AMBITION'S CONTEST

BY CHRISTINE FABER CHAPTER VII-CONTINUED

AMBITION'S FIRST WILD COURSE

"Come here, frightened little sister. It's nothing so very terrible, after all—but you shock me with those horrified eyes."

She obeyed slowly; seating herself without a word in the chair to which he pointed, but never for a moment relaxing her frightened stare. He spoke rapidly, and sometimes with a of utterance thickness foreign to his usual tones, which his sister did not appear to heed. She heard the words which destroyed forever the hope Howard would become that which she knew it was her mother's dearest

wish to see him.
"I know it is a bitter disappointment to you, little heart," he said but I could not remain in the Propaganda. I could not sacrifice my ambition to become simply missionary, and there is such a broad field in the world now for to accomplish brilliant aims, that the picture was too bright, the temptation too alluring. Out in the world I can make a name which on emerging from the Propaganda walls I would be bereft of the power, and perchance the desire to make. I tell you." speaking with the force and earnestness he might have used to manly opponents, "that desire for fame which is in my soul would permit me no rest. I plunged into study, winning warm praise for my assiduity, and I strove by religious contemplation to turn my desires heavenward. But all the time the world was beckoning, and I longed for its adulation. Oh! to have part in the reform of nations, and leave a name to which an admiring people will erect remembrances this, this is my ambition, my desire, my life. I told all frankly at the They wrote to mother, and she replied that she would force me to enter no life unsuited to my inclinations, and desired them to permit my immediate return home. In her letter to me she simply requested that I would call for you. But I cannot comply with her request to return; I am going to remain in Europe to complete my education by a mode of my own. Should she withhold her consent to this arrangement, I will go home only to remain till I am of age, and then bid home farewell forever. I came to England without apprising you, because I did not wish the Grosvenors, particularly Lord Grosvenor to know of my departure from the Propaganda, and I feared that you might betray the knowledge in some manner did I make you my con-fidante. I have watched three days for this opportunity to speak to you unheard and unseen, and now must write to mother of my deter-

movement till I know her answer.' Ellen withdrew her hands from the affectionate clasp he essayed to wind about them, and rose, saying

mination, and I will make no further

"I don't understand you, Howard. I can't comprehend the feelings you describe, and I don't like what you have done. How have you travelled from Rome so unprotected - where have you remained those three days while waiting an opportunity to see

He laughed, somewhat bitterly,

"Poor little innocent! I have not wanted for friends-they clustered about me in Rome, they accompanied me from thence, and they live with

'What do you mean?" the color

flitting even from her lips. "Simply this," he left his seat, and approaching her, threw his arm about her shoulders : "Rome is prolific in the birth and breeding of peculiar societies-societies whose workings you could not understand, and whose purposes you might denounce — but societies which embody all the sentiments that have ever agitated my nature, and whose labors will afford a wide scope for the powers I feel are in me. Hence I have leagued myself with such a band-though it was difficult at first on account of my youth-and I have pledged myself to assist in carrying forth its designs. I might and would have done it all without acquainting you, but I could not sever the affect tion which exists between us - I could not part without once more seeing you, Ellen," and he tightened

"There will be no parting," she replied calmly, "between you and me; whither your fortunes tend, there will mine also follow. If you refuse to accede to mother's request to return home, should she repeat it, neither will I return. I will remain with you to save you for her if I can

the clasp upon her shoulders.

-to die in the effort if I cannot. Howard covered his eyes with his hand, to shut out the sight of that pale, lovely face turned to his ownlovely from the reflection of the rare virtues which animated her souland he blushed for his manhood, which by her side evinced such a

lack of firmness and loyalty.
"Well, write," he said, at length. "Write to-night, and I will remain in my present habitation, unknown but you, till her reply comes. If mother accedes to my wish, and will permit you to remain with me, I will contrive a home for you some-

"Wby not here?" she asked. "No," he said vehemently, "here I would have to encounter Lord Gros-

venor, and I wish never to meet him,

save when dire necessity compels-

'So late! I must hurry, or my lord and his lady will be returning. Conduct me down by some private

haughty assumption."

She clung to him, tearfully.

"When shall I see you again?"
"I will arrange it! Don't grieve, little heart.

He started, as the clock chimed

He bounded down the private staircase to which she accompanied him, hastened through the deserted drawing room, and vaulted lightly through the open window on to the lawn. Passing rapidly through some of the lighted thoroughfares, he was stopped for a moment on the crossing of one by the passing of a car riage. In his hasty glance he did not observe the Grosvenor coat-ofarms on the panels, and, gathering his cloak about his shoulders, he preparing to dart across, when Lord Grosvenor thrust his head out of the carriage window. The light from a street lamp shone full upon Howard Courtney's face, and their glances met, but for an instant only. Then the lad, regardless of his life or limbs, darted directly under horses' feet and passed safely over-not a second too soon; the spirited animals reared violently vain the expert coachman skilfully held the reins; they became unman-ageable, dashed backwards and forwards to the imminent peril of adjacent vehicles and finally, in one frightful plunge, knocked the driver senseless to the curb and overturned the carriage. Lord Grosvenor, strangely enough, escaped unhurt; his lady was insensible, and the beautiful form, in its costly wrap pings of lace and silk, from the dirty street and sorrowfully borne homeward. Howard Courtney from the opposite side of the street. witnessed the accident and its result, and he walked thoughtfully and at a slower rate towards his temporary

Lord Grosvenor's grief was some thing terrible to witness—silent, but betraying by its very silence its in-He would permit no one to bear her to her room but himself, and his own hands assisted in administering the restoratives which were hastily applied. Two of the faculty had been summoned, but though they assured the peer that no serious consequences might immediately apprehended, he read in their grave faces the confirmation of worst fears. Ellen was not apprised of the occurrence for some time after Lady Grosvenor's arrival then one of the servants communicated the sad news. She flew Lady Grosvenor's apartment. Lord Grosvenor, despite his own grief, was touched by the heart-broken manner in which she silently wept by the bedside of his insensible wife. She besought him to permit her to share his vigil during the night. He did not refuse, and both maintained weary, silent vigil for five long

hours. Lady Grosvenor moaned occasionally, but consciousness did not return. Sometimes from a motion. either watcher fancied she desired some special attendance, but every anxious endeavor failed to elicit more than incoherent mutterings. She slumbered when the night was far spent, and Ellen's head rested wearily against one of the posts of the great state bed-slumber sciously sealed her eyes, and dreams of home filled her mind. She fancied her mother's hand was fondly placed upon her forehead, and awoke with a start to find Lord Grosvenor standing before her with his hand upon her head.

Ellen, child," he said, in the der tones he was wont to use to his wife, "you are very tired-you ought

Not yet," she said sadly, " not till we know how Lady Grosvenor feels.'

He withdrew his hand, and asked, with a sudden change of voice

Have you heard from your brother recently

She looked up, while the crimson tide painfully flushed cheeks, neck and brow, and her heart beat as though it would bound from her How could she say deliberate no," and how could she break the promise given to Howard?

Lord Grosvenor continued to gaze. as if he triumphed in the painful ordeal through which it was so apparent she was passing. He said as he was about to request him not to press her upon the subject

I see I have put a question to which it would be painful for you to reply. Well, never mind it for the

He turned back to his seat.

That Howard was in England, and that Ellen knew it, he was confident. Why the lad's sudden, unexpected return should be the surreptitious thing it appeared, he neither knew moment seek to investigate the case. He fancied that the horse's restive feet, and bitterly felt, should his wife die, that her death would be owing to Howard Courtney. That fact was a fresh incentive to the dislike with which he already regarded the young fellow, and swayed by the influence of these unChristian-like feelings, the haughty peer left his seat a second time, and approached Ellen, saying in tones whose command would admit of neither remon-

strance nor entreaty: " Retire now-I desire it."

She obeyed in silence. Anne Flanagan, fearing that Ellen's vigil might render the latter weak and in save when dire necessity compels—
need of assistance, had remained in till I can meet him to humble his her young mistress' room; but, be.

need of assistance, had remained in the till Ellen I must see her to-throat.

coming exhausted, slumbered length in the easy chair—so soundly that Ellen's entrance did not arouse her. Nor would the gentle girl awaken her; but, noiselessly seating herself at her desk, began a letter to

her mother. She stated unreservedly every thing connected with Howard; her own grave fears about his religious principles; her determination abide with him till the end of her life or his.

"If you recall him, mamma," it painful as it is for me continued, to state it, I hardly think he will return. If he does, it will be for ant of funds to support him in the course of life he wishes to adopt and, in that case, he says he would eventually leave home to return no If you permit him to remain abroad, he may grow firmer in the faith, when more years bring more experience. Allow me to remain with him, for I shall return broken hearted without him. With him, I can tend him in sickness, and pray for him in health—watch him always for you mamma, and perhaps at last the dear, compassionate Jesus may hear our prayers, and restore him to us at least a true Catholic, if not one of the priesthood.

She could write no more—exhaust ed nature was powerless to longer restrain the pent-up feelings of the past hours—a flood of tears fell upon the page and blistered the written An hour afterwards, when words. Anne Flanagan awoke, she found Ellen's head bowed on the desk in a slumber as deep as her own had been while the open letter lay with its contents fully exposed. Impelled by a sense of honor, the woman turned aside her head; then muttering, "I have a right to know," turned again to the epistle and, leaning gently over Ellen's shoulder, she read the whole of the brief, pathetic missive. On its conclusion she stepped softly back, folded her arms, and stood look-

ing down on the sleeping girl.
"Howard has left the Propaganda she whispered, as if compelled to give her thoughts expression. "and Mrs. Courtney's trials are far from ended."

She smiled, as if her reflections were productive of some keen delight. The sleeper stirred uneasily - perchance the gaze of the basilisk eyes turned upon her were disturbing her slumber, for she muttered incoherently before she awoke. Turning to Anne, with her eyes still heavy from the combined effects of weeping and watching, she said:

I am glad you are with me, Anne, for I feel so broken hearted — so

alone. She grasped the hands of the maid. and the latter, strive as she would could not put out of her heart the feeling of pity which stole therein.

A week told the utter futility of all hopes for Lady Grosvenor's re-Malverton was summoned that the few remaining days of her life might be comforted by the constant presence of her son and husband. Lord Stanwix was hardly Lord Stanwix was hardly a moment from the sick room, and bore upon his careworn face such traces of anguish that even Anne Flanagan, who from the first had disliked the haughty nobleman, sympathized with his evident suffering Lady Grosvenor, white as if already reposing on her bier, lay without physical pain, but suffering deep, mental anguish. Conscious of her approaching end, she did not rebel husband without the love which averted his eyes. seemed to be so necessary for his

happiness.

Ellen Courtney's gentle tending "I wish you were safely home grew to be requisite for the invalid's comfort, and Lord Stanwix, reluctant "home is no place for me now. unhappily delayed, the grieving girl Ambition will compensate me yet.' would bow her head but make no

reply. Anne Flanagan carefully concealed sometimes did, on self-imposed which she twice caught a transient thus waited near the house for some the purpose of accosting him, he fled precipitately. The third time she saw him thus, instead of flying from

her, he called softly: 'Anne?" and then he came to her and put his hand on her arm, startnor cared, nor did his thoughts for a ling her by the wild expression in his

eyes. "I know you recognized me be fright had been due to the sudden darting of the youth between their ask me why I didn't permit the recognition, and don't ask me anything about my sudden return to England only tell me if it is true that Lady Grosvenor is dying, and how my sister is? Don't be so shocked that you can't answer me-I have not

much time to wait. "I don't know that you have any right to question me," began Miss bright—bright with emotions too Flanagan indignantly, "when you deep for tears. are afraid to go into the house to see for yourself."

Howard replied impatiently: "I did not address you to receive a lecture on my conduct; and now since you refuse to answer my question, you must carry a message for

morrow, sometime-let it be the afternoon, if she prefer. She can she said, "take them. Lady Groscome to the Regent's Park, accom-venor is my banker, and I could panied by you, and I will meet

"She will do nothing of the kind; and I will not deliver your message. said Anne Flanagan angrily.

The lad grasped her arm: 'Anne, never, till now, have I condescended to plead for a favor; I beg this one of you-grant it for my mother's sake."

The dark, scudding clouds, just then passing athwart the moon, prevented Howard from seeing expression of intense scorn w curled the maid's mouth, and the motion of her lips, which were nentally syllabling

I wish he had not asked for her

The lad, construing her silence into a wavering assent, endeavored to hasten the latter by saying:

"I say nothing of any regard you may have for me, Anne; only grant this request, even for the sake of my father, of whom I can remember nothing

Some sudden emotion overpowered the woman; she bent to the youth and burst into a passion of tears He felt the hot drops raining on his hair and face, and said affrightedly What is the matter, Anne? have I done to you?"

"Nothing," she answered, when the wild outburst had somewhat ceased; "only hysterics, to which I am subject. I will give your message to Miss Ellen, and I think I can promise that you shall see us in the park to morrow at four.

Thank you, Anne-thank you! I will not forget this kindness in the future.

darted away, and was lost in the darkness-the moon again being | you

obscured. Lady Grosvenor wondered next day at the tremulousness with which Ellen peformed her accustomed little attentions in the sick room, at the unwonted excitement in her manner, and the manifest impatience with which she so often sought her watch; but she did not comment upon it-not even when Ellen said, as it was nearing the hour of four, with a strange hesitation in her tones:

"I must leave you a little while, dear Lady Grosvenor. I am going out with my maid."

The gentle invalid smiled reassur-ingly, and replied in the whispering tones she had been compelled to use since the fatal accident: "Malverton will remain with me

till Stanwix returns. Howard, in the park long ere the hour appointed, met his sister and Anne Flanagan on their entrance. In an abrupt manner, which was in unpleasantly striking contrast to the affectionate way with which Ellen greeted him, he returned his sister's salutations, and drawing her arm within his own, he motioned Anne Flanagan to a seat to wait their return. When assured that they had gone sufficiently far to prevent maid overhearing his remarks, he began in a manner which showed he was most anxious to have the un-

pleasant communication over "I want money, Ellen! That which mother sent has all gone. You must procure me some, some where, till her letter comes.

Ellen paused in the shaded walk, with such a surprised, grieved look upon her face, that Howard, despite what she accepted as a divine the bluntness of feeling he fancied decree, but she grieved to leave her he had learned during the past few boy without a mother's care, her weeks, could not bear it, and he "I can't understand it," she said,

in those slow tones which hedreaded.

Home!" he repeated bitterly as he was to permit any one but himself to perform little offices for his wife, was compelled, because of the myself in a manner which you canfrequently to take his place by the bedside. He interrogated her no bedside. He interrogated her no little time from now, when I have won for myself a name, even my won for myself a name, even my Grosvenorspoke regretfully of Ellen's mother will be proud of me. I have promised visit to Rome being so done it all for Ambition's sake, and

His sister had no answer for such a speech; she could only look the abhorrence which his words had from her young mistress that she caused-could only express by her had read the letter dispatched to Mrs. sorrowful eyes the intuitive knowl-Courtney, and as a consequence, knew of Howard's proximity; but in the even ruin. And that expression, more ings when she went abroad, as she than if words had given utterance to the thoughts rapidly passing through errands, she knew that the form of her mind, touched the youth, and discovered to him for an instant the glimpse was Howard's-knew that he abyss to which he was deliberately verging. Swayed by the influence of opportunity of communicating with feelings to which he had been a stranger for months, he drew her tighter within his own, and arm were it not for the attention it might attract from chance observers, he would have thrown his arms about As it was, he said in a voice husky with emotion:

"Don't forsake me, Ellen-don't join with my mother against me.' In those same slow tones, as if all the bright young life within her was being changed to sluggish age, she

answered: "I have promised to remain with you, and I will fulfil my pledge; but O Howard! Howard!

Her brother expected a burst of tears because of the sudden pathos in the tones in which his name was uttered; but her eyes were dry and

His impatience returned. "Can you give me money till the

pearl necklace clasped about her

letter comes ?

"If these can procure you money," assign no reason for desiring money

proffered gifts, and a suspicious do the same; for it was prayer time moisture shone in his eyes; but he now instead of play time. Folding grasped them at last, saying hurried-

"I must since there is no other resource; but one day, Ellen, and I will repay all with interest.'

She shook her head mournfully 'Well, return now," he resumed, and I will waylay Anne again, when shall have arranged the time and place of our next interview.

He kissed her and walked rapidly away. Ellen watched him till his form was lost to sight, and even then was loth to turn from the spot. Tears were coming sufficiently fast now-the glistening drops were apparent even through the veil she drew over her face.

"Oh! Anne," she said, on reaching her maid, "for one sight of mamma now! I want to see her so much.

TO BE CONTINUED

WHITE GARMENTS

A TRUE STORY By Rosario

Great was the rejoicing in St. M-Convent, when little John Anderson was baptized.

Passing Sister Euphemia's schoolom and seeing his beloved teacher there, the boy paused in the doorway: "I s'pose you know I've been baptized," he announced with beaming face, "I could go straight to heaven this minute if I died. It's a chapel, to receive the whiter robe nice place, heaven is. I wouldn't be left out of it for anything, would

No indeed," Sister Euphemia responded emphatically, but a shadow of anxiety crossed her face. John as such a little, little child, would he prove faithful to the religion he nad chosen for his own when with drawn from Catholic influence? It was true, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, though Protestants, had shown themselves singularly free from religious prejudice in placing their child, when expediency demanded that he be sent to school, under the Sisters' care. They had even becoming weaker, death was only a the Sisters' care. They had even allowed him to become a Catholic now, though some time before he had expressed his desire to become one. Did they believe in the right of private judgment, even for a smiling little person of seven years, or were they simply supremely indifferent in all religious matters?

From the yard outside came the clamor of boy voices. game," John said delightedly; butjust ready to spring away—he stopped abruptly, "Is it all right for me to go," he questioned, "you see want to be very good now.

Surely, yes, child," Sister Euphemia answered, but smiling all to herself as she noted the resolute set of the small, chubby chin. "Do you remember the story I told you about the saint and his marbles?

stop playing marbles, because just these doubts were forgotten when then it was play time, and our Lord Mrs. Anderson entered her mother's would want him to play marbles in room one morning; she was much play time."

That is right," Sister Euphemia approved. "Our Lord is glad for us wouldn't you like to be baptized?" must be careful not to keep on playing after play time is over, when it Catholic?" may be prayer or study time, per-

haps. hurry a little," so dutifully bound on and your little one are Catholics, for making as much as possible of the I believe (the aged voice grew present play time, the little feet has- stronger) there is but one tened away.

It was Saturday afternoon and send for a prtest." from the nearby city, Mrs. Anderson joyous than ever today. He had much to tell her of the wonderful sacrament of baptism which he had received that morning; it had made his soul white, and he meant to keep it white always, he boasted.

Thoughtfully, Mrs. Anderson listened to the boy's prattle; did the white garment 'make all its wearers equally happy, or was it that John was just a happy-hearted child, pleased with something new, apparently beautiful?

Presently he took her outside the house, desiring to show her the charming nooks and places of interest on the convent grounds, and at "Now I will show you the last. shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes," he said. She followed him some distance down a straight paved way. At the end was a shrine, arranged among rocks to represent the grotto of Lourdes Vaguely Mrs. Anderson was aware that the surroundings themselves were beautiful. Tall forest trees murmured and whispered in the background: from a field nearby came the soft rustle of corn-around her was the glory of a June day all in all their lavish splendor was perfect—and from the shrine above, granted to her, the treasures which the face of Mary looked down, compassionate, kind, as if some dream in his heart of Our Lady of Lourdes, Our Lady of Joy.

Mrs. Anderson glanced at her son; with deep devotion he was gazing at the face of the statue, and a feeling of loneliness came over the mother;
—what joy was this that had come to her boy in which she could have no part? Her own beauty loving Presbyterian doctrine; was it strange that this glad child of hers had tion to the priest's discourse on the chosen instead, the poetic beauty of the Catholic faith? Yet might it not be possible that it held more than mere outward loveliness. Did the face of Mary the Mother answer, Church—Catholic, Apos.olic.

perhaps, to some deep and hely feeling, some innermost need of human

ity's heart?

From the convent a bell sounded rom her now."

Howard turned twice from the his knees, motioning his mother to now instead of play time. his small hands reverently and lift-ing earnest eyes to the face of the statue, he recited aloud the Angelus For a moment Mrs. Anderson was puzzled, then she realized he was saying a portion of the Gospel wherein is described the coming of an angel to a Virgin named Mary. As never before, the scene of Nazar eth became real to her, and instead of her little angelic son kneeling now before the Virgin's statue, she saw in spirit, the stately angel Gabriel, kneeling to petition a lowly Hebrew maiden that she become th Great Mother. Over the Israel, leaned in gracious love, Everlasting Father, hovered the Spirit Dove, waited the Eternal Son. the If God's angel could so kneel, praise and to petition, might not humanity also kneel, praising, petitioning?

> As a little later, the boy and his mother returned toward the convent, one of the Sisters joined them. conversation ensued, in which Mrs Anderson inquired with interest into many points of the Catholic religion. Then there were other visits to the convent, and other and longer and more anxious questioning. Finally it was decided that she, too, must follow her little boy into the Church.

of baptism; and fervently she prayed that others dear to her might come to wear it also. It was of her ow mother she thought most prayerfully and anxiously; for if the Catholi faith had brought joy and peace to the daughter, what wondrous lations would it not hold for Mrs Murdock, who had been an invalid for two years.

Again, a month later, Mrs. Ander son knelt in the chapel, this time to receive the sacrament of confirma tion. She felt that she had urgent need of the gifts, and guidance of question of time. Somehow could the light of faith he brought to that failing life? Or was it, perhaps too late to trouble Mrs. Murdock now? Would it be right to expect the dying woman to accept without very long deliberation because her daughter desired it-the faith she herself had embraced? At least she "It's a ball had no aversion to Catholicity, and almost hopefully Mrs. Anderson recalled how that years ago her mother had occasionally gone with a Catho lic friend to special services at the Cathedral, and had read some Catho lic books. She claimed to respec all creeds, but apparently it had never occurred to her to accept any particular one of them. Would it be well to trouble her now with the thought of religion, perhaps, only to Why, yes. He wasn't going to disturb her peace of mind?

worse. She knelt beside her, "Mother, have a play time; though we she questioned wistfully, "to have a

The answer surprised her, would like it of all things,' Yes. Sister, and maybe I'd better Murdock said softly, "I am glad you Church—the Catholic Church. Yes

Mrs. Anderson herself went on that arrived for a visit to her son. Happy errand of love, and in a short while though John usually was, the mother noted that he seemed more saw at once that death was very near, though Mrs. Murdock was still fully conscious. He took her cold hand in his, "I have come to help he told her gently, "I am a you, Catholic priest."

Into the dying eyes flashed the light of joy and hope, how wonderful it was! Mrs. Anderson considered how marvelous the power of the old message, the old faith, ancient and yet forever new. To how many a breaking or despairing heart, had the presence of Christ's eternal priesthood brought hope and consolation. So she thought as with throbbing heart, she beheld her mother yearning for baptism. I understand you wish to receive

baptism?" the priest continued. Yes, and to receive (Mrs. Mur dock's face grew eager,) all that you can give me.'

Had the grand Cathedral in the long ago given its message to her soul after all—a message other than the splendor of its service—even the message of Christ's presence a Humbly the dying woman listened to the priest's instructions, and then granted to her, the treasures which the Church holds for the dread hour of death. The holy Viaticum of Ou sculptor had almost expressed the Lord's body and blood and sacrament of the last anointing. To

Anderson and her son it had been given to realize the beauty and de sirableness of the Catholic faith in life; so to Mrs. Murdock came the realization of its divine strength in death.

The congregation which attended the funeral Mass, was largely made nature had been starved by stern up of non-Catholic friends and relacertainty of death.

May the priestly discourse yet

bear fruit, in bringing some of them

Phone Main 6249. After Hours: Hillcrest 3313

Society of St. Vincent de Paul Bureau of Information

Special Attention
Given to Employment

Cast off Clother
Always in Demand
25 Shuter St. TORONTO Office Hours 9 to 4

AUTOMOBILES, LIVERY, GARAGE

R. HUESTON & SONS very and Garage. Open Day and Nigh o 483 Richmond St. 580 Wellington Phone 423 Phone 4 Phone 441

FINANCIAL

THE ONTARIO LOAN & DEBENTURE CO'Y Capital Paid Up. \$1,750,000. Reserve \$1,450,000 Deposits received, Debentures Issued, Rea Estate Loans made. John McClary, Pres.; A M. Smart, Mgr. Offices: Dundas St., Corne: Market Lane, London

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

FOY, KNOX & MONAHAN Hon. J. J. Foy, K.C., A.E.Knox, T. Louis Monahan E. L. Middleton George Keough Cable Address: "Foy"

Telephones (Main 794 Main 798 Offices: Continental Life Buildin CORNER BAY AND RICHMOND STREETS

H. L. O'ROURKE, B.A. (Also of Ontario Bar)
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY Money to Loan Suite 5, Board of Trade Building 231 Eighth Avenue West

CALGARY, ALBERTA JOHN T. LOFTUS Barrister, Solicitor, Notary, Etc. 712 TEMPLE BUILDING

TORONTO Telephone Main 632 REILLY, LUNNEY & LANNAN

Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries Money to Loan Clifford B. Reilly, B.A., L.L.B. Harry W. Lunney, B.A., B.C.I Alphonsus Lannan, LL.B. Burns Block, Phone M . 5429 CALGARY, ALBERTA. P. O. Drawer 1809 Special facilities for correspondence in French

> DENTISTS DR. BRUCE E. EAID

Room 5, Dominion Bank Chambers
Cor. Richmond and Dundas Sts. Phone 5668 St. Jerome's College Founded 1864 KITCHENER, ONT.

Excellent Business College Department.
Excellent High School or Academic Department
Excellent College and Philosophical Department
Address: REV. A. L. ZINGER, C.R., PH.D., PRESIDENT



ourse by correspondence, with one year's attendance

mer School Navigation School



Hotel St. Charles Atlantic City, N. J.

situated directly on the ocean front, with a superb view of beach and board walk, the St. Charles occupies an unique position among resort hotels. It has an enviable reputation for cuisine and un obtrusive service. Twelve stories of solid comfort: ocean porch and sun par lors; orchestra of soloists. Week-end dances. Booklet and rates upon request

NEWLIN HAINES CO.

funeral Directors

John Ferguson & Sons 180 KING ST. The Leading Undertakers & Emba Open Night and Day Telephone - House 373 Factory 548

E. C. Killingsworth FUNERAL DIRECTOR Open Day and Night

BELLS, PEALS, CHIMES and East India Tir

583 Richmond St. Phone 3971

