

## NETTIE'S WAGER

There was a pleasant flutter in the little village of Selbyville; in fact there had been more or less of a pleasant flutter since pretty Nettie Dayton had come down for a three months visit to the maiden aunts who lived in the Dayton farmhouse below the hill.

For Nettie was one of those bright, breezy creatures to whom rustic stagnation was quite impossible. With a widowed mother, a paltry income, a five-room flat for a home, she had managed to extract more out of her blithe twenty years of life than many a girl whose pin-money would more than balance the Dayton's livelihood.

The six weeks of her visit had already quite revolutionized Selbyville. The patterns Nettie had brought down! The Paris hats she manufactured! The stylish wraps she evolved from old capes and pelisses! All these were relations to the conservative village belles, while the tinkle of her mandolin and the music of her voice delighted old and young alike.

And now, after leading the church choir as it never had been led before, Nettie had risen in arms against the old melodeon, whose sereen almost defied her rich contralto.

"Father Paul, the people should give you a new organ," she said decisively. "My dear child, they can't," was the gentle priest's reply.

"They must," replied Nettie, with a positive little nod.

"I really could not ask for it," said Father Paul nervously.

"Then I will," said Nettie gayly; "only we won't call it a collection. We will call it 'Charades.'"

And so it happened that there was hammering and tacking this winter day in the old town-hall, where the young people were buzzing in a merry, busy swarm, under the queen bee's skilful directions. But despite flags gathered from all the clubs and societies within reach, despite the pines and cedars, dutiful dragged in great wagon loads at the fair autocrat's orders, despite the great hoops filled with tallow dips that swung from the ceiling, there was a grim rigidity about the festival room that seemed to defy all Nettie's graceful efforts.

"Stiff! stiff! stiff! horribly masculine and clumsy," criticized that young lady from her perch on the stepladder. "We must have vines, ivy and something pretty and clinging to those chandeliers. And I know just the place to get it. That dear old tumble-down house on the brow of the hill is fairly running over with greenery. Mr. Selby, I commission you to furnish a wagon load at once."

There was a moment's dead silence, during which Nettie was conscious of Madeline Grey's warning call at her dress.

"I—really am afraid I can't go there for you, Miss Nettie," said Jack Selby.

"The place is vacant, you see," hastily interposed his chum, Dick Barton; "or at least it is in the care of an ill-tempered old curmudgeon who won't let any one touch a twig."

"Not a vine," corroborated Hattie Lee, quickly. "The boys tried to get some honeysuckle last summer, and he threatened to set the dogs on them. Said he had his orders and meant to obey them."

"Nonsense," laughed Nettie, "as if he could have any orders about that old ivy tangled over the stone walls. I'll wager three pounds of my caramels to a box of Huyler's that I will get all the ivy from him I want."

"Take you up, Miss Nettie, take you up, take you up," cried half a dozen masculine voices, but Jack Selby walked off without a word.

"Dear me, what have I done?" asked Nettie, not a little dismayed at the seeming defection of this very loyal subject.

"Touched Jack in a sore point, that's all," exclaimed Dick Barton. "You see Ivy Towers is his old home, and it's tough luck not to be able even to pull a vine there."

"And why—why isn't he able?"

"Rowed with the old man, his grandfather," continued Dick. "The old Turk turned him out, and they say he has cut him off with a shilling. It was something about religion I believe."

"It was all about religion," interposed Madeline earnestly. "Jack's parents died young, and he grew up at Ivy Towers—his grandfather's idol, mamma says. And then he had such wonderful talent that old Mr. Selby sent him to Rome to study art—and he became a Catholic there."

"Which was rallying round the wrong flag entirely with the old gentleman," continued Barton. "He has all sorts of blue-nosed, anti-Irish prejudices against Popery, as he still calls it; and he got fire-and-brimstone mad, and said Jack might choose between his faith and his fortune."

"And he chose," said Nettie, her cheeks glowing with perilous flutter of sympathy in her warm young heart.

"Oh, he chose, of course, you can see how," answered Barton grimly. "That's why he is a bookkeeper in father's cotton mills now and the old Cerberus of a Caspar is guarding Ivy Towers, and its cranky old master at Carbad trying to hang on to life as long as he can. That is why Jack looked so blue when you asked him for the ivy this morning. And that is why you are going to

lose your caramels, for that curmudgeon at that Towers is the surliest old savage this side of the Rockies. You had better call your wagger off while you can Miss Nettie."

"Not I," answered Nettie, immediately seized with a devouring interest to see "Jack's" old home. I'll stand to it and win, as you will see."

And it so happened that our darling little heroine started out this bright afternoon to storm the fort, hitherto held by the redoubtable Caspar against all fair invaders. To her surprise she found the great iron gates standing encouragingly open, and the mark of carriage wheels on the crisp, snow-covered terrace. But neither Cerberus nor his companion dogs were in sight.

The wintry sunshine seemed to rest upon the silence and desolation, like the pale, strange smile that lingers upon the lips of the dead. Nettie walked up the broad avenue, her bright eyes taking in all the beauties around her; the wide slope of the spacious lawns, the great elms, whose leafless branches stood etched against the sunlit sky, the broken fountain, the moss grown terrace. But the tangle of rose-trees and woodbine around the pillared porch.

In her tender sympathy for Jack she had almost forgotten the ivy, when she was startled by a hacking cough, and there, at the turn of the road that circled the broad, park-like grounds stood their grisly guardian, Cerberus himself. He was growling audibly at a felled tree that had been flung carelessly across the path, and for a moment did not see the pretty intruder.

"Good evening," said Nettie in her pleasant tone.

"Hey!" said the old man turning sharply upon the speaker. He made an odd picture as he faced her in the wintry sunlight, his gray hair straggling down under a knitted nightcap, and a velvet smoking jacket over his loose red shirt.

"I said good evening," repeated Nettie, with her most bewitching smile.

"Oh you did," and a pair of keen eyes flashed suspicion from beneath their bushy brows. "And who are you and what's your business here?"

Nettie winced. This was indeed the surly savage of whom Dick Barton had warned her. But she thought of her reckless wager and the merriment that its loss would awaken, and pursing up her pretty lips determined to stand her ground.

"My name is Nettie Dayton," she answered, "and I have come to ask a favor."

"I'll be bound you have," snarled the old man fiercely. "I could not be let alone twenty-four hours on my dying bed. Soup kitchens! missionaries! orphan asylums! hospitals! I've done with them all. I won't be bothered. I want peace and rest and quiet. You'll get nothing, nothing, nothing here, and the speaker's voice rose into a shrill quavering crescendo.

Nettie's eyes flashed. This was really too much to bear. To be shrieked at in this way by a clownish servant man.

"You forget that you are speaking to a lady," she said severely.

"You are not fit to be in charge of a gentleman's grounds," said Nettie.

"Eh, God bless me," gasped the old man staring.

"You are a disgrace to the Selbys—a disgrace to this fine old place," continued the young lady, her cheeks glowing with just indignation. "It's a shame that a lovely spot like this should be in the hands of such a rude, uncivil, disagreeable old man. But I suppose you suit your master, who must be as much of an old bear as yourself."

"My master," gasped the old man, staring, "my master!"

And then, to Nettie's dismay, he went off into a chuckling laugh, that shook him from head to feet.

"Lord! Lord! that's good; I haven't heard such plain, straight truth-telling for sixty years or more. So I am a rude, uncivil, disagreeable old man. I'm a disgrace to the Selbys! Upon my life, little lady, I believe you are more than two-thirds right. Shake hands on it. I ought to know your name and your face. I went to school with a Nettie Dayton, who had eyes that could flash like yours, fifty years ago."

"Aunt Janette!" said Nettie in bewilderment. "And you—you—are—"

"Old Jack Selby at your service, little lady; old Jack Selby, whose dull, bleared eyes you have opened with a wholesome dash of truth; old Jack Selby, who has come home, as even such rough old bears do—to die."

"Oh," gasped Nettie quite cold with dismay as she recalled her sharp attack on the supposed Caspar, "I'm sorry. I am very sorry."

"You need not be," said the old man, with a nod and chuckle. "Call it quits, and shake hands, little lady. And now tell me what you want and you shall have it right away."

And that is how Nettie got her wagon load of ivy, and won not only her wager, but her way to the old man's heart. And the wonders she father's cotton mills now and the old Cerberus of a Caspar is guarding Ivy Towers, and its cranky old master at Carbad trying to hang on to life as long as he can. That is why Jack looked so blue when you asked him for the ivy this morning. And that is why you are going to

trained into the mildest of watchdogs, was guarding a very paradise of bloom and beauty and roses, and that thronged upon the pillared porch was the idol of both "Jack's," the breezy, brown-eyed little lady, whose cunning had brought life and love and hope and joy to Ivy Towers, and made it again that earthly Eden—a happy home.—Church Progress.

## DREAM OF OLD ACADIA REALIZED

By Willard de Lue

Let me paint for you a picture out of the past; a picture of humble homes and of fair fields and of blue waters beneath a smiling sky—old Acadia, in days when the Lilies of France were yet fresh in the memories of the dwellers in Grand-Pre, and when what has been called "one of the saddest episodes in modern history," the Acadian expulsion, had yet to be set down in the annals of infamy.

We stand on a low ridge. Behind us, in the south and east, is the famed Valle of the Gaspereau. At our feet, as we look out towards the North, the village of Grand-Pre (the Great Prairie), a small settlement chiefly strung out East and West along a highway with double cross-roads, and named for the vast and fertile lowland which it overlooks. On either side of it, along these same slopes, are scattered dwellings, surrounded not by a "forest primeval" but by fair gardens, broad orchards and sparse woodlands of young timber.

THE CHURCH BY THE WILLOWS

At the far side of the village, with a road leading down to it, is the Church of St. Charles, with the green of willows behind it and the priest's house and rocky well off to the eastward of it. And in the same plot, still further to the left, is the burying ground, where sleep Grand-Pre's dead. And then down beyond the church and willows and the graves are vast lowlands, tidal marshes which these people have reclaimed from the sea by years of toil, now brown with the harvests, for it is Autumn. Again, northward of the fields and of the dykes which have been raised along their outer rims, is the great broad blue of Minas Basin, where the tides come surging in from the Bay of Fundy, phenomenal tides, that rise with incredible rapidity sometimes to a height of seventy feet, only to wage a losing battle with the dykes and fall away on miles of desolate flats. Across Minas Basin looms a hilly wilderness, stretching away into the northeast, but shut off from view in the west by the nearer bold headland of Cape Blomidon.

Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October

Seize them and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the ocean.

Scattered indeed, by the wintry wind that carries the transport fleet out from Minas Basin to the waters of the broad Atlantic; buffeted from port to port, ill, destitute, broken-hearted, cast on unfriendly shores from New England to Louisiana. Wives parted from husbands, children from parents, lovers from each other, some never to meet again. And though Evangeline and Gabriel were indeed the children of story, the tale which the poet told was a truthful picture of those unhappy days.

Still stands the forest primeval; and under the shade of its branches

Dwells another race, with other customs and language.

Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic

Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile

Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.

For one hundred and sixty-seven years Grand-Pre, the Grand-Pre of the Acadians, has been a ruin. Cellar gape to the skies. Roads are in decay. The stones of the church of St. Charles are crumbled and rank grass and weeds flourish over Acadian graves. Scarce an Acadian descendant now dwells in the homeland of his fathers.

Until recently there was little to be seen here. The ancient well by the priest's house—Evangeline's well, they call it—still remains here, and the gnarled willows by the roadside, and the dykes, which yet shut out the fierce tides of the basin, and the orchards still bearing fruit; these, and old Blomidon, standing guard as of yore, have been the memorials of the tragedy.

Iron bands have been laid down across the fields; and today, where once the songs of the haymakers and the hum of shuttles alone broke the stillness, steam locomotives rush and roar, and with groaning brakes come to a stop for the tourist to alight. For this shrine is visited by people from over the whole world.

THE BIRTH OF AN IDEA

Then, in the minds of men, a thought was born. They were the descendants of the exiles. And they thought: "There, by the shores of Minas Basin, is the home of our forefathers—neglected. Let us make it our rallying place. Let us set up there some fitting memorial." And out of this idea, and through the noble work of a citizen of Wolfville (where once an Acadian village stood) and for an Acadian Memorial Park was set

through ere long was the church with men. Without, in the churchyard. Waited the women.

The men and boys from Grand-Pre and the neighboring villages had gathered here at the summons of the commander to hear the commander of the King. More than four hundred of them entered the portals—venerable patriarchs, the heads of families; young men with the best years of life before them; even boys of ten years and upwards. And there, from the lips of Colonel John Winslow, commander of New England troops in His Majesty's service, they heard their doom and the doom of their people.

"Your lands and tenements, cattle of all kinds, and live stock of all sorts are forfeited to the Crown," he announced, "and you, yourselves, are to be removed from this, his province. I am, through His Majesty's goodness, directed to allow you liberty to carry of your money and household goods as many as you can, without discommoding the vessels you go in. You are now the King's prisoners."

PROTESTS THAT WERE VAIN

A great cry arose, a cry of protest. What had they done to merit this? Had they not lived in peace with the English? Had they not aided and befriended their soldiers when they had been at war with those of their own blood? And if they had not been wanted, why had they not been allowed to depart in peace, carrying their goods with them, to dwell elsewhere as they might choose? But there was no answer. Appeals were in vain. Winslow was but a soldier, and must obey. And so the Church of St. Charles became a prison house for those who in better days had knelt there in prayer.

How these men and boys, after a few days, were forced at the bayonet's point down the road to the landing place on the Gaspereau, a mile and a half away, and there placed on waiting transports; how the women and children followed them on that fearful march, calling out to them, singing the old familiar hymns, appealing to Heaven in their anguish; how they, too, in succeeding weeks, were herded on board other ships, until all the villages of Minas Basin were desolate; and how their loved homes were given over to the flames—all these things are history, and need not be written here. If you care to know more of the scene upon which the Acadians of 1755 had looked, almost unchanged.

Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers forever departed!

Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October

Seize them and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the ocean.

Scattered indeed, by the wintry wind that carries the transport fleet out from Minas Basin to the waters of the broad Atlantic; buffeted from port to port, ill, destitute, broken-hearted, cast on unfriendly shores from New England to Louisiana. Wives parted from husbands, children from parents, lovers from each other, some never to meet again. And though Evangeline and Gabriel were indeed the children of story, the tale which the poet told was a truthful picture of those unhappy days.

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aside by the Dominion Atlantic Railway. A rustic cross of stone reared above the ancient graveyard, and a statue of Evangeline by the roadside, where the men and maidens of Grand-Pre came down to church at the sound of the bell.

"This," said the Acadians, as they stood on the hallowed ground but little more than a year ago; "this must be only a beginning. And so, under leadership of Rev. A. D. Cormier, parish priest at Shediac, N. B., they set to work to gather funds for an Acadian Memorial Chapel, to stand where the Church of St. Charles stood in olden days.

WHEN DREAM CAME TRUE

A few weeks ago the dream of sixty seven years after the destruction of Grand-Pre of the Acadians, the spire and cross of a Catholic Church again reared itself to the heavens, and the mystical Lamb of God was offered up in the Sacrifice of the Mass, by an Acadian Bishop Right Rev. A. E. LeBlanc, of St. John, a descendant, I believe, of Rene LeBlanc, notary of Grand-Pre, mentioned so prominently in Longfellow's poem. Acadian voices again burst forth over the hills and the lowlands in the majestic Ave Maria Stella, the ancient national hymn.

"Why this emotion that stirs our hearts today?" cried the preacher of the day, Rev. Thomas Albert of Grand Falls, Madawaska, as he looked out over the Acadian band gathered from Canada, from New England, even from the Acadian settlement in Louisiana. "Like the Hebrews banished from their country, we, the descendants of the ancient Acadians, have wept after the father's homeland; but happier than the Hebrews in exile, we have been able to preserve the faith of the past and to see again the land of our ancestors.

"Let us not here engage in useless lamentations. Let us save history alone; and say to our beloved and glorious dead, 'Behold, we, the Acadians, are here again in the ancient homeland.' Let us be more valiant in our daily tasks and sanctify our homes in the sacrifice of the past."

Men and woman wept as they knelt there on the grass before a temporary altar erected at the entrance to the chapel. The warm sun shone down upon them, lighting up the green fields that surrounded them, and the dancing blue waters of Minas Basin and the white sails of the vessels on it. It was the scene upon which the Acadians of 1755 had looked, almost unchanged.

A WONDERFUL INTERIOR

The chapel is built in simple Norman fashion, its walls of stone gathered in the vicinity, as the original probably was. But the interior is it to be as beautiful as the minds of architects and decorators can devise; all done in rare marbles and mosaics, with paintings and sculptures and other memorials of Acadian days upon its walls. Relics of untold value are to be assembled here at this great national shrine. Completed, the structure will have cost more than \$50,000.

It is to Father Cormier of Shediac that the raising of the money is chiefly credited. Thousands of appeals have been sent out for funds, and from all quarters of the globe, the response has been generous. There have been many large individual donations from Protestants as well as Catholics. Father Cormier, in his address at the blessing of the cornerstone, spoke particularly of the good work done by members of L'Assomption Mutuelle in the United States and Canada in gathering funds.

So the Miracle of Grand-Pre has been accomplished. Out of the ruins of the Church of St. Charles has reared itself. The willows still keep it company, and beside it still sleep the Acadian dead. And the day may yet come when Acadians may again dwell in the land of their fathers, and other and happier Evangelines and Gabriels will worship side by side in the church by the willows of the roadside.

STARVING MILLIONS

CATHOLIC RELIEF MISSION OPENS FIRST KITCHENS

Special Correspondence, N. C. W. C. News Service

Moscow, Nov. 15.—For the first time in centuries the Papal flag and the Papal coat of arms, the crossed keys of Peter surmounted by the Papal Tiara, may be seen flying freely in the streets of Moscow, Petrograd, Krassnodar, Rostov-on-Don, and in dozens of towns and villages of the Crimea.

In response to the appeal recently made by His Holiness, funds for the Catholic Relief Mission have been contributed from all quarters of the world and are now being administered in Russia by special representatives of His Holiness chosen from different nations. The personnel of the Papal Relief Mission at present is composed of the following members: Professor Edmund A. Walsh, Director-General (America); Aristide A. Simonetti, Representative, Moscow (Italy); Pierre Czizguth, Assistant, Moscow (Italy); Ghouse Conti, Assistant, Moscow (Italy); Edward Gehrmann, Representative, Crisma (Germany); Joseph Felius, Assistant, Crisma (Germany); Nikomed Dohner, Assistant, Crisma (Germany); Pedro Voltas, Representative, Rostov (Spain); Angelo

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Assisted by a corps of Russian employees, clerks, interpreters, translators, typists, warehousemen, chauffeurs and such indispensable adjuncts of an operation which must be conducted on business lines, involving, as it does, the purchase, shipment by land and water, insurance, storage and wide distribution of thousands of tons of foodstuffs, the Papal Relief Mission has established four main distributing stations, viz: Moscow for Northern and Central Russia; Eupatoria, on the Black Sea, for the Crimea; Rostov, where the river Don empties into the Sea of Azov, for the Cossack country; and Krassnodar for Cuban and North Caucasus.

7,000,000 FACING STARVATION

The Vatican Agreement, signed at Rome by the Papal Secretary of State and the Roman Representative of the Soviets, guarantees the Papal Relief Mission all the rights and privileges accorded to foreign Relief organizations now operating in Russia. At the request of the Soviet Government, the first Catholic kitchen was opened in Crimea, where the need is particularly urgent, as half the population are in dire distress. In all, it is estimated that 7,000,000 Russians will be facing death from starvation during the coming winter. There is no longer talk of surpluses but of serious shortages, especially in South Russia and the Crimea. Although the magnificent work of the American Relief Administration has conquered the famine in the Volga region, nevertheless drought, crop failures and the general demoralization following the social upheaval in Russia are already beginning to cause deaths from starvation during the coming winter. Consequently, upon the arrival of the Papal Mission, steps were taken at once to open public feeding stations at Eupatoria.

Eupatoria, one of the well-known ports on the west coast of Crimea, originally counted something like 40,000 inhabitants and still shows signs of its former prosperity. But today the inhabitants do not number more than 12,000 and the houses, ruined villas and public buildings are mute reminders of the successive waves of invasion that have swept over the place during the past eight years. Crumbling ruins abound, especially in the Tartar section, where the miserable survivors of war and famine have stripped their poor dwellings of every stick of available wood in order to provide firewood for the winter. Along the curving beach, once considered among the favorite Russian watering-places, still stands many a white stone villa and rich mansion. But they are deserted now, gaunt skeletons, roofless and windowless, the empty window spaces silhouetted against the sky like the staring eye-sockets of a human skull.

After much preliminary labor spent in finding suitable lodgings for the members of the Mission and in constructing the necessary kitchens, where even the stoves and ovens had to be installed, the long expected day of opening arrived, a day destined to bring great joy and happiness to thousands of half starved children, who had almost forgotten the taste of white bread and wholesome food. In a large building formerly used by the Mayor of Eupatoria as the City Hall, the members of the Mission had caused two large halls to be prepared, cleaned, and whitewashed and furnished with simple tables and benches. At one end of the main hall is a smaller connecting room, where on the morning of September 29 three huge cauldrons began to simmer over a roaring wood fire, the wood itself having been obtained by the demolishing of an unused building.

COOKING CAULDRONS FROM NAVAL MINES

The cauldrons that were filled for the first time that morning with soup, cereals and other wholesome food for the thousand expectant children who gathered an hour in advance before the door, have themselves an interesting pedigree. These utensils are the outside coverings of Russian naval mines that have been swept up from the waters of the Black Sea. They have been shaped into huge cooking vessels. A man could be drowned in the largest of them. It was one of the

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