GERALD DE LACEY'S DAUGHTER

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF COLONIAL DAYS

> BY ANNA T. SADLIER CHAPTER X

THE WHITE FLOWER AND THE EAGLE One fine morning, when the sumner was in its golden prime, Evelyn took her way to that camp on the banks of the Collect Pond in the shadow of the Catiemuts Hill, where Wilden had their encampment Her mission just then was to procure some of the wax from the berries for the waxing of the floors, and some fresh fish from the Rocks ways, a certain number of whom had arrived but the day before and marched up the Broad Way, their faces painted blood red with the inice of the beet root. The morning was rarely fine, the trees were all fresh from the recent showers and gave forth sweet perfumes; birds, trilling softly, seemed the voices of those trees in the shelter of which were groups of men and women, native to the soil, with bronzed faces, coarse, straight hair, and costumes of skins, enlivened especially in the case of the sqaws with adornments of flaming color.

The coming of the girl was greeted with such demonstrations of joy as these people permitted themselves. Evelyn had been long since adopted member of the tribe, being looked upon as a great " medicine woman, she had often successfully used in their behalf remedies which she had learned from old Doctor Hans Van Kierstade, who had been until colony and had made a pet of Evelyn. had taught her to compound salves and simples from various herbs, and all this knowledge the heart to young girl had applied to cure the lments of the savages. be extracted from various plants. gifts or bartered them for fish and other commodities. She seated herself familiarly on a grassy knoll, and own tongue, which she, in common with many young people of the town, had picked up from frequent associa-tion with the tribespeople almost from childhood upwards. For it was one secret of Evelyn's influence at the encampment that she, more than any of the others, had gained a proficiency in their dialects. Having rested after her walk, she made her purchases of fish and other articles, conversing pleasantly with young old alike. But, this bartering concluded, she approached a group of girls, who were busy stringing clam shells together for wampum or sewant. Such strings of shells passed as currency among the Indians, and made these tribes — the Manhattas, from whom the Dutch metropolis took one of its names, and the Rockaways, who inhabited a district still nearer the sea-the richest of Indians, because they could collect the most shells. In a few moments Evelyn was deep in conversation with these workers, to feed upon the wild carrot," she and those made by their visitor, She was, in fact, instructing her sky. special class of Christian catechu-She was continuing amongst them the work begun with the elders of the tribe by Father Harvey and other Jesuits, who had lived within the precincts of the Fort in the time of Governor Dongan, and had still resided there even under his immediate successor. They had used all their efforts to christianize the tribes until the stormy times of Leisler had driven them away. It is true that members of the Society of Jesus continued to come thither from Maryland or Philadelphia from time to time to minister by stealth to the few white Catholics or to preach the Gospel to the savages. But, since there was close watch kept to prevent such visits and such ministrations, these were naturally few and far between, and Evelyn had taken it upon herself, great as was the risk of discovery, to teach the Indian girls and children their Catechism and nourish in their hearts the seed which the missionaries had sown.

It was while she was thus engaged that Captain Ferrers appeared upon the scene. He had come thither in quest of fish for the gubernatorial household, and was pleasantly sur-prised to find Evelyn de Lacey mongst the Wilden. He stood aside for a moment in the shadow of gan to dawn upon him, he was filled with an uneasiness which amounted almost to foreboding. From her upward gestures and the seriousness of her mien, he was readily led to suppose that she was instructing these wild people in the Christian myster-That in itself presented her in a new light, since he had thought of her only as a most ornamental people. appanage of drawing-rooms and a charming companion in the ways of ordinary life. But, surprising as he found the discovery, for one rarely expects to find deep seriousness in what is beautiful and charming, he would have regarded it as merely another phase in a most interesting ground.

charcater had he not been suddenly struck as by a blow. For that ges ture which Evelyn made so frequent ly, and which the savages imitated was all too familiar to Ferrers Though a Protestant himself, in so far as he had any religion, he had had a Catholic mother. She had died in his early boyhood, but he could not be mistaken in the Sign of the Cross. Like a flash he realized what the girl was doing, and the peril in which she was thus involving herself. For he already knew enough of the disturbed Manhattan, as well as of the fanaticism rife in the entourage of the Governor to be aware that the religion, of which that sign was the sym bol, was now both inconvenient and perilous to its professors and likely to be more so in the future. Not wishing that Evelyn should be just then aware of his presence, he drew further into the shadow of the trees with a feeling that he was intruding on something personal and neces sarily secret.

The instruction had apparently come to an end, for Evelyn very wisely made it brief to suit these untutored minds, and it was evident that she was talking to them carelessly upon other topics. She took up the wampum shells, and was beginning to string them with great speed and dexterity when presently an interruption came. There was a wild, whirring sound that caused Evelyn to spring to her feet enthusiastically, while an old squaw, rising beside her, pointed dramatically upwards her withered hand. Pigeons and various other birds were rising in such numbers that for a moment they almost obscured the brilliant sunshine. The equaw, it was evident, was anostrophizing them in the his death a famous physician in the picturesque language of her race. To Evelyn, while the sight was not new, it was always impressive. stirred her pulses and caused her heart to beat joyously with heart to beat joyously with its movement of life and free-From the dom, its swift rushing skywards. Wilden themselves she had gained Captain Ferrers lingered a moment in turn many valuable secrets as to or two longer in the shadow of the the properties of herbs and dyes to trees to watch that scene, to be struck with new admiration for She had brought her Indian friends Evelyn's fairness, thrown into relief on this occasion, as she often did, as it was by the bronzed skins of the sundry little objects such as thim-bles, scissors, or small mirrors, these could not understand her words, last being especially coveted by the squaws. She offered these objects there was something in her whole attitude that gave the impression of mental superiority and a latent force which grave circumstances would conversed with the savages in their surely develop. The wampum workers and the oldest squaws gathered about her and listened to what she was saying, their black, beady eyes passing from her face to the birds in their flight overhead. There was an eager joyousness in breathless rush had communicated to her its excitement. Her face aglow with soft color, was turned upwards so that the curves of her chin and the delicate poise of her head upon a slender neck were emphasized. Beside her, in hideous contrast, was the old squaw whose Christian name was Monica, and who with bronzed arm pointed towards the birds. Captain Ferrers stepping out from his place of concealment, advanced to the side of Evelyn, who gave him a smile and a quick glance of recognition without

"It is the birds going northwards and from their signs and gestures, explained, turning slightly towards him while her eyes still followed

paramount object of interest over

head.

Vhen the birds were almost out of sight, growing indistinct in the dis-Evelyn with a half sigh tance, turned her attention to the young officer, who stood silently beside her, impressed by that scene so characteristic and so completely outside his previous experience

It is so splendid!" she cried. He agreed with her, presently

adding : "I would not have expected to find

ou here. No?" responded Evelyn. "Well, that is because you know little of me and my friendship for these Wilden, as we call them here. They have made me a member of their tribe.

He laughed in sympathy with her laugh, though he was uncertain whether she spoke in earnest or in jest. Presently deciding that it was

And you speak their language? he inquired.

Many of us do here." she answered, "for, from our childhood, they have been amongst us."

You were holding a very interest ing conversation with them but this moment, when the birds startled you." he said, with some abruptness At this remark the laughter died out of Evelyn's eyes, and a veil of reserve was drawn between him and a tree to observe the scene, and, as some perception of its meaning be-which, perforce, she maintained the utmost secrecy. The keen eyes of Ferrers noted that the topic was unpleasant, and, but too well aware

of the reason, he changed it. "I have come for fish," he ex-ained. "My Lady Bellomont has plained. a fancy to taste fish fresh from the sea, which has been brought hither, as some have told her, by these It is highly commended.

purchases. There are so many things the Wilden have to sell."

ant, had laid beside her on the

"A visit here would much enter-tain Her Excellency," observed Ferrers, adding with some craftiness, "if you would but deign some day to act as her interpreter."
Evelyn expressed her willingness

to do so, with the thought in her mind that she would be by no means averse to see and converse once more, and in an informal manner, with the lady of the cage. But she carefully refrained from saying anything of her morning's adventure with the Countess of Bellomont to

the man beside her. Despite the shadow of restraint that had fallen on Evelyn's manner, the two chatted pleasantly a few moment's longer. As for Captain Ferrers, he would willingly have prolonged that interview indefinitely for here under these trees he found his companion still more charming than in the conventional atmosphere of the drawing room. But Evelyn was not so unmindful that time was passing and that she must be returning homewards. When she had made her first movement in that dir ection, signing to the young negro to take her basket, the same old squaw, who had pointed to the flying birds, arose from the ground where she had been squatting, while observing the pair. She began to address some sentences to Evelyn, pointing, as she spoke, from her to Captain Ferrers, and her words produced in the girl an effect of extreme annoyance, not unmingled with confusion. She shook her bead in vigorous dis sent, frowning to show her displeas-

ure, while the squaw went on: This is a great war-chief who has come over the water with the Great Captain, the Governor, our Brother and Corlear. He seeks Flower for his mate, and the tribe are pleased. For he has the frame of a warrior and the eye of an eagle: and his eye is good, since it rests upon the White Flower. She will take him one day for her mate. It is well; it is well.'

The women standing about and the braves who lurked in the trees, cried out their agreement with the sentiment, saying: "It is well; it is The young girls, the wam well. pum makers, took up the chorus and some of the older women, crowding about Ferrers, patted him on the shoulder or pressed his hand, thus saluting him as the fitting mate for the White Flower.

What is it they are saying?" inquired the officer, trying to reproduce some of the soft Indian words which he had caught.

Evelyn, very naturally, did not proffer her services as interpreter. Perhaps some idea of their meaning dawned upon Captain Ferrers, as he noted the girl's embarrassment. For he did not insist, merely saying :

They include me, I perceive, in their friendship, which most certainly I owe to you and I opine it is good policy to conciliate them."
"Oh, yes, yes," cried Evelyn, grate

ful for the turn he had given the matter, "conciliate, always concil-

CHAPTER XI. FRIENDS OR ENEMIES?

From the suggestion of Captain Ferrers that Her Excellency should visit the Indian encampment, result ed in fact Evelyn's next meeting diverting her attention from the with my Lady Bellomont. In a brief note Evelyn was asked to be in attendance on a certain day and at a certain hour to lend ber valuable assistance to the Countess of Bellomont in interpreting the Indian tongue. The request was very courtit was evident that the subject under those winged children of Nature eously worded, and came from one discussion was one of great gravity. far through the blue vastness of the of Her Ladyship's ladies in waiting On that occasion Evelyn was accom nanied by Polly Van was quite elated at the prospect of meeting thus at close range that woman who so far had awakened far wider interest, especially among the women of the colony, than the Gov-

ernor himself. Great was Captain Ferrers' disappointment to find that his plan, in so far as himself was concerned was a failure. For my Lord Bellomont after his arbitrary fashion claimed services, and it was Captain Williams who was chosen to attend Her Excellency. This latter had always made himself particularly serviceable to the capricious lady humoring all her whims and falling all her prejudices. accepted, after her languid fashion. almost slavish services, and was quite content to have him in her train, while she was not without a certain pique that Captain Ferrers her more or less unreasonable cap-

"Captain Prosser Williams," she once said caustically to one of her ladies, "was born to play the role of what should we do without him in these wilds ?'

To Evelyn, also, it must be owned, the substitution of Prosser Williams for Captain Ferrers was a considerable disappointment. Since their last meeting she had thought of Captain Ferrers very often, as she worked in her garden or, with her capable hands, assisted in such domestic affairs as required her attention. There was a pleasurable excitement in the thought of his openly displayed admiration, which as instinct told her, hovered closely upon the borderland of love, though she had no certainty as yet that he "Not more than it deserves," said had passed it. To her clear common-Evelyn. "I have already made my sense it seemed improbable and vis ionary that a man, fresh from the She pointed towards a basket of court and camp, should fall so case of 'nerves' on our hands, so which a young negro girl, her attendesses a victim to a girl who was on your hat and tell us 'goodbye. of court and camp, should fall so case of 'nerves' on our hands, so put chiefly of provincial training and had but a limited knowledge of life. ness.

Nevertheless, in his manner and voice, so simple, so true and so unartificial as she felt them to be, there was quite enough interest revealed to afford a real pleasure and stimulus

to their meetings. Evelyn and her friend reached the encampment first, as in duty bound, and as the quick eye of Prosser Williams told him. He felt a certain excitement at that moment, as if he had been called to a combat. braced his languid nerves, and lent an unwonted animation to his manner. Evelyn seemed to arouse such latent strength as lay in a nature enervated by idleness and self-indul-gence. She was an enemy whom he would like to subdue-beautiful, graceful and alert, as had been the tigers which, on first coming out of college, he had gone away to shoot. Her cleverness and her clever perceptions incited him to anger. fancied she would have been more attractive and more pleasing to mankind in general without them. Beauty was the only thing that mattered, and goodness—if he could recognize it at all, and even suppos-

ing it to be genuine—was but a neg-ative and often inconvenient attribute which, in his eyes, could add nothing whatever to a woman, Nevertheless Evelyn's beauty captivated him and gave her a distinct advantage, when she looked at him with those coldly scornful eyes which belied the conventional civil-

ity of her words.

As he presented the two girls to my Lady Bellomont, he was surprised to note that, after a gracious greeting to Mistress Polly, she took Evelyn's hand in hers while she whispered something that he could not catch. His nimble brains set to work at once to puzzle out what possible acquaintance there could have been before between the two. For acquaintanceship, it was evident, there had been. But, puzzle as he might, he could not here receive enlightenment. One thing however, was clear, and that was that Evelyn had won Her Lady-sh p's favor. He had known before to show a marked partiality for beautiful women, when they interfered with no purpose of her own. In this case it was quite apparent that she wanted the girl beside her. She regarded her with dear evident admiration, and she uttered enthusiastic little exclamations at Evelyn's cleverness in speaking the Indian dialects, and would scarcely acknowledge the fact that Mistress Polly spoke them almost as well. Her Ladyship noted with keen interest the ascendancy of the beautiful and high bred girl over these wild, untutored beings. Prosser Williams, walking with Polly, who laughingly acknowledged herself to be quite in a secondary position with the Wilden observed it also, and it lent fuel to the strange flame of mingled hatred and perfervid admiration which he felt towards Evelyn, and which was to a certain extent the outcome of her very contempt and dislike. Had she responded to his advances, she would have been merely one of the many pretty girls with whom he had passed an idle hour. It must be owned, however, that the attraction which she seemed to possess for the hitherto invincible Ferrers had lent her a value quite apart from her intrinsic merits; and of course the approbation of my Lady Bellomont except a fire.' was another feather in Evelyn's cap. There was no jewel to which court ble. favor would not have added, in the

young man's estimation, an additional lustre. TO BE CONTINUED

PEACE ON EARTH

By Mary Clark Jacobs

"Christmas' comin,' Miss Dor'thy." With mechanical precision, Doro thy Weston turned a page of her note book and shifted the typewriter to a new paragraph! then, the click, click click of the keys under her experienced fingers told the office boy that

his remark was ignored.
"Ah! I say, Miss Dor'thy, stop that racket just a minute, can't you, and look at the snow? -It's just pep perin' down. Gee! ain't I glad it's snowin' an' Christmas comin'.

Yes, Mr. Busy-body, and so are briefs, and more briefs and still more briefs and if you continue to interrupt me every few minutes with your foolishness, I never will get through.

"Jumpin' Jimminy! This ain't no place for a good natured chap like yours truly. Ol' B. M.'s got the dumpty dumps 'cause he didn't win should be so much less amenable to the Harrison case, an' young B. M's madder'n a prickly porc pine 'bout that car he ain't agoin' to get, an' now you're treatin' me mean, an'-

Honestly, Larry, I didn't mean to be rude, but I have so much to do, had found it worth while, it must tame cat in a lady's boudoir. But and I am tired. I have been working so hard, lately, that I just can't get rested. I'm tired through and through

Why, Miss Dorothy." Larry jumped guiltily and the girl blushed, as she realized that the senior mem-ber of the firm stood in the doorway and had heard her complaint. " are overworked.' 'Oh? no, please. I did not mean

to grumble. The dictation has been unusually heavy the past month and you should have a rest. Drop everything and don't come back to the office until the

first of the year."
"But, I couldn't possibly, Mr. Magruder. My note books are full

"Let 'm wait! Now, now, no great world and from the excitements more objections; we don't want a The girl's eyes shone with glad-

Mr. Magruder ?' I certainly do, Miss Dorothy.

You've well earned it."
"O! thank you sir," "Larry," she said when they were alone, "now you may bring on the snow and the holly and the mistletoe, for I'm as full of happiness as a community Christmas tree weighted down with gifts. Merry Christmas, boy, merry Tell me, at once !" Christmas !

She made but one stop and that three children. Orphaned at an

was to send a telegram.

"I'll be home for Christmas" the magic words that went ticking over the wire as she tripped away towards the little flat where she and a girl worker played at 'keeping house." She ran, breathlessly, up the two flights of stairs, then unceremoniously pushed open a door and bounded into the room. "Margie! Margie; Two whole weeks! Two whole weeks!"

Well!" The girl addressed turned from her desk and regarded Dorothy in wonder. "What about two whole weeks and what are you doing here at this time of day, please?"
"May I do a Spanish fandango on

your trunk? I can't keep still." Couldn't you defer the fandango until you have explained? I'm dying with curiosity."
"Mr. Magruder has given me

two-weeks' vacation and I am going me for Christmas.' Home for Christmas! Dorothy Weston, haven't you always told me

that you had no home?" severely. "Of course. I haven't what you would call a home. I am going to the convent where I was educated. You know, I have often told you that my aunt is the Superioress there.

How nice! You really need a est and I hope you will enjoy it." But what will you do. Margie Go out to your brother or is he coming here ?'

You won't be here all alone? Oh!

'm so sorry ! And then Margaret Courtney did hat for her was an unprecedented thing. To the surprise and conster-nation of her friend, she covered her face with her hands and sobbed. Margie, I won't go if it makes you

feel so badly. What is the matter, Margaret made a brave attempt to

dry her tears and smile. "Don't mind me, Dot. I'm a little hysterical, I believe. I've just had

Your manuscript was returned?" No, on the contrary, I received a

'Oh, dear, then something must be the matter with 'brother John.' hasn't been injured, has he?"

Physically, he's all right, I suppose. I had a letter from him this morning.'

Dorothy tossed her muff upon a chair, her coat and hat followed and as her rubbers found a resting place under the edge of the dresser, she

dropped into a rocker.
"Now, young lady, I am ready to hear this tale of woe and wipe away the tears. But please hurry must catch the 4:10 train, unless l want to spend the night on the steps. During the ten years I lived there I never knew anything to open the doors of the convent after 9 o'clock

John has done something terri-

Goodness! Robbed a bank or killed some one ?"

No, it's nothing criminal." Hum! Married?'

No-that is, not yet." Well. I can't think of anything else very bad. What did he do ?" 'He has become a Catholic!"

For one full moment Dorothy gazed wrathfully at her friend, then the sight of her tears and seemingly genuine sorrow, kept back the sar-castic answer that had sprung to her

I fail to see any harm in that, she remarked quietly.
"Oh! Dorothy, how can you say that? And he always the very soul

of honor.' Dorothy reached under the dresser secured one of her overshoes, and deliberately aimed it at a small vase on the mantel, which toppled over with

a crash. Excuse me, Margie. I had to break something quick to relieve my feelings. The vase probably saved you a headache. And now tell me,' she commanded, "are you the girl who has always boasted of so much religious tolerance?'

"Dorothy, can't you understand why it hurts me so? If he had become a Catholic because he really believed it to be the true faith I would have taken up the study of it immediately, knowing that if John

Well, didn't he do so ?" No. indeed !"

"How do you know? Why, earth, would be become a Catholic if

Margie tossed her head scornfully. Because he has fallen in love with a girl and she would not marry him unless he did!"

Without a word, Dorothy got up and walked over to the window. The snow fell fast, covering everything with a shimmering whiteness, and off in the misty distance gleamed the cross of St. Mark's, and there in the Tabernacle, He waited to welcome one and all. But, greatest of all Shepherds, though He was, were not some always straying away from the flock and many groping about in spiritual darkness, unable to see the light of Faith in the true fold?

When Dorothy turned from the window her face bore no trace of

"Do you really mean that I may take a vacation of two whole weeks, she had forgotten the topic of their

she asked, " would you Margie," mind if I told you something of myself? There is such a dreadful ex perience connected with my early life that I never mention it, but, somehow, I feel that I would like you to hear it.'

'A mystery, Dot? How romantic!

My mother was the youngest of early age, her brother and sister, who were considerably older than she, took care of her and lavished upon her every possible kindness. Surrounded by their loving tenderness, her life was a very happy one. At eighteen she became acquainted with a man and this friendship rapidly ripened into love. found serious objections to the match because the man was not a Catholic My uncle at that time was just completing his studies for the priesthood, being ordained shortly after mother's

"Like all lovers, all obstacles were easily swept aside, and my father. thoroughly in love with my charming mother, was willing to make any promises that would secure for him his desired bride. And my uncle and aunt thought him sincere, which at the time I am certain he was, and so disliking to deprive their sister of any happiness, they gave a reluctant consent and they were married by the parish priest. My aunt entered a convent soon after the wedding.

" My mother and father were very happy together and my coming added still greater joy. years old, I started to the Academy where mother had gone, and father was delighted with the progress l

made with my studies. "I had been at the Academy two years, when father joined a society to which mother objected. They openly acknowledge that

they are against all Catholics, and your wife and child are of that Faith, she reminded him.
"'Nonsense,' father answered.

'They are just banded together for social benefit and have nothing at all to do with religion.' Things went along quietly for

several months. I had captured several prizes for excellence in studies and was making good progress with music. Then the bomb burst. "'Dorothy must go to the Public school,' father commanded. He had attended a meeting of the society the night before.

'That is impossible,' mother answered. I really believe she was expecting something like this and had steeled herself against submitting only by unceasing prayer, for she was always so sweet, yielding and gentle.

She must go, I tell you. Argument is useless. Start her in the Public school this morning. She must not go to the Catholic school another day.'
"Mother did not answer and after

father had left for the office, she bathed and dressed me, as usual, and started me off for the Academy. Well, Dorothy, how did you like

the new school?' father asked that evening. ' Mother did not give me a chance

to reply. Will,' quietly but firmly she faced father, 'Dorothy went to the Academy to-day, as she has always done and as she shall do in the future I have no intention of permitting you to disregard the promises you made when we were married, even though

you desire to do so. As I have said mother was very mild, and father could not believe that she had dared to disobey his

command. 'Dorothy did not--,' he com-

menced. 'Dorothy did not and will not go to the Public school,' mother re-

peated. It was the first time I had ever seen father angry, and I clung to mother's skirt in fright. His face

grew red, his hands clenched. You dared to disobey me!' He thundered and started forward with raised hand as though he would strike her. Then, suddenly, a trem bling shook his body, the uplifted hand dropped limply to his side and with a groan, he dropped dead at our feet.

When the doctor came, he told us that father's heart had been affected for some time, and he had cautioned him frequently that excitement or anger might cause sudden death. Mother went into a decline and lived less than a year. "You poor, poor child. How dreadful!"

Dorothy smiled feebly. Are you tired, Margie? May I continue?

"Go on, by all means. I am deeply interested. But no more of tragedy in your life, I hope."

' As you can well imagine, I was a nervous wreck after witnessing my father's death and losing mother. For years I would awaken at night, from dreams in which I rehearsed the dreadful scene, screaming in terror, and I was well into my 'teens, before the baneful effects were eradi cated from my mipd. After mother's death, I went to the boarding school where my aunt taught, remaining under her care until I graduated. During the summer vacations visited my uncle, the priest."

Dorothy paused thoughtfully be fore continuing.

"And then, like mother, I, too, me a man, apparently a good, honest, noble man, though he was not a Catholic. And again like mother had done before me, I could not believe ill of him and when he asked

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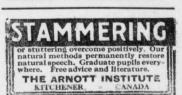
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