## GERALD DE LACEY'S DAUGHTER

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF COLONIAL DAYS

> BY ANNA T. SADLIER CHAPTER IX

THE DRAWING OF LOVE Evelyn de Lacey and Polly Van Cortlandt were waiting together in that solemn, tapestried room upstairs where Madam Van Cortlandt received her guests. They were waiting impatiently for that solemn function to be over, when they might go down to join in the dance that would presently be inaugurated to the sound of black Cæsar's fiddle.

The sunset light was still beautify. ing the air of Manhattan. The atmosphere was all burnished gold, with here and there light flecks of pink, or green or violet, falling over the two rivers and the harbor, whence great ships sailed forth to distant trading ports. Glinting as they fell guns at the Fort, the rays formed a glory about Nutten Island, whither the thick clusters of nuts had tempted some school-boys and had all but precipitated, through their presence there, an Indian mas-Falling over Staten Island and the heights of Sewanaka and the Excellency's staff, it was clear that cliffs of the Brooklyn shore; falling the town of Manhattan, with its solid and substantial houses, flanked by gardens; on its interlying clusters | impervious to feminine charms. woodland and its graft or stream, flowing serenely where later a populous thoroughfare was to carry on the Dutch church, within the confines of the Port, on that of the Huguenots, and on Trinity, the place of villages of Chelsea and Greenwich.

windows of that mansion where the with those of a dozen other flowers among the flowers. Here the paes bloemen, as the Dutch called them,

for the flower-beds. which always impressed the observer. walls, rich in storied interest, offered was really the beautiful picture of the two girls. In the foreground was the impressive figure of Madam Van effort, beyond the Cortlandt, richly clad in a gown of mulberry silk with trimmings of lace to match the cap upon her head. In her ears were those jewels that had come down as an heirloom through

generations. This was the picture that caught walked thither from the Fort, coming together not for any love of each other's company, but because their destination chanced to be the same. These men were Captain Egbert The eyes of both involuntarily turned tanced all competitors. In another

hostesses, extended. Such an introduction had been eagerly sought by both men ever since their arrival in the country, and, it having seemed difficult to secure, Captain Prosser Williams had endeavored to forestall it, as has been seen, in a way which he now bitterly regretted. He knew that his cause already prejudiced in the eyes of that girl, whom, here in these stately surroundings, it appeared more than ever worth while to please. It is true that she gave no sign of having had any previous knowledge of him, slightest trace of embarrassment or that, in her eyes, he was merely a guest of Madam Van Cortlandt, whom she received with courtesy, as in duty bound. But in some fashion or another she conveyed to him by every word that she spoke, and by every gesture of her slender hand, that he had placed himself as far off as the poles from her, and that there she meant to keep him. Her attitude only incited him to a firm resolve to her better, and only gave additional value to herself and her attrac-He felt the indiscretion of which he had been guilty the more keenly, when he had time to observe the elegance, even courtliness, of these surroundings, where the whole atmosphere was such as to make condescension, much less insolence, an

Evelyn talked with the two men indifferently. But, when the strains of old Cæsar's fiddle came invitingly up the broad stairs, she promise first country dance to Captain Egbert Ferrers, who was prompt to seize the opportunity, and found all her dances engaged for Captain Williams until so late an hour in the evening that it amounted to a refusal he followed the other guests down stairs where the dancing was to take place, he vowed that he would take no other partner for their infernal list of the decision, made with his bow and requested the honor of a dance with Mistress Polly Van place, he vowed that he would take no other partner for their infernal list of the decision, made with eless their leader and their queen. She felt curiously piqued, and her good temper was ever so slightly no other partner for their infernal list of the well worn pipe. No more would the blue haze of the well worn pipe. No more would the blue haze of top and their queen. She felt curiously piqued, and her of top account of the less their leader and their queen. She felt curiously piqued, and her of top account of the well worn pipe. No more would the blue haze of top account of the well worn pipe. No more would the blue haze of top account of the well worn pipe. No more would the blue haze of top account of the well worn pipe. No more would the with a course of Lygia Binkham's anctum be filled with the blue haze of top account of the well worn pipe. No more would the worn pipe. No more would the blue haze of top account of the well worn pipe. No more would the worn pipe. No more would the worn pipe. No more would the blue haze of the well worn pipe. No more would the with a course of Lygia Binkham's anctum be filled with the blue haze of top account of the well worn pipe. No more would the worn pipe. No more w

gainst the wall, wearing his most supercilious expression.

There was a soft glow of excite ment on Evelyn's cheeks, a light of interest in her eyes, which made her face more charming; and the smile that she bestowed upon her partner as she passed close to where Williams was standing, made him once more curse his own stupidity. For he now clearly perceived that he had irretrievably lowered himself in the eyes of this glorious girl, who he was the daughter and not the wife of Mr. de Lacey, and, as he told himself regretfully, the only one worth a second glance in all this mudhole. But, even as he paid her that tribute, he began to feel something like malignant hatred against her, which his admiration only increased. That she, a mere provincial, should deliberately attempt to snub a man connected with some of the most influential families of Britain and occupying his present position—a man, too, nad been regarded as an arbiter of fashion and of besuty, who had with a distinction sufficient to satisfy even his own overweening egotism through that gay and brilliant society of which my Lady Bellomont had been a leader—was galling in the extreme. As for the other member of His

he was frankly and entirely fascin-He had never been a lady's ated. man, and was held in fact to be quite But this young girl of the colonies appealed to him in such a variety of ways that he found her simply irrethousands of daily wayfarers; falling sistible. In the first place were on the Dutch church, within the conthose personal attractions of hers, which were justly celebrated in the most exclusive circles of Manhattan, the Euglish colonists; falling over but which he did not seek to an the country houses that dotted the alyse, for they satisfied him entirely alyse, for they satisfied him entirely He liked, too, her simplicity and dir The smell of the "laylocks" was ectness of speech and manner, the in the air, and floated in through the absence of conscious effort to attract. He liked the touch of the unusual festivities were on foot; it mingled about her, and the subtle charm arising from the poetry of her nature or flowering shrubs, which adorned as well as from an uncommon power that prim and formal garden — a of sympathy. All the women he had look of interest on the face of his garden which, despite its size, compared ill with that other wherein this girl, artificial and insipid. It girl fully responded. This fact was garden which, despite its size, com- known seemed, in comparison to Evelyn de Lacey reigned as a queen | was not often, he thought, that mind and matter were so happily combined, and he freely acknowledged were but secondary to the rows of that it was to his undoing. He had trees, standing sentinel, and the seen the girl scarcely a dozen times standing sentinel, and the seen the girl scarcely a dozen times boxwood hedges and borders in all; he had never spoken to her before that evening, and yet they Near the window, looking out upon were already in sympathy, on excel its orderly neatness, stood Polly and lent understanding. As any shrewd Evelyn, making that striking contrast observer might have perceived, this soldier, who had distinguished him-The tapestried room with its dark self in more than one campaign, was more than half in love. He would an excellent background for what not have believed it possible, had he been told so a month or even a fort-With scarcely effort, beyond the mere desire of her sex to be agreeable, Evelyn de Lacey had conquered a heart that had withstood many a stubborn onslaught. So absorbed was Captain Ferrers that he scarcely noticed the massive, oaken staircase by which they descended, nor the rich furnishthe eye of the two men who had ings of the rooms below, where even now the negro servants were busy lighting wax tapers in sconces all around the walls.

Evelyn, on her part, was decidedly pleased with her partner, of whom Ferrers and Captain Prosser Williams. she had retained a favorable impression from that day upon the Bowl-Madam Van Cortlandt, who ing Green. His manner, in its abgave them ceremonious greeting, sence of affectation, won her approvpassed over Polly, brilliant and at- al; bright and sympathetic, he was tractive as was her appearance, and quick to catch the point of a jest, or fastened themselves upon that other, to be moved when the topic was who, in the opinion of both, outdis- grave. Moreover, she was woman as though he were pondering some enough to feel that it was a feather in her cap to have been claimed for "How far and how long do they instant they had been introduced in her cap to have been claimed for ne first dance by this which the girls, in their character of Household, who was already gaining popularity in the town. She was by no means averse to heighten the excellent impression which she was quick to perceive she had made. Polly had often taxed her with being fond of admiration, and she had to confess to herself that she was Only she knew how to discriminate, and did not care for all sorts of admiration; it must be something worth while.

So the two, being mutually satisfied and therefore in the best of spirits, set out to dance with a number of other couples and extended her hand without the Katherine," that favorite of country slightest trace of embarrassment or dances, and they at least enjoyed it resentment. At that moment he saw to the uttermost. When the dance that, in her eyes, he was merely a was finished, Captain Ferrers, with a certain diffidence that Evelyn found to her taste, made a request which was not as modest as his demeanor. 'If I might hope," he said, " to be favored with another and again another dance?"

> agreeable man all evening, if only because he was a change from her ordinary partners. But, apart from the fact that she had already promised most of her dances, she knew what the rigid etiquette of the town lemanded, and was never over-lav-Ferrers had to be content with the last dance before supper, which took brother-officer in standing at the wall and looking sulky, but promptly dozen others, he had none the less

country dances, and stood sulkily number of those whom he already remark of Polly's, and hear her pleasant laugh sounding musically through the room. Surely, he decided, such a partner was not to be those perticulars he wanted to know about her friend. Of course, Mistress Polly's dances were always likeable, even if he mitted himself to become in her fascinating friend.

Polly was not some of the mitted himself to become in her fascinating friend. tress Polly's dances were already promised, but, unlike Evelyn, she managed to find one for this member of the Governor's staff, who had the glamor of overseas about him. She was naturally the more anxious to other officer.

In the course of conversation, Capsecure from Polly a good many bits of information about the elusive Evelyn, in whom, however, he tact-fully avoided showing any special interest. Though he was quick to perceive that the honest-hearted girl was enthusiastically devoted to her friend, he cynically wondered how such a friendship would endure the strain of some bitter rivalry or some adverse interest. He determined in any case to stand well with Polly, for he clearly perceived that this house of the Van Cortlandts was likely to play a considerable part in such social activities as the colony might afford. And, whatever might be his supercilious attitude towards of the Dutch metropolis in particular, he was by this time aware that the society of some of them might be eminently well worth cultivating. So much had he learned since he had been willing to agree with my Lady Bellomont that death would be preferable to an enforced exile in these overseas possessions.

When supper was served, Captain Williams and his partner were in such a position that they could observe both Captain Ferrers and Evelyn, and even exchange scraps of conversation with them. Captain Williams was quick to perceive the immediately noted by the quickwitted Polly, who cried out:

"What can be the absorbing topic that interests you two so much? Both seemed slightly disconcerted at the question, which Captain Ferrers lightly parried, indulging in a fine play of words with the lively and vivacious Polly. But it was evident that he had aroused himself from something much more absorb ing, for with Evelyn he had been discussing some of those personal topics which are sure to arise when two people are fully in sympathy.

At that moment Madame Van Cort landt entered the dining-room, fol lowed by negro servants carrying huge silver salvers on which were dishes of roasted oysters, bread, butter and celery. When justice was done to these viands amid a lively fire of talk from the four, who had now moved their places together, the oysters were followed by jellies, custards and whipped creams, served in tall glasses, and that variety of kuchen (or small cakes) for which the Dutch housewives were famous. There was much jesting upon some kuchen, thickly studded with nuts, which Polly herself had made and shaped into the devices of

hearts and "true lovers' knots." 'True lovers' knots," said Captain Ferrers, absently taking one of the cakes in his hand and gazing at it

hind those of vour inconstant sex Williams asked of Polly, Captain though his eyes were really fixed upon Evelyn. If our sex be inconstant," said

Evelyn, lightly taking up the challenge, "why should it not be so, since all things in life change?" Then Williams distinctly heard Captain Ferrers say, though he had

drawn back a little from the others and spoke in a whisper: you would never be incon-With you, believe me, love stant.

would be till death. 'And why not after," responded Evelyn, half laughing and yet with a shadow of seriousness in her lovely

After death ?" said Ferrers.

I cannot follow you so far."

Then was felt that sudden gravity which falls at times on the lightest conversation, as if from a passing realization of the inherent gravity of life. Prosser Williams felt a slight shiver run through him, as though Now Evelyn would have felt very he were being present at a tragedy well inclined to dance with that of some sort. He hated all such sensations, and he also hated Evelyn because she refused to discuss any question seriously with

Polly Van Cortlandt's quick wit soon brought it home to her that she was being overlooked in this ish of her favors. So that Captain conversation, and that the serious ness of the other three had left her. as a child might be left, laughing on place about half-past nine, after a shore. She began to think that, which the dancing ceased. And though he did not imitate his own Company were preferable—the his own Company were preferable—the boys and girls with whom in childhood she had picked nuts or berries engaged Mistress Polly and half a on the Catiemuts or other hills, in baskets bought from the Wilden and lost interest in the festivity, and of the Company's chosen color of waited with an impatience, which green. For Polly had always de-happily he did not show, for his sired that her Company should folnext dance with Evelyn.

Meanwhile, Captain Williams, read girls were now young men and

accuse her for indeed, as her sense Nicotine, I would not banish her forknew to be the most eligible young of justice told her, Evelyn was not men of the colony. He could catch now and again some bright or witty cavaliers from overseas, and especially and the colony. cially her own partner, Captain Williams. For she could not deny that, if he were supercilious and edly likeable, even if he had per-

Polly was not sorry when, the supper having disappeared, they returned to the drawing room where tables were set for cards. Nor was she sorry to rid herself of the society of Prosser Williams, and to reign with her usual undisputed sway at a do so, since she perceived that table of basset. The older people Evelyn had already appropriated the were presently ranged at other tables, where negroes had placed silver candlesticks with wax candles tain Prosser Williams managed to to aid their failing sight, and goldlacquered boxes of ivory fishes for counters, besides little piles of Louis d'ors, doubloons, or other foreign coins. At these tables might seen engaged in the more serious game of lansquenet some of the chief men of the colony. There men of were two of Madame Van Cortlandt's

sons, who already had stolid sons of their own. There were Nicholas Bayard, and Philip Livingston, and Mynheer de Vries; there Phillipses, Van Rensselaers, were rences and de Peysters, though these latter were on the other side of politics. There were Delanceys, Van Brughs, de Mills, Van Schaicks and de Riemers, both men and women, Colonials in general and denizens all of whom were soon mutely engrossed in thetr favorite pastime. They dealt their cards, their kings and their cavaliers, their knechts or knaves, their atouts, with as much seriousness as though they were playing that game of life which, that quiet town of Manhattan was just then becoming compli-

> Evelyn, like Polly, took her place at a table of basset, which was played by most of the younger people, and had beside her Pieter Schuyler, one of the best known young men in town and her devoted admirer. He was short and broadshouldered and had brown eyes that laughed a great deal in fellowship with a set of white teeth. He was foremost in all sports, and enjoyed a wide popularity. Madam Van Cort landt had it very much at heart to make a match between these two people. She would be glad to have aim for Polly, save that he was related to her within the forbidden degrees, and that there was the other and still more unsurmountable obstacle-he showed no special preference for Polly's society. father was a man of wealth and influence in the colony, and, since Polly was out of the question, Madam Van Cortlandt would fain have secured him for Evelyn, whom she regarded almost as another granddaughter. She beamed approv-, therefore, when she saw side by side at the table and evidently upon the best of terms. For Evelyn sincerely liked Pieter, though she had never thought of him in the light of a possible husband.

It had not been, either, without design that the sharp-sighted old lady who had observed the trend of affairs that evening, had placed both Captain Ferrers and his brother officer at table with the older people where, as she said, they were sure of a good game. Now it must be owned that, while Captain Ferrers courteously did his best to enter into the play, his thoughts were often wandering, and he would readily have exchanged the better game for the worse to have been at the table with Mistress de Lacey. Captain Williams, on the other hand, with the instinct of a born gambler, was soon absorbed in the cards with success betokened by the increasing

pile of coins in front of him. Ferrers noticed that Evelyn entered with the greatest enjoyment into the game that she was playing. though it was not for coins, being deemed unsuitable for the young folk. Also he saw that she appeared to be on terms of the friendliest intimacy with the good. looking youth at her side.

TO BE CONTINUED

## MIDNIGHT VISITOR

It was about midnight and I was tired. I heard the bells of Boston College solemnly boom out 11 o'clock and then the chimes tinkled the first quarter, the half, and the third quarer. I should have been in bed, but I was wondering what resolutions I would write, if any, for the coming year-for it was the last night of the year of Our Lord, nineteen hundred and fifteen.

In front of me was a diary, begun on January 1st of the same eventful year, and I had just been reading the old half-forgotten resolutions I had made, reading them with a smile the least bit cynical, I'm afraid for resolutions are easily made but more

easily broken. Some of them were undoubtedly excellent. There was the resolution to make out a daily program of time portioning out the valuable minutes in such a way that at the close of the day all could be accounted for. There was a resolution to do a little good reading every day, something really serious and deep, out of the ordinary. Then I resolved I would confine my smoking to a pipe or cigar after meals only. The long hours daily spent at the desk would not be considering his first decision, made his bow and requested the honor of the less their leader and their queen. worn pipe. No more would the

And exercise—oh yes, a daily walk was on the reform program. Rainor shine, business or no business, I re-solved to see that I got my daily exercise. Then worry, foolish worr -that, above all, was to be chased away out of my life forever. "It is not work but worry that kills"—s favorite remark of an old professor of mine; I duly resolved at the end of this resolution that I was too busy and had too much serious work on hand to allow dull care a place in my life, I could not allow myself to be worn out by the petty annoyance which even well - meaning people place in the way. I would disre them, dismiss them as temptations. They would not harass me as of vore

While I was thus looking over the half forgotten resolutions taken a short year ago, and wondering whether I would write any new ones for the coming year, suddenly there came a tap at the door.

I started in surprise—who in the

world could it be that tapped at my door at midnight. Instead of my accustomed yell, I modulated my voice to suit the unseemly hour and said: "Come in." The midnight visitor heard me, the door opened, and in walked a very old gentleman I rose in my chair in amazement, rubbed my eyes to see if I awake, and finally managed to gasp

out: 'Here, you, what do you want?' The old gentleman looked me over very coolly across a pair of steel rimmed specs well down on his nose, and waving his hand for silence calmnly helped himself to one of my Christmas cigars and sat down on the one good easy chair in my room which

self when particularly lazy. Then he pulled over the ash tray and the matches, and putting his feet on my foot stool he placidly cigar. The coolness of it all, the col lossal nerve exhibited made me sit and stare at him in admiration. do admire a person with plenty of nerve, and my midnight visitor seemed to have plenty, and then

serve for guests and enjoy my

I tried to think where I saw him before. But I couldn't place him and he gave me no clue. After one or two puffs at the cigar he looked at it critically. "Christma suppose," he grunted. "Christmas present, I grunted. "Thought so. They always put an inferior quality

in a Christmas box." Well, of all the cool-" I began indignantly, and again came that imperious gesture for silence. I sat looking at him. He was old and haggard, a veritable old man of the mountains and ancient mariner all rolled up in one. His face was seamed and furrowed with wrinkles. As the match lit up his cigar, I could see the net work of fine lines which covered his forehead and the deep crows-feet which marked his sunken eves. Still there was an air of ancient respectability about him, as of one who had happened on evil but had known good His clothes were of good quality but somewhat faded and worn, and his snow-white hair made him almost

venerable. He must have read my thoughts as sat there steadily regarding him, for he began rather bitterly:

You stare at me as if I were stray dog, but I was once a respectable looking man, yes, and considered even good looking."

He paused and glared at the

of incredulity on my face, and I not knowing what else to say, murmured, 'Yes, indeed," he answered ironi-

cally. "And now look at me, a mere battered hulk of a man, a wreck, one foot in the grave-indeed, I might say two feet.

The last words he uttered in a tone so shrill and weird that he quite frightened me. My hair rose on end and chills ran up and down my spine. I looked at his feet involuntarily to see the yawning grave, but beheld only my poor footstool over shadowed by his number tens.

Don't bealarmed," he said, seeing my fright. I guess not," I retorted.

don't see why I should be afraid of No," he answered bitterly There's no reason why you should

be. You never were in the past." 'I never met you before," I ob served in self-defense.
"Yes, indeed you did," he answered quickly, "but you passed me by. You ignored me—at least very

'My dear old man," I answered soothingly, (I was convinced I was dealing with an escaped lunatic,) "it's growing late, and wherever you came

from you'd better be off." "It's growing late, yes," he mut-tered, "very late and the grave yawns for me. It awaits me."
"My dear friend," I answered yawn-

ing myself, for I was tired, "there's more than the grave yawning around here, and plainly, I wish you would

begone. You bother me."
"Ha!" he said sardonically, gritting his teeth. "I've heard you say

that before. 'Yes," I answered, "your appearance is not exactly prepossessing. have an artistic sense, you know, and you-well, I don't like to be hard on an old man - but you don't improve the landscape very much. I would recommend the immediate applica tion of some of Madame Harvard's magic wrinkle eradicator, combined with a course of Lygia Binkham's

said, warming up in the subject, "I've seen mummies in Egypt five thousand years old that looked

younger, fresher, fairer." The old man appeared to be de pressed by this information. He put his hand to his heart, shook his head sorrowfully, but then he grew angry again after a moment, and leveling a long forefinger at me he cried :

You, you are responsible for my decrepit appearance. You and you

alone "I?" I cried, indignantly. "Why my good fellow, I never saw you.
What do you mean? Who are you

"Never mind," he answered, and thereupon from his pocket he pulled a handful of glittering objects and threw them on the table beside him They were precious stones. I gasped with surprise-there were rubies and diamonds and emeralds, and they shone and sparkled with a thousand irridescent rays under the electric lamp.
"A treasure," he said laughing, "s

treasure, and you threw it away I threw it away?" I asked puz-

Yes." he answered solemnly. have followed you around now for a year and all these precious stones lay in your path. You passed them by and I picked them up. You lost them -forever," and with this he carefully gathered up the glittering collection and transferred them back to the great pocket from which he had taken

'Old man," I said solemnly, "It is not good that a man of your years and seeming reverence should show such slight regard for truth. Those jewels came from Kimberly, the streets which I never walked, or else some wholesale jewelers, a place which with my slender salary I never visit. So that when you tell me I passed them by on my daily round I almost feel inclined to apply to you that short but ugly epithet which doughty colonel preserves for those who disagree with him."

He laughed again sarcastically. Nevertheless," he insisted, "I repeat in spite of your unbelief that you passed them by. These jewels were the kind words, the charitable deeds, the good offices which in one short year you passed by. They were the jewels in your daily round of duty you with your eyes shut did not observe them, or if you did, did not stoop to gather them in—and so you lost them irretrievably. They would have formed part of your treasure where moths do not consume nor thieves break in at night, and now they are lost. My friend, you're young, and you're bright, but don't know as much as you think you After watching you for a year, think you're a conceited fool," he began to sing in a high cracked

voice. I felt humiliated and angry. was this crazy old man with his pockets full of jewels who came in to lecture me. "It seems to me, old man," I answered, "that, although I admit the beauty of your allegory, you would be in considerable danger in the fall of the year if there were any squirrels about. At any rate, I think your jewels are only paste.' You know they're not,"

rupted. Well, you're a bit of a pessimist, and I don't like the way you criticise me. Haven't I done any good. Admitting that I have missed opportunity now and then when it ocked at my door, haven't you

missed a few yourself? "No sir," he answered firmly, "have not. I have done my best. have put myself before you regular-

"I never saw you," I interrupted. though you have often disregarded me. I have helped you and the fact that you are not a total failure in life is my work.'

Oh, then," I observed, "you're not such a pessimist after all. I thank you since I am not a total failure.

No," he answered wisely. men are, and you have fortunately at times attended my warning. accounts, as I observed before, for the fact that I can admit that you are not a hopeless failure."
"And I repeat," I said exasperated

"that I never saw you before. I think you're a lunatic. Who are

Just then the strong bell at Boston College began to boom out the stroke He started up, a look of of twelve. fear on his face. The grave opens," he said in sep

ulchral tones. He had grown deadly pale, and I feared the cigar was too much for him. It was indeed one of a Christmas box, as the old man had said.

Who are you?" I cried again. "Your much abused good resolu tions of the past," he answered, tottering out the door.

I hesitated a moment and then ran to the door and looked up and down the long black corridor. He had disappeared. I rubbed my eyes. Had I been dreaming? And then I saw that the stub of the cigar he had placed in the ash tray was still smoking.

As I could not sleep after my strange experience with my mid-night visitor, I sat down and wrote my good resolutions for Nineteen Sixteen. - Joseph Carey in The Pilot.

No words have ever given greater comfort to sorrowing humanity than these two, "Our Father."

There are more things in man's heart than ever got in through his

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