THE CATHOLIC REGISTER, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1903

"That's good news," he answered;

"How amusing. Well, I declare,

there."

her out of the room.

facing the stage.

whispered on all sides.

"She's lovely. Who is she?"

Fate and Marriage By Clara Mulholland

Meanwhile Margaret was pacing herthe, same," Hugo cried in a sulky room from end to end. Her cheeksvoice. "You raise difficulties, and were burning, her heart throbbing what I hope and expect. It's very un- least, Sir Henry Dunstable." Her interview with John in the wood, kind of you, and you shouldn't do and his unexpected announcement thatit."

he loved her, had tried her severely. ["But, Hugo, my dear boy," smiling, Her pride had been inclined to resent "you know that I never go to London except once a year for a. fortsuch a confession from one whom, night, So why should I go now?" in spite of good looks, talents and "Because"-a hot spot burned upor gentlemanly, respectful manner, she Hugo's cheek-"I want you to come had always looked upon as an infer- Father always likes to see you. and ier. She had allowed him to talk to mother would do anything to keep me on the nobility, does your Henry." her, had encouraged him to approach when I choose."

her, almost as an equal, because of "Hush, dear!" Margaret smoothed Hugo, who loved him, and clamored back the golden curls from his forefor him if he happened to be long head. "That is not the right way to get the things you want." away. "I find it's the only way with moth-

Margaret sighed. She knew the boy

"But, supposing we do go to Lon-

bums lent to Hugo by John Fane,

and was full of views of New Zealand

And then, unconsciously, she had er. She hates worry, and, if one is come to look out eagerly for his quiet and good, she never gives in." visits. To meet him in the garden, spoke the truth, and it pained her to see him cross the fields, to condeeply to think that it was so. verse with him in the pretty dairy, sometimes for a few minutes, somedon, what then?" she said after a times for a considerable time, had while. "We shall be in Park Lane. Mr. hundred pictures," he cried gaily. become an event of the day, looked Fane will be-. Oh, dear knows where

ence gave her immense pleasure she are-I don't. And that's where he'll to my studio." had known for some weeks, and, notbe." withstanding every effort made to Hugo nodded his head, and looked knowingly at his sister.

stiffe these friendly feelings, she had found it impossible, and had told her-"That's what you think. But I've self that she must really begin to told papa things that will make him avoid him, that she must be stiff and long to see John." formal, and do all she could to keep. "Things? What things, dear?" him at a distance.

He leaned over the edge of the But every day such a thing became chair. "I must speak it low, or more difficult. Smiling and frank, Aunt Miriam-see she is coming gay and light-hearted, John would the path towards us-might hear, and ion her and her little stepbrother un- be angry. I told him, and all in a der the trees, or amongst the hay, postscript, mind you, that John was, and whilst he was with them the I felt sure, a near relative, and that hours flew past like moments, and, he was to set a lot of lawyers and forgetful of her name, dignity, and fellows to find out all about him and family. Margaret was supremely hap his parents." my. And, yet, John's confession had "You told him that? Oh, Hugo! taken her by surprise, and her feel- Was that wise?"

ings as he spoke out in such a "Hush! Mum's the word. Here straight-forward and manly way were comes Aunt Miriam." varied and complex; but now in the Over the book on her knee Margaret quietness of her own room she knew that her heart was his, and his only. the fille of the all the state of the al-

CHAPTER XXXV.

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Having pleaded weariness and a et's attention at once. beadache. Margaret had begged Mrs. "Look. Hugo. Here are Jahn and Danvers to excuse her from going Beryl as little childten. What a nice down to luncheon. 'And, seeing how pair,'' she cried. "And here-" She white and languid she looked as she stopped short as an envelope bearing lay on a couch in her darkened room, the superscription, "Archibald Fane, the kind-hearted woman had at once Esq.," fell from the album on to her declared her willingness to do so. lap. "And really Hugo is like the chat-

"And really Hugo is like the chat-tering brook," she cried, laying a at it in surprise. "That was the name "I know, Gerald. Someone-my mo-delay. cool hand on her darling's brow. of my father's cousin, the late Lord ther - told me long ago, mentioned -"I'll be back in a few moments,

up for past negligence if she will al- to dinner." low me. I saw her mother to-day." or deepened just a little. "I am glad of that. Is she well?" "Very, and now I have hurried "And at what hour do we dine?"

home to invite you all to tea in my studio to-morrow. Several visitors have no time to lose. Gerald, I am ment's pain. But Beryl, had I were going to honor me with their sorry," turning to her brother, "but nown sooner what I know now things company — people I'd like Miss Fane we are all going out to-night," Mar- might have been different." to meet. Lord and Lady Linton, Sir ion remarked. "Beryl and I dine with "Yes," she murmured, repeating his

"Henry," Enid cried, astonished. "He never told me." "Because he did not know of the thing. joys in store for him. I only invited him just now, in the hall." you're a regular oyster. Why didn't you tell up that long ago?"

"And he accepted your invitation?" Enid asked in doubting tones. "To be sure he did. He'd go any-

noon, in fact. I was not sure that I you." where to meet the Lintons. He dotes would go. Fred Masters said I might "You need not scoff at him," cried till the last moment. So I wired Enid, always ready to take offence at that I would go on my way here." a word against her fiance. "He is an "How condescending. And what intimate friend of Lord Linton, and moved you to do so, pray?" he did you a good turn with him, Gerald, in getting him to give you an Fane"-bowing low-"would both be

order for two pictures." "So he did. He's a brick, and I'll never say another word against him." His sister looked at him in aston-

ishment. He laughed, evidently much amused, and kissed Enid on the cheek. "He has done me an immense service, far greater than an order for a "Though he knew not what he was forward to with joy. That his pres- Sir Peter Goldsmid's fusty old offices doing when he brought Lord Linton

"You puzzle us. Why talk so mysteriously?" Enid cried. "It would be kinder to say plainly what you mean. What is this service, Gerald?"

"I cannot tell you now. Some day you may know all, but at present evervthing is too vague." Enid fingered the gold chain round

her neck with trembling fingers. "You have heard the strange rumors about poor Madeline's marriage, that would turn and look at him with the married your mother." Sir Henry Dunstable has just been

ur

Gerald started, and clenched his "He might have spared you." he

much to expect. What did he tell grievous mistake, had thrown away She turned upon him, her eyes full "He said that there were many wicked thing in promising to marry

bent her head, and, all unconscious number of people doubt the legality of what she did, began to examine the poor Madeline's marriage with the late Lord Linton."

legal. But her husband never was and family groups. They were pretty and never will be Lord Linton. For Hampton, a tap came to the door of set, hard look about his mouth, stood and interesting, and arrested Margar- which I am very thankful." the box.

"Gerald! Never will be! Then he is living?" "Yes, one of the greatest scamps-But, Enid, I to-day made a great the theatre-must see and speak to happened. I have been ordered to re-

discovery that cleared up everything him at once." Lord Hampton bit his lip and Africa next week." very well, and made me very happy. frowned angrily. But there was no There were two Madeline Delormes. help for it. He was bound to obey One who died years before our darhis grandmother's summons without

word to you."

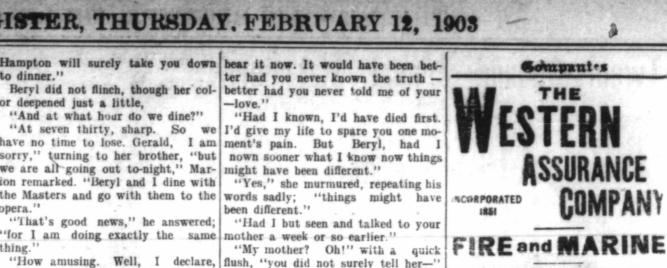
sisters, Mr. Fairfax.'

"You were busy-and-"

mouth was wreathed in smiles.

"I am glad you have given me a

"Miss Fane"-he laid his hand in



"Of my love for you? No. But she HEAB OFFICE - TORONTO, ONT. told me things that made it possible "Because until to-day-this after- for me to hope and speak of it to CAPITAL \$2.000.000 "You bewilder me. What could she leave the matter an open question say that would do that?"

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"You know the story of your fath er's death?"

"Alas, yes - only too well." The girl's color faded. "Poor father!"

"The knowledge that you and Miss "His name will soon be cleared. The truth made known to the whole "Well, really. Wonders will never world.'

cease," cried Marion, and putting her She started round, quivering with arm round Beryl's waist she swept excitement. "Oh! Mr Fairfax really really?"

"Really. A terrible mistake was Many were the wondering and curious glances cast in the direction of made; one that has caused your moththe Masters' box as Beryl, white al- er and your brother and you - much most as the soft chiffon gown she sorrow, and has, I fear," his voice became inaudible, "wrecked my lifewore, entered with Lord Hampton in ruined my happiness."

close attendance, and took the chair "A mistake?" whispered Beryl. "What mistake?"

was "The Madeline Delorme whom your father saw dead that night was not All unconscious of these remarks, his wife, but my unfortunate young Lord Hampton's eyes were fixed in sister."

mute adoration upon Beryl's face. He Bervl gasped and caught his hand. dared not speak to her, for she was "And the other Madeline Delormeabsorbed in the singing. So he watch- his - my father's first wife?"

ed her, longing for the moment when "Died in Italy twelve years before the curtain would go down, and she your father, the late Lord Linton,

sweet, bright glance that thrilled him "John was right, then," the girl more than any music-gave him more said quietly. "There were two act-

joy than anything else on earth. resses named Madeline Delorme?" But although she felt his gaze, Beryl "Yes," bowing his head, "John was looked steadily out before her. Her ight. And now, perhaps, you see the heart was in a tumult; her soul was reason why I feared, sweet Beryl, to cried. "But that were perhaps too sick within her. She had made a meet-and talk to you?"

her chance of happiness, had done a of a new, strange light. "Yes-now I understand." There

rumors afloat that made him and a this man, whom till the day of her was a wail of sadness in her voice. death she knew she could never love. "Oh, Gerald, if only-"

At the end of the second act, as, The door of the box opened sharp-"Madeline's marriage was perfectly mustering up all her strength and ly, and the words died away upon her courage, the girl turned to answer a lips, as Lord Hampton wearing an question addressed to her by Lord expression of deep and bitter woe, a

> upon the threshold. "His lordship is wanted urgently," "Beryl," he said in a hoarse whissaid a messenger. "Lady Hampton is per, stepping quickly to her side. waiting in her carriage at the door of "Oh, my love, an awful thing has join my regiment and sail for South

> > CHAPTER XXXVII. Lord Linton sat alone in the li-



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"I wish I had known this, Enid.

telling us are being whispered everywhere?" fists in quick anger. you?"

"Men may come and men may go, Linton. I wonder if he-" Her color her to Madeline and she cried out- dear love," he whispered, pressing brary of his splendid mansion in Park but he goes on for ever. Mr. Fairfax faded, and her eyes dilated as she "When I go on the stage I'll call my- Beryl's hand, as it lay upon her lap. is most good-natured to listen to drew out a photograph, upon the back self Delorme-Madeline Delorme - it "I hate to leave you, but I must." him. I don't like to shub the child, of which was written - "The last runs beautifully, and then no one will "Of course, of course; I know you eyes had a tired, weary expression, but anyone with a headache is best group taken in my father's lifetime, ever know I was a Fairfax. So I'll must." away from him, so lie here, dearest, by his old friend and admirer, Jerry not disgrace the name.' " and I'll send you up your lunch. I Otway .- John Fane." And underneath hope you," anxiously, "are not sick- this she read-"Dear old Archie, for- Why did you not tell me?" ening for anything?" give this caricature. Isabel is good,

"Oh, no, Aunt Miriam." "Well, I hope you didn't get a touch of tge sun. That is a dangerexquisite wee daughter, is nothing but mother had told me. So it was the his fair share of your company toous thing.'

"Not so dangerous as some other things," sighed Margaret as her aunt bald, are but little better. It is a late Lord Linton's wife?" bustled away. "Oh, John, my heart poor production. But will remind us is sick within me when I remember of a happy day .- Your friend, Jerry.' that you are in London and I must "Good heavens! Is it possible? Is stay here. I have had my fortnight that-" with my father, so need not hope to

"What's the matter, Margaret? You get away from Riversda.e this year look very queer," cried Hugo. "Is again. And," sighing, "what a differthere anything exciting in that alent place it will be now. How shall I bum?" "Lots, dear," slipping the photo-

and Hugo get on without you?" Towards teatime, feeling rested and more tranquil, Margaret put on a fresh muslin dress and tripped downthe boy's knee. "They're very pretty. us. stairs. In the verandah at the back Ah! Aunt Miriam," rising to her of the house she found Hugo in his feet, "here I am. Yes, quite well dear." big wheeling chair, a table strewn again. And longing for my tea." with books and photographs by his side.

The boy looked up with a smile of glad welcome as his sister appeared, "At last I hope you are better,

carina mia? I miss you sorely when you are away."

When Gerald Fairfax returned from Margaret kissed him softly, then Riversdale his sisters noted at once took a chair and sat down by his that he was looking brighter and more cheerful than usual.

"But you had company, dearest, and I was tired."

"You need not excuse yourself. sitting down beside Enid in the drawdear," the child said, laughing. "I ing-room, asked her what she had was quite sure you only stayed away been doing all day, and where she and because you couldn't help it. You were Sir Henry were dining that evening. After a while he glanced inquiringly sad, I know. You will miss John Fane almost as much as I will, round the room. "Where is your visitor?" he asked Meg.

The girl started, and a quick blush frighten her away?" rose in her pale cheeks. "She did not know he was here." "But," continued Hugo, without remarking her change of color, "you Enid answered testily. "But why are surprise. Had he been always like "You are more lovely - more

we'll see him every day." Margaret laughed, and catching up since she came.

"Yes," cried Marion, "you have began turning over the pages in nervous haved shamefully, Gerald, to the one to thank but himself that it was and terror has gone, and I may now one of the big photograph albums, bedear little thing. haste.

"Have you Aladdin's lamp or the "Spare me, pray," he exclaimed, cap of Fortunatus, dear boy, that you putting his hands over his ears. "I think to waft us where you will in am quite conscious of my wickedness. But I have been busy." such a fashion?"

"That's no excuse for your rudeness "That's a good idea. Or a magician's wand!" Hugo cried, delighted. and inattention to her when you are ing called upon her mother, and seem- "Hush! You can never hope for "That's more like it, for I have only in a room with her," Enid said ed to take no further interest in any- more. I" with a sob, "have promised to wave my pen, and heigh presto, sharply. "And I know you have plenmy father tells us to come, and the ty of time to sit mooning and doing while to Marion, asked her what time "My God!" Gerald grew white as nothing in your studio." very next day we go."

"I am not so very sure of that, Gerald redeened and looked away, dear. At least as far as I am concerned. I have had my time in London, remember, and then-."

"I had forgotten all about it. as only one so beautiful could be, in an amateur photograph. John is no there had been two actresses of that body good," he cried gaily; "and realbeauty, so loses nothing. Beryl, your name I suddenly remembered what my ly Lord Hampton has had more than

CHAPTER XXXVI.

He greeted them pleasantly, and,

a sun blot. You, my handsome Archi- first Madeline Delorme that was the He bowed his head. "Yes, and died thirteen or fourteen I have not been allowed to say one years before he did."

"Is this generally known?" "No, and I only found it out by there merest accident." "Then that was what Henry meant

when he said that there were rumors graph, in its long envelope, into her affoat that would cause more trouble pocket, and pushing the album on to and anxiety to Lord Linton than to

"That is exactly what he meant,

Linton really knew that she was not which must have indeed appeared inhis wife at the time?" explicable to you." Gerald started, and looked at his sister with a strange expression of astonishment and horror.

"What a curious idea. Enid Who put it into your head?" "Hush!" cried Marion, holding up a

warning finger. "Here comes Beryl. hers-"it was not business that kept Let us talk of something cheerful when she appears." "Right gladly," said Gerald. And chanced to meet, but fear - fear of

rising he went forward to greet the what might be. I saw that I was young girl with a pleasant word as too happy in your society - that to be near you was bliss - that-" she came in. She laughed nervously, and moved The sudden change in Gerald Fair-

fax, his friendly manner, and warm, a little away from him. presently. "Did Sir Henry Dunstable eager greeting when she entered the "Am I - less" - her eyelids quivdrawing-room came to Beryl as a ered - "dangerous now, Mr. Fairfax,

great and not altogether agreeable or are you-'

need not fret. We'll soon follow him you so suddenly interested in Beryl's this, she told herself, things might adorable than ever," he cried in a to London, you and I. And when there whereabouts? You have been pretty have been different. But now! Well, it feverish whisper, "and I am free to "The careless and neglectful of her ever mattered little. It was too late, tell you so, if you will listen. The They could never be anything but the reason for my silence has been removmerest acquaintances, and he had no ed. The unhappy cause of my fear

> so. His own coldness and incivility do my best tohad hrought matters to a crisis, and "Win my friendship," she said with made her take a step that other- frozen lips. "As Enid's brother, I-"

> wise she never could and never would "Friendship? Oh, Beryl, I want have taken. So she spoke to him fri- more than-" She raised her hand peremptorily. gidly; thanked him politely for hav-

> thing he had to say. She talked for a to marry Lord Hampton.'

they were to dine, and what dress she death. "Truly the fates are against would like her to wear, then rose to me. Oh! had I but known the truth and comfort away. You can conquer

ear. At least as far as I am con-erned. I have had my time in Lon-on, remember, and then..." (Sir Henry told you that, I sup-on, remember, and then..." (Sir Henry told you that, I sup-on, remember, and then..." (Sir Henry told you that, I sup-pose," he said, with a laugh. (But never mind. Times are changed, and party is a great friend of yours. Lord (On! nad t but alound the track and then the total alound the total alound

Lane. He looked ill and full of care. His face was white and drawn, his and the dark lines that encircled them told of sleepless night and some As the door closed behind him Gerald Fairfax stepped from the back of grinding and ever-present anxiety. the box, and slipped into the seat Lady Linton has just left him to It he had just vacated. go to Gerald Fairfax's studio for anwas only when you mentioned that "It's an ill wind that blows noother sitting for her portrait, and

stepped hastily into the morningroom as she heard the butler saying in tones of disgust and scorn: "Wipe your feet carefully then. His night, Miss Fane. He took you to ordship said you were to go to the dinner, and escorted you to your car-

library, so I suppose you must.' riage and sat beside you here, whilst Half closing the morning-room door. Lady Linton awaited the passing of the servant and this evidently dis-Beryl's heart throbbed, and a brilreputable-looking visitor.

liant color came into her cheeks; her Presently Richardson went along. eyes shone happily, and her sweet pompous as ever, in his well-brushed black suit and snowy-white shirt "I never knew you wished to speak front, a contrast to the ragged, to me," she stammered with down- shock-headed creature following at cast eyes. "You never have cared to his heels. do so-since I have stayed with your

"Now." reflected Lady Linton. 'this is truly a strange visitor. Oh,' shuddering, "no wonder Linton looks chance," he said earnestly, "by your ill. He must have done something "Do you think, Gerald, that Lord irankness, of explaining my conduct, terrible," clasping her hands tightly; "committed some crime, perhaps, to be obliged to see and admit such a

"Oh, no-not at all," she cried ruffianly-looking monster to his presquickly, growing more and more nerence. This is worse than anything I vous under his gaze, in which, though she dared not meet it, she felt there has to pay large sums to keep this signed. have ever thought of. No doubt he were ardent love and admiration. man silent. That accounts for his

anxiety and distress." "The carriage waits, my lady," said Richardson, calm and unmoved. Lady interest.

me away from home-made me silent Linton turned sharply round. -abstracted - almost rude when we "Who is that man, Richardson?" "A gentleman to see his lordship on

business, my lady." "He was expected?"

"Yes, my lady."

"You'll see him safely off the premises, Richardson, and see that - that he takes nothing away with him." "Certainly, my lady." Richardson bowed like an automaton. "I shall make it my business to see him safely

Then she gathered up her silken skirts and passed through the hall into her carriage.

Meanwhile Lord Linton was interviewing his uncouth visitor, and his disgust and surprise were hardly less than his wife's as 'his eyes rested upon the man.

"Who the mischief are you?" he cried, his face convulsed with anger "And how dare you push your way into my presence?

(To be Continued.)

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