TWO

A FAIR EMIGRANT

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND AUTHOR OF MARCELLA GRACE : " A NOVEL. CHAPTER XXX-CONTINUED

"I know probably as much about these people as you can tell me, "I have been hearing of them said. ever since I came. They have not been good. They are fiercely proud, but still, as they have become old and helpless, I think their sins ought to be forgotten, and charity ought to consider their case.'

"So it ought, and so it has done from time to time. But you do not understand them. They will starve, rot, die, but they will die the Adares of Shane's Hollow. Once rich, arrogant, unscrupulous, they exercised a power in the country, and for no good. Spendthrifts, they scattered money; more dropped into their their hands, and they spent that too. They acted so that the curses of the people followed them, and the sympathies of their own class dropped away from them. In their decadence were too proud to accept any kind of work that was offered them guilty to do. Little by little they have fallen. One by one their old neigh bours and acquaintances-they never had any real friends, I believeshrank away from them in disgust, and suffered them to wrap them. selves up in their solitary pride. The people say a curse hangs over them; and, faith it looks like it, for no effort that has been made has ever been of service to them. And efforts have been made. Some time ago Lord Aughrim offered them a nfortable cottage rent free as an inducement to them to come out of the decaying house and live like human beings, but they declined. They preferred their own house even as it was. In the course of years the lands were sold away, parted with bit by bit, and it is through the charity of Lord Aughrim that they are not driven out of the Hollow. leaves them the ruin and this niece of land immediately surround ing it-

"Would it not have been greater charity to have driven them out ?

'Perhaps so. But I suppose he is not strong-minded encugh to apply his charity in such manner. Th fact is, no one has cared to take the bull by the horns and struggle with their maniacal pride. Men have put money together secretly and had it conveyed to them by subterfuge, pretending it had come to hem mysterious unpaid debt. But that sort of thing cannot always go on. Doctors and clergymen have paid visits to the house, and come out declaring that they could not risk their lives by returning there again, and that something ought to be done to relieve them of such a necessity. And yet nobody could propose the thing to do. Unless one were to set fire to the building and smoke them out they would not come; and nobody likes to take the torch in his hands-

For a few minutes the silence was unbroken, while Bawn recognized the ring of sincerity in his voice "Have they always refused help

openly given, rejected food, clothing fire ?" she asked presently, in her gentlest tones.

'Always, and with such scorn that one fears to insult them in such a way. I have heard that a relative in a distant part of the country (for the credit of the North I am glad to say these Adares do not belong to us, only settled here fifty years ago on an inherited property)—I believe that a relative helps them from time to time by irregular doles, just sufficient to keep them alive and no more. Two or three of them have died. One man who broke his leg was stolen out of the ruin and taken to the poorhouse hospital, where he received a little humane treatment before he expired. Another died a horrible death, in a damp hole in the underground story. They said he was eaten by rats. No efforts would induce him to leave his lair. And the end came on him suddenly. But I am making you sick-'No; I have heard it all before. I am thinking of that poor Miss Mave. She, I think, can have had no harm her. What did she mean by shrieking in her pain for Arthur

her reverses meekly, I hold her hard to9him? He admitted that she blameworthy. Bawn turned away her eyes again. She knew deeper depths of weakness in Mave Adare than he was thinking of. "But the tragedy ?" she said."

"It is a story in which our family is entangled, and we never speak of Not that I have any particular feeling in the matter. I was born about the time of my uncle and namesake's death, but my grandmother still keeps a terribly vivid to live solitary among these hills memory of the occurrence which was the greatest sorrow of her life. For butter. And yet, in the midst of her her sake chiefly, and also because ghastly things are best forgotten, we not refer to the murder do Roderick Fingall by Arthur Desmond, from the world, of whom only a dark who at the time was engaged to this unfortunate Mave Adare." "And part of her weakness, the

weakness, as you say, was in her allowing herself to be persuaded that her lover had committed this deed.' 'Is that your conclusion?" he said, with a smile. and generous, but there was no her doubt, I believe, that Desmond was

impression. How? Why?"

"From the moment when I first heard the tale I felt that Desmond had been the victim of a plot. You heard it before?'

From different quarters. wanted to hear it from you - from a Fingall.'

tell you. Every peasant in the glens knows the whole history : the crime, The motive was part jealousy, part greed for money. My uncle stood between Desmond and a fortune-Which actually fell to Luke tragedy is not over yet-not while

Adare. all the details," said Somerled, looking at her in surprise.

of

'I have been putting them together and piecing them out. It occupies me when I am lonely in the evenings "They are as free -when my butter is made. We have no such tales of old families in

America, you see, Mr. Fingall, and so you must take my curiosity and So she was still thinking about it. Macalister, who lives with me, is a Desmond has become a living hero

clearing his good name. Rory began to feel jealous of this shade of Arthur Desmond. If she would only occupy her evenings in thinking of him, a living man, with no interesting guilt upon his head ! wishes to himself.

'I am sorry for the sake of your romance," he said, " that Mave Adare's lover will not come out of any court, even that of your charitable considerations, with clean hands Do not look so serious over it. I did not know you felt so stronglyan incomprehensible expression of pain contracted her brow.

"Am I feeling strongly? It is my

Is it? I wish it would come my way, then," thought Somerled. "Well," smiling, "I am going to talk as lightly of the story as you One thing you can tell me. please. Did any one see Desmond commit

the crime "Certainly. There was no doubt and sheltering gladly-who knows? about that.'

Who saw it?" "I believe it was some of those

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

puzzled him more than ever. little impressionable, so prosaically steadfast to her own simple, homely desires; so strong to conquer the weakness of her heart towards him (for there had been, he insisted, a weakness in her heart towards him that time on board the steamer) : so clever in carrying out the intention with which she would not allow him to interfere-a determination merely and to improve the manufacture of serenity and her strength, here she was taking side passionately with an accused man, dead or blotted out

memory was left to the living whom he had wronged. This last trait seemed to show her weakness you have spoken of as in a new light, as one who would characteristic of her, her crime of take up fantastic ideas, a creature of imagination, impassioned, capricious not disgust him with her. He liked to think she was capable of change, "It is a woman's one for might not the next change sway

heart towards his? watched her he felt satisfied to think that Fate had drawn her wandering I have taken up a different feet unawares and led them into his neighbourhood, that out there was her home, while his was over yonder, and that there was time in the years before them to win her love. Now here she was coming back with he gold-headed sheaf, and, nothing could be less flighty, less fantastic, more equable, more serene than she looked.

She had forgotten the dreary shade Then I have had nothing new to of the unfortunate Desmond. "Is it not curious to think," she said, "that these lilies have been its motive, and its consequences. going on budding and blooming every year all through that tragedy and so near it, and even now are no way tarnished by it?

that poor woman lives," she added 'I see you are really in possession to cover her real thought, which was, "not while you and I live, who must remain parted by the cruel in-eradicable belief which exists as to

'They are as fresh and as brilliant' -examining them—"as though no wicked lie had ever poisoned the air that nourished them

product of the New World Betty making her way to Ireland or in championing a ghost ! Only for that firm believer in Arthur Desmond's look, which, unconsciously to her bitten me with her faith. Arthur yielding where she entirely loved, a man might be afraid of her to me, and I feel some ardour in led was not afraid of her, though he

wondered at her. "Nature does not afflict herself with our tragedies," he said, reply ing to her as she stood sunning her eyes in the glory of the lilies. "If she did she could not keep herself so But he must be careful to keep such fresh, so tranquil, so ever young and strong for our benefit. We could not lay a tired head in her lap ; her hand on the brow would have none of the healing touch it possesses. cause our passions cannot wither her up, because her atmosphere is not charged with our storms, that her airs and dews have their power to

soothe, that her rivers and fountains regenerate us. As Bawn listened, she sat down again near him. "And yet there is surely a sympathy," she said, "Would you not believe that the

ants "Yes : but that will not hinder their blooming on through years to come.

-perhaps a troop of sturdy children. a complete contrast to the wretched ing shaken off her frown, and once samples of humanity whom now hideous ruin has been levelled with

the ground

This uncanny Hollow

tones of a peasant chiding his stray while pretending to admire the resign, but you've never had the scenery through her eye-glass, had courage to do it. You are too symwho had wandered out of the straight not lost a word of the conversation. way home from school, but the murmur of ladies' conversation, the down with a high hand," she thought; mistake anyway. It pauperizes both last sound to be expected in these and then Major Batt, solitudes. Before they had time to was a nuisance even to Lady Flora, wonder Lady Flora appeared in company with her young friend Manon, Major Batt following in their wake. wake. talk. A clump of thorn trees had hid the approaching party till they suddenly me face to face with Rory Fingall

and Miss Ingram. Lady Flora put up her eye-glass and surveyed them both, espe Bawn, ejaculating, "Dear me ! both, especially in a tone of great surprise, while Manon turned away her head with a frown which spoiled the charming effect of

her exquisite French costume. Major, Batt hastened to pay his respects to Miss Ingram, over-heated and almost breathless as he was by having travelled through rude by ways to which his feet were unacccus tomed. Bawn and Rory had risen from their seat on the trunk of the tree, but slowly, as noway startled or disturbed.

Lady Flora had never vet addressed a word to Bawn, even at Castle Tor, and she was not going to recognise her now, when she had caught her in a most unbecoming and audacious proceeding-taking solitary ramble with the master of Tor, a gentleman far above her in station of life. She had, never liked Bawn, had never meant to like her intended always to maintain

opinion, and prove it in the end, that the American girl was a bold creature with whom it was unfit that the family of her landlords should associate. She had come to this place at considerable pains to herself, to see whether she could not strengthen her cause against Miss Ingram by finding her in precisely the position in which she had now been discovered. There is no know-ing what little bird of the air had hinted to her that Rory and Bawn had already met and conversed in Shane's Hollow, and that to-day they might possibly do so again. Thus it was that Lady Flora Fingall had penetrated to these unfrequented wilds, and now felt herself rewarded for the trouble. That Rory, who, by all the laws that regulate the fitness of things, ought not to be busily engaged in persuading Manon and her fortune to remain in and renovate and adorn ancestral halls, should be frittering away his time walking and talking a low farming girl who with happened to have a striking face and that peculiar colour of hair which Lady Flora would have given three new gowns a year to possess—that Rory should so behave went to illustrate the fact that men unaccountable and reckless in their ways, and often need to he managed for by the Lady Floras of the world She would talk to him by and by, and meantime she thought it no back. harm that Manon should be a little jealous, just to keep her from tiring

of the monotony of life at Tor. At present her object was to humble Miss Ingram and to gain a pretext for barring her out from all future association with the family.

"There must be something in the air to-day that draws the feet of friends one way," said Rory. First I encounter Miss Ingram in this outof-the-way place, and now we have another meeting quite as unexpected-

'I suppose those are your cows. said Manon to Bawn sweetly, havmore making the most of her beauty wretched Adares. Of course they they screen and pity, long after this and her attire, "and you have come hideous ruin has been levelled with here to look after them. That must be a troublesome part of your

"That poung woman must be put who to-day whether she would or not, began to ever going to-"

"Ladies," he said, "I could not have secured a better opportunityaw-for putting a little proposal before you. The weather is so charming-aw-and Lisnawilly

looking well-a small fete, a gardenparty-that sort of thing-might not be amiss. If you will all favour me with your company on Thursday. Lord Aughrim has promised, and one or two others-

delightful," cried Lady 'How Flora, glad of a diversion ; and Major Batt was restored to favour rapidly considered what Shana had got to wear. What a nice opportun ty for Rory to attend on Manon ! 'Really, it is sweet of you, Major Batt, to arrange such a treat for us. So good of you to approve of my

little effort. Miss Ingram, I hope, will also give me her approval and Lady Flora's eye-glass fell from

her eye, and she remained transfixed with surprise and displeasure. Now or never she must put down this presuming young woman into her

"I don't think Miss Ingram's engagements would allow of that," she said, slightingly.

Bawn glanced at her. Though her first impulse would have been to decline the invitation, she could not now restrain a mischievous desire to orrify Lady Flora by accepting.

"I shall not be particularly busy on Thursday," she said, quietly. do not churn till Friday.

Lady Flora made an indescribable ovement, expressive of disgust. Then I shall confidently

ou," said the major, rejoicingly. "It may rain," said Bawn, " may be too busy. Otherwise I shall be happy. Ah ! here is Peggy, coming to fetch me home !" as, to her relief and surprise, the woman was seen coming through the dilapidated fate. "My little cart is waiting for ne beyond the pass. Good gate.

ingshe was feeling exceedingly glad. coming after them.

"You must allow me to put you in vour cart.' 'What will they say ?'

see you safely there and safely

TO BE CONTINUED

THE LOVE-LADY

February is a trying month for charity workers. Winter has exhausted the small resources of the poor, sickness is often rampant, and the fresh impulse and opportunity of spring are still afar. Philanthropy has a dead weight to carry.

The raw, slushy day was darkening into nighfall when the county physician dismissed his last patient, closed his doors, and went down the courthouse corridor to the office of the Humane Society for consolation from its secretary. Ann Challoner was always ready to bind up the inds of a fellow

firing-line-the thought of her was

Jacob Jordan, wrapped in crepe

"I'd love to shake that woman !"

near her desk. He knew without

asking that Ann Challoner would

never marry him and so he cherished

She ignored his flippancy.

Hei

Coming from her door he met the

pathetic. This is no work for you there's no end to charity. And it's a giver and taker. You're a natural was a nuisance even to Lady Flora, and had joined her on the road, two—you should marry if you are

"I love my work !" she blazed back at him, "but if I didn't I should not marry myself out of it James Freer, you-" then she suddenly per ceived the trap laid for her, laughed, and was herself again. is

"I've got to do something with Mrs. Jordan," she pursued. "It's two full years since her husband and little boy were killed, and she keeps that great empty house exactly as it was when they were brought in dead She lives in remembering them. And her dread of children is a sort of insanity. Because she has lost her own she won't look at a child. rank selfishness. She has starva tion of the heart. I thought the Randas family might interest her, but she won't hear a word about them. She asks me to send for her when I need her, but when she comes she just writes a check.'

"The Randas ?" commented the doctor "I know them-truck-patch in the dump-two rooms, endless chickens, ten young ones, and Tony sober part of the time, thanks your ministrations, instead drunk always, as before. Hardly Mrs. Jordan's style, are they? She can't see me, and I flatter myself I

perch one rung higher than the Ran das, at least.' " The Randas are happier than she

Miss Challoner began rapidly putting her desk to rights as she talked. "The Randas are full of "I Italian song. They laugh like a chime of bells at the least excuse And if trouble touches a neighbor they all weep and send over their expect own macaroni supper and go will-

ingly hungry to bed. The Randas "or I love, and so own the earth !" She laughed, remembering the tribe. "Get Mrs. Jordan to adopt a child,

in my time, but I'll not be the one to figure of Peggy. She was aware that by and by she might regret her mischievous impulse, but more than the should see children ! And inst she business she has sold everything but Was not Sorely Boy still following on her footsteps? And here was his namesake and former master would be her salvation; if she could be her salvation; if she could be induced-

The door opened and a boy with an armful of papers trudged in. He was unbelievably little and shabby, with "Anything they like. And mind a beautiful dirty face and brilliant you keep the promise you were brave enough to make for Thursday. I cap from his tangle of red-brown, beautiful dirty face and brilliant curls and marched straight to Miss Challoner. He dropped his papers to clap both grimy hands to her tearstained cheek "Are you the Love-Lady ?" he

demanded stoutly "The—what ?" For all the surface

dirt of the day's work, he was whole somely clean. His features were cameo-clear, and his eyes steady and intelligent. Miss Challoner put her arm around him.

"The Love-Lady," he repeated tiently. "The kids said she was patiently. here. She loves you up when things is the limit. Fatty said so. I guess you're her." The doctor chuckled, Miss Challoner promptly forgot that he was on earth. She always forgot him for her poor. He was used

to it You've struck the right shop, son," he informed the child

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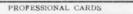
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She had felt herself coming to this. She wanted to hear Somerled's account of the disaster on Aura.

"There you touch upon a special tragedy, and I think you have had enough of that for today. Cannot we talk about something pleasanter, even if it be more prosaic ? Are you getting good prices for your butter ? Will you promise to let me know if you suspect that any one is cheating -Î mean the tradespeople out side, for we are honest folks in the glens, as a rule. Is there anything wanting, in or out of your farmhouse. that I can get for you ?

"I dare say there are many things, but at present I only want to know about that special tragedy. I am interested in the woman I have been visiting?

'I do not wonder. Doubtless she had, as you say, no harm in her, except the harm that springs from weakness of character, and weakness sometimes amounts to a crime when the weak person lives among the wicked and makes no effort to do anything but drift with them. It sometimes becomes the crime of women in this wav-

Was he going to condemn her for deciding against Arthur Desmond She held her breath.

she never appeared to wish to separate herself from the rest, and

I cannot swear to that.'

"Not after the account you have given of them to me just now?" I think-I will make a bet of a yellow lily out of vonder pool-that it was Luke Adare who whispered away Desmonds good name.' 'But Roderick Fingall was killed

by him. 'Might it not be that he had fallen

from the cliffs?" "Hardly. I am afraid you will

have to give up your hero. Desmond from all I have heard was a passionate and grasping fellow. He well treated, inasmuch as the thing was allowed to slide, and he got off to America. I hope, for the sake of the interest you take in his case, that he fared there better than he deserved-

Bawn had risen up; her eyes lashed, her lips opened to speak then she abruptly turned away and struggled to recollect herself.

"What a woman to love a man and stand by him!" thought Rory. "Well. if I have no other rival than this poor red-handed ghost. I will e'en try to be patient and bide my time.'

And then he watched her as she walked a little apart from him, skirt-ing the edge of the nearest pool, a look on her face which he with could not fathom. As the linen of her dress stirred in the breeze about her shoulders and feet, he thought her perfect enough in form to personate a goddess-Demeter's daughter. fresh and fair; or, even more fitly, Demeter herself, making the corn to grow, and the grass to thicken, and the fruit to ripen wherever sh set foot. That look on her face which troubled him and seemed to which troubled him and seemed to yomen in this way—" Bawn looked at him inquirigity. Was he going to condemn her for leciding against Arthur Desmond? She held her breath. "Inasmuch," continued Rory, "as he never appeared to wish to penartic herself from the rest, and some forth into the daylight and face

may one day be a singing grove, and business

people will wonder that human tribulation could ever have harboured in it. I grant you the symwith us, that experience which has enriched without blighting, which gives Nature her mysterious influence over the soul of man."

There was again a long silence of minutes, during which Bawn was thinking of her father's good name, swept away for ever with those ruins, while the birds sang, and children shouted, and the Hollow bloomed. Presently she said :

like the rest? "Certainly she proved it by her mistress. She never raised her voice action.

in his defence, so far as I have heard 'Well, then, in the course of years

she has changed her mind. 'How so ?'

Today she said a few words that carried this conviction to me. She cried out: 'Go away, Luke, and let me sneak to him! Let him touch me with his finger and the pain will be cured !' Was it not a remarkable appeal, impossible if she believed him to be a murderer? It is rather attempted the transfer. like a Catholic's desire for the touch of a martyr-

You think she looks on him as a martyr

What do you think ?" "That she is a crazy woman now, nd that the past supplies her

delirium with fancies." You are terribly bigoted." "If it would please you I would

almost try to say what I do not

"I am sorry to say they are not my good to Doctor Freer. cows," said Bawn, laughing ; "I wish they were-especially that red one. usual straggle of down-and-outers, pathy all the same, though, for I have But I indulge in the extravagance of her daily problem, and at their heels a member of the Humane Board, Mrs. often thought it is that sympathy a herd." She would not give any explanation of her presence there Rory, she thought, had said enough exhaling expensive aloofness. But Manon was no longer attending to her. She had caught sight of Sorley Loy.

"Oh ! what a beautiful dog !" she "Mr. Fingall, it is yours, exclaimed. I know, for I have seen it with you I am going to ask you to give it to me for my own.' troubles. When Ann let anything

"He is no longer mine," said exasperate her, times were bad "Is it not believed that Mave Adare Fingall, smiling; "I have given him to Miss Ingram. He looks after cows indeed. and sheep even better than his came in her quick, rich tones. "Why don't you ?" he asked with

"Oh ! but I am sure another dog amused affection and seated himself will do as well for that, and I have taken a fancy to this one. Miss Ingram will give him to me, of course, if you wish it." It was her little way of snubbing

their solid workaday friendship. "Why not shake her? I'm thinking Bawn. She thought her host could not, even for politeness' sake, refuse it would be a new sensation for her. anything to a guest in his house. Here would be a triumph, however Humane Secretary was little and trim, chestnut-haired, with dark blue eyes, and dark blue clothes that little it might really mean.

"Can't be done," said Rory quietly. "The fellow would bite any one who attempted the transfer. I will get were part of her, like a bird's plumage. you a dog, if you wish, Miss de St. she confided, her Claire.

"I don't care for dogs in general, only this one," said Manon, with a splendid fire in her dark eyes as they turned on Rory. "I positively must have him.

Somerled caressed the dog's head "What does Miss Ingram say ?" "I don't think I could part with

Sorely Boy," said Bawn, smiling.

I didn't cry when they took mother to the hospital and I didn't when dad was sent up. But tooth ache's the limit," explained the boy. He opened his mouth and indicated the offending tooth with a black little finger. ' It ain't loose enough yet to erk out. Fatty tried with a string. It hurts.

ovely young face was set and cold, The doctor snapped on the lights her eyes wide and unseeing as she and reached a long arm for his old medicine-case. Miss Challoner took passed him. He shut the door after her and went up the long, gloomy the boy on her knee while absorbent room toward Miss Challoner, who cotton and clove-oil were mercifully made him so tragic a little gesture administered - a matter of some that he instantly shelved his own moments.

Does it feel better ?" At th doctor's question the boy slid to the floor and stood feeling his cheek.

Not 'xactly better. But I guess it'll stop pretty soon," he replied politely. "I gotta go. I'm much politely. "I gotta go. I'm m obliged. What do I owe you ?" He

dug a baby hand into his pocket and brought up pennies and a few nickels. "You don't owe me anything, my You are welcome."

boy. 'I can't get something for nothing. It ain't good for my character, mother His man's eyes approved her. The announced the child. said, in the hospital and don't need it, and I can't eat when my tooth aches. can afford to pay you all right."

The man honored the boy's earnest ness with a man-to-man gravity The county pays me for doctoring

" The destitute poor I can stand," voice pulsing with folks. I can't take pay twice.

'I know you-you're Doctor Jim feeling," but the destitute rich drag the heart out of me. I cannot get at You came to Dugan's when Patsy had them. I got Mrs. Jordan on this measles. Mother and me can pay our board to make her forget her own griefs in the misery of others. All high. "Here's five cents—O.oh.!" she gives is money, which helps my A fresh twinge of pain made him poor, but does nothing for her. wince, but he stood erect. He was so boctor, she'll die or go insane if this goes on. Sometimes I think this loner picked him up and cuddled him

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