A FAIR EMIGRANT

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND AUTHOR OF MARCELLA GRACE : " A NOVEL." CHAPTER XXXIV

GRAN TO THE RESCUE

Early the next day, when Bawn was about her business in a field near the gate of her farm, a young gentleman met her, and removing his hat, asked if he had the pleasure of speaking to Miss Ingram.

You are Mr. Callender, I think.' Yes. May I see Miss Fingall?"

She is not ill?"

She is here?"

Then why cannot I see her?" Because I have her in charge for her family, and I cannot allow her to

O Miss Ingram, are you against

Anything but that. But I think you are both a little reckless. It will be time enough for you to meet all the rest So this was all. when Mr. Alister Fingall returns

That will not be for several days. And she has been made to suffer for my land selfishness. You must let me speak to her for a few minutes Miss

Ingram. I will not, Mr Callender. I shall not let her know you are here. But will tell you something now which I dare say is not new to you, and ought to keep you happy even if you are obliged to be patient for a day
two. You have won as true and
two. You have won earth. Be
ingly.
"Yes, that is what Flora is so wild
"Yes, that is what Flora is so wild are obliged to be patient for a day or suffer than must needs be. Any folly you lead her into now will be counted against you both."

Callender reflected a few minutes with a clouded countenance, then brightened up and exclaimed: You are right. I will not see her.

Thank you for your friendly advice. written a letter to Alister.' Good morning."

Then Bawn went in and told Shana who had been there and what had

'It was cruel of you - cruel and inhospitable. He will think they have frightened me. He will be sure tell him-

'I told him all you wanted to sav. It was much better from me than from you just at present." And then Bawn left Shana again and returned to her fields, reflecting on how wonderful a thing is human love. To fair, smoothfaced boy, not much of a raft to cling to on the broad ocean of life: and vet here was Shana ready to give up home and kindred and follow him to exile in New Zealand. Unbidden the tall figure and steadfast eyes of another appeared before her in contrast, but the vision was quickly waved aside. What right had she to draw contrasts between men, to decide which was worthy to rely on your help." be loved-she who should never have a mate?

Another summons soon brought her from her work. A carriage was at her gate, from which descended Gran, assisted by Roshech, and Manon de St. Claire. A lengthy epistle, sent post-haste last night by man on horseback, had brought the old lady all the way from Tor to remonstrate withher truant grand-

As Bawn came to the gate to receive her Mrs. Fingall observed her keenly. So fair, with such a look of and good sense, was it possible this young woman could be compounded of cunning, audacity, have no peace till it is done." and all those other bad qualities

possessing? "Miss Ingram," she said, looking Bawn full in the eyes, "I have come to see my granddaughter, who has her face, fled from the room. been very naughty. I am obliged to you for giving her a night's lodging her still lingering disgust at the we have her in the car I'll call ye.' that is, if you did not know of her intention, had not encouraged her to leave home.'

I would not turn away a dog who came to me for shelter," said Bawn gravely. "As for the rest, Miss Fingall will tell you everything better

than I can." Shana was standing in the middle of Bawn's parlour, her little hands wrung together and a hundred changing expressions flying over her face when Gran appeared in the door-

way. "Shana, what is the meaning of all this?

Shana had been on the point of flinging herself into the old lady's arm's but Gran's stern tone restrained

'Why have you run away from

home?" "Because Flora drove me out," said the girl, stoutly. "I should have gone if it had been to sleep in a ditch. As it was, I was thankful to come here."

And you received Mr. Callender here this morning. We met him —"
"He was here, but I did not see I wish I had; but Miss Ingram

would not allow it.' 'Humph!" said Gran, and was silent for a few moments. Then she

the world from whom I should have expected sly conduct."

Right, Gran; but don't speak in the past tense."
"I am sorry I must. To engage yourself secretly to any man, how-

"He is worthy! he is worthy!" broke out Shana. "O my God! how Flora spoke of him! I wonder As they climb

I did not kill her!"

to your senses before we talk this matter out.'

'I will go with you, Gran; you are not Flora. After you have scolded me you will listen to me. You may say anything you please of me, so t attack Willie.' that you do no

My dear, I do not want to attack He always seemed to me a nice, gentlemanly, gentle young fellow. Why could you not have trusted the old woman with your

Shana stared and burst into tears, dropping her face into the old lady's

lap.
"O Gran! Gran! I wish I had. But I did not want to bother you, and I was in dread of Flora. And I did not see him or hear from It was very hard, but I thought it was right; and then to be called lan-ugh! the horrid word, I can't sav it. Only because we waited and said nothing. And last night he just came to say he had got his appoint ment, and might he speak to Alister. And Flora-

Gran sighed. She could imagine stroked the girl's hair and reflected. "But, Shana, my love, are you so ready to leave us all for New Zea-

"I love him, Gran, and I can be of use to him, and he wants me. Any body could wear Major Batt's jewels and things," said Shana, looking up contemptuously and flinging back her hair, "but nobody but me could make Willie happy, or help him on through the world.

Major Batt?" said Gran, inquir-

careful how you give her more to about. She had a fancy to marry me to Lisnawilly. And I assure you, Gran, even if I did not hate him, he would not think of me. It is Miss Ingram.

Humph!" said Gran again. "I will go home with you, Gran, as soon as you please, and I have

CHAPTER XXXV KIDNAPPING

All that was over. Shana had been nave frightened me. He will be sure carried away to Tor, and Bawn's thoughts had again set towards the mysterious Hollow. As the autumn, with its &brilliant colours streaming down the glen, and its glorious clouds banked behind the mountains, advanced in beauty, the nights be came more stormy; fierce squalls would swoop down from the high Willie Callender looked but a crags about midnight, burying the moon in darkness, and playing pranks over hill and dale till the morning dawned. On such mornings Bawn wakened unrefreshed after uneasy sleep, in which she had imagined the entire collapse of the old house in the Hollow under the

assaults of the gale. "Betty," she said, "I have made up my mind to do something, and I

Anything I can, misthress. I am going to bring Miss Mave Adare here, to this house.

Misthress !" will give her my room, and I shall sleep on the sofa here till we see further. The truth is, I can't rest for fear of the roof falling on

God bless you, misthress, for taking that thought! But she will not come.

"I am not so sure of that, Betty. Coming here to me, knowing how I feel for her, is different from going to the poorhouse hospital. I may as well do it as soon as I can, for I shall

Betty looked at her young mistress, k her head many times, clapped her hands, groaned, frowned, finally them, and, throwing her apron over

Adares, her dislike to having the cheerful house, her pity for and symher rapturous appreciation of her mistress' superior charity and courage in proposing to harbour so minded her of the words in her father's notes descriptive of Betty's other creature had turned against him; of how, having offered her sympathy, she had flung her apron over her face, turned into her house, and shut the door. Desmond's daughter now longed to follow the old woman and hug her, but prudence restrained

her from behaviour so remarkable. That afternoon she proceeded, in a peculiar, very old-fashioned, almost obsolete vehicle known in Ireland as 'covered car." to the Hollow, consenting to a longer journey than usual in order that she might bring the conveyance near to the house Alighting in the avenue, she bade Andy wait there till she signalled him to approach the door; then, meeting Peggy by appointment, she dived wth her into the ruin as

Shana, you are the last girl in even more appalling than when a world from whom I should have Bawn had visited it last. There had The interior looked, if possible, been much rain in the nights, and a slimy wetness was over everything. making it doubly dangerous to take a step in any direction. Each of the larch tree props had carried its own in a place like Ireland, in order to be stream of ooze from above, to lie in a able to take such things philosophi

Peggy kept assuring Bawn in low unheeded. Shana, I am shocked beyond tones that Miss Mave would never measure. I cannot listen to you. consent to come with her, and that if call it—has prompted me to make Come, you had better come home she attempted to carry her off the raid upon this ruin while it is still

with me at once. You must return | brothers would rise out of their dens and interfere.

I am going to try, however, Peggy. sister's taking a drive with the lady from America. Put it in the most your own comfort. God bless you,

respectful way you can."
As soon as Bawn was seated at Miss Adare's ghastly beside Peggy throwing back her head quickly and went on her errand. It seemed to thinking of all the motives that had the girl, sitting there face to face this awful example of death in life, that the woman in the bed was more weird, more skeleton-like, appeared to her at first. And when the poor creature greeted her with weak cries of welcome, and at the same time made a sort of effort at lady-like courtesy which had an ly in her mind. indescribably strange effect in the midst of such surroundings, Bawn soon found her more human, more than she had once thought and that is about all."

Now, Miss Adare, you are coming with me for a drive. I have got a conveyance for you, and the air will

Out?" shrieked the poor creature. "I to go out! Oh! you must be dreaming or raving. I rave and I dream myself, and i can understand You think you see me riding and driving as I used to do, my dearindeed I used, though it is so long, long ago, and seems only yesterday 'But I mean not yesterday but

Peggy and I to-day, Miss Adare. will wrap you up in cloaks and rugs them, away to the blackened and we have brought plenty-and you can't think how sweet the air is.

"Oh! don't I know? Why do you tell me? Why do you talk about it? What have I to do with fresh air now? Leave me alone with the rats and the owls. I see them, my dear, at night-indeed I do, and there is a am afraid of-and ghosts; though I don't mind them so She was wandering now, but Bawn

recalled her to herself by saying:
"You will come with me, I know, Miss Adare. You won't disappoint "You don't know what you are

saying," shrieked the sufferer. 'Luke never would permit such a thing.' "Peggy has gone to ask your

brothers," said Bawn gently. "And I am sure they will not be so unkind as to refuse. Here is Peggy."

'I saw Mr. Edmund, ma'am, and

he spoke to Mr. Luke, and then he comes an' he says, 'We see no objection,' says he, 'to a lady goin' out for a carriage drive wid another lady. hope our sister will not be kept out too late in the night air,' says Mr. Edmund, says he." There was in all this assumption

of pride and stateliness something so ludicrous and grotesque, when coneverything she saw around her, that a moment Bawn was overwhelmed by a sense of complete unreality, of impossibility, such she had experienced before in that place. She sat silent, struggling with an inclination to laugh and weep together, when Miss Adare's voice recalled her attention to the

facts of the situation. "That is a different thing, Peggy. That puts it in quite another light. And oh! how glad I should be to go. But how will you get me out of this Peggy? O my God! Shall I really

go out into the sunshine again ? 'No doubt of it," said Bawn, triumphantly, and she stood up and ooked at Peggy for a hint as to how to proceed, while the weird invalid stretched out her lean arms towards them from under cover of her hideous

"Go down now, miss," whispered trees, and I'll get Mr. Edmund snatched Bawn's hands and kissed coaxed to come and help me down wid her. You an' me couldn't be sure of not lettin' her fall. If he In this pantomime she expressed doesn't see you he'll do it. When

Bawn obeyed, having first helped dreadful invalid in the pretty little, to wrap Miss Adare up in the comfortable clothing she had brought, pathy with the sufferer, and finally and slipped away and left Peggy to manage the rest.

She went across the sward, away under the great spreading trees, and indesirable a guest. Bawn, looking hid herself behind the trunk of one after her, felt a sudden sting of pain of the giant beeches. "I shall be as the old woman's last action rewithin earshot here," she thought, and shall neither see nor be seen. Scarcely had she taken up her posiconduct towards himself when every tion, however, when she saw and was seen by one person whom she had not expected—Rory Fingall, who was approaching from the direction of the old garden.

"Miss Ingram!" he said, coming quickly near and standing before her. "Hush!" she said. "Stand well behind the tree, or you will spoil everything."

"What do you mean?" What are you doing here, if I may venture to ask?

"Kidnapping." "Kidnapping what? Crows, owls, rats? Have you set snares any-

where ?" looking round. "I am kidnapping Mave Adare. Hush! it is a deep-laid plot. She thinks I am taking her for a drive only, but I mean to carry her off to

Shanganagh and keep her."

"You are a strange girl." "Am I? So strange that I'do not like waiting calmly to see a broken roof drop down upon a fellow-creature. I ought to have been born pool around it on the spot where it cally. In America we have no such roofs and no suffering humanity As they climbed the shaky stair mouldering away under them unheeded. My 'American audacity' -I think that is what I heard a lady

from a horrible death.

"It ought to have been done some Just you go presently and ask Mr. other way. I have been thinking Luke if he has any objection to his about it; but meanwhile you have

Bawn! you are good-" "Don't praise me," she thinking of all the motives that had

been at work within her, leading her to do what she was doing. "I am not so good as you think."
She had drawn back a step, as all more pitiable even than she had her mixed feelings toward the yet creature she was now trying benefit, her abhorrence of Luke Adare, her disgust and dislike to

> You are not to credit me with goodness-you who know so little of me. I am doing what I choose to do,

even his, Rory's family, rose distinct-

about you, but I am willing to believe all that is noblest and best.' 'Ah!" she said, with sudden sadness, "don't believe too much.
Judge me not at all till I am dead or ne from here. But hush-sh-sh!

do not let yourself be seen He moved a step and they stood close together, hiding behind the great beech-tree, wrapped in its blue shade, looking out on the golden moss and grass, and through rifts in the drooping foliage ahead of broken and sun-pierced garden walls a wide well of sunshine against

grey and distant woods. teeth of her brothers' opposition ?"

"Her brothers have consented to allow their lady sister to go for a carriage drive with another lady. is with their permission; indeed, Mr. Edmund himself is carrying her down, and that is why we must not be in sight. They will not endure to Have you ever beheld these

men ? Edmund I have seen : Luke, never. Edmund occupied himself for years breaking stones in a hole at the back of those ruined outbuildings, which he sold for the mending of the roads. He used to keep up a little play in the matter by pretending he had bought the stones and would oblige us by supplying them when wanted. I found out by accident, poor old fellow! coming on him one day as he stood on the top of his heap of broken stones, with an old riddle in his hands which he had just emptied on the heap. He was a very queer figure—tight clothes and stockings, an old dress-coat, and a little black skull-cap on his head. He is a small man with a large white beard. When he saw me he van shed, and never came near me again for an order for stones to mend my roads.

He is not the worst of the Adares." "I can see him now. He is carrying his sister into the car. He is not so well dressed as you describe He looks like a little wizard. him. Now she is in, and he has fled back to his den. Good-bye, Mr. Fingall. You are on your way home, I suppose. So am I. You had better not

come near the car. Good-bye. She gave him her hand hurriedly

he raised his hat, and she was gone. Miss Adare was lying in the car, wrapped about with the rugs and cushions Bawn had brought for her. At first Bawn thought she was dead or in a swoon, till Peggy whispered that the creature was only tired with the Bawn had read somewhere of a waxen image, made to the likeness of a human creature, to be wasted before a fire for purposes of witchcraft, and she thought now that such an image, already half-wasted, might this poor Miss Adare have been taken for. The car proceeded slowly, the sweet mountain air penetrated through the open door of the vehicle, and the ghastly invalid breathed deeply and revived. glance from Bawn to Peggy, a murmured "Don't keep me long or they will be angry. . O my God, the delicious breeze!" and she lapsed into seeming death. Later in the evening she recovered from her trance, and saw Peggy sitting by her bedside in Bawn's little lavenderscented bed-chamber.

"Peggy," she whispered, "where are we now? Are we in heaven?" "No, ma'am, not just yet," said Peggy, cheerfully; "but, faix, I think we are next door by. It's at home wid the American lady ye are. You're goin' to stay on a visit wid

"O Peggy, I must go back at once. Luke will never allow it. O my God, what will Luke do to me?"

"Now whisht, ma'am, and lie back sent?" That is the great strength of and rest yerself. Sure the gintle- our position as Catholics. men gave me leave to lave ye for a not isolated communities, but we all while wid her. Never fear but she live by the one Divine life of the made it all right wid Mr. Luke. It's Church herself. Individuals pass herself knows how to bring wan away, bishops and priests do their thing straight along wid another, so work for their allotted span of life, she does. An' she has the beautiful- but the Catholic Church can never lest little taste of a supper ready for fail, and in that respect, although ye. an' if ye don't try to eat it ye'll she is composed of mortal men, and just break her heart."

Then Peggy had to go home, and tions of human society, she is raised Bawn and Betty stood at the kitchen above the vicissitudes of this world, fire holding council over their and will last to the end of time. charge.

"We must nurse her between us, Betty. And you'll be good to her?" "Och, ay! I'll do what I can, poor body! But she needn't ha' come to this if she had 'a' stood up for Mr. Arthur. It's the good home he would have give her somewhere, forbye rottin' herself off the face o' creation wid damp and hunger.'

TO BE CONTINUED

DR. O'DWYER'S MAGNIFICENT

DISCOURSE THE ATTRIBUTES OF THE CATHOLIC

> CHURCH Limerick Leader, March 22,

cent sermon preached by the Most Rev Dr. O'Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick, in the Waterford Cathedral on Sunday last on the occasion of the Con secration of Most Rev. Dr. Hackett.

Below we give in full the magnifi-His Lordship took for his text :-"And I say to thee; that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."— (Matthew, xvi-18.) He said—Five months ago we assembled in this Cathedral to offer to God our prayers "It is true that I do know little and the suffrages of the Church for the repose of the soul of the great Bishop who had just passed away We desired also to pay a tribute of respect to his memory, and no one who was present on that occasion will forget the manifestation of reverhear them coming. Oh, pray, pray ential sorrow in the midst of which the remains of Dr. Sheehan were borne to the grave. It was worthy of this fine old Catholic city of Water ford, and showed how quick its people are to recognize and to honour the worth of a Bishop who devoted his high abilities without stint to the duties of his sacred office. han was a Bishop and nothing else; or rather he used his great intellectual gifts and his many-sided attain Who are coming? By what ments and all his energies to sub witchcraft are you conveying Miss serve the true purpose of his life, Adare down those crazy stairs in the of his flock. And when one looks round in this Diocese of Waterford and Lismore, and sees the complete ness of its organisation, the number and the excellence of its religious institutions, the zeal of the clergy, secular and regular; the high ideals of Christian perfection which are its Convents; above maintained in all, the true Catholic faith and piety of the people, one has the measure of the capacity and the success of your late Bishop. "In his days be propped up the house and fortified the temple," and has left a noble inheritance to his successor. To-day, the period of our mourning is over, and God, through His Vicar on earth, has sent you a child of your own diocese to fill the vacant chair of Waterford, to take in his hand the Crozier of St. Carthage, and to lead the flock committed to his care into the way of salvation. No Episcopate could know our young Bishop, and to know him is to love him and to respect have been made by infidel writers to know our young Bishop, and to know all the attractions which even in the Government; but the evidence is Church might move a young priest's overwhelming of the inhuman ambition. He severed all the ties cruelty with which the Christians that bind one to home and friends, and gave himself to the service of Rome itself, that make ones blood God and the work of the missions amongst the devoted sons of St. Alphonsus Liguori. He had little the designs of His Providence in torn to pieces by wild beasts in the other than human ways. And now the Holy See with its own unfailing the venerable St. Ignatius (Bishop of prudence, having received from the clergy of the diocese the names of three ecclesiastics whom they deemed worthy of the bishopric, and subreport to the Bishops of the Province Cashel, has made its choice and We all hope and pray that the Episcopate which is now begun moving, and was resting herself.
Bawn had read somewhere of a lings for the clergy and people of the lines lings for the clergy and people of the lines lings for the clergy and people of the lines lings for the clergy and people of the lines l man to a high office, but the solemn Rome, and conquered their Bishop, in the fulness of the Sacrament of Orders-he is constituted Catholic Church. He does not take fulfilling God's words - "How shall how shall they preach unless they be

accessible; to snatch a poor woman | SERMONATWATERFORD | to compare with her. Whether you regard the number of her member the astonishing unity by which they are held together, the absolute one ness and unquestioned authority of her government, the perfection of her discipline, in everything that goes to give cohesion and strength to a human society there is no institution, secular or religious, that can approach in grandeur in all the ments of real greatness to our glorious Catholic Church. She is spread over the world, she transcends all the limitations of clime or race or language that mark the fundamen distinctions between peoples. She does not weaken the characteristics of their several nationalities. but by her mysterious power raises them all to a higher level in which they find a nobler unity. One life pervades them all, and holds them in its extraordinary vitality. Then the spiritual energy with which the Church is discharging her universal mission is truly marvellous. Her clergy, in every quarter of the globe are proclaiming the truths of the gospel, and administering the Sacraments, and working with an unflag ging zeal all her agencies for the sanctification of the people. She is continually enlarging her boundaries and gathering new peoples into her fold. In the world, and not of the world, she holds herself the debtor of rich and poor alike, and dis charges, at all costs, and against all opposition, the Divine trust which has been committed to her. To look taking into account the unseen forces which we know she wields, merely as she appears to the world. you would say that she was a young society, strong and vigorous with all the fresh energy of youth, and was setting out in hope and courage on her career. You see no traces of age upon her: she shows no sign of her courage as high as if it were yesterday, she received the Divine Commission; "Go teach all nations." Yet think what a history she has behind her. Nineteen hundred years of labour and suffering and strife such as never fell to the lot of any pped human institution. The hatred of the the world which the Lord Himself predicted, has followed her down the ages, and to this day has never relented. When her foundations were laid, and for hundreds of years She came into being while experience was to feel for three hunbegin under happier omens. We all dred years the heavy hand of its

ssitude; her heart is as strong and afterwards not a single kingdom of modern Europe was in existence. mighty Roman Empire was in the heyday of its power, and her first Years ago he turned away from extenuate the deeds of that Pagan Emperors and their courts and thought of becoming Bishop of the populace to sit in the Waterford. But God can work out ampitheatre and see the Christians Antioch) won his crown, praying that the lions might grind him be tween their teeth and make him the fine flour of Christ. So too in Rome poor little St. Agnes, a thirteen years, gave up her life pro claiming herself the given you Dr. Hackett for your whom the angels adored. Old and young alike were struck down but in vain. Christians sprung up in num may be blessed by God, and prolonged bers as if from the ground, and the diocese, and when your Bishon's turn the seed of Christians." And all the comes to render an account of his time these Christians, never turned stewardship that he may appear on their oppressors, but prayed for before the great Bishop and Shepherd them, and their revenge was to draw of all our souls with his hands full of them into the knowledge and service merit for work well done for the of their Master. It was an astound Church of God. And it is in its relations to the Church—the univer irresistible onset. They were like sal Church—that the sacred function the locusts innumerable, and their in which we are engaged has progress was marked by universal its sanctity and its importance. ruin. They broke through the We are not merely filling a local resistance of the representavacancy, appointing a distinguished tives of the decaying Empire of function of to-day is instinct with through Germany and Belgium and the life of the whole Catholic Church.

The spirit of God who sustains and ltaly, and civilization itself directs her has descended on your seemed in danger of perishing, the splendor of which shone out when the Emperor Constantine, the ruler ruler, teacher, shepherd of this of the world, gave peace to the portion of the flock of Christ—and Church, and himself sought from his authority has behind it and in it the full power and sanction of the to the fold. Later again the unconquerable strength of the Church of the honour to himself—he is sent, he God was seen in her struggle for comes to you bearing in his hands centuries with the barbarians. One the commission of the Vicar of Christ after another these wild races in their millions swarmed over Europe they hear, without a preacher? and and swept everything. There was no physical force capable of withstanding the wild rush of these invaders. But what the legions of Rome could not do the Gospel of Christ, in the hands of His Church, did triumphantly—she subdued them and civilized them-and taught these wild chil dren of nature to know the Child o Mary, and to consecrate their wild energies to the service of the Cruci fied. It is all most wonderful almost like a fairy tale, the story of carries on her mission in the condithe triumph of the truth of God. The Church of Christ, weak and powerless in the weapons of this world, withstood these barbarian then you will bear with me for a little hordes, and issued from the contest while I shall say something about the indefectibility, the unfailing life fresher and stronger than ever, and of the Catholic Church, and the led them, in her triumphant progre means which her Divine Founder the captives of her Lord. has provided for its maintenance. I cal violence, bad as it has often bee suppose no one will question the is the least of the dangers that bese that as an organization the the Church, It touches her only on Catholic Church at the present the outside, but cannot reach the moment is the greatest society of with principle. It is so ordinarily men that exists in the world. There with human societies. Disintegrais nothing to come near her, nothing tion comes from within, they go to



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