THE RETURN OF MARY O'MURROUGH

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND Author of "The Tragedy of Chris," "Nanno,"

CHAPTER VIII

A "BIG EMIGRATION"

The ranks of the army of emigrants were swelling every day. high on the hillsides there aurning in the cabins. Mrs. Mul. neart strings were rent. Other boys girls were suffering from that final crush of youthful hope which Miles and Bess had, as yet been

A few days before the great depar ture, a kead was put in at the door of Father Faby's little parlour.

Widow Farrelly's only daughter

The priest shut his book. Will you have another sod o' turf on the fire, yer reverence?"

The Father did not hear. When the fire was mended and the door closed between him and the kitchen, he stood up, groaned, and made a stride to the corner of the little room where his blackthorn stick was standing. Another step to the door with the stick in his hand, and then

If one could get at the monster Fatality that is draining the country's blood. As well beat the air!"

I want no dinner. Give it to the Bessagh outside." he said to the old affairs; and rushed out of the house the stick erect in his hand, to the surprise of the lame old beggar who sat waiting at the wicket.

In a few minutes he was at the door of one of the poorest cabins in the district.

Are you there, Mrs. Farrelly?" Sure I am, yer reverence. An' heard the blackness of desolation that's come on me! My little Honor to be goin' wid the emigrants! She covered her face with her

An' me to be goin' soon to the widout her to say good bye to me, an' knowing that an Irishman's childher will niver sit on me little gir-

the English harvesting."

"Sure she was, yer reverence, killin' herself, but the work's harder get new, for there's too many hands. An' she can't pay the shop bills any more, an' meself can't make out the rint (the pig used to see to it the crature, but he's dead bet at it now!) An' she says to me, 'Mother,' says she, 'I be to be goin' like the rest o' them. There's money over says she, 'an' the postman 'll New York has got the promise of a "But he has no power. Means to shoes, besides sendin' home the few ha'pence to me. Sure the same notion's in the heads o' the whole o' the

young people." What about Patsie Doyle?

Oh, now, ver reverence, don't be Patsis hasn't an eye in his head wid eryin' at the bare thought; but himself is caught an' spanchelled by the leg where he is. His father's strivin' te hould on, an' he wants Patsie. An' why would me little girl be breakin' her heart for a boy that'll niver be able to say to her, 'Honey, the time's come!' even if was at long last? Och, sure thim that wants to marry 'll have to go out of Ireland, an' they can't always go in pairs sorted to their wishes. Patsie Doyle's wan that'll have to make less nor marriage do him, I'm thinkin', an' Honey 'll have to put the bread into her mouth as long as she lives. The as ould Aunty Diluvia (whoever she was) for all the nature that's left to them; unless the politics stirs up a bit an' does somethin' for us: but I den't think the good days 'll come till the end o' the world is down on

While the mother poured out her heart to the priest, her girl was mov-ing slowly through the fields not far away, looking round with wistful eyes, stopping to pick a few prim-roses, and listen to a linnet singing its thin clear song from a bush of thorn. Grey sea and grey cloud and black mountain on the horizon, grey threading the grass: after another a handkerchief, was one thing; departing for America, never to come hastening to a political meeting. amputated and to live without them.
Yet the wave of this great departure was steadily rolling towards her. the case might be Never to walk with her feet in this eool sweet grass again; never to peer at the blackbird's nest full of eggs in the badding hedge; never to was not much time for a final scene hear the lark in the morning state, or the bog in the plover whimpering on the bog in the cleimax. The emigrants were the evening; never to lie on the top of a turf stack counting the stars as wall of those left on the platform wall of those left on the platform bank of the field, was a mustering of the gnarled and knotted elder trees in hear the lark in the morning blue, or hieng home; never to cross the worn stones of the cabin threshold where her mother's heart was beating for her, and her mother's eyes with love in them welcomed her coming back! Was it possible that next week was bringing to her this death?

She stood on a stone in the gap be-tween field and field, and looked over the green slopes and the brown levels, bog and pasture. Standing thus, with the sun on her, Honor Farrelly was a typical Irish girl, well-grown for her seventeen years, a keenly intelligent, serious face, sun tanned from many hardships; hair brown, with a dash of rust across it, as if the sun had burnt that too; eyes full of cool light, strong hands fit for toil—a girl to milk Irish cows on Irish pastures, to nurse on her lap the Irish babes that grow up into valorous fighting men.

Soft and strong, resolute though her eyes with the backs of her hands and squared her young mouth while the red paled on it.

"Never again to see Patsie! Don't! It's no kind o' use. You be to stay, an' I be to go!"

A youth had started up out of the rushes at the other side of the gap, and had caught her by the hands

'God's a hard God !" said Patsie "You to be goin', an' I to be stayin'!"
"Y' mustn't say it, Patsie. It' wicked. We daren't put bad words between us an' Him. Maybe He'll make a manage to let us be together

Somewhere, yet !"
"If it was only this side of the big water y' would stay!" groaned

'I couldn't stay to see them starve, an' the money waitin' for me there; no more'n you could go an lave your own that wants y'.'

"God knows I'll folly you, Honey, some day when the politics gets my father settled, and the little place ochane, ochone? What big fella wid pocketfuls 'll ha' snapt y' away from

Honey shook her head. She believed as little in politics as in the fella with the pocketfuls who could have power to change the heart in her. But look what side she would, the one solid reality of life was the fact that this day week she would be wiped out of the world that was

so dear to her.
When that day week came round, Father Fahy stood on the altar steps at five o'clock in the morning, tower Kille! (churchyard.) An' well I have ing over a weeping crowd, the emit to ge to. But to lave the world grants and their friends who were forced to see the loves ones go; pastor saving his farewell to the sheep he was losing out of his flock.

"Boys and girls! Children I baptized and taught you your relig-

Thrue for y', father !" sobbed an old man whose only son was of the "going" band.

You're putting the foot en the you no more. You know that if your old soggarth's heart's blood could keep you on the hill and in the glen, you would be staying where you

A murmur of assent ran through

live must be got from somewhere, and I'm not blaming you. I can't stop your going, but I can send a few words along with you to be kept in your hearts till yourselves or your children, or your children's children can find a way back to Ireland. Wherever you go, to the big city or the wild bush, remember you're God's people, and let His word reign over your conduct. Let the faith be printed in your souls, printed red in the blood of martyrs. Girls, take the modesty of an Irish woman with you, and part with the hair off your heads sooner than lose it! Boys, be brave, Christian, fighting men, and let the devil go elsewhere when he's on the lookout for his recruits Remember there's another Ireland growing big out yonder, and if you don't take the good seed in your hands and sow your new country with it, the Lord will have something to say to you about it on a day that'll see every land en earth as one! New, if I never see you again-

Father Faby faltered and broke down, and the crowd rocked like a weed in the storm, and thunder-rain of tears fell.

That's all now, I think," said the priest, pulling himself together again. "We're not to be marching again. Were not to be marching to battle crying like the young babies. God go with you all, and remember the soggarth in your prayers, when you're thinking of the turf fire at home, and the young lambs and primroses in the field-

They were soon on their road now, a little army of the emigrants and their friends, Father Fahy walking rocks breaking the vivid green pas-tures, a shining ribbon of stream be travelled to catch the train that would take them a long journey to reach the ship. Between the sweet week she should know the scene no more. Going to England in the fine green hedges they marched, and the weather and coming back for the winter, with the rent maybe, tied in whole of the way. At a crossing of parting for America, never to come hastening to a political meeting back, was another. She could not Father Fahy looked over his should realise the idea of complete separa-tion, more than she could feel what tion, more than she could feel what it would be like to have all her limbs All along the way groups of men, wemen and children stood to see them pass, weeping or cheering as

At last the railway station was line of sullen mountain half under a gained, and the train ran screaming cover of slowly descending night to meet and swallow them. There mingled with the yelling of the

engine. Blessings, lamentations, maybe a few curses, followed the lecomotive as it moved away, many streaming fortitude assumed by these of natures faces and waving arms thrust out of children in their season of suffering the carriage windows.

"Give us yer blessin', Father!" Familiar as they were to him in

came back on the breeze. The Father extended his arms, looked up higher than the cloud of steam above the train, and made the sign of the Cross in the air. Heads were bent, and the wailing ceased a minute,

all was over.
"Now, children, home with you, and into the chapel to your knees. I've a bit further to go myself, as you know, but I'll see you in the

He marched with them again far as the cross-roads, and then left them, taking the road travelled by the people who had passed them in the morning, fellowed silently by the men, while the women and children a head he knew. set their faces homeward with a long sorrowful esy; lamentation and great mourning; Rachel bewailing per children, and would not be comforted, because they are not.'

It was late that night when the old pastor got back to his readside cabin, weary, footsore, heartsore; and a few hours afterwards London merning papers were criticising severely Father Fahy's partisan speech at the latest political meeting in Kerry.

CHAPTER IX

THE OUTRAGE In the grey gleaming of a November day, Shan Sullivan walked slowly across his little farm of restless with expectations of Mary's coing home, impatient of the delay which had so long seemed necessary.

Since that evening of his father's given him a warning, the old man's ery of " wait, wait " had grown more and more irritating in the ears of the son, whose ewn prudence had too long tolerated, and even echoed

He had been down in Ballyorglin. ana had learned that the purchase of the farm was as uncertain as ever. The landlerd was holding out for more money than the people could

Passing perosa the street, he had stopped to listen to an old man singing a rude ballad, slowly feeting vagrant street singers whese hope is in the bad weather, and in the pity of it for the homeless, in pitiful hearts.

The song was set to the tune of Boys of Wexford," drened forth in dragging measure by a feeble and melanchely voice. Shan had bought the ballad, roughly printed on a narrew slip of poor paper fluttering frem a crippled hand. Here are the doggerel lines:

My name is little Maury Oge, I live at Gurteen Clough. It's over there beyont the bog, Just where the sea is rough.

The rock is for our floor; In winther, sure, the thundherin wave Comes tumblin' through our door.

An' that's our houseen in the cave,

We've got a weeskie bit o' lan' Betwee the beg an' sea. It's that can grow the taties gran', When storrums let them be!

I'm goin' on sixteen year eld ; It's me that ups at night, Fer whin the moon is big an' gold The tide is at its height.

I do go wadin' from the san's, The wather's round my neck, An' I be gropin' wid my han's To haul in the sea-wrack.

When wrack is spread out on the ground
Te make the taties grow!

O musha, vis. I'm always dhrowned

It's me that always does be sint Gein' foreign ivery year; For still we have to pay the rint An' clay is awful dear!

It's me that picks the hops that grows
In lan' that's not like ours; Where cruel storrums niver blows,

Then I do bind the farmer's sheaves An' lie the summer's night In undher hedges full o' leaves, Till dawning of the light.

Och, whin I bring the money home It's niver half enough
To pay the shop that must get some, An' rint of Gurteen Clough I wish the taties wouldn't fail

For buyin' of the Indy male, It swallys all we've got. Oh, whiles I climb the rock up there, An' look out on the sea, For there's a sailin' ship somewhere

(It's rain that brings the rot !)-

Will soon be gettin' me ! "There's a crowd o' them goin',

poor girshas!" thought Shan. "O Mary, thank God it's comin' y' are, an' not goin' !" Strolling through his fields now in

the gathering dusk, he was staring at the bleak horizon, a long undulating clouds, to one side a stoop in the was not much time for a final seene hills with a long level of grey watery when the agony of parting reached sky, like a mystical lake of Other gnarled and knotted elder tress in their winter nakedness, clinging tegether in the penitential attitudes and with the expressions of enduring fortitude assumed by these of natures and bereavement.

this as under every other aspect,

radeship and pitying sympathy.
"We haven't all the pains and th throubles to ourselves," he would then broke out again. The train think, looking at their knotted joints went round a curve in the way, and and the fling of their writhing arms think, looking at their knotted joints "God pity yez; if it's a thing that yez are souls doin' out your pen-

moments without a sense of com

Such a thought was not in his mind now, however, as he suddenly stood still with straining eyes fixed on a spot where between the parted branches of the naked elders the grey sky lake gleamed through, and he saw a figure as if waiting for him—

a head he knew.

The branches stirred as a darken ing wind swept the night-clouds lower, but the sky-gleam and the girl remained; only, with the movement of the wind the a face was turned

towards him.
"Mary!" faltered Shan, and made
a step forward; but at the same mo-ment the night veil dropped over the sky water with its gleam, and the

vision disappeared.

A cold trembling seized Shan, and he went slowly back through the fields to the house.

Owny was in his straw chair by the fire when shan pulled a stool to the house that the hearth and not starting of the the hearth, and sat staring at the with his hands extended

towards it.

"It's a cold night, I think, Shan," said his father. "Y' have a shiver It isn't the cold," said Shan; "it's

semethin' I seen."
The old man sat forward in his What was it y' seen?" he asked

I seen Mary; an' her in America! Owny stared, and his lips worked before he said :

Is it her fetch y' seen?" Why would y' put it that way said Shan, controlling a shudder. "It's maybe she was only thinkin o

me, sthrong."
"Would that bring her?" whispered the old man.
"How do I know? I heard of it,

once. If it's her fetch, there's no use in anythin'. But if she's livin', father, we'll have to bring her If the farm—" began Owny.

"Farm or no farm, by the Almighty I'll write for her to come. If we have to live in undher the ould cart, I'll get her!' Don't shout at me, Shan; don't

frighten me—I'm a wake ould man," whimpered the father. "All I ivir did was for your gain an' hers. "I'm not blamin' y'. I'm blamin myself. I was doin' for her gain teo; but if she's gone from me, there's no gain for me in this world, an' maybe none in the next. I'm

goin' to post the letter tomorrow that'll bid her come." Owny was cowed and silent. No more was said, but next morning the letter was written and posted; and the following evening Shan went down to Killelagh to in-

form Tom Donohoe the blacksmith of what he had done The forge was full of red light, and Tom was basy. Frost had set in during the day, and a number of horses, "jinnits," and donkeys had arrived to be "frosted." Shan sat on a bench outside the door and smoked his pipe, waiting for the mesinister clouds of last night were gone from the sky, and the winter constellations hurg in golden phalanges about the clear dark dome everhead. At last the ring of the hammer ceased, the last animal was led off down the frosty road, and Tom

"I bid her take the first boat she could be ready for, an' I would meet her at Queenstewn. I'm sure Mrs. Dermody would take her in till Father Fahy ties us up. Of course, she'll send me a word before she

'I'm as glad as ten pounds," said the blacksmith. "Yez'll struggle along betther nor most. An' if all comes to all, yez'll sink or swim to What does Owny say ?

'He's dead bet because things isn't more settled, but he's gev up fightin'. He knows that my mind's made up, whatever, an' when Mary come's he'll not know what to make

The lan'lords might as well sell." said Tom, watching the smoke of his pipe circling in the frosty air. don' know what they mane to on' know what they mane to do with the land when the people's all grave which tugged at his heart with lan' they can't work? It wont strings.

He saw the leaves plain, all glit'er ing, for they had a hard bright surface like holly, and the little tips of them were small flames, radiant and make fortunes for them. The cattle the least of it."

talkin' to in Killarney the other day told me about a place in his part of the countary where five hundhert where he had left it. families were put out, an' the lan' give up to catale, an' not a roof or a wall to be seen for miles but a herd's house here an' there, an' 'steadings' for the beasts. The Englishman that done it lost his money, an' went away cursin' his luck. He said the Irishman knew how to manage the figaries of his own soil an' his ewn weather betther nor ever a foreigner could do with his 'improvements.

"I'm often thinkin'," said Tom, after a long draw of his pipe, "what'll Home Rule do for us at all, at all ?"

THE UNBELIEVER

By Katherine Tynan Hinkson It was when the child died that Fom O'Keefe uttered his first blas-

phemy against God. pnemy against God.
"Don't tell me that it is the will
of Ged," he said to the pale-faced
curate who tried to comfort him.
""Tis more like the will of the divil, as a divil's act to rob me first of lievers, but these fellows served me as a divil's act to rob me first of lievers, but these fellows served me turn, for they encouraged the more timid ones who didn't like to seem the loss of a woman to be a woman to b

parish, since St. Patrick turned men was no God, or had stiffened their meck against the yeke, however heavy He would lay upon it.

The third day after the death Tom carried the little coffin in his arms

to lay in the new grave that was only opened a year before for his young wife. A little ceffin it was, yet the sweat was on the man's white face as though he were carrying the round world. A group of the neighbors waited

by the grave. Tom's terrible way of taking the child's death had indeed caused something of a scandal, but law had forbidden. talking it over the most of the people were agreed that God would take seriously, or perhaps did not pretend to hear the man's denial of

Malone, who had lost her seven children in the great famine. "You'd never know them, they do be that cranky and impident when they're down, but who'd be remembren' it meek face. Perhaps he might have agen them the craturs, wance they're worsted Tom in a wordy conflict,

about again?"
They drew closer to Tom as he laid the little coffin in the grave and hid it with the clay. Then as he He was not the militant sort. put on his coat and turned to go an old man approached him.
"God help you, Tom," he said "to

him.
"There's no God," he said, "I think there's a divil, but I'm sure there's no God."

During this time Tom did not go much to the churchyard. Indeed,

After that people held away from him, but he didn't seem to know or care. And presently when it was hay-making time the roaming fit came upon him and he left his spade stusk in the ground one day and was off with the harvesters to Eng-"He'll come back in his right

tenderness for poor Tom even new. Maybe he might have, too, only that when the barvest was over, instead of going back with the other men to Ballygrua, he tramped to Liverpeol and got taken on as a deck laborer.

He was still sick of his trouble when one day he stopped in the street to hear a man who was preach ing on the pavement that there was formed of Him was a tyranny that He said "there is no Ged," but all the time he hated that Power which had robbed him of his wife and child, and had a blind desire to insult, to outrage, to destroy if he might, image he had formed of a devil God. He remained a year in Liverpool,

For Tom unbelief meant no easy way for the sins of the flesh, as it might have meant with another.
He was an abstemious man by across Heaven ere it leaped to earth, nature, and the coarse vices only sickened him when he saw them in lic-house, others. But he grew paler every

upon Him. Then one day he went home. The Ballygrua, was calling him, and he about him; and he felt the air grow little plot of earth his own forever, "I and he was homesick to look upon had told him in his sermon.

He opened his cabin door one wet not burning. On one side of the Zealand is too many for them. It's he had only been gone one hour. you also that knows how to The place smelt moldy and the rain could not make out what it held. you an' you else that knows how to make the most of it, an' to live on dripped through a hole in the ke the most of it, an' to live on least of it."

A man from Connaught I was looked out of the window and saw looked out of the windo the spade sticking in the earth ago, and covered with the sods of

again for the seedin'," he said to innocent little features and the eyes bimself, and taking off his coat he with their deep irises, and the pretty went out and turned a portion of the hair curling in little rings at the

didn't shock them when they were

There were one or two returned Irish-Americans in the village, who had come back because they were no more use to the country they to than the country they had left. Tom wasn't likely to shock them. They listened with a cynical grin to his wild speeches and applauded him to further violence. Not that him to further violence.

nor ever will have?"

"God help you, Tom," said the curate, lifting his hands in horror, "and forgive yeu! The trouble has driven you mad surely."

For it was the first time in that was Tom grew and extended its that was Tom grew and extended its shadow in the place. The people, even those who were not to be turned, shuddered no longer when they heard it said there was no God.

They had looked at first for His The mood did not pass with the first despair as the curate had more sign than the old gods St. more sign than the old gods St. Patrick nad overthrown. Some yet said that in His own time He would strike, but others, and they were mainly young men, felt that Tom's trouble to defend Himself. So, little came to listen to Tom was increased, and for some it was pleasanter to were so many desirable things His

law had forbidden.

The curate wasted himself in prayer against this blasting evil He was not the one to go down to the public house or among the "Tis like a sick child," said Judy little parliaments in the forge to and carried his stray sheep back to God in a wave of admiration and wonder. But he did not attempt it. contented himself with calling God to take His own part and save His people; and his prayers went on day long and night long, till he was Tom turned a ghastly face upon like a ghost from watching and fasting and extremity of prayer.

look upon the plot that held his all he went there no more. He knew that Mary would be unhappy if she could know the thing he was doing and woman like would not under stand that it was because he love her and the child so much. He mocked at Heaven as a delusion, and yet standing by the grave in Bally grua churchyard he felt ill at ease would turn him from his purpose.

He did not take to drink, though went so often to the public-house. He was but a poor customer him self; but he brought others, and the publican, who was miserly, did not complain. Those hours of his propa alive during the long days, when he dug and planted the bit of land on ne Ged, and that the image men had the mountain side. He had in no way departed from the old indus things the preacher said went to things the preacher said went to that head like strong drink. It that and repaired his floor and then the head like strong he didn't replenished his turf stack, and then another and another. It was flerce work, and entailed labor fitter for a beast than a man, but he liked it it was of a piece with his war against that silent and impassive

God who had taken his all. produced his pipe and declared himself ready for a gossip.

"You done the right thing!" he
said. "When 'll she be comin'?"

And was known at every hall and below every platform where men soid like himself that there was no good, having God all the time.

God, having God all the time.

For Tony publish meant no easy.

One night, the blackest night it

was, though there were points of Tom was going home from the pub

He was in a very black part of the day, and his eyes greater in his head. He worked like a man consumed by an inward fire; and so he was with the fire of his hatred for God and his futile thirst for revenge ahead in the road a light no bigger than a will-o'-the-wisp. It was coming towards him, and

grave in St. Declan's churchyard at then it was at his side, and circling had a sudden loathing of the fine ing lighter and lighter. Presently and murky streets he knew. It the thing took shape, and he saw it seemed to him that there was one little plot of earth his own forever, burning bush of which the curate

here he had left it.

"Tis time to be turnin' the ground looking at him. He saw the soft neck. The little figure perched as He didn't look for living long, people thought, but there was robin in the holly.

nothing the matter with him really Tom went down on his knees in save that consuming hatred. The pursuit of it took him to the public his hands to the radiant little figure. house, the most likely ground in which to sow his tares in other men's minds. When men had drink something invisible beat him back. taken they didn't mind a little wild lit was as though he saw his bird in talk, and what they got accustomed to when warm with the drink soon snatch him one instant to his breast

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