I am going to be mar-She finished almost shamefacedly. Evelyn gave a cry as though it was something sad and lamentable that

the other had confided to her. "But Polly," she protested involuntarily, "you are so young, and you have so many to choose from."
"But at least you will own that

my choice has been good," she insisted, "and that my Henricus is the dearest of them all—except your Pieter. Once I was very fond of Pieter, cousin though he was, but that is over long ago. She plucked absently at the leaves

of a syringa bush, and picking them to pieces, strewed the path before her as she concluded rather dreamily So I am to be married soon, and we shall have as great a wedding as

ever was seen in New Amsterdam, and you will be first of the brides maids. But, even as she announced this

intended festivity with all her wonted gaiety, her voice suddenly broke, and, turning aside, she wept openly and unrestrainedly. tears gathered in Evelyn's eyes as well and rolled down her cheeks and thus it was a strange sight to see the two girls still standing beside the syringa bushes and celebrating with tears this news that should have been so joyful.

"I should be glad," said Evelyn at 'yet I feel as if my heart would

"And mine is broken," sobbed Polly, "only I suppose I must marry

'Yes," assented Evelyn, "you must marry sometime. It's common doom. But it can never be quite the same between us two, and no one, Polly, can take your place.' Polly for only reply wept the

joyful."

But Evelyn was not joyful, for this man whom Polly was about to marry had never seemed to her worthy of such a wife. He was narrow and puritanical and, despite his family connections and traditions had identified himself with the Leislerian faction. She suspected more over, that with Polly there was very little love in the matter. She had consented to marry Henricus Laurens from sheer weariness at his pertinacity; perhaps, too, from some little sense of pique at her failure to succeed with those more brilliant new-comers, and finally because such a match would be advantageous, and the wealth and social position of of the young man would establish Polly amongst the leading young matrons of Manhattan.

TO BE CONTINUED

A MODERN PRODIGAL

you considered the step well, Jack ? There was a note of pleading in the trembling voice. This desire of his younger son to leave the quiet estead, and strike out for himself

in the city had come as a shock to
John Layton. Looking back, he
wondered at his own surprise. He
might have known it would come.

capital had dwindled away, and now
to fill his cup of self-contempt to
overflowing, there was the remembrance of last night, the bitter consciousness of degradation, of a selfstoo Jack had been restless and discon-tented for a long time. The ranch was a dull place for a young man, it

was true.
Still, Tom seemed satisfied enough. and set, and not always tolerant of others, particularly of Jack—but with all that, a good steady fellow, whom

every one praised. The father sighed a little, and then

my boy. We're getti see, and we thought-We're getting old now, you

"Haven't you got Tom? He'll always stay round the old place." "Tom will soon marry, Jack, and perhaps bring home a wife that won't be any too considerate of your mother Jessie Brandon is a good girl, I've nothing against her, but a little sharp tongued and stin — saving. sharp tongued and Small wonder, when she's had such a grinding time with that father of hers, and half a dozen younger brothers and sisters. But I thought it likely you and Rose would settle down and make a match of it. Your mother loves Rose.'

The young man winced as he turned to the open window. There it stretched before him, the monoton-ous gray prairie, unbroken for miles by a tree. How sick he was of it!
And Rose! Of course his father
didn't know that the night before she had driven home from Fallon's with Charlie Hunt, and made a laughing stock of him. He rejoiced at the mbrance of the revenge he had taken by coming up behind on horseback, and suddenly frightening their horse by such a blood-curdling whoop that the light rig had barely escaped landing in the roadside hedge. Charlie was no driver, anyhow. What was his father saving ?

Of course, my dear boy, if you must go, you must, I suppose, and grateful. It gave him time to think, we'll do all we can to give you a start.

Times have been hard, and things about. He turned his face to the not just as I would like. We lost whitewashed wall, and began to go considerable on that thousand dollar over it all. Where had it begun horse that died last fall. But maybe Oh, yes, he remembered. Back in times will be better in the spring. Wyoming, on the old ranch. He had There's a little cash put away that more now. You can draw on the and Denver, and his enlistment, and at Chevenne. And let us hear from were all past now. He felt very tired you as soon as you get to Denver. Your mother will be anxious. I'll

Jack's heart smote him when he found himself alone in the sittingroom, that seemed to have grown uddenly dear in all its hon tails, from the wax flowers, carefully preserved under a glass case to the prim, snowy tidies on the old-fashoned chairs. How stooped and gray his father was getting! He hadn't noticed it until to day. cose in his throat at the thought of the silvering hair and bowed shoulders. His mother, too, had seemed worried lately, and her step was not as light as it had been. Ought he to stay at home? Was it his duty to care for them? Did God ask it of him? Then came the remembrance of Rose's heartlessness and of Tom's overbearing ways. No, he could't stand it any longer. He would away and when he had made a He would get tune he would come back to them and make them all happy. The opened to admit his mother. The door crossed the room, and laid her toilworn hand gently on his arm there was a world of sorrow in the

patient face.
"My dear," she said, "your father has told me all and perhaps it is for the best. I have felt for a long time that you are restless and unhappy. and that you and Tom don't hitch Tom is so steady and responsible while you were always my baby Jack and the sunshine of the house, but just a little unsteady and wayward. oys will be boys, I know. I'll miss you often. Be true to your God and your Church, my dear, and I'll never in the winter of 1902 when

weeping. Morning, the pure bright morning of the west, broke over Denyer. The air seemed athrill with life and hope and promise. A coquettish little breeze played with the climbing roses that were the great glory of the park; the air was musicale with the untir-ing chatter of a dozen gossiping green park benches, Jack Layton, holding his throbbing head between and deadly enemies, the black snake

seemed longer, somehow. There had been a crowd of faces, a confusion of voices. Someone had called him a good fellow—somewhere. There were women there too, but not like the beast of a higher order, living by respect that had been dragged in the of the interlacing waters.

Could be go home? He pulled himself together, cooled his throbbing interest therefrom. brow and parched throat at a park fountain, and set out thoughtfully toward the business section. Yes, he that the return trip, northward, was

and father and Rose. They

would forgive.

Then like a blow came the thought of his elder brother. Tom wouldn't want him around. Tom would reproach him with squandering their father's hard earned savings and coming back to live on the family. Could be stand that?

He suddenly stopped short, attracted by a soiled American flag, flapping lazily from a lower window, and surrounded by posters, announcing the need of volunteers in the United States Army. Jack stared hard for a moment then pulled himself together squared his shoulders, and disappeared behind the swinging doors.

The merciless sun beat flercely on the Arizona desert, and the little town of Nogales lay listless under its Things were quiet, as burning rays. was usual in midsummer There had been a stir caused by the report of troubles on the border and reinforcements had been hastily sent It was said that the climate had worked havoc with some of the recruits, and fever cases had kept the doctors busy for a while, but every thing was quiet again. To Jack Layton, lying a mere

shadow of his former self, in the Military Hospital, the quiet was was to go to you after I'd gone over and mother and Rose. There had the range. Perhaps you'll need it been his trouble with Tom, too . . . but happy, for was he not going home—home to his father's house find her now and see what she thinks about it."

Jike that other younger son in the Gospel story? His father's house! How glad he would be to see them all again! And what a comfort it would be to his mother to know that he had not given up his faith, but had gone to confession and Holy Communion when the doctor said he was so low. That had been the answer to her prayers, he knew. What it was to have a saint for a mother! He wondered if they had got his message The lieutenant had promised to telegraph a long time ago. He hoped it had not been forgotten—but no matter. He felt so very, very tired, and the day was so hot. The disconand the day was so hot. nected train of thought trailed off

into a light slumber. came as soon as I could. I hope I am not too late." No, Mr. Layton, I am happy to

say that I think your son is out of danger."
The voice pierced his sleep. almost feared it part of a happy dream, He turned on his pillow looked into the tender, rugged old

face bending over him. A great content filled the wistful blue eyes, and satisfied smile lit the pale face

"Father," he said. — Jennie M. Marvin, in the "Messenger of the

THE NEOPHYTE AND THE ROSARY

J. A. M. Richey, in America

The writer recalls a trip to Florida lay my head on my pillow until I've clergyman of the Protestant Episcobegged God's own Mother in her own pal Church. The Southland was dear beads to watch over my boy. dear beads to watch over my boy.

Things may not be so easy as you scenes indigenous to the clime just Your father had a hard time north of the Everglades. It was when he first started out. But if you Fort Meade in the early morn that played in a manner so adverse to herself and her co religioniste. And yet she was afraid lest something in her bearing or a chance word on her part should convey to Polly, and don't succeed, remember there is the sun gilded with his auric rays an of Spanish moss which draped the wooded roadway.

Down in the groves of De Soto the hanging boughs of trees, he wan dered with stick in hand alert to sparrows. Nearby on one of the detect some waiting and watching his hands, tried to remember.

Surely he had money in his pocket last night. Or was it last night? It illustrate the celerity wherewith it

Rose. He shuddered as he recalled them—and then? Yes. He had with flowers, and by nuts which fell drunk he remembered now. Not at first, though. Not until they had pressed, and urged and taunted him. at his feet and offered him, as if he were a philosopher, many an indephiseent problem to solve. Mean-After that, all was a blank. And now here he was alone, penniless, with a covey of quail as he shot over the bursting head, and a sick and des- protruding roots of palmettos into pondent heart. What a failure! He had tramped the streets for three weary months in a fruitless search for work, to hear everywhere of slack numbers and the foliage-like distribution to the streets and the foliage-like distribution to the same transfer of the s work, to hear everywhere of slack business and hard times. His small bution of their plumage, while the capital had dwindled away, and now buzzards circled like small clouds in to fill his cup of self-contempt to overflowing, there was the remembrance of last night, the bitter consciousness of degradation, of a self-contempt to describe the sky and the sand hill crane guided his straight course high in the heavens towards his objective, or sciousness of degradation, of a self-contempt to describe the sky and the sand lice of the sky and the sand hill crane to the sky and the sky with why had he left the ranch? What would he not give for a scent of the sage brush and a sight of the prairie? of centuries gone both lent interest to this beautiful wilderness of pro-

would try to go back, even if he had to tramp it or beat his way on the squatters. After watching the "push-

"Your mother and I will miss you, freights, he would go back to his Phone Main 6249. After Hours: Hillcrest 3313 Society of St. Vincent de Paul Bureau of Information

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