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GERALD DE LACEY'S DAUGHTER

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF COLONIAL DAYS

BY ANNA T. SADLIER

CHAPTER VI THOMAS GREATBATCH, SMUGGLER AND PIRATE

On the streets of the town, during those closing years of the seventeenth century, a certain type of men was to be seen, easily distinguishable from all others. Their dress consisted of loose trousers, short open jacket, a sash of scarlet around their vaist, and a bandolier of the same flaming color over their shoulders. onzed faces, fierce mustachios and bold eyes proclaimed their call-They were avowedly smugglers, but also — as everybody whispered, but few said aloud—pirates. Smug-gling and piracy had become, in fact, a common avocation, and it was broadly hinted that citizens of prominence were interested at least in the smuggling operations, to which they lent their countenance.

preceding that of Lord Bellomont smugglers had grown bold, being under the patronage, it was said, of those in authority. Piracy upon the high seas, and in the vicinity New York, had become so common that my Lord Bellomont was entrusted with a special commission to inquire into that abuse and its remedy had early announced to the Council his determination to put a stop to the nefarious traffic. This announcement had not succeeded in striking terror into the hearts of men who had been accustomed to defy or evade the law, and to hear at intervals fulminations against themselves and their calling, which were followed by no vigorous action. But the Earl of Bellomont, a resolute man and accustomed to command, went a step far-ther, and this with the approbation of the King and others in high places in the mother country. He declared his intention of founding in default of a navy, a privateer service, to which the wealthy men of the colony, particularly those who had maritime interests, should contribute. Sailing the high seas, these privateers would

This announcement of his was the chief subject of conversation at every dinner table in the town, and in the taverns where men of all shades of opinion met for the discussion of public, and sometimes private, affairs. And it was being discussed on a certain afternoon under the spreading boughs of that famous elm which sheltered the tavern of Der Halle, by two men who sat as far apart as possible from the stragglers that now and then came forth from the tavern to enjoy the coolness of the air under great tree. One of these wore that dress which many were now beginning to fear, but which had been so long a familiar feature of the In an ordinary peaceful community that costume would have been startling, but to the inhabitants of Manhattan at that epoch the smuggler, thus boldly proclaimed by his costume, was a picturesque and almost admired figure. It was no uncommon thing to see such men seated at the tables of notable citizens, or smoking a friendly pipe and drinking of punch with them in the taverns. For it was these men who brought to the port of New York rich stuffs, gold, precious stones, wines and spices from the Orient, no less than such ordinary products as sugar, molasses or rum. If sometimes, as was alleged but never openly avowed, their illegal trade merged into the darker calling of pirates, it only seemed to lend them an added attraction in the eyes of many otherwise law abiding citizens, or the charge was conveniently held to be slanderous and unproved.

The member of this calling, who appeared under the tree of Der Halle tavern that day, was a broad, thickset man, with a coarse and strongly marked countenance, upon which smallpox had set its seal. This Thomas Greatbatch, who smoked in short, fierce puffs from a huge pipe, was so typical of his class that he vas a hero to adventure-loving boys of the town. Also he was on terms of something very like intimacy with many grown men, despite their secret at his boastfulness, coarseness and insolence, no less than the suspicions they must have entertained as to his character. The man as far removed from him in station as in appearance or manners. A newcomer to the colony, of mixed English and Dutch extraction, Mynheer de Vries had made himself a power by the vastness of his commercial operations and the wealth of his the dwelling, lately left vacant by the death of the celebrated Cornelius charming dwelling wherein Majoror, as he now thought it safer to be called, Mr.—de Lacey and his daughbroadcloth of dark wine color, with silver buttons. His waistcoat was of the eyes of his companion were covetously fixed from time to time, for he road. was fully aware of its value. upon the deck of his good ship, he by the liquor he had imbibed, "the quired Ferrers, in the manner of one

ceremony to its owner. The talk of the two men was at first unimportant :

See yonder mackerel clouds," said Greatbatch, pointing with his pipe-stem to the firmament, "Mares' tails, as we call them, Mynheer, and a good name enough. Well, as sure as the sun's in the heavens now, that before it comes."

His companion's eyes followed the direction of the pipe-stem to where fleecy masses of cumuli, like the unshorn wool of many lambs. were crowding together in masses upon the azure expanse of sky. Here and there, other trailing clouds broke the blueness with exquisite effect.

You are, no doubt right," said the other, in even, courteous tones. "Though I may not claim your knowledge of the weather, I can believe that we are near a change.

"I'll sail at sun-rising," Captain Greatbatch had said decisively, Then, as his round eyes dropped from the sky to the water, he burst into a great guffaw: "What a sight they are, those Vrowen, by-

Mynheer raised his hand in deprecation of the coarse oath with which the observation was seasoned, nor did he see anything especially ludicrous in the to him customary sight of comely red-cheeked women row-ing their flat-bottomed boats, piled

Greatbatch, however, continued to chuckle and mutter to himself, as he watched those placid oarswomen. with their caps tied under their chins and no other head-covering to protect them from the sun. as the rum which he was imbibing (that Barbadoes brand, of which he himself had brought into port full many an illicit cargo) began to warm him, he burst forth:

I know that you gentlemen are shaking in your shoes, for has not my Lord Bellomont-a curse upon him !-made laws against the honest profits of us men of the sea?"

'It is most certainly true," said Mynheer, bending eagerly forward and dropping his voice, "th be extremely perilous for—" "that it will

He stopped and peered all around the great elm tree, for so considerable was its girth that it was a com-mon boast of the tavern how many men it took to encircle it. He even looked up into the branches, lest any adventurous lad might be emulating the birds by finding a foothold amongst the foliage.

Greatbatch laughed a scornful

Parlous," he echoed, ever I was a lad in my teens, I have lived in the teeth of peril; and if you mean by that dangers to the body, I snap my fingers thereat." He did snap his fingers in such

close proximity to Mynheer's face that the latter drew back in disgust. Then, there's another peril that you gentry are afraid of, and that is your reputation and your standing with these Governors that they send

out here from the old country take the bread out of folks' mouths." After another alarmed look around the place, where the few who were present seemed to be absorbed in

their own concerns, and only the pirate-captain, Cap'n Kidd." birds in the branches above were near enough to have overheard. Mynheer said: am most heartily in accord; for rep- off into a roar of laughter. Mean-

have winked at your evasions of the law." Greatbatch laughed a deep hoarse

laugh, for well he knew that the some of which might be called crimes, but in which, in so far as it was safe, he gloried.

My Lord Bellomont," went on Mynheer, "has determined to put down with a strong hand all illicit traffic, and with still greater zeal as may imperil the lives and property of His Majesty's lieges upon the high seas.'

Perhaps there was a faint note of Ferrers remarked : satire in the smoothness with which this was said, too subtle for the ear of Greatbatch, and Mynheer fancied that he caught in the latter's deep growls such expressions as "white-livered, chicken-hearted cowards." But he thought it wiser to take no tained as to his character. The man who sat opposite to him at table was the matter must be settled amicably the matter must be settled amicably with this ruffian, who knew so much that implicated himself and many other prominent citizens of Man hattan, directly or indirectly, in that piracy which had made the higher a terror, or in that smuggling and the wealth of his which was making the port of New He had purchased York notorious for evasion of the law. That many high-minded citizens looked with horror upon the Steenwyck, which adjoined that former of these practices, and with alter the fact that many others were involved therein. And, though they ter had taken up their abode. His coat and small clothes were of finest themselves, they were perfectly well aware that the success of this Cap tain Greatbatch in bringing cargoes brocaded satin, with jabot of fine lace. His clear-cut features were attained by foul and often murderaristocratic in type. His hands were ous means. Such a form of open long, white and thin, and upon one robbery, frequently involving the robbery, frequently involving the finger sparkled a jewelled ring of loss of human life, was rendered priceless value. Upon this bauble picturesque by being practised on picturesque by being practised on the main, rather than upon a lonely

"Aye," said Greatbatch, irritated bly he was thinking that, had he been by the other's caution no less than

would have lost no time in possessing Governor wants to enforce naviga simself of such a gem, and with scant | tion laws and to confiscate ships and cargoes for the customs dues. He tries hard to take the bread from honest seamen, but mark you, Myn-heer, he has passed a law against them that knowingly entertain, con ceal or hold correspondence with pirates."

And he laughed long and loud at the dismay which was visible on the means bad weather, and a signal to countenance of Mynheer at this Captain Greatbatch to make sail reminder. Also, he raised his voice to a pitch which caused his compar ion to protest in great alarm, as he said:

"As for my Lord Bellomont's scheme to place privateers on the seas in place of pirates, why, what are they but a pack of hell-hounds? And Cap'n Kidd for their Commander, oh Lordy, Lordy! Why, man, if I mistake not, he will be the most daring pirate alive today, the most dangerous sea rover that ever trod a deck-aye, and I make no doubt the most expert of cutthroats. And here's to his health, I drain my glass to

Mynheer had noticed with consternation that, even as the man spoke, a gentleman strode out from the tavern and occupied a place not far removed from them on the other side of the tree. He recognized him at once as belonging to the Governor's household. He had seen when, with other notables of the town, he had gone to meet the newly arriving Governor, and when he with market-produce, over the attended the installation ceremonies broad river from the sandy cliffs at the Stadt Huys. He had since met him at various social gather ings, and was aware that his name was Captain Ferrers. The latter seated himself unobtrusively, smoking a pipe and sipping a glass of beer which the waiter brought him. Mynheer whispered a word of warning to his companion, upon which the latter, turning, and as if to include the newcomer in the invitation, cried

> Come, drink to the health of Cap'n Kidd, newly appointed by His Excellency's worship policeman of the seas. Drink with me to Cap'n Kidd, like to be the most daring pirate that ever sailed the high

> After an instant of astonishment, a look of humorous intelligence crossed Ferrers' face. The man and his costume proclaimed his profession, which was henceforward for bidden. Also, there was a certain irony in the glance which the young man cast at the smuggler's compan ion. The latter, catching his eye greeted him with a formal bow which Ferrers returned courteously but carelessly. At which Mynheer, leaving Greatbatch with but little ceremony, advanced towards the officer with something deprecating, almost obsequious, in his manner.

"I was just telling this good man, that the days of his call ing, as openly practised in Manhat tan, are about numbered.'

Greatbatch, hearing this remark, was highly incensed, and cried out Whether I be a good man or a bad man, more likely the latter, at least I am open in my villainies, for. sir, whoever you may be, I am just telling this worthy gentleman that the game he and the other big bugs have been playing in this town, is well nigh over, unless they can make a bargain with His Excellency's new

And the fellow, overcome with tipsy mirth at his own humor and at e manner in which he had turned With one part of your speech I the tables upon his companion, went utation is of a surety what we while, scarlet with confusion and gentlemen have to safeguard. If we full of apprecions, Mynheer stood He paused | quite confounded. Greatbatch, see for a suitable word, while Greatbatch ing that his companion had deserted eyed him truculently. "At your him, drained his glass and lurched away with a satirical farewell to his late associate.

"Will you join me, Mynbeer," said euphemism was but a paltry way to describe those daring deeds of his, a glass of beer, or do you perchance prefer Madeira ?"

But there was still that look of humorous intelligence in the keen gray eyes, that made the burgher decidedly uncomfortable. Nevertheless, he accepted the courteous invitation with some eagerness. He had such attempts, if any such are made, a weakness for the society of the great, and besides, there might be an opportunity of putting himself right. When his glass had been filled

"Yonder is rather a dangerous sort of fellow, I should opine, especially if it be in matters confidential. He dips too deep into the bottle for

He is of ruffianly demeanor. grant you," replied Mynheer, "but he is a trader and a most successful one, master of the trading vessel, Hesperia.'

Which vessel, if I might hazard a guess, has a history," said Ferrers. Mynheer made a gesture of depre-

'It is a trader," he repeated suavely. " Might one venture to suggest, in connection with that trade, the word

illicit?" "inquired Ferrers. Mynheer looked into the clear. gray eyes, and answered boldly:
"Smuggling," he said, "has been hitherto held by some persons in Manhattan to be a minor offence, if offence at all. Restrictions upon our commerce have been so burden-

some and so vexatious." Granted. But the rich cargoes of these traders, how are they procured?

He sipped his beer, but did not look into the other's face, since he had no mind to play the inquisitor. How?" stammered Mynheer Why they sail the high seas to distant ports and-"

"It is in these ports, then," in-

interested in a debatable point, that they procure those cargoes of costly merchandise, which, as I have heard tell, often include jewels of price, gold and the finest of stuffs?"

As Mynheer did not at once reply, since he knew that that question cut into the very heart of the sub-ject, Ferrers lightly closed the dis-" I pray your forgiveness," he said,

" for entering upon a topic which to be sure, and at least in so far as I am concerned, is purely local," And remarking upon that which

Freatbatch had before made subject of conversation, he said: What a very extraordinary figure those market-women cut, and how skilfully, if placidly, they use the

oars !" Following his lead, Mynheer discoursed upon that topic, presently pointing out, however, that the great clouds presaging high winds were banked up to the west, behind the pile of great rocks.

"But, perchance you know, Captain Ferrers," he explained, "the local tradition that these winds are forever driven back, not by the rocks, as might seem most natural, but by the spirits of departed Indians even we burghers have a kind of belief in it."

"Which would be but another instance of ingenuous credulity, Ferrers said slyly, and the other, realizing his meaning, once more flushed from chin to forehead. for example, if one were to credit the sea stories of yonder fellow that has just left us.'

But Mynheer, becoming exasper ated under his smooth manner, answered with something of impertin

"Even as when His Excellency holds it for certain that Captain Kidd will exterminate the sea-robbers." "Have you acquaintance with this

Captain Kidd?" inquired Ferrers, apparently unheeding the thrust. But a slight one," replied Myn heer, adding with a return to his

former caution: "Men say that he is both brave and skillful." Were he not the former, at least. responded Ferrers, "he would scarce have undertaken his present serv-

At which Mynheer permitted him self a peculiar smile and slight raising of the eyebrows, as he

"And my Lord Bellomont commends him highly."
"My Lord Bellomont commends

him highly," assented Ferrers, echoing the precise form of words used by his companion. Then he asked a question:
"There is in this town," he said,

a gentleman of the name of de Lacey?" For that much he at least had learned, together with the fact that the lady with the beautiful eyes

was his daughter.
"Yes, yes," said Mynheer, "Mr.,
formerly Major de Lacey. I fancy
he does not make use of the military title now. Do you chance to know him?

"I have but seen him," said Ferrers.

little part in the affairs of these colonies. A most agreeable fellow to meet, but he goes not at all into society. He lies low now. For he came out at first to these parts with Dongan."

Ah," said Ferrers, a quick flash of interest in his eyes, "and Dongan was a recent Governor here, but

He was the only Popish Governor New York has ever had, and because of his religious opinions, some were against him. Honest and a worthy ruler, (The sheriffs sent a resolution of thanks to King James for having sent Colonel Thomas Dongan, whose integrity, justice, equity and the constant motion in walking, or prudence, we have already had a to some other law of tea-making existence. I noticed sufficient experience at our General Court of Sessions.") as I believe him to have been, he fell under suspicion by reason of his Popish practices. This de Lacey came hither in his

"And here remained?" inquired Ferrers.

'Oh, he has been in England since but the reason for his leaving there, I know not. Mayhap it was political, for some will have it that he is a Papist, though nothing is known to a certainty, and he is assuredly Irish, a nation none too friendly to the King's Majesty."

As Ferrers made no comment on this information, the other added:

"His daughter, whom perchance you may have noticed, is a charming girl, and, since the two are my near neighbors, I am in a position to judge. It is said that she wields the weapons of her sex, beauty and the rest, remorselessly with the young gallants of the town."

"They have my sympathy," said errers, "for we are all alike power-Ferrers, ' less against the fair."

Light as was his tone, he knew that he could testify to the strength of those weapons when wielded by one possessed of such attractions as Evelyn de Lacey.

Since there were signs of the bad weather predicted by Captain Greatbatch who was even then approaching, Ferrers presently took his leave. As they shook hands in parting, Myn-

Is your interest very keen in this question of illicit traders?"

Ferrers replied with his humorous

Only in so far as beseems the Household of my Lord Bellomont.' TO BE CONTINUED

GATE OF HEAVEN

Joseph Carey in Boston Pilo We had been climbing all day, slowly but steadily, and it was just about sundown when we reached the Half Way House. It was a rude but comfortable shack, one of the many established by the Alpine Society for the accommodation of mountain climbers who must camp for a night on a climb of some of the higher ountains. The hut on the Gross Glocker was somewhat larger than the average hut found in the mountains, and during the summer season there was always a caretaker there, whose business it was to see that the house was amply provided with supplies. These supplies, as well as a night's lodging, are provided for travelers at very modest rates.

While the other four members of the party were comparatively freshthey being accustomed to this sort of travel—I was thoroughly exhausted. My only consolation was that I had had sense enough to refuse from the beginning to attempt the summit of mountain, but had only agreed after much urging, to go to the Half-Way House. The others intended to push on the following day, while I was to stay at the shelter and await their return.

The path thus far had been fairly and always safe, but the path on the following day's journey to the summit would afford some serious difficulties to the novice. In fact the Gross Glockner is one of the highest mountains in the Lower Alps, and its snows give rise to one of the largest glaciers in the world. The thought of the glacier was terrifying to me, and even the thought of the height to which we had climbed was enough to make my head swim. temperament demanded for mountain climbing as well as experience, and I was quite convinced that I possessed no more of the one than of alone in Steinbock." the other. As it was, every bone in bit of chalk the words "Porta Coeli" refreshment.

the best of spirits, while I was inclined to be grouchy, owing to the charging up to the eternal snows. had experienced.

"Porta Coeli." cried Ben. "That's good name for this place. It is mountain stream babbled, its only a step from this place to the pearly gates. See, the clouds are Indeed it had its source in the virgin away down in the valley below us!"
"Yes," I grumbled, "it is only a

step from here to the pearly gatesjust a step off the path, or over a the labor of climbing was so great precipice, or into one of the crevices of the glacier. If you fellows are sensible, you will stay here tomorrow quietly instead of attempting the the hills and mountains of this life ummit, and then we will go down together the day after.'

The quartet laughed at this. They had their steel-tipped Alpine stocks in their hands, and a stout rope with which each would be tied to his fellow. They had their heavy hobnailed mountain shoes and all the other apparatus necessary to the successful attainment of the heights.

Nothing could induce them to desist. haven of light and rest. "Come on, you pessimist," chuckled en. "What you need is a cup of

"I hope it will be better than the stuff we have been drinking all day," I answered. I had reference to concoction which was much used in the mountains. A flask was filled with cold water and a generous portion of tea leaves was placed therein. I do not know whether it is due to with which I am wholly unacquaint ed, but there results from the mixture of tea and cold water a drink which is greatly in vogue among the mountaineers. My friends professed to like it, but I still prefer to have my tea brewed in hot water. Not have at least a good hot drink

I don't know why I had been induced to take that dangerous trip. By nature I am a conservative and hate to risk my life. I have always considered mountain climbing in the same category as ballooning and aviating and racing in automobiles. That poor chap in Benson's book. 'The Coward," did not lose a bit of his good standing in my eyes when he refused to jump across crevasse in the glacier. If I had been there in the same stances, I would have refused my-

But everything had been every quiet at Steinbock for a few days. Most of the students were away, and when Carlton proposed the trip to the Gross Glockner, the two or three Innsbruckers who were left rather jumped at it. I would be left alone in Steinbock except for the Herr Pfarrer, and I would see him at best only perhaps during a walk in the afternoon. The students noticed my desolate countenance and surmised the reason. They knew how lonely I had been at Matrei before I discovered the retreat of the Innsbruck students at Steinbock.

"Come along," they urged. "What," I cried. "Go up the Gross Glockner over the glacier? I guess not! Why, that's the highest mountain in Tyrol! It is bad enough for

you fellows to try it with your experience in mountain climbing—but for me—it would be out of the ques.

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tion."
"Not at all," spoke up Carlton, "we will all be roped together."
"I said, "When I tumble down the precipice, I will have the consolation of knowing that I

not going to be killed myself, but I am also to drag four others to their deaths." "Nonsense!" he retorted. won't slip if you are careful, and if you do, I can hold you."

The others laughed at this, for Carlton is a little chap, weighing about a hundred and twenty pounds while I—the less said about my weight, the better.

"If the bishop ever heard," I went on, "that I was climbing mountains like a crazy man, instead of studying German up here, he would call me home. And I am surprised," I went on severely, "that your bishops allow you to run wild this way."

There's a difference. ' drawled Carlton sweetly. "Our bishops know that we can take care of ourselves. Come on, we will also take care of you.

'No," I answered decisively, "Gross Glockner is too much for me. My only experience in glaciers was on the toboggan shoot at Franklin Park in my native town of Boston, and that is thrilling enough for me.'

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CORNER BAY AND RICHMOND STREETS Then Ben suggested a compromise. "If you don't care to risk your valuable neck on the glacier, and perhaps it is just as well not to attempt it without experience, come with us at least to the Half Way Hut You can remain there for the night and the following morning we can go up to the summit, while you wait for us at the hut. The experience will be a pleasant one for you. The firmly believe there is a certain climb is not hard, and the views are superb. By all means join us." "Just the idea," urged the rest.

"Anything is better than staying So in a rash moment I consented my body was aching. In spite of the to go to the Half Way House, which chill of the air, I was wet with per- as a matter of fact proved to be spiration. The only thing that about a three quarter way house. It impressed itself on my tired senses was a steady climb of more than as we at last came to the hut, was a twelve hours, allowing time for lunch rudely scrawled title above the door, by the way. The views were, as where someone had written with a they said, superb. Great snow-bit of chalk the words "Porta Coeli" capped mountains towered over us, "The Gate of Heaven." To me it while in the valleys below the fertile certainly seemed an appropriate fields were green as the hollows of name, for within the hospitable door waves, especially in contrast with were waiting light, good cheer and the snowy crests of the peaks above. The tall My companions, as I said, were in where the cultivated fields left off were like a great army of lancers excessive and unusual fatigue which but ever, as they neared the summit, vanquished with thinned and broken ranks. By the side of the path a

> snows of the mountain top. The air was keen, especially in the afternoon when a slight breeze sprang up; but that the cold air was very refreshing. Yet despite all this natural beauty never will the weary traveller over welcome the Porta Coeli with more fervor than did I on that August evening. I thought then that the man who scrawled that title over the door of the hut must have been feeling much as I did when he arrived I like, too, to think that when we

as pure as crystal, and as cold as ice.

of Heaven wide open, a welcome was a recent Governor here, but since succeeded to the Earldom of Limerick."

but tea. That, and a little supper, will make you all right again."

to greet us with the customary phrase of the Tyrolean on his lips.

have climbed the difficult mountain

of death, we will see the Porta Coeli

"Gruss' Gott," he said, "Praise God." He was a man of about middle age, but he did not seem to have the robust frame of the mountaineer. In fact the first impression I received was that he was possibly a man who had come to the mountains for his health, and had accepted the light ekeing out his existence. I noticed that his hand, as he extended it in greeting, was soft and white, more like the hand of a clerk or a profes sional man than the rough and calloused hand of the ordinary mountaineer. His German, too, even to my unpracticed ear, was distinctly the least of my joys then, was the prospect that at the hut we should a fact which my more experienced friends noticed at once.

> 'This fellow," remarked one of them in an undertone, "is not a Tyroler. He talks as if he came from Vienna."

> Within everything was neat and clean. A fire burned merrily in the open fire place and threw a genial warmth over the rough interior. A kettle on the hob bubbled merrily, and the table was covered with a clean, white table cloth, something of a rarity in the mountains. A pic ture of "Unser Franz," the beloved Francis Joseph, and the unfortunate Empress Elizabeth hung on one wall, with the crucifix just opposite. If the decorations meant anything, was, that our host was a Catholic and a patriot. But this was of course to be expected. The Tyrolese are intensely loyal to Church and Emperor.

> He stood before us silently awaiting our orders, and Carlton, who the most fluent in German, ordered, as a joke, a very fancy meal, which he knew could not be found in the mountains. Our host smiled, as he saw the humor of the situation, and then said:

"Gentlemen, for meat we have only bacon and canned beef. Which will you have ?" The recollection of the Spanish

War was still fresh enough in our

minds to give us a horror of canned

beef, and with one accord we all

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