## A FAIR EMIGRANT

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

THE MAJOR ROUTED

Once at home again, Bawn felt that she had wandered out of the straight and narrow path of her intentions in giving even a halfpromise to appear at the garden-party at Lisnawilly. She was con-senting to play the lady by mixing with these people above the station she had chosen, and also to behave like an American woman in going independently into a large company And yet Somerled had urged her to Her little triumph sank into insignificance before that one fact that Somerled wanted her to be there. Prudence, she admitted, must assure her that his desire strong reason why she ought to absent herself; but she had come to

unnecessarily severe. enterprise; and now, looking back upon her experience of the day, she told herself that in all probability the wind and rain would sweep away that ruin before she could attempt to accomplish her object. Everything was against her the fierce and delirium, dotage, sullen temper of Luke Adare, and the savage isolation from his kind in which he had chosen to bury him-

The death of those old people, likely to happen any stormy night, would deprive her in a moment of any faint chance, yet existing, of that happy confession of the truth for which she had so resolutely It might be that in a few months or weeks she should find herself quite defeated and obliged to disappear from this part of the world as unexpectedly as she had come She would go off some early morning and never return. Liverpool she would arrange with a solicitor to pay a year's rent to her landlords and a year's wages to her servants, as some amends for her capricious conduct, and then she would be heard of here no more. He was not likely to follow her to America; but if such a thing were to happen, she would there tell him her true story, and he would perceive at once that marriage was impossible between them. She thought she between them. She thought she already saw the look with which he would turn away and take final leave of Desmond's daughter. After that she would devote herself, her heart and soul, her bodily strength and her worldly possessions, to the care of those poor immigrants in America of whose hard case he had taught

This was the future which she now looked in the face, and recognizing its coldness and barrenness, the asked herself should she not meanwhile enjoy this one day's pleasure which was so pressed upon her? Under the influence of such a feeling she wrote to Paris for a dress of plain white woollen material and a bonnet to match; but when the parcel arrived she was busy in her dairy among her maidens, and had returned to her senses, and resolved that she would not go to the party. The box was pushed out of sight, and when, on the morning of Major Batt's fête, Shana and Rory Fingall drove up the little by road to Shanganagh, chickens, bare-armed, in the

springing from the car. Rory, looking at his watch.

while you dress.' am not going," said Bawn, standing before them, hatless, with eyes and hair full of the sunlight.

"Oh, nonsense!" said Shana, "after our long drive to fetch you! And I had to get up so early to be ready for

so much travelling."
"It would be better not," said Bawn, relenting. "Why should I be so foolish as to step out of my own

sphere? "It won't do your sphere the least will greatly improve harm, and

ours," said Miss Fingall. Miss Ingram, I will give you just half an hour to dress," said Somer-"Meanwhile, can I milk the

cows, or anything of that kind? "Thank you. The only thing you could do for me would be to prop up my failing common sense,

of her friends and said slowly, "It is quite unwise, but I will go," and dis-

what did it matter? thought the and some of them might touch

surveying her with wonder and She was able to entertain both her a patient in fever and ague.

any sort of magic in her dairy."

asked Bawn. Shall I do ?" asked for something plain. I am afraid it is a little too nice.'

Nobody will think so, excpt per haps Flora," said Shana, laughing, as they seated themselves on the car and Bawn found herself spinning along the roads, too happy almost to speak, and not daring to look back at the cast-off rags of her prudence and common sense which she had left in her little room with her work-a-day apron and gown. Lisnawilly is a fine old place

Major Batt had some right to be proud of his gardens and lawns, as well as the valuables he had collected to adorn the interior of his house and, taking into consideration these pretty possessions, a good income, and his own great personal attractions, the major looked on himself as an enviable man, and greatly to be coveted as a son-in-law by any mother of marriageable daughters when prudence seems But he was fastidious and cautious, and always on his guard against the Listening to Somerled's arguments too presuming ambition of the against faith in Desmond's innocence, she had almost despaired of her sions of girls had bloomed into sions of girls had bloomed into all?" she said, brightening.
matronhood around him, and in each must say Alister knows his duty to case of the marriage of one of his favourites Major Batt had assured himself that he had had a lucky Some charm had been, to escape. him, wanting in the graceful creatures who had been found fair enough by other men. He spent most of his time driving about the country, paying visits at houses where there were ladies, and occasionally opened his gates and invited the fair creatures to come in and see what good things were in store for that happy feminine being who might eventually persuade him that she was worthy of his hand. Meanwhile he enjoyed the thought that he was a fastidious man and an object of nuch hopeless adoration. little party from Shanganagh arrived he was surrounded by the elite of the county-Lord Aughrim and mother, Lady Crommelin and her six daughters, the Hon. Mrs. M'Quillan and five young women, daughters and nieces, Colonel Macaulay and three Miss M'Donnels, &c., &c. Flora Fingall and her husband, Manon and Rosheen were among the crowd when Bawn appeared, looking as Shana had said, like a strange princess in her simple white attire, her only ornaments being her golden hair and the bouquet of roses which had found its way to her hands since

she had left Shanganagh. As these people all knew each other ad nauseam, the appearance of a new face and such a face took them by storm. There was general curiosity to know who she might be, and for various reasons the host and the Glenmalurcan people were careful to keep their own counsel. "A fair American—Miss Ingram; come to spend some time in the neighbor hood," was the extent of the informa-

tion vouchsafed by Major Batt. Seeing the strange behaviour of and Shana, Lady Flora was careful to keep her own counsel. For the credit of the family it must not be known that they were associating with a farming-girl who rented Shanganagh and made her own butter for the market. The pleasure of the day was over for Flora as she saw Lord Aughrim and Major Batt rivaling each other in attention to Bawn while Rory kept hovering in her neighbourhood, giving only a passing politeness to Manon and herself. up the little by-road to Shanganagh, they found Bawn feeding her that girl," she said to Manon, "and I will find her out, or I am mistaken

"What, not ready?" cried Shana, in my own capacity. "I like American women; they are 'There will be time enough,' said always so rich,' said Colonel ry, looking at his watch. "Miss Macaulay, who believed himself a Ingram, let us feed the chickens wag, and speaking to the eldest Miss M'Donnell, who had not a penny but then she was thirty and plain, and he did not imagine she could

give a thought to herself. "In this case the riches are absent,

I think," said Lady Flora sweetly. "All the gold on her head, eh?" said the colonel. "Pity." And then he asked to be introduced to Miss de St. Clair, with whom he walked away to join the lawn-tennis players.

Bawn acknowledged she could not play, and stood talking to her two evident admirers, Lord Aughrim and Major Batt, while Rory attached him unimportant Miss self to the M'Donnell, and in the pauses of her unexciting conversation about botany he observed the effect Miss Ingram was producing on the county gener-

Would her holiday end like Cinder-"I have no intention of doing—at ella's ball, and would she, after this, hide herself in her farm-house and be seen no more by these people who Bawn looked from one to the other were making such a fuss about her? appeared into the house to get dowagers were thinking of inviting her to their bowers and tea-tables. Shana reflected, as she walked How would it all answer with her about and admired Bawn's efforts to butter-making, were she to get her make a garden flourish round the head turned by their civilities and bleak little farmhouse, that probably take to queening it about the country most of Bawn's reluctance sprang in that ravishing gown? She would from a difficulty about dress. But have lovers in plenty thought Rory, and Any clean calico would be heart which he had found so hard. dress enough for beauty like Miss He began to regret the urgency with Ingram's, and nobody would expect which he had insisted on her coming, o be fine. Great was her sur-when Bawn stood in the door-looking towards how about grew a little vague. Was it only the where he displayed his various her to be fine. Great was her sur- and his replies to Miss M'Donnell way looking towards her shyly, other day that he and she were other day that he and she were sitting in Shane's Hollow, as much white which she had found in her apart from the world as if nobody It is impossible to say how much lived on the globe but themselves. Where did it come from? You He began to wish Lord Aughrim and estimation since Lord Aughrim had "Where did it come from? You look like a princess. Are you a princess in disguise? I have thought of that before," said Shana delightedly.

"All woven of milk," said Rory.

"All woven of milk," said Rory.

"All woven of milk," said Rory.

approval. "Miss Ingram can work admirers, and at the same time to keep them in awe of her dignity. Strange girl! Where had she come from? In the backwoods of Minne sota how had she learned to conduct herself like this? After all, little he knew of her! A troubled thought of how successfully she had denied him her confidence clouded his face, so much so that his gentle companion perceived she had failed to hold his attention and desisted from her meek endeavours to be politely agreeable. accustomed to this failure, she did not resent it, though it gave her a in a lovely nook of Glendun, and little familiar pang. She withdrew major Batt had some right to be and attached herself to an elderly lady friend, and Rory found Lady Flora at his elbow.

Rory, I am surprised at your indiscretion with regard to that Ameri can young woman. Mark my words,

you will regret it." 'May be so. I admit she is a woman eminently calculated cause regret to a good many men, he answered, smiling. "But by the way, Flora, why do you allow Alister flirt so much with Miss de St. Claire ?

"Oh! come, are you jealous, after stranger better than you do."

"He has not done half the duty that I have done. If you only knew all my fetching and carrying for Miss Manon, mornings and evenings! And doesn't she know how to take it out of a man! But all work and no play -von know the rest." So the other is your play. Cruel

play to Miss Ingram, perhaps. Pity "Put it out of your head, Flora, Miss Ingram cares in the

smallest degree for your humble She is very deep, I think. She knows when to encourage you, and when to throw you over.'

"She has never encouraged me She has done no one any wrong. But I warn you, Flora; that a woman's tongue might work her

So it might," thought Flora; but she did not acknowledge to herself that hers would be the first tongue to do such harm.
"I want to tell you," she said,

that I am planning to have a picnic before this glorious weather breaks. Rory reflected that Bawn would certainly not be asked to that party, and so he was indifferent on the

subject, and merely said: Indeed! Yes, and I want you to be nice with Manon. She admires you so much. And you know she is a charming girl, and such a fortune! There is Colonel Macauly. How he would like to be in your place! And he is

much richer than you.' That is not saying much," laughed ry. "Well, Flora, out at elbows may be, but I am no fortune-

hunter Think of your ambition to go into Parliament. How are you to

Not by bribery, Lady Flora. Come, let me get you a cup of tea or an ice, to refresh you after all the fatigue of this planning for a beggarly, thankless cousin. That's the way to describe me, isn't it? But if you don't talk any more about Miss de St. Claire's money and admiration for me, I will promise to help her over the wet places in the bogs at your Only don't, for heaven's sake, talk to her of the poverty of the Fingalls and my admiration for

her-Having seated her at a tea-table in Major Batt's drawing-room, and left her among some matronly acquaintsaid Colonel ances, Rory effected his escape, and, not seeing Bawn anywhere, walked away to the lawn-tennis ground. Shana and Willie Callender were among the players just then, but soon grew tired of the game and moved together to a distant part of the grounds. Among the various sauntering couples no one observed them, or could have guessed from their manner that there was a secret

engagment between them. 'Shana," said Callender, "I can't endure this state of things any longer. It is not only that I do not see you, but that I feel like a sneak in not speaking boldly to your brother.'

Shana turned pale. "If you could only speak to my brother without giving our fate into the hands of my sister-in-law, I would gladly allow you to speak," she said; "but Flora could ruin us.'

"I have applied for that appoint-Zealand," said Callender, "and if the answer be favorable —but, Shana, how can I take you think I should like another cup of away from all you love, perhaps When I think of that I hardship?

almost give up hope.' "You may give up what you like, so that it is not me," laughed Shana. "I should grieve to leave Rosheen and Alister, and Gran, and the children; but wherever you go I will go. Some day we should come back

In the meantime, Lady Crommelin her six daughters having Aughrim waylaid Lord him off from Bawn, Miss carried Ingram had been beguiled indoors by Major Batt, and afterwards led by

It is impossible to say how much Miss Ingram had risen in her host's

If he did not secure her at once he feared that Lord Aughrim would become a formidable rival. Lord Aughrim was just the sort of man to fall in love suddenly and want to marry at once. He had been twice engaged to actresses, and twice bought off by his mother, who might now, possibly, be thankful to have any one so very nice for a daughterin law as Miss Ingram. The word "American" would answer all be driven out from it again, but must questions as to birth; and was it not remain there to rust itself into the fashion to marry Americans? As for money, his lordship was, like

dispense with fortune in a bride, if thought her worth the sacrifice. And the major was rapidly coming to the conclusion that this woman was worth her weight in gold. Nevertheless he did not forget her poverty and her lowly station. still felt returning qualms of fear that he was going to throw himself

Major Batt himself, rich enough to

away. After successfully defying tains behind and in front of her. the feminine world for so long, it did Miss Ingram, do look at this

which all their victims were poisoned; gold crusted with jewels. poison was secreted in the bottom hidden recess into the beverage cona vestment worn by the Venerable stopping occasionally to close however-ha! ha!-but real gems, I can assure you. Perhaps you admire Indian carving. Now, this took an Indian fellow a hundred years to finish—'pon my honour! Saw him

When he was quite young?" asked Bawn, with demure wonder.

"No, come, Miss Ingram. Ha! ha! ha! Capital! He was old then, but was told he had been young. If ou come upstairs I will show There is a Titian that a striking resemblance to you. Bawn went up and saw the pic-

tures. "You see my house is rather complete, Miss Ingram. I may say—er—all it wants is a "—" mistress," he was going to say, but a spasm of dread choked back the fatal word, and after a long breath he added faintly, "a Claude Lorraine." I thought we saw one just now,

said Bawn. Oh! ah! true. I meant a second Claude Lorraine, of course. Many collections have one, but few have This, now—ah—is the Titian I told you of. Isn't she a golden-haired beauty? I have long wished that I could make her Mrs. Batt. But one cannot marry a woman upon canvas, now can one ?"

Hardly. A glance at her face and her answer reassured him, for he had gone off into another fit of trepidation. yet surely he was not going to let her depart without making his proposal. He would be brave and make another attempt. He could see Lord Augh rim from the window, looking about for some one, probably Bawn.

'All these beautiful things I have been storing up for years, Miss Ingram, for the gratification of the whom I might chance one day to make mistress of this house. will easily understand how hard it has been to meet with a woman

worthy enough-"I am sure of it, Major Batt. Could any one be worthy?" (" of so dreadful a fate," she added to herself.)

I don't know that. I will not say there may not be one. Many have thought themselves admirably

fitted-Doubtless all these beautiful things have broken many hearts,

The major glanced at himself in a strip of looking glass, and wondered if she meant, with a sly flattery, to include him among the heart to in she means, with a siy hattery, to every way, in truth, in age, in want of means, and in determination to things. Yes, he was certainly an imposing-looking person.

A man can only marry once, Miss Ingram. In case of death he sometimes gets a second chance; but that is a thing that cannot be de-pended upon. I would rather, on the be satisfied with my wife there he surveyed Bawn with entire approval, and thought of how she would look in velvet and diamonds the Titian would be nothing to her), and keep her-

That will be a very pleasant reflection for Mrs. Batt," said Bawn gravely; "but don't you think we had better go down stairs again? I

tea—"
"Stay, Miss Ingram, stay. I can
"Stay, Miss Ingram, I fear I have conceal it no longer. I fear I have unwarrantably tantalised you, kept you in suspense : but the truth will out at last. It is you whom I intend to make mistress of Lisnawilly—" Bawn's lips parted, and her eyes

she quickly regained her presence of Oh!" she said, smiling, "that is your intention, is it? I am very sorry, for it is not mine." And, sweeping him a curtsey, she tripped

downstairs before him, and happily met Rosheen and Rory coming to

CHAPTER XXXIII NO DESERTER

again. How excellently it had him at the end of the avenue, as he boy could wish for.

played its part, making her look, for one day at least, Somerled's equal in one day at least, Somerled's equal in other people's eyes! How proud she had felt walking into that company with him, and feeling that she was accepted as one of themselves! It had happened once, and could never happen again. She had been quite mad in vielding to a craving for day of delight, for taking into her heart a happiness which could never be driven out from it again, but must

sorrow. She had finished her work and taken a book in her hand—a little old volume which had belonged to her father, and was the only book of his she had ventured to bring with her. It was so small it lay in her pocket when not at the bottom of a trunk. Now she sat with it high up in the orchard under the old apple trees, the whole wonderful panorama of the glen before her, and the moun

It was a splendid day in early seem hard to yield so soon before this maiden without birth or money. the sunshine shifted from one lovely spot to another. Bawn's heart was cabinet of curiosities. Here is a cup belonging to the Borgias—er—out of and half joy. She had opened the and half joy. She had opened the little book to try and still her storm stood still. by the magic of such meek lessons as are to be found between the covers of the cup, and, by pressing a spring of the Following of Christ. As she underneath, it was ejected from its read she was back in the old home in Minnesota, with the pathetic fact tained in the cup, in sufficient of her father's life-struggle looking quantity to destroy the drinker. her in the face She read on, hearquantity to destroy the drinker. her in the face She read on, hear-Clever and neat wasn't it? Here is ing his voice between the lines, and Bede: not beads on the embroidery, eyes and recall his face, his look, his gesture. What a miserable, weak creature was she who had audaciously thought herself so strong-

Here she was interrupted by the voice of Betty Macalister, who came to tell her that Miss Fingall had arrived to see her.

Bawn sprang up, dropped her little book, and, hurry ng to the house, found Shana standing in her parlor with flushed cheeks and shining eyes. Miss Fingall! I am surpris

Shana closed the door and flung herself on Bawn's neck with a sob. I have come to you for refuge. I have run away.' Oh! nonsense!" said Bawn, but

holding her fast. I have run away," Not from Alister, but from Flora. She shan't say such things to me again. You will let me stay

here with you, won't you?"
"Of course I will. Only too glad to have you, so long as it is right. But sit down and don't cry any more. I shall get you some tea, and you will thoughtful tell me all about it."

Shana did not cry for long She was so angry at the fresh memory of whatever wrongs had driven her tired you, frightened you? away from home that her tears were dried by the heat of her passion as fast as they fell. When she had rested awhile and swallowed Bawn's teaher courage revived and it was with a characteristic flash of the eyes that she said, looking straight at her friend:

In the first place, I must tell you I have been engaged to be married for some months unknown to my family—just as long as you have been The same day brought me the here. word I had hoped for from my love of beggary-

She stopped, and after a few moments' silence Bawn said: 'I saw you with some one the am I," other day.

That was he," said Shana rapidly, matters by looking back. a lovely smile breaking through the clouds of her anger. "Isn't he—"
She stopped short, looking at Bawn

ith a mixture of pride and wistful-'He looked good," said Bawn

quietly. "I should have said that neither of you need have been ashamed to confess the engagement.

mother I should not have kept my secret from her for one day, or even a father; but I have only a brother, and that, being freely translated, means a sister-in-law. The equality in want of means is the only equality Flora recognizes between us. I did not need her assistance to see the difficulty it makes. I knew that my brother must be divided in the mat ter between his kind heart, that would sympathize with us, and his prudence and desire for a peaceful life, which would make him give way before his wife. I was not going to have his life turned into a purgatory on my account, and so I held my tongue and merely regulated my own conduct as I thought my brother would wish to see it regulated. refrained from seeing at all the man I had promised to marry, and we did not meet except at rare intervals during our walks, when my sister or the children were always sure to be present. We believed that if we were opened wide with astonishment, but both patient a way would be sure to open up for us. I would not let him Do you think I was wrong? speak. asked Shana abruptly, with a look half-pleading, half-defiant.

"I would rather you could have told. I hate secrets," said Bawn, heavily aware of her own secret as she spoke. "But I can't say how wrong you have been till I hear

everything you have done." The enormity I have committed is this: I have known for some time The next day Bawn was herself that he had been promised an appointment in New Zealand, and that the the dairymaid was at her work. Into opening was a fair one. When I Other toys were arranged along the saw him the other day nothing had low shelves — baseballs and mits, packed, with a regretful thought that she could never venture to wear it

had something particular to say What he had to say was that secured the appointment, and wanted permission to speak to my brother to-morrow. I walked up and down the road with him for about a quarter of an hour, and then I got a message to say that Flora wanted me."

Shana's eyes flashed once more as she stopped, and was evidently living over again the scene that had followed her sister-in-law's summons. She sprang up, and, clenching both

her little hands, walked about Bawn's parlor with a step as light as a bird's, and the whole of her slight figure wrapped in a flame of indignation. I won't tell you what she said to me. My brother was away from home or she would not have dared.

Clandestine meeting-secret understanding - beggary - scorn - con tempt—shamelessness, were the heads of her discourse. heavens, how did I endure her! cried Shana, quivering all over in another flery whirlwind.

Not very patiently, I am sure, said Bawn, sitting at the table with folded hands, watching her. Miss Fingall, confess that you did not spare her neither. Shana calmed down instantly and

True," she said, "I answered her fiercely. I said things to her that will never forget. I am sorry, as

she is Alister's wife. And then you rushed away here. Why did you not go to Tor, to your

Several whys," said Shana in her most matter-of-fact manner. "In the first place, I couldn't have got so far

to-night. In the next place, it was you I wanted. Gran is a good old soul as good as gold, and kind-hearted, but she has some notions of her own

Fixed ideas?" suggested Bawn. Yes; and one of her beliefs is that girls ought never to take their affairs into their own hands, and ought always to be guided by their

which will not alter. She i a per

Indeed!" said Bawn reflectively Flora tries her often enough, and yet she does not know my sister-inlaw as I know her, and I could not grieve her by hurling my story at r as I have hurled it at you. By the time I see her I shall have calmed down and made the best of it. I will not vex her. I have never done so Gran has had a great trial of her own. Her favorite son was murdered by his friend-

Bawn's face, which was turned on her full, the eyes listening, full of thoughtful interest, suddenly changed, so that Shana, even in her passion, could not but notice it

What is the matter? Have I Bawn passed her hand over her face, trying to sweep the look off it

that had startled Shana. I am not easily tired or fright-You will learn that when you know me better. I have been thinking probably your good grandmother is right in holding that young women ought not too rashly to rush into

planning their own fate. That is the 1 st remark I shou d have expected to hear from an inde woman like you," said pendent woman like you," said Shana. "However, whether she is and relief from that dreadful feeling right or wrong, I shall never desert and her voice trembled, as if tears

were coming. No, you are no deserter. Neithe am I," said Bawn. "That is a dif-ferent thing. And we can't mend

TO BE CONTINUED

MARGARET

Slowly he raised the latch and opened the rustic gate; blindly he staggered up the path to the portico; and when the hallway was reached he sank into the nearest chair with utter abandonment of self to the grip of despair.

In his ears still rang the measured chants of the De Profundis; then he stood again by an open grave, hearing the admonition to the dead to remember the origin and end of peing-dust; and seeing the handful of earth cast down upon the lifeless form among the lilies.

It was over at last, and repulsing the kindly advances of the old Soggarth, the rector, and pleading to be alone in his misery, he had returned to the awful solitude and silence of

Mechanically he reached for his pouch and pipe to counteract the heavy scent of flowers hanging in air. But the tobacco choked him; he threw it aside, crossed the hall to the dining room, and filled a glass from the carafe Then to the window, where he absently watched the first fluttering flakes of snov commencing to cover the city-and

the cemetery beyond. he stood there, clawing at the curtains, vaguely marveling at a strange sound from upstairs, as of a whimpering kitten, he found himself humming the De Profundis.

With a cry of horror, he sprang away from the window and shook his clenched hands in the air; then tore wildly into the hall and up the

From a distant room he could hear woman singing, and catching the he stopped short word marble white, and held to the banis ter for support.

Entering a tiny room beside histheir—own, he smiled for the first time, as he picked up an air rifle and looked down its shining barrel.



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