#### THE RETURN OF MARY O'MURROUGH

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND Author of "The Tragedy of Chris," "Nanne," "Onora," etc.

#### CHAPTER I

A CROSS-ROAD DANCE

The green district of Killelagh lies in the high country above Killarney; a place of pastures, blue mountainy distances, swift-sailing clouds drop ping rain in the very face of the sur d only one frown in the summer landscape, the frown of the cragged brow of Mangerton looking solemnly down on the laughter of the lower

A few little homesteads of the better class lie folded between ups and downs of the fields, and around and among them the cabins of the poorest of the population stand here and there, this way and that way, their gables set against the coldest wind, their bushes gathered round them, and their turf stacks erected like barricades against an enemy. Over yonder a gilt cross gleams against a grey cloud, with birds perching on it. When the angelus bell rings the birds do not fly, so accustomed they are to the sound The priest's thatched cottage is the chapel yard, and from it can be seen, about a quarter of a mile across the fields, Mrs. Dermody's

modest farmhouse.

In the long evenings when night is only a name, and light never leaves the wide firmament with its fringes of gold, and litter of stars glittering delicate green ether, there would be, some years ago, dancing at Killelagh cross-roads; after the little ass-carts had come home, and after the boys and girls had finished work in fields and haggards, washed up, and snatched a mouthful of supper. then, away with them down the boreens, and across the hillocks to the snot where the red blaze from pects. stant landmark for the traveller

On a certain summer evening, Mrs. Dermody was made aware that there was a dance at the Cross roads by finding herself alone in the house with Finn the Irish terrier, who stood at the open door wagging his tail violently and gazing in the direction of the forge, but with no inten-tion of going a step further unaccompanied by his mistress To his great satisfaction she began at last to cover the red ashes on the hearth, threw her blue Kerry cloak over her shoulders, and stepped out into the open, despite his obstructing gambols, and heralded by his rapturous barking.
"Glory be to God, such a night!

What'll Heaven be after this, at all,

For a few minutes she stood quite still. The golden arc of a round rising moon began to appear above with your rising moon began to appear above the darkening purple of the moun the forge there was a warm glow as of lingering or approaching day; up in the high blue dome the reigning The glamour of beauty had seized her unexpectedly, and softened

away impatient thoughts,
"I declare Mrs. Mulquin's house
might as well be thatched wid silver!"

As the now risen moon poured its splendor over the landscape, illumining the paths at her feet, Mrs. Dermody moved on in a different direction from that to which Finn was She plucked a bit of wild sweet-brier and pressed it to her nostrils as she walked, and her gaze went once towards the chapel with its cross, visible from the glint of the moonlight on its shafts.

Not that you're there, Matthias workhouse yet.' Dermody," she whispered. 'Yourself isn't in it, my dear man !" After a minute's silence she went

on talking to herself. It was you, sure, that loved the step-dance on a night like this. An' who would you dance wid, only You hadn't the land when I married v.' but, still an' all, God sent it to y.' An' I'll keep the childher on the land too; never fear but I will!"

The change in her thought broke the spell of her dream, and she turned | jues. round, to Finn's delight, and set her

daughter Bess; a kind neighbor with again, your reverence, says I, open hand for the hungry poor, and ready to help a fellow-creature at an emergency. There was nothing of the "naygur" about Winnie Der. calf I'm raxin.'"

Mrs. Dermody repressed a disgusted thought for once I might claim my movement of the heart within her, right to be duly escorted some place but still an' all," as some and said : would say, "she was a hard woman daughters, an' a gran'son to lave her own to, seein' that she had no son, who's to blame her? Anna Bridger "Yer a naygur." disappointed her, an' for the matther o' that she disappointed Anne Bridget, puttin' a spoke in the wheel o' the betther to have a few naygurs about speak to her. She has Bess to the floors. But still an all, what he fore, now, an if she doesn't plant said to me about marryin sot me Bay an' Glengariff, I wouldn't be in

ble over it, for nobody 'll make or yourself." mar Bess but her own notion. An'

if she doesn't give the girl her way she'll have neither chick nor chil' to lave her own bit o' lan' to, let alone grab at another's !" Heedless that such gossip might be

going forward among a few witch-like elders sitting " on the top of the ditch," Mrs. Dermody made her way through a little crowd on the out-skirts of the dancing ground, old men and children playing "ring-a-ring a-roses" with scampering feet and peals of laughter. She was pushed about and caught in the game un-willingly, as not being in the humor for it; and clutching her cap with both hands she put it straight, and retired to the side of the road, wait-

ing an opening to proceed further.

"Oh, Mrs. Mulquin, is it yourself But sure the very cats wouldn't stay in the house on such a night. Is that my Bess at the melodeon?" "It's nobody else, Mrs. Dermody. There isn't one in the country can

Your own girls aren't bad at it, Mrs. Mulquin. Oh, Bess has to get a dance sometimes an' then Kate comes in well enough," said Mrs. Mulquin

make them foot it like herself."

modestly.

The lively strains of "The Wind that Shakes the Barley" were vibrat-ing in the air, emphasied now and again by the more distant ring of the blacksmith's hammer from the

forge. The "sets" were in lively movement, and the earlier dancers sat by, clapping their hands and singing to the measure of the tune and the dancing feet. Mrs. Dermody got on a vantage ground, from which she could see Bess sitting high on the bank waiving her melodeon as she played, with her chip in the air and the moonlight on her face; and the man beside her, bending forward with his hands locked together between his knees and his eyes on hers, was Miles Donohoe, whose shadow was threatening to cast a blight on all Mrs. Dermody's plans and pros-

The tune of "The Wind that Shakes the Barley "capered and danced in the air, the step dancers sprang higher and higher, and the tune was marked by an occasional groan from Mrs. Dermody, as well as by that distant ring of the hammer from the forge, which seemed to be driving home the assurance to her mind that bitter disappointment was in store for her."

She's too ould to be slapped," said the mother to herself, ' laughs at everythin'. What am I goin' to do wid her at all, at all?" She heard a familiar dry cough beside her; and looked round to see 'neighbor man" seated by her on the bank.

Well now, Pether Flynn, it's good to see a sight o' you. How's every bit o' you? It's late for y' to be out with your rhumatis."
"May be that. May be that. But

a man doesn't mind a little risk if he has an objec', Mrs. Dermody."
"True for y'," said Mrs. Dermody.
"You're not askin' me what my

objec' is, ma'am."
"I'm not too curious about other

people's affairs, Pether Flynn."
"No more y arn't. You're the prudentest woman from this to anywid you, poor Mary O'Murrough, but your old home is the ruinated wreck! Stan'in' there like a grey ghost, cheek by jowl wid the white faces in the elder frees!"

where else y'like to name. My object is that I'm feelin' lonely, an' I wanted a little company. I was talkin to Father Fahy last night, an' the elder frees!" marriet twenty or thirty years ago, Pether Flynn?' says he, 'an' you'd have your tall sons an' daughthers all stan'in' round y' to-day, like young

larch threes,' says he.
"'An' no, I wouldn't Father Fahy, says I, 'for they would all ha' been in America,' says I, 'and myself in the

Look at Tom Donohoe the black smith,' says he, 'with his fine family,

'Wait a bit, Father,' says I, 'For all Tom has a fine business in the France and she . forge, there's a lot o' throuble before See that rake of a son o' his-Miles, I mane — what is he but a shaughraun, pickin' up jobs—?''' "I believe y', Pether Flynn,'' said

Mrs. Dermody with a groan. "An' what had the Father to say about 'An' that ?

'Look at Tom,' he says, 'with all face toward the Cross roads.

She went along slowly, for she was not as angry as she had intended to throuble I had thryin' to get that I manage to get the sellin' of a little

Y' were always a steady, indus would say, she was a fart would in the regard of the tight grip she hep' of the half-dozen acres that on y'!" It was no part of her policy kep' of the half-dozen acres that on y'!' It was no part of her policy Matthias left, her. An' if she did to offend the thrifty owner of any want a husband with a farm for her thriving farm. "An' what did the Yer a naygur, Pether Flynn,

'It's aisy to be callin' a, man only boy that the girl would ever let the place than reeved roofs an' cowld between Banthry thinkin.' An' I'll put it plain to y,' I wouldn't be in Mrs. Dermody. The time's come for the fullest when I might be able to make a man-Bass a snoes, not for the fulless haggard between this an' the town of Killarney!"

An' there's no one I'd look to sooner Why then, Winnie 'll have throu. to get me out of the hobble than

The communication was not alto-

gether unexpected by Mrs. Dermody, Now I am surprised. Will y' tell

what y' think I could do for y,' Pether Flynn?"
"Y've two daughthers, Mrs. Decmody; which o' them are y' goin' to

"Y' must give me time to think of it, Pether. There's a deal to be said. Anne Bridget's a good girl, an' knowledgeable about a place."

"If I'm to take my pick, I'll have

Bess," said Peter,
"Anne Bridget's the eldest, an there's many a one lookin' for Bess."
"Is there any one with a place like mine to settle her into? I'll tell y' what it is, Mrs. Dermody.
I'll take Bess without a thraneen o'

fortune, but y'll have to give me the money if I take Anne Bridget." It was the answer expected by Mrs. Dermody, and she was no way disturbed by it. Y' must let me sleep on it," she

said, "an' have a talk with the girls; an' y'll come down to us some evenin' an' see how things is goin'. And in the meantime I suppose y' won't be lookin' round anywhere

"Not till I get your answer, ma'am,'" said Peter Flynn. "So now I'll bid y' good-night, an go ma'am,

Mrs. Dermody sat where he left ner, staring straight before her without even noticing that somebody was now playing the mouth organ for the lancers, and that of the best "steppers" on the road were Bess and Miles Donohoe. She was not looking into her heart, or she would have been assured that Peter Flynn was no proper husband for Bess, he might be for Anne Bridget." money to Flynn, who had more savings than she had, and was "well able to keep a wife long ago, if he liked." Still, his was a nice little farm, and the land was sweet and hard to get. Mrs. Dermody was not in the humor for looking into her heart for counsel, while her head was busy reckoning up the possessions of Peter Flynn. The Flynns had always been people who would walk over and see what stock he had the place, and what chattels in

Suddenly she became aware what was going around her, and stood up on the bank to get a better

Yes, it was that pair of culprits. Bess and Miles, who were footing it with such spirit as to call forth the cheers and the whistles and whoon ings that were growing louder every moment, as if in derision of an angry

mother's fears.
"There's no use in makin' a row,"
she said to herself. "I'll step down an' speak to his father. I'm not goin' to let a shaughraun like that keep my girl out o' the good home that's waitin' for her !

#### TO BE CONTINUED

#### THE LONG STRAIGHT ROAD

"I wender if I could coax you to 'A very wonderful woman is going of yours."

These wonderful women," Mr. Shields grumbled, folding his evening paper into more satisfactory proportions. "Is there never to be an end to them and their talks ?'

Well, they all have something to tell us," his wife answered briskly.
"And Miss Breen, they say, has had "Yes? Then I am not so terribly

a really thrilling experience—"
The paper slipped out of Mr.
Shields' hand and he stooped to
retrieve it. "Miss Breen?" he said, in a strange tone. Breen. Haven't

Yes. Rosalie you been reading about her? She's been working among the children of

His wife's words went on, but Mr. Shields' mind detached itself from the present and went straight back to a small hill town in Pennsylvania —a grimy town that he hated and which he never thought of except to rejoice that he had escaped from it. He saw the straggling street, the two dingy houses at the top, the "Och, y' know the laughy way he has; an' he began jokin' about his broken fences, the brown, unlovely exteriors. And yet

something fragrant arose from the scene—the memory of a dark-haired girl who used to tease him about his snobbishness and try to laugh him out of his gloom and She had not succeeded. discontent. He had left it all. came aware of his wife's closing

markably interesting by my husband.

"You claim your usual right of com-manding me," her husband rejoined,

smiling up at her. "Yes, I'll go."

After all, it could bardly be the Rosalie Breen he used to know; but he was curious to see what this woman was like. It was not an ordinary name and she might possibly be some connection, though how any one related to the Breens could ever develop into an interesting pub-

lic speaker. . . . There was some preliminary speaking before Miss Breen was introduced, and as soon as she came on the stage Mr. Shields realized with a thrill of excitement that it was indeed the Rosalie of his youth-This is what he has always the strongest force in that ittle didn't even know you had a brother household—"

"Little!" he interpolated in a doctor! She stopped abruptly and the dark hair, and a level look in the serious dark blue eyes. The voice serious dark blue eyes are seriou

cultivated and the manner assured. He listened with a sort of tense interest to her recital, absorbed for a quite different reason than were the trasting the refined, distinguished looking figure before him with the Rosalie of other days, and moved by a mixture of emotions of which amusement had no small part. To think it was Rosalie Breen standing up there haranguing these people who hung on her words as though she were an oracle from the moon Well, why not? he reminded himself at this juncture. Hadn't she as good a right as he to climb, and who, con-sidering all things, had climbed higher and farther? But he was curious to know all about it—the history of those years since he had left her standing wistfully at her mother's gate watching him go down the hill. There had been a choke in his throat as he glanced back for a last wave before he turned the corner and thus her figure stayed with him many day, tense, lonely, appealing, grad-ually fading from his memory as the years piled up newer and more absorbing interests. If he thought of her at all as time went on it was as prisoned in those grimy surroundings from which for her there was no escape. He was sorry, of course, but a man must think of himself.

There was a prolonged burst of applause, and Miss Breen was bowing herself off the stage and into the hands of the admiring committee

"I must go and shake hands with her," Mrs. Shields said. "You can wait outside in the car. I shan't be any longer than I can help." with an husband hated that sort of thing.

"But I want to shake hands with her, too," he announced. Breen is an old friend of mine.' His wife turned on him a most

astonished gaze.
"An old friend?" she exclaimed. "Miss Breen? Why didn't you say

"I wasn't sure until I saw her that it was the same person," he answered calmly. "I haven't seen her for twenty-five years. We grew up

You did?" Mrs. Shields was still surprised. That her husband had been reared in very humble surroundings she well knew, but from the fact that he never spoke of his early days she had somehow gathered that there were circumstances connected with his boyhood of which he think. No, it was a long, straight was ashamed. If his people were "impossible," as she had heard it put, it did not matter in the least to her, since he had long ago cut loose from them; but to have grown up with a person like Miss Breen Bewilderment kept her silent as the crowd flowed past and they made

their way slowly toward the stage.
"Oh, Mrs. Shields!" one of her
friends caught sight of her, "you want to meet Miss Breen, I know."
"Yes, indeed, I want to tell her how deeply interested I was in all

"Thank you," Miss Breen said pleasantly. .
"And I want you to shake hands

go with me to a little meeting this evening, Brian," Mrs. Shields said. wsth my husband," Mrs. Shields added; "he says he is an old friend Miss Breen turned inquiringly.

'Why-why-Brian Shields !" exclaimed slowly.
"Rosalie!" he said. And they

into intent, weighing eyes.
"I knew you at once," he stated

changed ?" "Very little. And yet it's a long "Yery little. And yet it is long meht.
"Immie?" Brian Shields was strung, super-sensitive ways, he had murmuring. "Little Jimmie?" always been affectionate. And they fully, "but the years have gone so rapidly that I've lost count, so you shouldn't know," Rosalie remarked. —until rapidly that I've lost count, so needn't fling them at me in cold

Both laughed enjoyingly. you are the same Rosalie," he stated gayly. It was strange how his spirits soared. "Do you remember the fun we used to have teasing old MacTavish about his wig?'

"Oh, yes, I remember! In those days we never thought of such a thing as growing old ourselves.' Well, you, at least, haven't come

to wigs yet," teasingly. "No, but I'm coming on to gray hairs." She smiled, but a shadow came over the mobile face.

"How came you in France?" Mr. Shields asked eagerly. to hear all about everything—I've often thought of you and wondered —wondered—" he stammered a little under the regard of the steady

Wondered what became of us all, I suppose," she supplied.
"My dear," Mrs. Shields interrupt-

ed at this point, "you are monopoliz-ing Miss Breen—"
"I must see you again," he said hastily. hastily. "I want my wife to know you; perhaps we can arrange a

Miss Breen was a frequent guest at the Shields home during the next few weeks. She was making an in she was visiting a niece, and making flying trips to nearby towns in the "No, I don't mean religion, Brian," she was visiting a fleet, and making the was religion to nearby towns in the interest of the work in which she was engaged in France. In the intervals the Shields claimed her for conscience, and be sure I shan't conscience, and be sure I shan't was the same was the same of the same

outh.
"This is what he has always the strongest force in that little youth.

reminiscences.

Miss Breen looked at her inquir-

ngly.
"Meeting old friends—old school friends, the companions of his young days," she explained. "After all, there's nothing like it. . . . I have been asking him," she went on presently, as Miss Breen nodded, "why he had lost track of all his old

friends, when you appear to have kept in such close touch with them." "Too busy, I dare say," Miss Breen responded lightly. "As a boy Brian was like that—he could only be interested in one thing at a time. a quality that belongs to genius, I believe," smiling at her hostess, "and no doubt that's the reason he's made such a tremendous success of

But inly she had been wondering the same thing, though she was almost sure she knew. When he had left Ernerville he had been ashamed of them all. . . . Was he now ashamed of himself? She wondered, but she could not tell. She was destined, however, soon to find out.

She was spending her last week-end at the Shields before her departure for the East and was to remain until Monday night, when she re ceived an urgent telephone message to go home. Her niece's twin daughters were to receive their First Communion in the morning, it seemed, instead of the Sunday following, and Aunt Rosalie, of course, must be there. As a few people were dropping in to see her on Saturday evening, Mrs. Shields pre vailed upon her guest to stay that night, promising to send her out to the little suburban church as early in the morning as she wished to go. "And Brian shall escort you," his

wife said, with a mischievous smile, He loves to get up early Thus six o'clock in the morning ound the two pacing up and down beneath the pergola waiting for the car to come around. The well-kept and extensive grounds sloped gradually down to a cultivated ravine, overlooking which was the garage and the gardener's house. A road wound picturesquely through grounds and up to the norte cochere

at the side. "That road has as many twists as the road to success," Rosalie remarked idly.

panion asked. "Oh, yes, quite a good many. How

about yours ?" road. "After you left Ernerville, you

The man winced. "Of course, after I left there," he made answer rather harshly. "I shouldn't have had much success had I "Oh, I don't know. Some of us

there found the way to success, though not, I grant you, over a very straight or easy road."
"Yes, you did, but—"
"Ob, I—" she shrugged. "What I have achieved is nothing compared

to some of the others. Jimmie, for instance, and-What do you mean ?" Jimmie ? She looked at him coolly. "Don't ou think Dr. James Shields has

achieved something?" Shields?" he stammered. "Dr.

Shields, the greatest diagnostician in the world, almost, the famous consulting surgeon ?" had stopped and were stare-

ing at each other in mutual amaze-

"Where have you been, by the way Don't you read the papers?" f course, I have read of Dr. Shields, but I never knew-I never

suspected-Heavens, Brian !" she interrupt ed, impatiently acrimonious. 'I admit it sounds stupid.'

"It does. Very."
"But I never thought-"You thought you were the only one with brains and aspirations,"

shrewdly. He flushed, but came back at her. You must admit there were few signs of either when I left. 'I admit that you couldn't see the signs," she retorted anietly. "You

left too soon, Brian."
"Oh, I dare say." He took out and lit a cigarette with elaborate care. thought it was selfish of me to light out-I know that.'

"I wasn't thinking of that," she replied with a serious and rather absent air. "I was thinking of— 'What I missed ?''

"Exactly. Did you think your going away all gain? To yourself, I mean? Because—I am going to speak, frankly—I think yours was the loss and theirs the gain-"You mean religion, of course," he broke in sharply. "I thought you

wouldn't go away without bringing days at a time, and Brian, Mrs. preach to you of your loss there," Shields declared, was perking up wonderfully and visibly renewing his and loss I meant simply this: When

guest had indulged in many laughing should have said; big, and tumbling, and happy, and untidy, and care-less—'come day, go day, God send Sunday'—I know it was all very

sunday—I know it was all very exasperating to an aspiring young fellow like you were, with your trim high school ideas and your laudable desire for nice ways and nice living.

. . Well, I admit it was hard for one of your temperament. You thought you were fighting against odds—in an environment you hated —you saw no future for yourself in Ernerville, and above all you yearned

for a future-" 'Wasn't it my right ?" passionate ly he interrupted. "Wasn't it a "Of course, Brian, Didn't

always say so and encourage you."
Then as he nodded dumbly, ashamed
of his heat, she added: "I only wanted to tell you what happened when you left. It seemed like miracle, but your going was such a shock that it woke them all up— your father from his shilly-shallying ways, your poor mother from the inertia caused by chronic ill health, Jimmie from his idle, boyish dreams and as for Lill!" she turned to him with shining eyes. "I could never begin to tell you of my admiration for Lill's character and the way she developed, training all those young sters and training herself at the mean, is what you missed. Brian eing them all grow and knowing you had a hand in it It would have made you so proud, so happy! Lill, who has lovely chil dren, a happy home and the husbands, says she looks back to those days as the happiest of her life. And yet they were hard and dark enough, or would have been if Lill and Jimmie hadn't pulled together so well. They stood shoulder to shoulder during their mother's long illness and-

"Here's the car!" Mr. Shields mask as he helped Rosalie into the car, and he offered a few dry common places as they rolled out through the quiet of the early streets.

"Well, Rosalie," he said, "go on with the angel chorus, but don't forget to put in that your paragons turned me down and any help that

"Did you ever offer yourself?" she put back at him quietly.
"I never went back, if that's what

you mean," he returned in a tone equally quiet. "What would be the equally quiet. use? After all," he looked at her with a strange smile, "you say my leaving home when I did was a blessing to the family. Certainly it was a blessing for me, so it turned out well, it appears, for all concerned. There's no point of contention there,

"Ob, no," quickly, "if-if-"If I'm happy and satisfied? Well, am. Can't you see it? Don't you see that I love my wife and my chil-dren? And my home?—What more can any man ask than I have?"

Indeed, I am glad you are happy, Brian." She smiled back into his challenging eyes, gravely, affectionately. "You have truly an ideal home." But something crept into the stillness of her kind smile-a question, an odd and curious wonder at life, if not at the man beside her. Was it possible that any one could cut himself off completely from all his early associations, with never a "You don't mean that Jimmie—"

"And you don't mean—you can't
mean—that you don't know what
your own brother has done? Dr.

"In sariy associations, with never a
backward look, a yearning thought?

To her, fresh from a country of
graves and empty hearts, it seemed
incredible that any one could have those of his own blood and kin under the same bending sky and not seek them out, know them, love them while there was yet time. And he had been an affectionate boy—she remembered that. With all his high-

"Don't look at me like that, Ros-

alie !' She started and flushed, "I beg your pardon." contritely.

w I was staring—I was only—"
I know what you were thinking," he interrupted. "How could I forget all about my people—throw them over, and all that sort of thing? Well," his lips twisted sardonically I think there are few who do thing like that intentionally. tainly I did not. At first I didn't go home because I was pretty sick, as you know, of dirty tablecloths, halfcooked meals, untidy rooms and a lot of noisy children. Oh, yes, I know they were nice enough kids, Rosalie, but even you will have to admit they were a tough proposition! And then when I did think of goingwhen mother was first taken sick they sent back the check I sent her. After that I concluded that my room was preferable to my company. So, with a shrug, "that's the wa worked out. I chose my path

my own way of thinking, and they kept to theirs."
"Yes, they kept to theirs." The woman echoed his words as she turned to him with an angry sparkle in her eyes. "That's a good word-kept. It's easy to choose a long straight road, but mighty hard for those who keep to the humble, homely, struggling byways. Thank God, they found the tablelands of joy, too! And not by forgetting did they climb, but by remembering -their duties, themselves - yes, even you! They never forgot but rejoiced in every came to you. They think of you and pray for you yet—and you didn't even know you had a brother

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