AMBITION'S CONTEST

BY CHRISTINE FABER

CHAPTER XI-CONTINUED

THE OLD, OLD STORY OF WOMAN'S

HEART "When you say dem, Mam'selle, pray for poor Vinnette," and she went out with her once bright face

looking white and woe-begone. Ellen strove, but vainly, to discover what the danger might be at Vinnette had hinted, mentioning her fears only to Howard. He flushed slightly, frowned for an instant, then smilingly told her that she was still a child, and he feared would never become a woman.

Mrs. Boland was ill, with a wearisome sort of sickness, which did not confine her to her bed, but which rendered her almost incapable of moving from her chair.

is the more provoking, my she said to Ellen, with her wonted smile, "that this is the day on which our orders were to have been returned.'

She glanced ruefully at the neat parcels lying on her work table. "My maid," suggested Ellen.

'Would not do," was the reply "she cannot speak one word of French: but if Vinnette would consent to take them.

But Vinnette had paid her custom ary visit for that day, and Ellen was unacquainted with her residence.
"My knowledge of the language is

so slight;" she said, pausing in her work of preparing some simple medi-cine for the invalid, "but if you think it sufficient, I will take them. My maid can accompany me."
"Dear child," said Mrs. Boland,

her eyes expressing the gratitude she felt for the offer; "but I fear to have you do this.'

Why me more than others?" was the smiling question. "Is it because you fear I should be ashamed to do it? Surely, honest labor takes from the dignity of no character, no matter how exalted it may be, does it?' and placing Mrs. Boland's composing draught within easy reach of the latter, who reiterated her fears to have the young girl perform such an errand. Ellen hastened to her own rooms in search of Anne Flanagan.

That person was in her own apart-The young mistress knocked gently, and receiving no response ventured to enter. was kneeling by the bedside, her face buried in the counterpane, and her hair dishevelled as though she had disarranged it in some violent emotion. She was not aware of Ellen's entrance, and continued to moan low plaintively. A letter, deeply stained from age, lay open upon the floor with a curiously wrought little box beside it. After a moment's bewildered look, Ellen withdrew as noiselessly as she had entered.

"Poor Anne!" she said to her-self; "she, too, has her sorrows. I will not let her know what I have witnessed.'

Mrs. Boland looked anxious when Ellen, without stating the reason, said her maid could not accompany her, and but for the necessity which existed of the work being done in due season she would not have permitted the young girl to take it. The latter entreated, saving :

The distance is not far, and I can easily find the place you describe."

It was just such a bright afternoon as invariably cheered Ellen's spirits, and as she walked rapidly along, darting quick glances at the gay Paris shops, and the tasteful costumes of the people whom she met, she felt a lightness of heart for which she could scarcely account.

her to find easily the place which she

Ah! Mademoiselle," said the will call, I suppose." polite tradesman, carefully holding up the articles to view. Then he

continued in French:
"They are beautifully done, as usual." He turned his gaze to her, asking in the same language Are you Mrs. Boland's daugh-

She answered in the negative, and the ensuing week.

the begative, and the dingy old buildings looked gaycolored and cheerful in the rays of the ensuing week.

There were curious and beautiful were delightedly roaming over each, when a gentleman entered to make purchase. Something that seemed familiar in his form and gait attracted her attention; she turned involuntarily to look more closely their eyes met. A start from her, an exclamation from him, and her hand lay in the hearty grasp of Malverton

Grosvenor. Here—alone! Miss Courtney, he said, after the first burst of sur-What does it mean?

The polite shopman just then stepped up with a card of orders which he delivered to Ellen, with a very respectful bow, requesting in French that they might be executed as soon as possible.

The young Englishman declined had gained the street. Then he said with a voice which trembled as much as her own had done:

'Is it possible, Miss Courtney, that the close of the lengthy missive : reduced to the necesstiy of he hesitated, reluctant to complete the sentence

Understanding him, she replied, Not by any means reduced to the necessity; but doing this of my own

Howard and the latter's studies, and end, win him." the latest tidings from Mrs. Courtney, continuing when his questions had

been answered: I have just run over to spend part of my vacation here. Report told me that your brother was in Paris, and, though I intended to expect to have the pleasure of seeing you so soon. Father has gone to Ireland to assist in adjusting the troubles there—so I have little to do with myself for the next two months."

When they arrived in front of the grim building, which Ellen called home, Malverton started, and time was such as to set her looked with a curious expressionhalf surprise, half pity-towards his

companion.

"Here!" he said, speaking to himself.

"I feared it."

"I cannot ask you to enter," said Ellen, frankly; "but I shall tell Howard we have met, and if you leave me the directions where you can be found, I am sure he will hasten to give you the invitation.

The young man smiled, perhaps at the perfect trust in her brother with which she guarded her actions, that they might not be displeasing to Howard. He said, seriously:

'It will be sufficient to tell him that you have met me, Miss Courtney will see you again, when there will be need of my services. I think that time will come soon, now that I know. Till then adieu." He raised his hat, and walked hastily away.

Poor Ellen! Vainly she endeavored to fathom the meaning of Malver-ton's last words, and the thought of danger at which Vinnette, and even Mrs. Boland had once hinted, came alarmingly into her mind. What was the society to which her brother belonged doing? she asked herself and in what might Howard be impli-But these were questions too cated ? difficult for her solving, and striving to banish her nameless anxiety, she crossed to Mrs. Boland to leave with the latter the orders she had re-

"You look pale and anxious," said the widow; "has anything happened ?

Ellen, truthful in every detail, answered, striving to speak cheer-"I met a friend, who has come over

from England, and he was speaking about Howard. Mrs. Boland sighed, saying sadlywhen Ellen stooped to kiss her fare-

well for the evening, promising to send Anne Flanagan in her place-'How can your mother live without you? I can partly understand how she is enabled to endure separation from a hot-brained youth like your brother, but not she is content to confide a girl like you to his care. I fear, my dear, you have cause to be anxious about him, and I am afraid that this secret work of the society, whatever it may be, will only result in harm to each the members-but I trust not. There, don't wear so white a face; remember it is only an old woman who is talking, and the old are slow

understand or adopt the ideas of the young.' 'Malverton Grosvenor !" said Howard, in evident surprise, when is sister told of her meeting with that gentleman, without, however, acquainting him with what had been the purport of her errand. "Singular; I heard he was in Chambers, and not likely to take a vacation at

this time." Ellen anxiously repeated Malverton's last observation to herself.

tween his teeth "Know-what can he know about Her knowledge of French, acquired us, surely? But," with a sudden principally from Mrs. Boland, who assumption of cheerfulness, "I am spoke it well, and from quondam almost as foolish as you, Ellen, for conversations with Vinnette, enabled listening to your silly fears. Have no fears for me, and as for Malverton, since he knows our address, he

> And he refused to listen longer to anything she would say on the subject.

CHAPTER XII THE FIRST FRUIT OF AMBITION'S WORK

the sun, and the breeze was so soft things in the shop, and Ellen's eyes and pleasant—the balmy breeze of early summer. Ellen, on her lonely homeward walk from Mass-for Mrs Boland, though better, was still too indisposed to leave her rooms paused often to drink in, as it were, the fresh, sweet beauty of the morn ing. Her feelings were almost such as bright days in her own distant home were wont to produce, and passers-by looked admiringly at her flushed happy face. Mamma's dear letter of the previous day was in her pocket, ready for a fourth perusal, as soon as she should arrive at home, though its contents were already vividly in her mind, and she thought, rejoicingly, how it was a more hope-ful epistle than had been latterly Mrs. Courtney's wont to write. Perchance, Ellen's own letters home, making any purchases then, but did breathing such peace and resigna-not again speak to Ellen till the two tion, inspired the sorrowing mother with the like blessed feelings. Be that as it may, Mrs. Courtney had

> "I am hoping still, my dear girl, that your influence will yet save Howard. God will aid your efforts. Severe as is the pain which I endure in being separated from you both, it, and greater, will be gladly borne if your brother but be reclaimed to his

inquire farther, save to ask about him, and your influence must, in the

"Dear mamma!" the gentle girl murmured, as she thought of it all "what a trust she reposes in me, and she continued smilingly on he way, almost wishing to be a child again that she might skip along as two little ones just in front of her ascertain his whereabouts, I did not were doing. A fortnight had elapsed since her meeting with Malverton Grosvenor, and she had anxiously watched for some sign of the antici pated danger to her brother's but none appeared. The members continued to follow the same routine, and Howard's manner during the more at rest than it had previously been. Vinnette looked grieved, and her eyes frequently bore traces of weeping, but she did not again allude to the cause of her anxiety; while even Taggart ceased to impart his information to Anne Flanagan, and he did not seek to intrude himself upon Miss Courtney as much as he had formerly done. Thus the young girl's fears were almost allayed; she believed what Howard had said, that the principal aim of the society was which Ellen evinced, and at the care to seek distinguished paths in literature and science—though alas! to attain such she feared they were willing to sacrifice every religious principle—and this bright, sunny morning she felt freer from anxiety than she had done for some time.

Taggart was, superintending the arrangements for breakfast when she reached home. He smiled more unpleasantly than ever, showing his white teeth, it seemed to her, for a longer, time than usual; but he bowed, and replied with deference to her kind salutation. Without, in the ssage-way, when sure that he was unobserved, he rubbed his hands together and smiled, till the smile became a grin, which imparted a half-sardonic expression to his coun-

Ah! my beauty! hairs as haint a comin down must be brought down, that this 'ighly respected gentleman is a 'goin' to do," bowing to an imaginary listener. ' Ther don't know as I knows wot I do know shaking his fist in the direction of the assembly room, "hand they don't think has hi've got power," making a gesture towards Ellen's apartments but hi knows, hand hi've done it. Now some folks might hargue this way," speaking and gesticulating again to an imaginary listener: " his young master, Mr. Denbigh, hand my master's father, Mr. Richard Denbigh-both very good to Taggartboth trust him a good deal. some people would say don't do it, ecause it will hurt young Mr. Denbigh; but I say, sir," speaking excitedly, as if answering some opposing argument presumed to have been advanced by his imaginary listener, hany man's a fool, sir, has don't ook out for himself. Hi ain't goin' to 'ave hall my watchin' and creepin around in bare feet, and settin' up nights in dark corners for nothin' hand now that hi've been a waitin on those has 'as been givin them selves hairs, hand treatin' me like a nobody, hand hi've a chance to 'urt em, hand lay something snug by for myself, why, hi say nobody shall stop me from doin' it. They put those fine feelin's habout gratitood, hand sich things, in novels-they're hall very well there, but when hit comes down to real life sich things haint nowhere. Them's Taggart's feelin's, and Taggart'll abide by A fear lest he might have been overheard suddenly seized him, but

careful inspection assuring him that his alarm was groundless he went Howard frowned, muttering be- out, smiling and rubbing his hands. There was an unusual gathering in the assembly room that evening. From the windows of Ellen's apart ments she and Anne Flanagan watched the carriages roll up to the door; saw young, middle aged, and elderly gentlemen alight; some of the latter in antiquated costumean evidence of how tenaciously their owners clung to the old times, even while they came to encourage by their presence, if not by their oice the schemes of a newer age. By the light of a lamp, which hung pendant over the alcoved entrance, the watchers at the windows were enabled to see many of the faces of the arrivals. Each had a stern It was a charming morning; even countenance; even the most boyishlooking bore that in his face which told of an indomitable purpose. Miss Flanagan blessed herself Flanagan Miss against the sight of the expressions in some of their countenances and

Lord save us! but they're the queer looking men." Ellen passed no comment. While she thought the gathering thus numerously, and, as it were, publicly assembling, somewhat unusual, she was not disturbed by it; and when the last of the carriages had deposited its single occupant, and the latter had disappeared from sight, she withdrew to pursue her studies evening being the only time she could obtain for them, now that the whole of her days were employed. Miss Flanagan seated herself on the other side of the study-table to sew, and while Ellen studied, and the maid plied the shining needle, there came to the ears of both fragmentary sentences of the speeches being delivered in the assembly roomwritten almost cheerfully, saying at never so distinctly heard before, perchance, because the speakers' voices were never so elevated, and never so full of passionate feeling. But all were spoken in French, and consequently unintelligible to Anne Flanagan, and, though she wondered at the unwonted loudness of delivery she did not seem to be concerned; help the but Ellen understood sufficient to France?

the open book, that her companion might not perceive her agitation. The speaker, whoever he might be, was giving utterance to sentiments which could not fail to place his very life in jeopardy. He was applauded loudly and rapturously; the very cushion on which Ellen's feet rested shook, and Anne Flanagan started, and uttered an angry protest at the "outlandish noise. Now, Ellen knew the danger that menaced the society, what Malverton Grosvenor's obscure remarks meant, and to what Mrs. Boland's frequent hints tended; but she pressed her face closer to the book, and controlled all motion, lest her mental agony might betray itself. thoughts of anguish filled her mind with what rapidity her memory reverted to the time when Howard was a very little boy, so good and so loving; how hard was it to realize that which she knew him to be now -not alone an outlaw from God's

which he was then living. Another speaker had taken the stand : one whose voice surpassed in force that of the preceding orator Splendid and thrilling were the sen tences he uttered, but pregnant with treason to the reigning dynasty. Ellen lifted her face, as one phrase more startling than the others reached her ears, and rose involun arily from her seat. At the same moment the door leading into the passage-way suddenly opened, and Vinnette entered. She was divested of bows and fluttering ornaments, and wore so dark and unwonted a costume that she appeared utterly unlike herself; her cheeks were flushed, her eyes sparkling, her lips anart as if to utter some exclama tion; but she did not speak till she had reached Ellen's side, when, placher hand on Ellen's arm, she ing said breathlessly :

Church, but a prescribed outlaw

from the worldly government under

'That which I speak of, Mam'selle, has happened. I see dem hang about. I know to-night de reason outside, inside, dey wait. Dey come wid de company, and de company no suspect. Oh, mon Dieu! it is ruin for dem all, and no save-

She wrung her hands, then pressed them wildly to her forehead. white as the ruffle of lace about her neck, could only estare in helpless pewilderment.

Miss Flanagan rose, intending to scold the French girl for her sensible capers," as she considered Vinnette's strange emotion, but Ellen's white look deterred her.

An unwonted noise began in the assembly room. The shuffling of many feet, as if a number of men had moved suddenly together, min gled with the sound of excited tones but still, above all, the clear, power ful voice, continuing to utter the treasonable sentences.

Vinnette, in whom the sounds seemed to produce a state of intense excitement, placed a hand on the arm of mistress and maid, and whis-

pered huskily:
"You hear? Dat is dey comingcoming to arrest. We no save, but

She drew a key from her pocketthe counterpart of that which, appended to Tagggart's bunch, opened door leading from Ellen's apartments into the assembly room.

Neither mistress nor maid opposed her design; the former was stupefied, as it were, with the suddenness of this new terror, while the latter was animated with the curiosity which formed so prominent a part of her So both followed and looked on silently, while she inserted the key in the lock and swung back the door.

THE STRING OF PEARLS

The air outside was raw and chilly, but within the vast auditorium all was brightness and gaiety as the crowds surged in—some intent on satisfying their curiosity, others impressed by the deeper meaning that underlay the gay scene. Through the packed aisles a little woman in deep mourning went with the crowd; then suddenly she paused, and, separating herself from the stream, drew near one of the largest and handsomest of the many beautiful and attractive booths.

A pretty girl, standing in a conspicuous position, was holding up to view a marvellous string of shining pearls; the electric lights overhead caught and intensified its shimmering radiance until every pearl threw out its soft, moonlike beauty, daz zling the beholder. Truly here was a necklace worth a king's ransom.

The pretty girl's voice was clear and penetrating.
"Only \$2 a share," she said. "Who will take a share in the \$10,000 necklace, to help the fatherless children

"I will," quietly answered the little

know that it was almost all the ready After that, unless she \$10 bill. could find work, and find it soon, there was nothing for herself and

where she heard the same while same where she heard the same while same whill same while same -who would buy or take chances to

well-worn wraps closely around her, she made her way to a church farther up the avenue. She was soon inside the door; and drawing the well-worn brown beads from her bag, she knelt at the Blessed Mother's altar — that Mother who would understand her prayers and tears. It was not for beauty nor for adorn ment that she craved the wonderful string of shining pearls that numbered one hundred and fifty perfect and priceless gems, but so that she could, if she were the winner, sell them. "It's for a roof and four walls for my children!" was her cry; and the face of the Compassionate Mother above the altar seemed to smile upon her. Yes, surely from high heaven Blessed Mary heard and un derstood.

Presently she was out on the street again, had hailed a passing car; and as she rode out in the gathering dusk to the little house on the west side, that she had been pay ing for on the instalment plan, thoughts turned with anxiety to the \$5,000 to be paid. Unless she could meet these payments, she and her children must lose their home and be cast on the world without shelter.

It was only a little over a month she had been left a widow. that time her husband, John Morgan, a young architect, in going through an unfinished building, had taken a misstep and had slipped and plunged to the floor below. He had been picked up alive, and had been taken nome, where it was found that, besides sustaining two fractures, he had been paralyzed by the fall. For two days he lived, perfectly conscious, and making repeated efforts to talk to his wife. That something was on his mind was plain; but the sounds he was able to make were so unintelligible that even his devoted wife, straining every nerve to com prehend, could not understand. He had had the last Sacraments and ministrations of a priest who the had known him since he was a boy; and, thus prepared he died. Near relations there were, so far as she knew, none. She had been an Irish girl, an orphan and governess, in a family in Chicago when they had met and married.

All these thoughts and many others pressed upon her during the long ride, until finally the car stopped at San Francisco Avenue and she alighted. A walk of a few blocks brought her to the modest brick house, with its veranda and little garden, that had been their joy pride ever since they had made their first payment on it five years ago. Here her two youngest children, Mary and Catherine, the twins, now four years old, had been born; and thinking of all the other anniversaries — the Christmases, the saints' days and birthdays—that had been happily celebrated within its walls, her heart was nigh to break-

The door was flung open before she had time to unlock it. There was Agnes, the little housemother, with the twins clinging to her skirts; and behind them were Philip and James, sturdy boys of eight and ten "We have the kettle boiling and supper nearly ready, mother," they

Surely the world was not all sadness and pain. She had them still-her children, hers in anguish and

loss-to comfort her heart. After the evening meal was over she gathered them all round her and told them what she had done. had taken this one share in the pearls, hoping they might be hers, and that thus she could pay off the mortgage on their home and have something laid by for a rainy day. She looked round at the familiar

and then she unfolded her plan. "It's nine days yet before the bazaar will close," she said, "and then the awards will be made. I've she said, "and been thinking there are just one hundred and fifty pearls in the necklace, and one hundred and fifty 'Hail Marys' in the Rosary. every day let us kneel down and say the Fifteen Mysteries-the five Joyful ones in the morning, the five Sorrowful ones at noon, and the five Glorious ones in the evening. will be a bit of a prayer to say all in one day, and for nine days; but each prayer will be for one pearl, that the whole hundred and fifty pearls may be ours."

No need to ask if they would do it. Even the little ones seemed to understand; and presently they were all kneeling, repeating the ever old, ever new "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us;" and it was the sweet-child voices that seemed to take the lead.

The nine days were over; the different awards had been made—all but the pearl necklace, which was to be awarded last of all. With a beat ing heart Agnes Morgan unfolded the newspaper that she had sent Philip only form of Christianity there was she spoke. Within were a \$2 bill and some silver, nor did the gay crowd of women inside the boots. of this the last and most important award. Suddenly a mist swam before her eyes and there was a singber of markind. Catholics believe that when Jesus took bread and broke it, and took the money she had left in the world.

At home, safely tucked away, was a \$10 bill. After that, unless she liest women in the city.

The children were crowding around her, hope and expectation in each He might dwell among them -

away the thought of the pearl necklace. It was time now for her to go out and look for work again.

So after breakfast she left the house, with a number of advertisements cut from the newspaper in her bag. From one office to another she went, but from all she received some set-back. She had not been trained to work; she could not use a type writer; she was, perhaps, not young enough. She had stopped in a chear restuarant at noon for a cup of tea and a slice of bread, and while she stirred her tea she made decision. One thing she knew how to do, and that was to teach. would apply at some teachers' agency and try to get work.

It was about 4 o'clock when she was at last able to get home. had registered at two agencies, had paid the fees from her fast vanishing store; and now, faithful to every instinct of her life, she was stopping at a church before going Entering a pew, she opened her bag, but her beads were not there. She felt in her coat pockets-they empty. Then she remembered: that morning after they had recited the Rosarv she had laid them down on the mantelpiece in her own room. she said her prayers without the beads, and in half an hour she was on her way home. Arriving there, she entered her room and walked up to the mantelpiece, but no beads were in sight.

'Where can I have put them," she

"Philip who had followed her, and was looking over the mantelpiece, suddenly uttered an exclamation At the same moment there was the sound of something striking the

"Oh." she exclaimed, "they're

gone! Then the boy turned to his mother The Rosary has fallen in this crack," he said. "There were just two beads that were held in the narrow end of the crack; but when I tried to lift it out it slipped and fell down inside.

The boy was feeling the woodwork as he spoke, and a moment later he ran for a screw-driver. "Look, mother!" he said. "I will

take out this panel on the side. is screwed in and can easily be put back." Five minutes later Philip lifted

out the panel, and then he uttered another exclamation. "There's a letter here as well as

the beads !" he said. He bent down, picked them up, and brought them to his mother She took the Rosary and put it in her pocket, crucifix. To her the beads were as a friend-something precious and intimate, and keenly missed if lost Taking up the letter, she saw it addressed to her husband and that it had been opened. Then in a flash she remembered. The night her husband had been brought home had laid his watch, a bunch of keys and this letter on the mantelpiece The watch and keys she had after ward put away; the letter she had never thought of again. Was it about this that he had tried so hard

to talk to her? As in a dream she opened it. It was from a solicitor in Wales, saying that a certain Mr. William Morgan had died and left £2,000 to his grandnephew, John Morgan of Chicago the grandson of his late brother

Alexander. Slowly she turned the letter over. The date stamped on the back, showing when it was received at the Chicago office, was the very day her husband had died. It was addressed, not to his home, but to his place of business in the city. And then the tears rained from her eyes as she little faces, each one so full of intelligent comprehension and love; little room became a sanctuary, as down on their knees they fell with a great uplifting of fervent thanks giving

That night Agnes Morgan dreamed that she saw our Divine Lord; and before Him, with arms outstretched, was His Blessed Mother, in her hands was a Rosary; and, lo! each bead was a lustrous. shimmering pearl; and on each pearl there was tear : for of such had faith made the brown beads of her Rosary. Georgina Pell Curtis in the Ave Maria.

CATHOLIC WORSHIP

In the May number of The Biblical World Dean Bell, Episcopalian dean

of St. Paul's Cathedral, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, writes sympathetically about Catholic worship contrasting it with the worship of Protestants. Leaving the latter alone let us see what he has to say about Catholic "Catholicism is a form of worship. Christianity—and we ought not to forget that in the days of Christianity's greatest achievement it was the -which maintains that Jesus in His one prescribed act of worship, the Lord's Supper, recognized instinctive wine and passed it, and said : This is My Body, this is My Blood,' He meant to furnish His followers for ever with concrete media in which we have not got it," she said, "it in her purse, she passed on her way.

Everywhere she heard the same are th home, if you will, in which He might must not despair."

"Perhaps God will send us something better," replied Agnes.

"Don't be afraid, mother," said
Philip. "I will soon be a man and
Philip. "I will soon be a man and munion of God's spirit and our spirit Perceiving her unwillingness to be pressed upon the subject, he did not pressed upon the subject to the form the subject to the

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