

GERALD DE LACEY'S DAUGHTER

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF COLONIAL DAYS

BY ANNA T. SADDLER CHAPTER XII—CONTINUED

"Most certainly I have," answered her father, who, should he had offered alluded to the subject, had never told Evelyn precisely what had been his own relations with that stormy petrel of Colonial New York.

"He leaned back in his chair with an abstracted gaze, as though he were thinking aloud, and Evelyn, her chin upon her hand and her eyes upon his face, listened intently.

"His enemies claim that it was all for self-advancement that he forced himself to the top, where he had no rightful place, and committed while there the most arbitrary acts. Also, as I had good reason to know, he persecuted all who differed from him, and especially those of the Catholic Faith."

"After a pause, he added in his truthful and candid fashion: "The truth is that the unhappy man may lie somewhere between the two extremes. Such is the opinion of Father Harvey, who was for years my friend and adviser. Leisler may have had some glimmerings of a high ideal as to liberty and the rest, but he blundered stupidly and criminally in many acts of his administration and in the treatment of all who were opposed to him; I much fear, indeed, that his popularity arose in no slight degree from his loud-mouthed denunciation of Popery and his championship of Protestantism."

"He persecuted those of our faith shamefully, as men say," cried Evelyn, her cheek flushing with indignation, "and for that alone he deserved death."

"Ah, my Evelyn," said her father, "that is the summary mode with which youth ever disposes of an adversary. And if persecution of us Catholics here in this free America, or over yonder in England, were worthy of death, there would have to be a wholesale slaughter. This worthy Teuton has had for companions in guilt quite a high-placed company, and even his executioner, Governor Slaughter, was instructed to give no freedom to Catholics."

"So Leisler was not Dutch?" said Evelyn.

"No, he was German born, and Milborne, I believe, was English. They were no native products."

"I am glad of that," cried Evelyn, who had a sincere liking for the Dutch, amongst whom she had grown up.

"Will you not come with us, father," asked Evelyn, "to see this singular sight?"

"Her father shook his head with something like a shriver.

"To me it would be but gressome," he said, "since I remember all too vividly that dismal rainy day when Leisler and his son-in-law were left swinging upon that gibbet. I went out of my way to avoid the spectacle, enemies though they were."

"Oh, that memorable Wednesday evening, for the better view of the dismal cortege, which yet partook of the nature of a triumphal procession, the group of young people had obtained permission to take their stand on the stoop of one Christian Barentsen, on the West side of the Broad Way, where late had stood the Dutch Company's garden. From there they saw that strange, weird sight, which somehow froze the marrow in Evelyn's bones, so sensitive to external expressions was her mood that night. The streets of Manhattan were strangely still as they waited. At every seventh house, lanterns upon a pole revealed the darkness and threw strange shadows. The trees waved mournfully in the wind, and the waters of the Bay, of which glimpses could be caught by the watchers, lay cold and black under the dim and uncertain starlight, save where they reflected the lights of the warship and other vessels at anchor near the Fort. The stentorian tones of the Watch broke the ominous stillness.

"Twelve of the clock, midnight," they cried. "All's well! Weather fair but cloudy. Funeral of the late Herr Jacob Leisler and his son-in-law, Jacob Milborne."

Presently these voices of the night appeared in visible form—four sturdy men, with dark-blue coats faced with orange, rattling their long staffs as they walked. Pausing, they peered into the faces of that group which they saw waiting silently on the stoop of Christian Barentsen's house. Pieter Schuyler exchanged a word with them, whereupon they moved off, after a ponderous salute to the ladies. Other groups had begun to form, and soon there were heard the feet of marching men and the sound of music, played by the band—not loud and aggressive, as was Leisler in his lifetime, but subdued and mournful. Surrounding and following the gun-carriage, upon which reposed all that was mortal of the usurper and his associate, marched at least twelve hundred men. There was something grimly determined in their aspect, something ominous, as it appeared to Evelyn. The trainbands, of which Leisler had been a

Captain turned out in force, as did many mechanics and such leading citizens as were their supporters, whilst Mr Lord Bellomont, it was said, gave his countenance to the proceedings from a window. Torches lighted the procession, and cast unearthly shadows on the faces of the men who walked, lending a ghastliness to their aspect, as if they were disembodied spirits who moved silently through the darkness to those strange obsequies.

Evelyn felt her eyes fill with tears, though she could not have told why, as she recalled how the restless, indomitable spirit of one at least of those thus honored had pervaded that town, and had gone even beyond the limits of the colony in the working-out of his plans.

"Still enough now, in all truth," said Evelyn to herself, add there was no shadow of resentment, but only a great pity in her heart as she breathed a prayer that the all-merciful Lord might accord pardon and compassion to those misguided souls, whose influence for evil had not ended with life, but was being evoked now to give new vitality to that spirit of discord which had marked the coming of Lord Bellomont and was to outlast his life.

Meanwhile, in awed whispers, scarcely above their breath, Evelyn's companions were calling one another's attention to this or that prominent citizen who, deserting his own order, was thus openly identifying himself with the Leislerian party.

"Abraham de Peyster," cried Polly "Rip Van Dam, Cornelius Schoonhoven, Gerard Beekman."

"Abraham Gouverneur, Peter Delancey, Stephen Delancey," said the married cousin, "and look! look! Polly, Evelyn, there is the Lieutenant Governor, Mr. Nanfan, and Mr. Thomas Weaver."

"I marvel that my Lord Bellomont is not there in person," said Polly scornfully.

"Well, there is one of his aides-de-camp," added Pieter Schuyler, "Captain Prosser Williams."

"Where? Where?" asked Polly eagerly.

"Over there, near Charlie Lodovick the Captain of the train band," directed Pieter.

And so the cortege moved on like some shadowy phantom train, past the crowds that silently lined the way. There was no attempt at a hostile demonstration, nor at any demonstration at all; no indication as to how the mind of the people looked upon the Dutch. The Dutch Church tolled as the procession passed within the precincts of the Fort, where the Dominic stood, ready in gown and bands, to perform the ceremony—with no great willingness on his part, since his sympathies as well as his connections were all with the other side. Still it was a duty that must be done, and there was no other of the cloth to replace him. He was, therefore, compelled to receive, as it were, back into the fold those whom tradition asserts, all the Dominies had definitely opposed while living. Pieter Schuyler was full of solicitude when he perceived that Evelyn, usually so strong-nerved and composed, was pale and trembling. He blamed himself in no measured terms for having suggested such an expedition, but Evelyn, rallying, laughed away his solicitude, and Polly vindictively added:

"For why, indeed, should you be overcome, my dearest Evelyn, by the burial of the odious, hateful man?"

Evelyn laid her fingers on her friend's lips:

"For to-night," she said, "let us speak no evil of the dead. For it is a grievous thing to think that the strongest and most turbulent must come to this impotence."

"Well, the fellow has had," laughed Pieter's brother-in-law, Jan Van Brugh, "what few others can boast of, and that is a second funeral."

"And it still remains to be seen," said Pieter Schuyler, with unusual heat, "whether the home government can send out men to trample on the opinions of the majority."

The honest fellow delivered himself thus, with the more heat, since he felt it a grievance that members of the Household had set themselves of late, as it seemed, to monopolize—not only his cousin and dear comrade Polly, but what was far worse from a sentimental point of view—that other whom the young man had so long and hopelessly worshipped. But the bell had ceased to toll, the last sound of the funeral music had died away, and the party retraced their steps, sobered despite themselves by what they had witnessed. They went first to leave Evelyn at home, where she found her father waiting.

"So," he said, as he listened to her account of all that had transpired, "Lord Bellomont has chosen to throw down the gauntlet to one faction and has extended the hand of friendship to the other. How will it work, I wonder, for the peace of these colonies?"

CHAPTER XIII. FEARS REAL AND IMAGINARY

That war of factions, which was daily reaching a more acute stage, threatened to put brother against brother and to make bitter enemies of those who had been previously lifelong friends. One day it was the suspension of a prominent member of the Council that agitated the aristocratic party, running like a shiver from one end to the other, or the still graver intelligence that such magnates as Nicholas Bayard or Stephen Van Cortlandt had been arrested and would have to stand their

trial for offences connected with the Leisler affair.

And, as if the atmosphere were not sufficiently tempestuous, a rumor of another and still more serious nature began to spread everywhere like an ominous whisper. It crept through the streets of the nascent metropolis, through the tranquil gardens of the Smit's and the Wolfert's Valleys, through the stately mansions of Queen and Pearl Streets, and down the streets that skirted the Bowling Green, through the lanes and byways inhabited chiefly by negroes, and up through the boweries and country houses of Greenwich and Chelsea villages, out by the Boston Post Road and Bloomingdale, to where the estates of the landed proprietors began to dot the banks of the Hudson thus introducing into the New World the customs of the old. The guns of the warship seemed actually to bristle belligerently, and the sloops and brigantines, whether they came from South America or the West Indies, were all a-quiver with that same sinister rumor. And it was that "the French of Canada," together with the Indians who were in alliance with them, were marching to an attack upon New England, to be followed, if not accompanied, by an onslaught upon New York. The wildest reports were in circulation; the words, "massacre" and "slaughter" were on every tongue, and the air was vibrant with alarms that seemed to be repeated in the very whisperings of the trees, lining the streets or clustering in the cherry orchards.

Lord Bellomont took official cognizance of these reports by ordering the strengthening of the Battery, which extended over the waters of the harbor at that point of land whereon, since the days of Stuyvesant, had stood the Fort, changing its cognomen with each successive ruler. There was a repetition of that excitement which had prevailed during the term of office of Lord Bellomont's predecessor, who had ordered the building of a Battery. For then it had been proclaimed "that the Governor and Council, in consequence of actual war between the King and Queen on the one hand and the French upon the other, has been informed that a squadron of ships are ordered to invade that city, and therefore orders that a platform be made upon the utmost points of the Rocks and the Fort." "Whereupon," as the Governor said, "I intend to build a battery to command both rivers."

In pursuance of that intention, he had further given instructions to the Corporation of the City, "to order the inhabitants of the outward of the city and Mannings and Barnes Islands to cut down eighty-six cords of stockade, twelve feet in length, and to have them ready at the water's side to be conveyed to New York at the charge of the city and country."

All these orders had been duly carried out, to the great relief of the present dwellers in Manhattan. For there was the Battery ready to repel the invasion, which, however, had only been undertaken either by the French of Canada or any other French. Equally groundless, indeed, proved the rumor upon this occasion to the disappointment of the Earl of Bellomont, who was a soldier before everything else, and of the military members of his Household, as well as of the soldiers garrisoned in Manhattan and the sailors on board the warship in the harbor, who were all pleasantly excited and diverted by the possibility of a fracas which had proved so disturbing to the peaceably inclined citizens.

While New York was thus holding its breath because of a rumor which later proved without foundation, opportunity was taken by malicious persons to sow the suspicion that the Papists might make common cause with the French of Canada and betray the city into their hands. These sinister whispers, which were volume till honest citizens, going forth of an evening, were terrified by their own shadows, which they magnified into Popish conspirators. Every dark corner was supposed to be peopled with them; they were poisoning the wells; they were about to burn the town. Such strange sights were seen as gentlemen, armed with sword-canes or other weapons of defence, drawing upon their nearest relations or most intimate friends in the dusk of the evening, mistaking them for emissaries of the Pope of Rome. There was not a man from one end of Manhattan to the other who could have told where these Papists kept themselves hid, or could have estimated their numbers—which were indeed so ridiculously small that, if they had been made public, they would have turned all those valiant citizens into a laughing-stock for the town. Many or few, these scaremongers insisted on being devoured by them. They saw strange lights in the sky, but would not admit the hypothesis of auroras or any other natural cause; even the marsh lights in swampy places were supposed to betoken the advance of that mysterious enemy. When or how they had received arms or other offensive weapons, what ships had been guilty of such transportation, no one stopped to inquire. A reputable citizen, who suffered at other times from no particular lack of courage, spent an hour one fine evening in dodging behind trees to avoid his next-door neighbor, who was similarly employed, as each took the other for a murderous Papist bent on his destruction. Even barking dogs were regarded with suspicion, as having been set on by lurking Popish scouts to bite the calves of godly church members; and a horse which ran away was supposed to have had nettles put in his ear or pepper in

his eyes by the same nefarious traffickers. Of course, many of those who made capital of all these fears, and used them to incite greater zeal for the Protestant Succession in England and for its champions upon this side of the water, were busily engaged in trampling on other people's liberty in New York. Again there were others—and the headquarters of these level-headed Manhattanese was in the mansion of Madam Van Cortlandt—who mocked at such idle terrors, and openly declared that they were old wives' tales, invented by the Leislerians to injure their enemies.

In the Governor's Household opinions, it was said, were divided. My Lady Bellomont was quite indifferent to all this uproar, and with her amongst others was Captain Ferrers, who knew too much concerning people of the Catholic faith to believe anything that was said.

On the other hand, the Governor, influenced by John Nanfan and others, whether by the force of a positive or from a sincere belief in the dangerous character of the Romanists, regarded the situation gravely, and held long conferences regarding the defence of the city from those supposed enemies within, no less than from those without. To Prosser Williams the matter was supremely indifferent. Like the majority of the people, he followed the fortunes of William of Orange, and in so doing forsook their allegiance to the hereditary sovereign of Great Britain he affected extreme hatred of all adherents of the Pope of Rome, and was ready to charge them with any atrocity. But, in his secret mind and sometimes in company with My Lady Bellomont, he permitted himself to make sport of the timorous citizens who tilted at windmills and otherwise emulated the surprising feats of Don Quixote and his worthy squire.

As the agitation thus grew from day to day, Captain Egbert Ferrers felt no little anxiety on behalf of Mistress Evelyn de Lacey. She and her father might, he feared, become in some way or another victims of misguided zealots, who, as he angrily declared when communing with himself, could see no farther than their noses, and were as fearful as mice where Papists were concerned. He could not confide his misgivings to anyone, and Lord Bellomont, being just then taken up with a variety of matters, required such constant attendance from the members of his Household that it was difficult to find an opportunity to put Evelyn and her father upon their guard. And so he pictured his bent over his drawing board evolving new Irish lace gowns for old pictures of society matrons, for to the rest of us tramps on the road of newspaperdom, Hoyt seemed to possess a quality of plodding permanency that threatened to tie him to one job for the term of his natural life; but, because he was, in the time when I knew him, merely a quiet, uninspiring young chap who deserved better rewards for his persistence of effort than he would receive, I didn't think of him at all in the ten years that I trailed all kinds of copy in all sorts of places. Then, one day I met him on a highway of the world, and in his eyes I saw the truth that strikes us every once in a while, the knowledge that some men have lived while we have been watching.

TO BE CONTINUED CHERRY BLOSSOMS FADE

If I had thought of Franklin Hoyt, after the time when we had worked together in Chicago, I should have pictured him bent over his drawing board evolving new Irish lace gowns for old pictures of society matrons, for to the rest of us tramps on the road of newspaperdom, Hoyt seemed to possess a quality of plodding permanency that threatened to tie him to one job for the term of his natural life; but, because he was, in the time when I knew him, merely a quiet, uninspiring young chap who deserved better rewards for his persistence of effort than he would receive, I didn't think of him at all in the ten years that I trailed all kinds of copy in all sorts of places. Then, one day I met him on a highway of the world, and in his eyes I saw the truth that strikes us every once in a while, the knowledge that some men have lived while we have been watching.

Hull-down, out of Japan, the Empress of Asia was steaming eastward. In the tea room the Filipino orchestra played weird native melodies while girls and young men tapped time for the beginning of the inevitable dance music. Down in the smoking room the usual mixed crowd of American trade pioneers, of American civil servants from the islands, of Russian merchant inspectors, of Anglicized Japanese and Chinese, both sides, was settling into groups. On the decks globe-trotting women speculated on the possibility of submarines in the Pacific and began to plan bridge tournaments. Here and there a man or woman commanded attention by reason of a solitariness of personality deeper than the circumstances of being alone. One of them, a tall man wearing the sort of raiment one finds in the so-called American shops of Kobe and Nagasaki, stood at the stern, looking back landward, in an immovability that seemed unbreakable. His detachment from the surroundings that must be his world for days to come was so complete, so pronounced, that I watched his back with the admiration one feels for those who have surmounted the need of human companionship. Finally he turned from the rail. To my utter, unbelieving amazement I knew him for Franklin Hoyt.

He wasn't glad to see me. Indifferently, almost brusquely, he returned my surprised greetings. Conversation, after my first efforts, dragged. Had I not been for that strange, seared surety of his gaze, I should have been relieved to lose him as abruptly as I had found him; but somehow his eyes drew my curiosity with a magnetic power that kept the trailing him. Accepting me

at first with a hardly concealed resentment, he fell into companionship with me after a little as a shield against other interference with his solitude. Bit by bit he gave me superficial explanations of himself, but it was as if he were flinging scraps of revelation over the wall of his self-reserve rather than taking down a single brick of that structure.

All that I knew of him by the time we were running out of Honolulu was that he had chosen to marry a girl whom he had known in Chicago rather than take a job in New York; that she had accepted with him his ambition to live in Japan; that they had gone to the Orient some seven years before, managing to live on his earnings as an illustrator for American books and magazines; that she had died but a little while back, and that he was returning to his own country.

It was on that point that I ventured to make comment. "Queer," I told him as we watched together from the stern the light of Honolulu glimmer down like pin-points against the vast darkness of the ocean, "if your war times bring you home to your own land! I was halfway across Siberia when I heard that we were at war, and here I am, speeding back from a real job of getting Russian news to a gorgeous uncertainty of what I can do in this crisis." Because I saw that Hoyt was interested in the topic beyond anything that he had revealed since I had come upon him, I pursued its course. "After all," I ended, "one's country is the greatest power for swinging you back on your own course."

"Not the greatest," said Hoyt slowly. He looked not at me, but at the greenish crest of the churning wake, as he went on. "I don't know what you believe, but it's probably the epitome of what we blaspheme by calling Christianity. The East, if you live there, takes that out of you. Sometimes, though—" He broke off suddenly, turning to me directly. "Do you want to know why I'm going back?" he demanded, his eyes aching into my brain, and a fanaticism blazing in his face that shouted his need of passing on whatever message he had received from Infinity.

Even had I not desired to know what forces had transformed a mediocre newspaper artist into a lotus-eating expatriate and what other forces were driving him back to his own land, I should have assented to his compelling query. But, as he swung into speech, I knew that it was not to me, but to some other side of himself, that he was making explanation. It was the artistic egotism demanding expression, that animated his confidence. That he could talk to me in my own language only heightened the poignancy of his confession. For it was like a man in a trance that he spoke.

"I wasn't more than five years old when I began to dream of Japan," he said. "As other boys thought of engines, and machines, and printing presses, I used to dream of cherry trees and bamboo houses, and queer little brown men. I don't remember reading of Japan when I was a child. I was fourteen when I found my first book about it. It must have been something deeper, something inborn. No, it couldn't be anything because no Hoyt was ever a sailor. Before we were Ohio farm folk, we were Connecticut farm folk. Before that we were English farmers, both sides of the family. By all the laws of heredity, I should have been harrowing brown fields while I was working in Chicago, studying art at night at the institute, and dreaming wonderful dreams of that little island I've just now left.

"Because the dream seemed almost unattainable, I cherished it the more. I knew Hearn by heart, and I used to climb to the topmost gallery of the auditorium whenever they played 'Butterfly' at the opera. I spent half my salary on Japanese prints. I studied Japanese from a boy who was going to the university, teaching him mechanical drawing as compensation. While I worked every day, there in the art department of the paper, I was really living in my hope of finding my way to Nippon. But because I wasn't bred, both sides, absolute, I was waiting until I could see my way clear to go without the necessity of coming back. I was just beginning to see it when I met Frances Thorne.

"Do you remember her at all? She was the telephone switchboard operator in the office when you were there, a little girl with brown hair and with deep blue eyes that had a trick of looking not at you, but through you. There was something about her different from the rest of the girls I knew, an aura of spirituality I think I'd call it now. That was, I fancy, what drew me to her, although I was so absorbed in my dreams of Asia that, if I analyzed my feeling for Frances at all in those days, I should have set it down as a response to her sympathy. I fell into the habit of going down to the board to talk with her in the hours when neither of us was busy. I talked, rather, and she listened. Then I drifted into waiting for her and walking homeward with her when she had finished work. After a while I began to find the evenings, filled as they were with my study and reading, dull, and I used to go to the apartment out on the West Side, where Frances lived with her married sister.

"I supposed that it was because I hadn't seen any home life, since I had left home five years before, that I found theirs beautiful. There was a serenity about that house, five-room flat that it was, that lifted it above its restrictions of brick, and stone, and wood, and cheap furniture. Unconsciously I must have been build-

ing ideals of a home of my own while I realized in this one, but I didn't realize it, for all the time I was looking out to the Orient.

"When I had the offer of that New York job, I refused because I saw that it would definitely hold me back from accomplishment of my ambition, even though it would give me opportunity for advancing in my work. I told Frances about it—I had a way of telling her about all my affairs—and she seemed glad that I had not taken the place; but when I told her that my refusal was due to my intention to go to Japan, she began to cry. I knew in the instant when I told myself that I could give up the dream rather than hurt her, that I loved her.

"It seemed to me, knowing that she cared for me, that there could be no obstacles in the path of our happiness. Life seemed altogether simple, altogether delightful, altogether alluring. We would be married in a little while, and go to live in a cottage out in an unfashionable suburb, and be rapturously happy while I grew into fame as a fortune in my work. Well, life isn't like that, you know. And it was Frances who raised the question of other issues.

"I didn't want to hurt her feelings, and I simply shoved off the issue, agreeing with relief to all the conditions that her Church imposed rather than have to study anything as alien to my interests as Catholicity. Somehow Frances seemed grateful beyond reason that I was going to accede to her conditions. It was out of her gratitude that she made her sacrifice for me. We are going to live in Japan, she told me one night when I talked of finding the cottage in the suburbs.

"She held to the plan in spite of my perfunctory protests. It was she who drove me into making arrangements with syndicates and magazines so that I would be assured of a market for my work. It was she who forced me to buy steamer tickets instead of the cottage. It was she who engineered the plan from start to finish. You may imagine that I adored her more than ever for it."

He shifted a little, turning his intent gaze toward the greenish waves toward the stars that had replaced the Hawaiian lights. "I remember," he said in a deeper, more intimate tone, "our first night on the Pacific. It—it was heaven to both of us. Japan, she told me one night when I talked of finding the cottage in the suburbs.

"I had the feeling, on the day we landed at Nagasaki, that I had come home. Little things that I saw on the streets, voices that I heard, all came to me as if out of my recollection of another existence. Something in me deeper than ought else responded to the association. From the very first moment I was a Japanese. And I was utterly, unquestionably happy in the realization.

Sometimes since I have wondered if Frances did not realize this as quickly as I did. For a little time she seemed almost frightened by my joyousness of appreciation. After a little, though, she accepted my belief with tolerant amusement. It was her gift of adaptability that made possible our happiness together. She herself never assimilated the feeling of Nippon. She was always alien, but she managed to keep me happy in my own illusions. She made her own life, too, when we settled in Tokyo. She found her friends in the foreign quarters there, as I found mine among the natives. It was due to her that my work found the market it did back in the United States. She was the one who wrote to publishers and agents, who managed our banking and our household arrangements. She was one of those remarkable American girls who need only opportunity to develop into efficient, capable women of the world. You may think," he parenthesized his paenegyric—"that I'm talking too much of my wife. I couldn't."

"If we had stayed in Tokyo, we should, I fancy, have drifted apart in the gradual way of people who have no common supernatural bond. We were heading that way, becoming very excellent friends, when I felt that my work called me to Kasuki. Do you know Kasuki, the little mountain village of the Thousand Gods? It is, they say, the most beautiful place in the world. I thought it was when we went there. Never had I been so contented with life as I was on the day when we entered our own house in the shadow of the great temple.

"Do you believe that there are haunting influences that leave their spell on a house? I have come to believe that. There was something, I know, under the roof of that house, that entered into our souls when we

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