## GERALD DE LACEY'S DAUGHTER

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF COLONIAL DAYS

> BY ANNA T. SADLIER CHAPTER III THE GOVERNOR

Precisely at the appointed hour the girls descended the stairs, prepared to accompany their grandmother, who looked very stately and hand some in her wide bonnet and out door mantle of rich satin. eyes were fairly sparkling with excitement, and even the graver Evelyn had seemingly forgotten hose very serious thoughts which, like the deep waters of a stream, flowed steadily beneath the ripples on the surface. She was looking particularly lovely in a gown yellow lutestring, trimmed with silver lace in the most modish fashwith ion possible. She made an excellent foil fer the dark haired, red cheeked and vivacious Polly, who was gowned in crimson sarsenet.

The coachman, more than ever, since he was to drive old Madam, sat stolidly upon his box, and saluted the ladies by raising his whip to his cocked hat. The negro Jumbo, his eyes rolling with anticipatory enjoyment of promised excitement and in admiration of the sumptuous dresses of the ladies, closed the carriage door upon them and then mounted to his station at the back. The ponderous coach rolled on its way down the Broad Way in the direction of the Fort. For there were to arrive at the landing-place near Their Excellencies and suite, escorted by the gentlemen of the Council, the Mayor and other prominent citizens, who had sailed down the Bay to meet them.

The town wore an air of expectancy. Flags were flying from all the public buildings and from many private residences. gardens could only show their tiny buds of promise and shoots of living green, as though they would say that, had it been but a month later, they too would have given forth color and fragrance to greet the newcomers: "laylock" trees to perfume the air, peonies, gilly flowers, pinks, mignemette and early roses to delight the eye. The warships in the harbor stood ready to join with the guns of the Fort in firing the salute. The citizens of all classes were walking about in great excitement. Merry chatter and wiseacre surmises of all sorts were to be heard. Mechanics in their leathern aprons jostled dominies and physicians, who could be distinguished by their high pointed hats, their wide-skirted ef broadcloth, their short breeches and buckled shoes, and the gold or silver-knobbed canes which they usually carried in their hands. Gentlemen in doublets and breeches of brocade or satin were also there, wearing muslin cravats edged with rich lace and with ruffles of lace at their sleeves. These rivalled indeed their wives and daughters in the costliness of their attire, though the latter were in gala dress that day, the matrons distinguished from the maids by wearing the coif of matronhood under their bonnets. The women of the lower classes in linsey woolsey or drugget gowns, dved by themselves with the juice of certain plants, made a picturesque showing. the brightness of coloring being relieved by snow-white kerchiefs and. in the case of the older women, by frilled caps.

All waited with a like impatience differently as it might be manifested, for the first sight of that potentate from beyond seas-that new ruler who held in his hand the power of life or death and, to a great extent, of joy or sorrow too. Only the few who had travelled as far as England, or had correspondents there, knew anything about Because of the disturbances of the Leisler period, which had divided the town into warring factions and still left its traces, there was unusual anxiety in the breasts of many. For no man could tell what side Lord Bellomont might espouse.

The Van Cortlandt coach drew up at a point where a fine view of the proceedings might be obtained, its occupants differently affected these moments of suspense. The grandmother both felt and displayed a certain philosophic calm. She had seen many pageants in her time, coming and governors governors going. And the excitement and joyous interest which had heralded the coming, had very often with more reason marked the departure. But the girls, different as they were in most respects, felt the same heart-beats at that moment, though Polly more openly showed her agitation.

At last there was a blare of trum pets, followed by the surging for ward of the crowd, which was now silent for the most part save when some in advance raised a cheer. The royal colors, those of William of Orange, ran up on the Fort ; the guns boomed out their salute, and for good or evil His Excellency, Richard Earl of Bellomont, was Governor. The thrill of excitement that ran through Evelyn's brain. bringing the tears to her eyes and causing her to grasp convulsively her companion's hand and press it, was displayed by Polly in a series of

exclamations : "Oh, how splendid it all is! I can

It was the state coach, similar to that in which Governor Andros had ridden and which had been purchased by the Corporation of New York The grandmother's dim eyes, catching sight of it, remembered with a sudden flame of wrath how the tyrant's stern face had looked out from it, and how his no less haughty wife had barely inclined her head to

the greetings of the populace. There was no delay at the Fort, for it had been deemed expedient that, since there might be malcontents about, the coach should drive straight on to the Stadt Huys, where the oath of office would be administered. Madam Van Cortlandt recalled with a shudder-for the old are always more engrossed with the past, whe they were in the fighting line of life -how Governor Sloughter had been hurried thither. It was in the dead of night that time, for the Leislerians were on the alert and had made a determined resistance to the landing of his Lieutenant, Nicholls. Then had ensued that tragedy: two tall gibbets had been erected from which had swung two awful figures, the erstwhile self constituted governor of the colony, Jacob Leisler, and his son-in-law, Milborne.

But neither Polly nor Evelyn gave a thought to what was past. They were absorbed in that pageant, brilliant and engrossing, in what they saw and what promised to be. They craned their necks eagerly from the the carriage windows, watching and somewhat ponderous tread of the pikesmen and trainbands and the military company serving as escort. They looked impatiently past the postilions and outriders, in their brilliant accoutrements, past the gay comparisons of the six white horses, to the state chariot and the Gevernor. Both girls-but especially Evelyn, whose imagination was the more vivid—felt a swift pang of disappointment. For there was my Lord Bellomont, resplendent indeed in his military uniform, but stout and thick-set, with hair cut short and a countenance which, to Evelyn at least, was distinctly repellent. The small eyes, she thought, had something fierce and sinister in their expression. That face and its expression, indeed, stirred the deeper depths within her, so that for a moment she forgot the glitter of that passing show.
"He will be no friend to us," she

thought, with one of those swift flashes of intuition that had brought home to her mind many a vital truth. But Evelyn's attention was distracted by the sight of that face at his side—a face proud and petulant, and with traces of other emotions and experiences which the eyes of the young observer were incapable of terest into an animation that lent it a certain charm, as my Lady Bello her gaze pass over the wrinkled of Madam Van Cortlandt and rested it upon the two girls. It was as though this spoiled beauty, who had lived for excitement and pleasure - not always of the most innocent kind, according to popular reports-

had said to herself:
"Oh, in this detestable place to which. as I told my Lord, I would rather die than come, there are really civilized persons, young women who would not disgrace a ball or rout in Belgravia.

The carriage, however, swept on, Polly bursting into a laugh at the expression which she saw upon her companion's face.

It is not for beauty my Lord Bellomont has been chosen to govern this colony," she cried, 'and he is an aged man.

grandmother, who had been silently bservant, "that the new ruler of these colonies should be a gay spark, target for your arrows? In truth, he has turned sixty, so they say.' "There is some beauty in the wife," observed Polly, though half doubt-

Yes, and a little more than that, agreed Evelyn thoughtfully. I do not think I like her face.

decided Polly. "Her poor Ladyship," said the candmother tolerantly, "was married grandmothertolerantly, "was married when she was but twelve years of One might believe that her age. path has been not all rose-strewn." Married to that face," exclaimed Evelyn, "it might be a slow mar-

Madam Van Cortlandt protested Oh, fie, Evelyn!" she said. Lord Bellomont is of tried bravery as a soldier, and men say that he ha ideas in his head about reform and I

know not what," But Evelyn was obdurate in dislike which she had taken to the new Governor-whether from some premonition of evil or merely from a feminine prejudice founded upon her first disappointment in the man's appearance, she would have found it hard to say. Polly laughed him aside with satirical humor.

With the help of Evelyn's most lively imagination," she declared, "I had pictured the Governor a fine gentleman with curled locks falling over his shoulders, a clean-cut countenance, and a figure of slender pro portions. Alack, but he is a dis-

appointment!" But the attention of both girls was drawn to the many members of the suite and the numerous officers whom the Earl of Bellomont had brought in his train. Most of these men were young, dark and fair, merry and grave, with the curling locks reaching to the shoulder which the of the observers had missed in the Goveriust see over yonder the uniforms and —yes, oh yes, there is the carthey were all very splendid in their lic.—The Guardian.

apparel, as if their aim was to impress these poor Colonials with an idea of their magnificence.

There was scarcely one of these new arrivals who did not take note of the two girls looking out from the windows of that stately, if cumbrous, old carriage, as if from the frame of a picture. So might Cinderella have peered out from her fairy coach. Opinions were, of course, divided as to the respective merits of the two, out the balance was in favor of Evelyn, especially amongst the older men. It was generally the young subalterns or junior members of the staff who preferred the dark beauty of Polly, with its glow and sparkle and the damask red cheeks and the eves that regarded them so rog-The procession moved on, and the

pompous coachman presently saw the decorous time to follow, for which the girls within the coach had waited with such impatience. finally forsook the Broad Way to the martial music of the bands and the sound of silvery chimes from the bell in the Dutch church at the Fort, which, as some said, had been cast largely of silver, and to which now added joyous peals Church, Trinwere from the English Church, ity. He showed his wisdom since that street was lined three deep with spectators, and crowded wherever possible with vehicles. He turned into a quiet street, which would bring the expectant ladies to a safe corner near the Stadt Huys or City Hall. The better to attain his end, he urged the staid horses into a trot, rarely permitted to those dignified animals. This unusual pace caused the coach to roll and rumble no little, but even the grand

mother did not rebuke the driver, since his speed was in a good cause The old City Hall stood gaunt and grim, and its lights were often a beacon to those out upon the water or to vessels coming up the This bare and ugly building had now perforce to take on some appearance of festivity, in so far as flags and streamers, mostly of orange, could affect the transformation. But the stern rigidity of its outlines, its bald and hopeless ugliness, seemed to say: By no plastering on of gay colors can you transform me. I those to whom all change is abhorrent. Rulers may come and rulers may go, but I represent all the solid sentiment of the people. I am civic worth and civic dullness personified.'

With looks of smiling recognition, the officers and members of the suite recognized and pointed out to one another the two girls in the coach as if they were already old acquaintances. My Lady Bellomont's languid eyes brightened once more into a look of reading. But the countenance thus revealed brightened with sudden inwas swallowed up within the grim portals of the Stadt Huys Madam Van Cortlandt and her two compan mont, leaning slightly forward, let ions pointed out to one another the various members of the Council, most of whom were at that time on the same side of politics as the Van Cortlandts - that is to say, Leislerians - and thus Madam's intimate friends, or even relatives. They also exchanged greetings with the occupants of other coaches, or with pedestrians who stood about the doors of the City Hall. Then Madam gave the order to the coach-man to drive first to the home of Mistress de Lacey, who was but a visitor to the Van Cortlandt household, and thence back to the impos ing residence from which they had started. Meanwhile, within Stadt Huns the oath of office had been taken, and a new regime had

begun for the colony of New York.

The Governor who had thus arrived with so much pomp and Did you expect then," put in the majesty and been received with such elaborate ceremonies, could not have foreseen that he was never to leave shores again; that, before many years had passed, his bones would lie beneath the Fort, and that the silver plate from his exhumed coffin, after a decade or two more had elapsed, would be stared at by the curious in a museum. But he did not know, and that day the pride of life and the pomp of circum-stance were uppermost. Lord Bello-mont was jubilant at having secured so honorable an appointment, the emoluments of which were considerable and in which it was said rich pickings were to be had. He jubilant also that he had bent the capricious will of my Lady to obey his wishes, and forced her to accom pany him on this mission, for prev jously, when he was assigned to a West Indian post, she had allowed him to go alone while she had lived riotously in London. Here, his proud and jealous heart told him, she would be under his own eye. He would force her to behave decorously, save her from misconstruc tion, and so make the best, if best there could be, of so ill-assorted a

TO BE CONTINUED

CONVERTED THROUGH EXAMPLE

An incident which shows the cur ious by paths by which people find the Faith, is illustrated by the following story by Father A. Question of Armstrong, Iowa. An undertaker of Danville, Ill., who had been brought the pastor.

"Please, Father," Kathleen heard "Please, Father," it today and put in charge of Catholic funerals. His work thus took him repeatedly into Catholic churches, and the sol emnity of the Catholic burial service and the sanctity of the atmosphere Catholic churches s pressed him that he sought instruc-tion and was received into the Church. Now he is a devout Catho-

KATHLEEN'S CAREER

All through the long night Kath leen had tossed in her sleep—if, indeed such a restless succession of troubled dreams could be called sleep and with the first glint of the sun had risen. She disregarded the array of beautiful gowns and slipped into a simple white dress. With scarcely a glance in the mirror, she donned her hat and went quietly out into the sunshine and air of early spring morning with its wel come perfume of green things burst ing out and blossoms coming into being and its lilting music of the birds. Though not a soul was stirring without, the little village street possessed that indefinable sense of peace that marks Sunday.

She struck off into an unfrequented road to be alone with her thoughts. Those thoughts, by the way, she had especially good company either in the gay city or the simple country town to which she had fied for solitude. Only five years before trembled on the long lashes and fell she had left a similar little village to try her wings in the great metropolis. Her exquisite beauty, amazing wit and charmingly simple manner had made her a ready favorite behind the scenes as well as on the stage.

At first Kathleen accepted this homage as a matter of course; her nature was naturally bright, gay and wholly unselfish. Oftentimes she would practice far into the night, and even the small hours of the morning, with the little chorus girl who was hopelessly awkward commensurately ambitious. Indeed. her energies or sympathies were rarely enlisted in vain.

After a while, flattery began to turn her head; the cajolery and lavish gifts and entertainments offered by the devotees of the theaters became a necessary part of her existence. She craved admiration and homage until little by little her high Catholic ideals crumbled away like clay between the and her erstwhile fine qualities be came tempered with self-conceit. greed and arrogance. Gradually too, she dropped one by one her religious practices until at last she did not hear Mass at all and it was more than a year since she had been to Communion. If at times the inevitable bitterness of a soul who had lost God took possession of her, she tried to drown it in a deeper and deeper plunge into gaiety.

A surfeit of frivolity must needs always turn to ennui and Kathleen was beginning to feel the sordidness of it all when two new appeared on her horizon to add zest her existence. One was manager of a well-known theatrical company, and as his wife there were no heights too steep to reach. Before her lay the dizzy heights of the prima donna, world-famous, Kathleen had a talent that for almost akin to genius. The public would adore her as never hefore, sister actresses would envy her and stage-struck girls would decorate their rooms with her photographs.

Then there was Leslie Winton, the millionaire many times over, who had sincerely lost his head over her. True, he had been twice married and as many times divorced, though gossip had it that he had become changed man since meeting Kathleen. He knew from his worldly point of view, that a girl like Kathleen, who despite her deterioration from the finer things of life, had nevertheless allowed never a breath of scandal to become connected with her name. was most highly desirable. Everything wealth could procure would be hers, and in return she would make him a wonderful hostess at the elaborate affairs he so frequently gave at his pretentious town and

country houses. It was to make a wise choice between the two that Kathleen had gone into solitude. But the more she tried to think, the more muddled grew her brain, the more irritable her frame of mind. For Kathleen returned the affection of neither of the two men. Far back in the recesses of her mind was always the hope of marrying some day for a great, overwhelming and disinterest ed love-but the most splendid men in her old circle were not wealthy and when one has received a magni ficent salary it is not easy to consider

marrying a poor man.
She walked on and on, deeper and deeper into the woods, unmindful of time or distance. At last a road led her to the edge of a little town. A church bell pealed forth solemnly, its cling-clang reverberating incessantly around the girl's ears. She did not wish to think of God just then; she tried to banish Him from her thoughts, but an unseen force seemed to impel her onwards, until at last she was at the threshold of the church. She hesitated for a moment and then dropped into the last pew. She tried to frame prayer but it was as if all religion in her had been sapped out and offered as a great holocaust to the great deity of pleasure. It was of no use. She could find no comfort in church now ; its very sacred walls filled her with an unutterable grief, an unquieted vague longing. Unsatist unhelped, she turned to leave. Unsatisfied.

her say, "my sister is ill today and will be unable to play."

"And not another person in the town who can !" remarked the priest a little note of disappointment creeping into his voice: "Well, I suppose ing into his voice : it can't be helped." Kathleen's old spirit of helpfulness

asserted itself. "Pardon, Father. May I help you?

"If you would be so kind. especially want an organist today as a young friend of mine is coming out from the city to visit me. He has a splendid voice and has promised to sing at Mass. It isn't often that my poor people in this almost-wilderness have an opportunity of hearing real music. Kathleen let her fingers wander

over the grand old organ-for it was a superb instrument. arrivals were coming into the church now, in ones and twos. She won dered what their favorite hymns were and found herself "Lead Kindly Light." Oh, Lord! how she needed light. dear tears came into her eyes and a flood of tender early memories-long since half forgotten—swept over her, as she played with an exquisite charm, a deep feeling. Then her fingers wandered off into, "Oh, Lord I Am not Worthy." She could keep back to the soft cheek. There was no one in the gallery to see so she let them fall unheeded, while an emotionalism of sweet joy and bitter poignant pain surged over her. It was thus that the soloist shortly found her. As he mounted the steep stairs he stopped and gazed at her in amazement. "Kathleen!" he exclaimed.

It was well that the girl had struck a decisive ending chord, for her hands fell limp and lifeless by her side.

'Myles!" and she found her small hands, now cold and damp, imprisoned within a warm,

They could say no more then, for the priest had begun the wonderful Sacrifice of the Mass. But they sang together the sweet, old hymns, sang them as the simple country congregation had never before heard them sung. And there were tears in the singers' eyes, too, but they were happy tears and in Kathleen's heart at new-found peace took a resting place.

"Are you really glad to see me, Kathleen?" Myles queried after the sacred and solemn ceremony was over. "You know, I thought you over. vere too wonderful to give me even a thought now. You've met so many big and great people.'

"Heaps and heaps happy, Myles dear. With all my success, all the fame and pomp of worldly splendor have enjoyed, I haven't been onetenth as happy during all these last few years as I have been this hour.

'You didn't know that I was here, did you?" For a moment, uncertainty and expectation battled in the man's eyes for expression. men are not generally supposed to do such things, but I'll admit to Kathleen, that I've gone to Mass every morning for years and prayed that some day you'd come back to Was I presumptuous me. "Oh, Myles! I am not half good

enough for such a man as you! And am not religious the way I used to be. I'm vain and silly and selfish and a hundred other horrid things." "You wouldn't be human if you were perfect," the man declared rapturously. "And, anyway, it might be rather a dreadful thing for an

ordinary human being to have to live with an angelic creature, any-You don't know how selfish and self-centered I've been !" she remon-"And if you hadn't come strated. just in time I might have married either one of two men whom I didn't care anything for except for their position and wealth.

be better," she added simply.

Half an hour later the couple stood in the quaint old garden of the rectory.

"Your pardon, Father, for seeming. ly deserting you," Myles said, "but I've really been very much occupied. May I ask my wife-to-be in for dinner? Father Brannan, let me present Miss Kathleen Andrews. She's giving up a brilliant stage career and the proposals of two millionaries for just—me!"
"And I'm the happiest girl in the

world to do so, Father," Kathleen murmured, blushing. "I'm so happy it seems my heart will burst," and girl-like she burst into a torrent of tears, very, very happy, grief-dispelling tears.

'God bless you both !" murmured the priest as he discreetly retreated, and Myles smoothed the lovely head resting on his shoulder.

"I'm the happiest girl in Kathleen breathed between world. sobs that seemed anything but happy. and no matter what happens I'm going to be happy always as long as you love me and help me to be best kind of a Catholic wife and"she whispered the word reverently, ever so softly—"Catholic mother. That is the best kind of a career, the most beautiful, blessed one."

Just what Myles said doesn't really concern us, I suppose, but it must have been very beautiful, for Kathleen's face was radiant and her eyes shining as they went in together to the dinner table.—Mary Catherine McDonough in the Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

FRUIT OF TRASHY READING The readers of the common, popu-

lar magazine, like the devotees of the modern moving picture, are continually making themselves more and more spiritually deficient, says the Catholic World. Repeatedly they are allowing their souls to be impressed by visions that, against all resolution to the contrary, are creating within them a low and vulgar concept of life, that will in land, his Anglican Church.

I should be delighted to play for evitably lower their own conduct. their own estimate of what they can do or what they ought to do. Indeed it would, we think, be safe to say that the soul that gives itself such dissipation, such unruly indulgence of the mind and the senses will not be in a condition to use properly even divine grace, for it will not be prepared to see its own duty or to think itself capable in

any way of fulfilling it. We do not mention the gain that might be won in using time and mind in the positive application to the thought and the reading of better things. But we do insist the necessarily disastrous effect of the constant reading of stories that are without character; whose evident purpose is to arouse thoughts of sexual love, and that lead one to believe there is no other thought in the world but that of sex.

## THE UNITY OF THE CHURCH

SERMON BY ARCHBISHOP GLENNON

There can be no doubt that our Blessed Lord intended the Church He founded to be one. For every where in the Holy Scriptures, refer ring to the Church, He speaks of it the Church - His Every parable to illustrate that Church presents the idea of its unity -the sheep fold, the grain of mus tard, the net cast into the sea, the body with its various members. Lord in His prayers for that Church, and particularly in that prayer before His agony, asked His heavenly Father to "Keep them in Thy name, whom Thou hast given Me, that they may be one." St. Paul, speaking of the Church, "that as in one body we may have many members, so we being many are one body in Christ, and everyone mem bers one of another." He speaks of one Lord-one faith and one bap tism. This unity of the Church is the unity befitting an organized body, which would stand before the world as an evidence that it was by Him established; for in that same prayer to His Father, He says, 'Keep them so that the world may know that Thou hast sent Me." This unity in the Church, and of

the Church, records also with those other characteristics of a Church established by Christ, because there is, and should be always a unity in that which is true. Truth and unity run together; while disunion, and contradiction are generally associated with falsehood and error. God is one. His Church should be one and oneness there should be in the doctrines and in the life Church which He established. This oneness of the Church should also he a visible unity, because the Church being established for must be a visible body. That visible unity must be found not alone in the faith but also in the government of the body claiming to be established by Christ. But this unity so evidenced in the Scriptures, and char acteristic of truth, is not at all according to the world's ways, nor the world's methods; for it runs against that pride of intellect which the world so highly esteems, which results in their individual opinions preferences and conclusions, and which, applied to any body of teaching, necessarily leads to contradiction and disunion. This has been the struggle of the ages to preserve against all contradictory forces the unity of faith, which Christ has predicated as essential thereto. If we read the history of the

Church and of the corresponding ages, we will find that this antagonism between a Church that is one and a people that are many, continuously asserts itself. First is the individual—an Arius, or a Nestorius, a Martin Luther, or a John Calvin, who, with all disunionists are the slaves of conceit, their indi viduality, their learning, or their grievances. Next, the group that they lead with them into the land of disorder, where the individual mind is supposed to be given free play, but where the seamless garb of the Church's unity is torn. In the efforts then to obtain for themselves stability they resort to whatever power there be to help them against the Church that they have deserted. The history of heresy shows invariably an appeal to nationalism, in order to obtain a local support against a body that is international and Catholic. But it serves their purpose well; for the history of the nations always shows a ruler with whatever other weaknesses he may have, the willingness to utilize as much as he can the Kingdom of Christ to sustain the power of Cæsar

The civil ruler is always greedy of power and uses whatever means is at his disposal to make that power and his office permanent. To end he knows that they who influence and direct the conscience of people, or, in other words, the religious element in the nation, must have an influence either for or against it. His desire, then, is to control it; and nothing serves his purpose better than to give state's approval to a state church. First, he will protect it, and in return it will support him. Ultimately he will govern it, and it will

In the early days the Byzantine emperors invariably sustained the heresiarchs of their day; while in our own times the Emperor of Russia had through the Holy Synod governed the Orthodox State Church; the Prussian King, his Lutheranism, and the King of Eng

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