A DAUGHTER OF THE SIERRA

BY CHRISTIAN REID

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CHAPTER XVIII. MISS RIVERS OBTAINS A PROMISE

Nothing more was heard of Armistead by the Caridad people for several days after his interview with Mr. Rivers. It was known that he had left Topia, but for what purpose or what destination was not known; although it soon transpired that he had found some one to fill the place which had been vacated by Lloyd and declined by Thornton.

"Dissipated fellow, named Ran-dolph," the latter said in answer to a question of his chief. "Formerly with the Silver Queen in Arizona, then drifted down to Sonora; been with one or two mines there, but didn't stay long. I met him in the the Caridad. I couldn't give him

much encouragement—"
"I should think not," said Mr.

Rivers, dryly. "I never take a man of that kind into my employ." "I felt rather sorry for the poor devil, though," Thornton went on. "I'm glad Armistead has given him a chance. It's a pretty good proof, however, of Armistead's desperation," he added with a laugh; " for benevol-ence isn't his strong point. I should be sorry to go to him for a helping and if I were down on my luck."

This man may serve his purpose,' said Mr. Rivers; "although he has the disadvantage of being a stranger and not knowing the people here.'

"Great disadvantage, too, in a large enou place like Topia, with a floating popusurprised." lation of miners, some of whom are a pretty bad lot," said Thornton.

Armistead is very bitter about ra. Lloyd," remarked Mackenzie, who was sitting by,—for this conversation took place in the patio one evening, when the men with their cigars were grouped around Miss Rivers in her time yet before he carries out his favor by bringing him back here, and nover be successfully carried out."

now he—that's Lloyd—has deserted "Surely they will be wide enough him—that's Armistead—because he's afraid to have anything to do with the Santa Cruz business.'

so the other day when he offered me the place Randolph now fills."

The speaker was modestly consci-cus of the interest with which three pairs of eyes were turned upon him. "So he offered the position to you!" said Mr. Rivers. "I might have guessed he would. I'm a little surprised you didn't accept it. To serve Trafford's interest would be to self complacency, and Miss Rivers open many lucrative chances for received him with the friendly cord

yourself."
"Oh, yes! I know that," Thornton answered; "but—" (he looked
at a fair face emiling approvingly on
"I suppose scruples are catch"I suppose scruples are catch"Yes: I have been over to Canthis particular case."

Scruples are very much in the man who wants to get e," Mr. Rivers remarked; on in life." "but I am glad you haven't discarded yours, and also that the Caridad isn't to lose your services."
"Thank you, sir!" Thornton re-

ente was usually more caustic than complimentary to his subordinates. Miss Rivers was yet more complimentary when he found alone with her a little later, found himself

You do yourself injustice," she you are going to that place?"

d, "by talking of scruples being "Not only going, but charm refused to help in this shameful business of the Santa Cruz." Thornton smiled as he looked

at her.
"I don't remember saying anything about Lloyd," he answered.
"I certainly was not thinking of him at all. The scruples I mentioned were suggested by—another person."
"Oh!" she laughed. "The other

person is delighted to have exercised an influence. But, again, I think you do yourself injustice. I'm sure you would not have needed any sug-gestion at all in such a plain case." "It's very good of you to be sure, but I am not," said Thornton, can-didly, "I'm afraid I should have

"I am glad they were so illuminating; but you must perceive they did not have the same effect upon Mr. Armistead, which proves that your disposition is very different from his and so you could not have done what

he is doing."

"My disposition is certainly different from his," Thornton agreed; "Why mine, of course! You can't have forgotten that I represent a claim which the Calderons are fight." though whether or not the rest follows -but I must not quarrel with you for thinking better of me than I ing."

Oalv." he added, his voice

"By no means; but surely you the surely you have the surely have the surely you have the surely you have the surely have the s doserve. Oaly," he added, his voice changing a little, "it is quite certain that whatever I am in this matter you have made me -I mean that you have made me -etandard by which "Telling me that and going off to "Telling me that and going off to

laid her hand for a instant, in a touch light as a snowflake, on his own.

me too much credit; for I am confident you would have acted in the same manner if I had not been here.
Now tell me something of this man
Mr. Armistead has picked up. First

| Armistead has picked up. First | I had not been here. | I should rather say the de- | Mr. Armistead has picked up. First | I should rather say the de- | You have mistaken me | Las Joyas, I should never have mentioned the mine or my plans to had four boys, Sister, big, stalwart | Church."—The Tablet.

of all, do you think he can do for him what Mr. Lloyd or yourself could have done ?"

"On general lines, no doubt, pretty much the same; though in some respects he'll be handicapped by the fact that he is a stranger." "And so doesn't know anything about the different characters of the men here ?'

Naturally not." "Therefore will not know whom to select for-a surprise party, let us

Thornton stared. So you know about it, too," he said.

Since it seems that it is no secret. I may admit as much."
"Oh, it's a secret fast enough! But,

you see, Armistead was obliged to mention it when I asked what he wanted me to do." Yes I see."

Miss Rivers leaned her soft chin on her hand and looked out over the eleeping valley to the great east ern heights, their cliffs cutting sharp ly against the purple sky, with one plaza one evening and he asked me deep indentation marking the pasif there was a chance for him with man disappear several days before.
"How long does it take to go from

here to the Santa Cruz Mine?" she asked abruptly.
"Two or three days,—depends, of

course, on how fast one travels. I don't think Armistead has gone there," he said, as if reading her thoughts.

She smiled, for they had not been with Armistand Why do you not think so?" she

inquired. Well, he went in another direc tion-through that might have been a blind,—and he had only Randolph with him. He can't surprise the Santa Cruz without having a force large enough to hold it after it is

He may have that force waiting for him somewhere in the Sier-

Thornton shook his head.

He hasn't had any body to get up the men. No: you may take my word that it will be some ial corner under the Moorish plan; and if the Santa Cruz people ern. "Says he did him a great

awake,—surely they will suspect something of this kind." awake .- surely 'I hope so, for my sympathies are

"He should reserve that story strictly for people who don't know Lloyd," said Thornton. "I told him not very keen.) "And now if I bring the guitar will you sing a little?" he asked, in the tone of one turning to

more agreeable things.

A few days later Armistead returned as quietly as he had gone away, and still accompanied only by Raudolph. On the evening of his re turn he presented himself at the Caridad house with all his usual air of Miss Rivers

elas and to one or two other places," he answered. "Charming place, Canelas,—buried in fruit-trees and flowers, with a picturesque old church that would set an artist wild. You ought to go there. It is just the kind of place you would enjoy

I intend to go there some day, but just now I am going into the plied, flushing a little; for the Ger- Sierra. You are in time to bid me bon voyage. I leave tomorrow for

Armistead looked as startled as he "It can't be posible," he said "that

catching. I grant that Mr. Lloyd's chanted, delighted to go!" she anexample was inspiring, but I am sure swered gaily. "Why should you that even without it you would have think otherwise? Haven't you heard me say again and again how I have wanted to go out into the Sierra ?'

I have never been able to believe that you were in earnest in ng so."
Which proves how little you know me. And haven't you also heard me declare that I fell in love

with Dona Victoria when we came up the quebrada together?" One allows much for-ah-femi-

nine exaggeration, you know."
"I really don't know; for I am not accustomed either to exaggerate or to be allowed for. As a matter of fact, I meant exactly what I said in didly, "I'm afraid I should have looked upon it simply as a matter of business if I had not had the victoria has kindly sent me?"

Victoria has kindly sent me?" both cases; so you may judge whether ornot I am pleased to accept an invita-

Armistead looked grave.
"I am sorry," he said, "that you should think of going into the

enemy's camp."
Miss Rivers lifted her brows. The enemy's camp!" she repeated.

their stronghold is a different matter. Illowed it, that's all."

Although I regretted the first,
Isabel Rivers leaned forward and haven't much minded it because—e Although I regretted the first, I

"You were kindly disposed to "Thank you! she said sweetly overlook the inherent reasonable and frankly. "That is a very kind thing to say, even if you are giving you have been good enough to tell

me so before."
"Inherent unreasonableness! Oh

to be influenced by—er—sympathy."
"All of which means precisely the same thing. Well, unreasonableness, enthusiasm, sympathy, or whatever you will, pray understand that I am a Calderon partisan; and if I could, I would help them fight for their rights."

Armistead succeeded in achieving a very reproachful expression.
"You would help them against me?" he asked. "Against you or anybody else who fights for injustice and greed."

The reproachful expression changed rapidly to one of offence.
"I didn't know that you regarded

the matter in quite that light," Armistead said strffly. "I regard it exactly in that light, as far as Mr. Trafford is concerned,' said Miss Rivers. "Of course I un derstand that you are acting merely

as his agent."
"Reluctantly, I assure you. But, as I have tried to point out to Who has manifested an almost

feminine degree of unreasonableness on the subject, I believe.' 'A donkey-like obstinacy would be lescribing it more correctly. Well, as I have tried to point out to him, gave up the matter, I should simply do myself an injury and ccomplish nothing for the Calderons

"I remember that you have explained this to me before, and I think that I fully understand your—point of

since some one else would at once be

sent here to conduct the fight against

"And the difficulty of my position, I hope—placed as I am between two fires."
"Mr. Trafford is one fire, I suppose;

and the other-' "The other is the fear of alienating your sympathy, of doing what you

disapprove."
"Oh, really, you are very kind But you give too much importance to my opinion," protested Isabel, hastily. "I thought you were going to say that the other fire is the fear of injuring the Calderons, who have been already so deeply injured.' Armistead shrugged his shoulders.

I confess that I haven't given much thought to the Calderons, said frankly. "Their feelings and their injuries are altogether outside

Fortunately for himself he did not understand the expression with which Miss Rivers regarded him. He was not the first man who had been unable to see anything beyond the beauty of those deep, brilliant eyes. He leaned forward suddenly. "Why should we talk of the Cald-

erons?" he asked. "The subject is not an agreeable one, because we do not agree in our view of it, and I "That would be very stupid!"

laughed Isabel—a past mistress of the art of fencing. "If we never disthe art of fencing. "If we never disagreed, we should soon have nothing to talk about." "Oh, there are topics!" "Without doubt. The weather-

but that doesn't exist as a topic in Mexico—not to speak of Shakes peare and the musical glasses. But I think and the musical glasses. But I think
I prefer the Calderons, or rather the
Santa Cruz. Have you forgotten
that you told me, when you first
came to Topia, that you intended to take possession of the mine by means surprise ?"

I have not forgotten, though I am afraid I was indiscreet in confiding my plans to one whose sympathies are with the enemy; although, of course, this does not mean imagine for a moment that you would betray my confidence."

If there is such a thing as an in-

ward blush. Miss Rivers was conscious of it at this moment. had not betrayed his confidence in the letter, but her conscience told her that she had come perilously near to doing so in the spirit; and yet to re-

gret it was impossible.
"I have been thinking of this plan of yours a great deal since I received Dona Victoria's invitation," she said. 'You can see for yourself that it makes my position difficult. How can I accept or enjoy her hospitality. with the knowledge that any day, even while 1 am under her roof, the mine may be taken from her?"

"If it were so, you would have had nothing to do with it."

"Nothing of course, unless it were that I knew and had failed to tell her all I knew, and that I should be connected by nationality and aquaint ance with those who had done it. So"—she smiled, and few indeed were the men who had ever been able to resist that smile—"I want you to promise that you will defer your surprise until after I have made my visit to Las Joyas."

Armistead hesitated a moment

then suddenly saw his way to the advantage of doing a favor at not the least cost to himself.

"How long shall you be at Las Joyas?" he asked. "Probably a week, then a week in the Sierra-going and coming.' "Two weeks!" he reflected. "It will be inconvenient-my plans are

nearly completed for an earlier date,

—but since you ask it, for you I will promise to wait two weeks before surprising the mine." "Thank you!" she said gratefully. "You have made my visit possible; for really if you had not promised, I don't see how I could have gone. I should not have been able to enjoy

anything, whereas now I shall try to forget about the Santa Cruz." "I hope that you will forget it." he said significantly. If I had imagined it possible that you would be going to a few tactful questions. Before Tim

induce me to say a word of them or of you to Dona Victoria—to any one at Las Joyas," she said earnestly. "I will not even think of the mine if

I can avoid it—"
"Don't add that you will not think
of me; for if you do I must reconsider

my promise."
"On the contrary, I shall think of you as having obliged me very much and helped to give me a great pleas-ure." she said graciously. "But here comes papa! Papa, did you know Mr. Armistead had returned?"

TO BE CONTINUED

THE MAN FROM COUNTY CORK

(Florence Gilmore, in The Magnificat)

The clock was striking seven as tired, but smiling, Sister Evangelista went to the doorway of the old man's ward and stood there quietly, waiting for Sister Imelda, whose turn it was to be on duty for the night.

was five or six minutes before Sister Imelda came almost running down the corridor. "Somehow, the dear Lord doesn't give me the grace to be on time," she panted laughingly. Then she added in apology: "I am very sorry to have kept you waiting. After we finished washing waiting. After we finished washing the dishes I went to play with the kittens, and forgot to watch the

Like every one else in the house, Sister Evangelista loved merry-hearted Sister Imelda quite as much for her childish lapses as for her very real virtues. She smiled with no trace of annoyance as she answered teasingly: "Sister, if you ever come as the clock strikes seven, I-I-but why talk of impossibili-

With hardly a pause, she added more seriously: "We have a new charge—an old, old man from County Cork. Tim is the only name he seems to have. I gave him the third bed on the window side. Such a helpless old man he is thin, and tired, and sad, and penniles, and pathetically ashamed of having broken down. He does not talk much, but two or three times the poor dear said that he deserves all his misfortunes and has no right to

complain.' God help us all if we were to get what we deserve!' Sister Imelda chimed in. Silence was the least of

her virtues. I do not think he means his pov erty—but I must go or I sha'l be late for Office. Tom Shea is to have his medicine at 10 and at 2, if he is

awake.' Half an hour later when Sister Imelda passed down the ward she looked curiously at the new-comer, a frail old man with thin gray hair and beard. Seeing that he was not asleep she spoke gently to him, asking if he was comfortable. To her sur-prise he started violently. Instead of replying he stared at her, bewildered, for a few moments: then with a little moan, he turned his face and closed his eyes.

With a feeling of compassion for the queer little ways of advanced age, Sister Imelda passed on. By the time she made her second roun he had fallen asleep. She stopped at his bedside to look, not into his worn, lined face, but at the rudely chained old heads which were twined about his right hand, such beads as she had not seen since she was a girl in Ireland. They vividly recalled a cabin of a winter's evening, with her stalwart father giving out the Sorrowful Mysteries—it was always those that he had said, whatever the day of the week, her frail mother kneeling beside him, but a little swered. ularly around them her four brothers and her restless, sleepy little self. Obeying a sudden im-pulse she stooped and kissed the old beads and two tears fell on the coverlet. "God bless them all," she murmured and the old man stirred

in his sleep.
As the days wore on Tim failed fast. He never complained and was pathetically grateful for the least kindness, but he was silent and sad and evidently did not feel at home. He made friends of none of the other old men and seemed not to now one Sister from another. One day, however, when Sister Margaret gave him his dinner he smiled wistfully at her, saying "My wife's name was Margaret, only it was Maggie we called her;" and he appeared to be glad when on Wednesday and Saturday nights it was Sister Imelda's turn to be on duty. She would find him awake and watching for her almost every hour; and once, very timidly, he asked if she would sit beside him awhile, "I feel weak and strange tonight, and your bright face, I—I like to see it," he said.

"You see, it's lonely here—and Ireland so far away."
"It's God's own country!" Sister Imelda exclaimed understandingly, and added: "I'll sit beside you if you close your eyes and try to go to sleep. We don't want Sister Evan gelista to scold us both tomorrow morning.

He agreed, but instead of shutting his eyes, lay looking contentedly at her until she shook her finger and went away. The next day, when he thanked Sister Evangelista for some little service, he added, "You are so kind

that I'm almost happy here."

Knowing well that it eases a sore heart to pour its secrets into sympa-thetic ears, Sister Evangelista asked

"Please believe that nothing will fellows; but they died one after another. And Maggie, my wife, she been dead more than thirty years-God rest her soul! I was good to them all, Sister, and worked hard for them; and I'm not grieving much, for I won't be here long now, I'm for I won't be here long now old. I'd be eager to go if—it—" thin voice trailed into silence and he closed his eyes and leaned his head wearily against the back of his hig chair. But Sister Evangelists knew that he was not done, and waited in silence for the rest of the story.

It was a long time before he looked at her again and said, in a half whisper. And I—had one little girl. I-I wasn't good to her. She was the youngest of all, and -may the Lord forgive ms—but I have loved her more than all the lads together. She was as mischievous as the worst of them, Sister, with a gentle, tender heart like her mother's; and when her mother faded away and died my only comfort was that Norah would be beside me always.

But she was only eighteen years when she wanted to go to the convent-Norab, of all girls! And she gay, and me wanting her every hour of the day. All that was nearly thirty years ago. And I-I never defied God before, but I said 'No.' Norah waited for a while, and I still

Again he paused before going on shame-facedly. "Sister, you can't blame me more than I blame myself, but I—I forbade her to write to us "The I fact, if sustained by the Supreme Court, we hold that the amendment of the I fact, if sustained by the Supreme Court, we hold that the amendment of the I fact, if sustained by the Supreme Court, we hold that the amendment of the I fact, if sustained by the Supreme Court, we hold that the amendment of the I fact, if sustained by the Supreme Court, we hold that the amendment of the I fact, if sustained by the Supreme Court, we hold that the amendment of the I fact, if sustained by the Supreme Court, we hold that the amendment of the I fact, if sustained by the Supreme Court, we have no court at all its sustained by the Supreme Court, we have no court at all its sustained by the Supreme Court, we have no court at all its sustained by the Supreme Court, we have no court at all its sustained by the Supreme Court, we have no court at all its sustained by the Supreme Court, we have no court at all its sustained by the Supreme Court, we have no court at all its sustained by the Supreme Court, we have no court, we have no court at all its sustained by the Supreme Court, we have no court at all its sustained by the Supreme Court, we have no court at all its sustained by the Supreme Court at all its sustained by the Suprem but I-I forbade her to write to us for they were angry, too. The Lord soon punished me. My sons died, all Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, (2) the of them, and year by year I've grown apotheosis of hypocrisy and lawof them, and year by year I've grown lonelier, and more hungry for 'the sight of her face. I longed for her until I couldn't rest, and she—it's been hard on her, though I didn't think of that for many a day. I had two hundred and fifty dollars, so I came to look for her. She came to New York. I knew that, but I hadn't couldn't knew that so hig and Naw guessed America is so big, and New York—why, its got more people in it than a dozen Irelands! And I had movement genuinely making for good citizenship and a purer moral-land has been thinking of these not known Norah Connors are so plentiful. I went, all smiling and hopeful at first, to every convent in things, as the New York Sun recently New York City, and some of them have Norah O'Connors, but not my most of us have lived." Quite as Norah. And I went to Brooklyn, and to Albany—walked most of the way, and it was winter then, because my money was nearly gone. Then I does he know what morality is, and came here. I can't do any more. It only she could know how sorry I am, wisdom and in courtesy, in high

and -how long I've been sorry."

Sister Evangelista said nothing. She was thinking less of him than of his daughter; thinking too, how many a nun carries some such weight upon her heart. She had almost forgotten

Tim, when he begun again. 'I'm happier here than I have been in many years. You may think I'm out of my head if I tell you, but sometimes I hear her voice out there in the corridor, or even close to my that I saw her face again quite plain-

ly, not as rosy as it used to be but just as sweet and happy." Sister Evangelista smiled indul. little; and a few minutes afterward meeting Sister Imelda in the pharmacy she said to her: "You will on duty to-night in my ward, and I to be very good to poor old Tim. He is not going to last long. and most of us left lovely fathers

behind us." "Ob, I will be good to him. He

broken-hearted because he can't find her. Norah O'Connor was her name. She left home many years ago. now his sons are dead and he's alone in the world and grieving his heart out for a sight of his little girl.

Sister Imelda looked at her strangely for a moment. "He's looking for his daughter—and he's Tim O'Connor-from County Cork," she said, "I-Sister, I am going to speak to him." and she almost ran towards the ward.
"She will never grow up," Sister

Evangelista thought indulgently.
Sister Imelda was by the old man's bed before he saw her, and in an instant she was leaning over him and had his face clasped between her hands.

Daddy-dear, dear daddy-don't you know me," she whispered.

For a tew moments he could not answer. Then, "It's Norsh! It's my little girl! Sure I know now that the Lord's forgiven me.'

ASKS FOR INTERVENTION

PAPAL DELEGATE AT WARSAW ASKS PROTECTION

The Papal Delegate at Warsaw, Mons, Ratts, has made representa-tions to Rome regarding the situation at Vilna and vicinity, asking the intervention of the Allies and protection against the Bolsheviki in Lithuania, where there are Polish

Roman Catholics Bishop Layinski of the Diocese of Minsk, who is staying at Vilna, reports all the priests at their posts there, every one expecting to assassinated as soon as the Bolshe-viki arrive, which they report to be Bolsheviki custom. Alluding to the Bolshevik advance, the Bishop

stated: 'It will mean the destruction of PROHIBITION

A reverend gentleman of renowr one Mr. Billy Sunday rises up in the arid desert of Richmond, Virginia, to announce that when Nebraska adopt ed the Federal Probibition Amend ment, the devil locked the gates of hell and threw the key away. Several difficulties block the acceptance of this "brighten the corner where y' are" doctrine. The first is geo-graphical, or, more accurately, hadeographical; the other is drawn from the science of theology. If the devil threw the key away, where did he throw it? Where was he when he threw it away, and where is he now not to speak of the key? The theological difficulty lies in the simple fact that the devil has no more *power to decide who is to abide in hell, or stay out of it than he has to separate the sheep from the goats, placing them to the right of the Eternal Judge. But accuracy never yet came between Mr. Sunday and a lurid phrase.

THE AMENDMENT AND SINAL

Mr. Sunday, exulting amid the congenial aridity of Richmond, Virginia "damp" on the edges and "wet" only at \$15.00 a quart, speaks for all who believe that the Federal Prohibition Amendment is "the triumph of the greatest movement for Christian O'Sullivan told her that she was risking her vocation, and then she ality and all that, but some of us doubt whether the Amendment will have and came to America to will be (1) a continual menace to the well, not to draw the point too fine as Mr. Sunday, and the subsidized mindedness and in zeal, and above all else, in temperance, he has nothing to learn from any salaried anti saloon agent who ever set up a secret open saloon, or grew passing rich in pursuit of the elusive

CARDINAL GIBBONS SPEAKS

It so bappens that this venerable elate does not regard the Federal Prohibition Amendment as in any sense a triumph of morality. contrary, he remarks that it implies legislation which cannot be enforced. manufacture of bad liquor, and empowers governmental agents "to enter our houses with the violence of burglars, and the immunity officers of the law." Were I aware of the lengths of insolence to which paid Prohibitionist agents usually go, I would say that this prelate, distinguished for wisdom and virtue, has never been accused of participating in the liquor traffic But no honest American can be ignorant of the fact that for years Cardinal Gibbons has advocated plan of restriction which would de away with the evils incident to the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors, and that in this plan he has been unceasingly opposed by interested Prohibitionists, leagued with sworn ensmies of the Church. have always been in favor of strict regulation of the trade," writes the Cardinal, "because thereby the liberty of individuals is preserved; whereas by Federal Amendment we face legis lation which in the long run canno be carried out. An early result will be the secret and illicit manufacture and sale of bad liquors." For the benefit of those who have insisted ipon legal prohibition (if indeed it be legal) the Cardinal adds:

'To me it is vesy strange that after 2,000 years men should pass legisla tion which strikes at the very fundamentals of the Christian religion Will not the prohibition of the manu-facture and sale of wines affect those who profess the Christian religion We have 20,000 Catholic priests in the United States who every day offer the Holy Sacrifics of the Mass. How can they do this, if they cannot

obtain wine? "I know it will be replied that wine is permitted for sacramental purposes. I cannot see how this will be if the manufacture, sale and importation of wine is prohbited.'

The Federal Amendment makes no explicit exception of wine for sacrifi cial purposes. Is it possible that any Catholic can consider Federal Prohibition equivalent to a new and higher dispensation, in which the Unbloody Sacrifice becomes a symbolic rite of secondary importance ?

CONSTITUTIONAL OBJECTIONS

So much for the first and second points. The third point was well expressed in Henry Watterson's phrase to the effect that the Amend ment breaks down the principle of stability upon which this Government is founded at the very time when Bolshevism is becoming an

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