TORONTO

GERALD DE LACEY'S DAUGHTER

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF COLONIAL DAYS

BY ANNA T. SADLIER CHAPTER I DAUGHTERS OF COLONIAL DAYS

coach was rattling down the Boston Post Road, the mud after the recent heavy rains flying as the wheels splashed through it, while the stones threatened to destroy the equilibrium of even that sedate It was the carriage of the Van Cortlandts, heavy and ponder-ous, hanging suspended upon straps and bearing upon the panel of the family escutcheon and motto. The coachman, who had long in the service the family, was a very splendid figure in his livery of pale fawn color, laced with silver and with silver upon his cocked hat. From the back of the coach, where he hung on by the tassels, the negro foot-boy peered at this majestic personage. The foot-boy wore a livery precisely identical with the coach man's, save that on his head a I cannot think of a comparison. I jaunty, leathern cap replaced the cannot rest, in truth, until I have

The coachman had beguiled the tedium of a wait upon the shore by some half articulate grumblings, uttered out of the soreness of his heart because he had to drive over such roads, even as far as Haarlem, to meet his young lady and a friend who had come over the river in a scow. He had sat and watched their approach in no very good humor, while the scow was being poled over the dancing, sunlit waters of the river by two sturdy negroes. foot boy, Jumbo, made but little response to these complaints. He had oroughly enjoyed the drive, as he enjoyed most things, being light of heart and merry by nature. He had merely rolled his dark eyes till nothing but the whites were visible, assenting to his superior's remarks just as far as it was expedient to do He, too, watched with interest the progress shoreward of the scow, and hastened eagerly forward to assist the young ladies in landing, assuming control of their bags and various impedimenta. With low bows and a delighted flourish, he opened the door of the coach for Mistress Polly Van Cortlandt, who ensconced herself with a sigh of relief in the comfortable cushions, while her companion, Mistress Evelyn de Lacey, whose every movement suggested a different tempera followed more slowly and allowed the negro boy to close the The air, slightly salt, fresh and invigorating, had given increased color to both girls. Polly, by nature rich-colored, looked perceptibly redder, and her bright eyes were even more sparkling than usual. The pale, olive-tinted skin of her com-The panion had a glow in it, a dash of scarlet in either cheek, which in creased the attractiveness of a very beautiful face.

"Oh, but I am weary from standing on that scow!" cried Polly, with a sigh of pure contentment.

Her friend looked at her with some amusement and a smile that enhanced the perfection of her mouth. You could have sat down, my Polly," she said briefiy.

"In truth I could," returned Polly, "upon one of those stools that made me feel as though I were overboard into the middle of the endure what must appear to her the

The other laughed a low laugh that seemed to have its source in some secret amusement of her own.

Yes, I think standing were preferable, though I contrived to keep my seat. But the air was delicious. fresh and with a touch of salt

therein. It is a sweet morning. The two fell into silence after that, as the coach, still jolting from the unevenness of the road, continued down that highway which in the year of Our Lord, 1698, led out from the Colony of New York—a title some as a compromise between its Indian name of Manhattan and its Dutch name of New Amsterdam-to the neighboring col-New England, even Boston Town. As the carriage drove slowly past what had once been the bouwerie (or farm) of Mynheer Pieter Stuyvesant, a former Governor of the colony under the Dutch and a mighty personage, the girl with the olive-tinted skin leaned slightly out of the coach window and regarded the building with those eyes of hers which so many called wonderful And wonderful was the adjective best described them. were lit up by so many lights and were haunted by so many expres sions, which now appeared to hover on their surface and again to linger in their depths. It had been re marked that hers was a tragic face, like that of some woman by whom the whole course of history haunted. She looked at the stiff. square building, with its two windows on either side of the door and three abreast above; with its trim, box-bordered flower-beds, wherein had blossomed many a seedling brought from Holland. Intersecting these beds were gravelled paths, and all about stood trees - how ancient no man knew. They had in any case survived the strongest of the Governors, and could rustle over the roof that had sheltered him, and still make patterns upon the paths his feet had trod, long after he had slept with his fathers.

"The poor, old Governor!" cried the soft voice of Evelyn. "What a figure he must have cut in his day!" "What a And he had a wife that matched him," cried Polly. " I doubt not you have heard the story. It was once when the Wilden (i. e., the Indians)

were swooping down to attack the bouweries. It chanced that the Governor was absent. Madam Stuyvesant, so men say, called in some Frenchmen who were working for her that day, that they might help in defending the dwelling. She had put it in readiness for a siege, but the savages, satisfied with what plunder they had obtained elsewhere, went their way without making an attack.

I like well her spirit," comment- dinner. ed Evelyn. "I like whatever savors of vital force." Then, as the coach rolled on its way, the girl added "I wonder, Polly, what you and I would have done in like case." what you and I

"She needed courage," Polly made answer, with a shiver, "If one does but think of being tomahawked Are you not curious," inquired

Polly, with an abrupt change of subject, to see how they will all look As full of curiosity as-but there

een them all and heard whatsoever there is to hear about them. They should arrive by two o' the clock to-day," mused Polly,

soon after the dinner hour."
"My Lord Bellomont," said Eve atinuing her train of thought, should be shapely and tall, with

hair or peruke curling down on his shoulders. And his attire should be gorgeous," added Polly. "It is said he is bringing with him a goodish number of young officers and supernum-

'I wonder what else he is bringing," Evelyn said to herself, in a voice only half intended for her companion's ear, " of the things that

"I opine," observed Polly, looking admiringly at her friend, "that you will go to work with those eyes yours to cast spells on some of these newcomers.'

Evelyn laughed her low laugh of genuine enjoyment.

' Polly Van Courtlandt to speak thus, who has half the young men of

these colonies in her toils!" Ah!" said Polly, a slight shadow falling over the brightness of her face, "I have the young men of my own company, (a peculiar feature of Dutch colonial life was the formation of boys and girls, usually relatives, or in the same social set, into companies, with distinctive colors, etc. All their amusements were in common, and the comradeship thus formed lasted into maturer years, so that marriages were frequent amongst members of the same Company,) or those boys with whom I played, or who used to fasten on my beef-bone skates or draw me over the ice on a sledge. But when it comes to men—real men, who have een the world and have accomplished things themselves-it is then, sweetheart, that I fail and you suc-

She spoke without bitterness, but with something of regret.

Is it of much import," inquired Evelyn, and there was a suspicion of sadness in her tone, "even if what you say were indeed true? We are We are perchance for them the playthings of an idle hour, or they for us.'

Then she added: 'I am wondering what will my in a side-saddle upon a rough road, and at any moment might be shot men say she is. And how she will

dullness of our provincial life."

At that instant the attention of both was attracted by the sound of trumpets, just as the lumbering coach, with its solemn coachman and gay foot-boy, turned into the

'Can it be," cried both girls together, "that they have arrived, and that we shall miss the pageant?"

Each leaned eagerly out of the vindow nearest her, and Polly called to the negro to find out, if he could, what was the meaning of those trumpets and whether the new Governor had arrived. The negro came back breathless. It was not the Governor, but only the Guard turn. ing out from the Fort and marching as escort to the gentlemen who were to sail down the Bay a certain dis-

tance to meet His Excellency. So the coach rolled again upon its way, and brought both girls to that stately mansion on Queen Street, with its checkered brick walls, its lozenge-shaped windows and the entrance door above which were wrought in massive iron the family initials and the year when the house was built. There too was the stoepe with its benches whereon the girls had so often sat and talked of that event which was now at hand—the arrival of a new Governor. His coming had been of special interest, because it was believed that, as he occupied an exalted position both socially and politically, he would be to restore to the gubernatorial residence some of that state and elegance which had been sadly lacking during the last regime. It was rumored also that he would bring with him a brilliant staff and many The whispers that had celebrities. reached Manhattan concerning my Lady Bellomont as to her eccentric -not to say, scandalous-conduct, had only whetted public curiosity, and particularly that of the female Evelyn had often wondered sex. how so gay a dame as they had heard described, would fit into the small life of that dorp, which had

The foot-boy sounded the great silver knocker on the door, and the two occupants of the coach, dismounting, suddenly became con scious of the hunger engendered by their long drive and the previous sail over the salt water. For their nostrils were regaled with savory and mingled odors from within roast goose with its garnishings, pound-cake and crullers, coffee and spiced wine. They could scarcely weit till, having divested themselve of their outer wrappings, they heard the gong sound in the hall, answering to the striking of that clock which but of late was a novelty in the colony. It announced in clear,

> CHAPTER II A COLONIAL MATRON

At the head of the table, presiding with much grace and dignity, sat the grandmother with whom Polly Van Cortlandt had lived since her childhood and the death of that rela tive's husband. Vrow Van Cortlandt-or Madam Van Cortlandt, as she was more generally called - was woman of strong character and clear commonsense, an excellent type of those matrons who were in a very real sense the pioneers of Man. hattan. Her dark eyes still sparkled at times with the same light that ow danced in Polly's; her shrunken cheeks showed a mottled red where once had been a lovely bloom; her cap, tied under her chin, was of the finest muslin and the richest lace her gown was of heavy satin, and her long pendant earrings were a priceless heirloom that had crossed the seas from Holland. She merry at times, that old grand-mother, or again she was sad, with the burden of all the years and of all the destinies that had been inter woven with her own. Even the very house in which she lived was an epitome of the annals of Manhattan.

She watched the two girls with an amusement that showed itself in just a nod, a twinkling of the eyes or a chuckle. She could enter into their feelings with curious exacti-tude. Full of life, of mirthfulness and of attraction for the other sex, she had once trod the streets of what had been, in her day of youth, merely a quaint village. She had assisted at tea parties, assemblies and dances, many of which had been in this very dwelling where Polly loved to entertain her friends. The old woman's eyes rested oftenest and most lovingly, as was natural, on the sparkling countenance of her granddaughter. But there were moments when they were turned also, with something thoughtful and inquiring in her look, on that other, who was merely a dear friend and welcome visitor but no part of that household For it seemed to these experienced eyes that she was of an order altogether different from those who had passed as maids, as wives or as mothers through that mansion, where the observer herself, for two generations, had reigned supreme Wherein that precise difference lay, Madam Van Cortlandt, perspicacious as she was, could not determine. nething in the delicate pencilling of the evebrows, in the sensitive lines about the mouth, in the haunting depths of the eyes, presaged suffer

"If I had a son unmarried now," she mused, "should I not shrink from seeing him become the husband of one who, if I be not sore mistaken, will have more than her share of

sorrow? But the old woman felt instinctively that, if there were tragedy, there was also nobility in every line

I believe, in truth, I should risk it," concluded she; "for here is no common type of maid, though differing from my darling Polly as the lily

differs from the rose. The girls, unconscious of these reflections, gave the grandmother a somewhat desultory account of their visit to Polly's aunt in Morrisania where the two had spent a week, and then began to talk about the topic uppermost in their thoughts - the Meanwhile old Peter, the negro who had grown gray in Madam's service, stood behind her chair and with a broad fan flicked away the while listening eagerly to the con-

versation. The room in which they sat was all green and gold, with a heavy wainscoting of dark wood. Its fur niture was solid and substantial; the chairs were high-backed, with broad, brocade-covered seats. The silver on the table was likewise massive. quaint but rich in pattern, and bear ing with it from overseas, whence it came, something of the character of its first owners in Rotterdam. The viands were rich rather than varied, though Madam Van Cortlandt still prided herself on the skill with which she could make, or cause to be made, all those good things that were dear to Dutch hearts. too, was a notable cook. There was, in fact, no branch of housewifery which she did not understand, having been trained under "that incomparable woman," as old Dominie Selwyns had described her grandmother. The latter's experience went back indeed to pioneer times when her grandmother, whom she vividly remembered, had put her hand literally to the plough, procuring by her own hands almost all the

necessaries of life. Through the lozenge shaped panes of the dining-room window came the noontide sun of that bright day, which was bringing the new Gov-

could discuss only with her father, a quiet and studious man, for whom she kept house in a charming little she kept house in a charming little form the sum of human life as it cottage near the river.

"I hope," said the grandmother, that this Governor will be an improvement upon the last. There is sore need of it. The office lost all its dignity when the King's representative was seen to consort with smugglers and, as some would have it, pirates. Colonel Fletcher was, in truth, no man for the post."

And everything was so dull in his time," added Polly. "As for social life, there was none at all.'

ruption, "have been many times and gravely imperilled by these men whom our Sovereign Lord, the King, has sent. I make exception of the good Dongan.

said Polly, with a mis-But," chievous sparkle in her black eyes and a mocking grimace at Evelyn, was he not a Papist, and did he not hold strange worship with Jesuits and such like at the Fort?"

'It was so," assented the old lady, 'but he was none the worse man for that - a good Governor, active men to worship God as their consciences approved."

at Evelyn, who had been strangely But it was part of the girl's fascination that her silences were often full of a meaning that impressed itself upon those around her. Her face just then had a glow upon it, and there was a light in her eyes as her age, Evelyn was indifferent to if her unspoken thoughts were in answer to the old lady, who better than most people seemed to understand her. When she broke silence, it was to say:

The Sovereign of England was at that time Catholic, until he was driven forth-"

She stopped abruptly, and Madam Van Cortlandt, with her laugh that was still mirthful though it broke and cackled, completed the sentence:
"By our Dutch William, married "By our Dutch "Interest Then to James's own daughter." Then

man to our way of thinking, who might have done as Hollanders mostly do, let folk worship God as they would, but the English, with their political intrigues and their fear of the Catholics, would not have it so. Do you know that William was once in friendly alliance with the Pope of Rome ?"
"No," answered Evelyn, "I did not

know that, and was he then willing to sacrifice everything for-"

For the sake of a crown," said Madam Van Cortlandt, composedly finishing the sentence. But there was a note of sadness in her tone as she added: "When you have grown as old as I am, you will know that few of the heroes we have worshipped could withstand temptation. He is no hero of mine," said

Evelyn, with a glow in her eyes as though a lamp had suddenly been lit "I hold him to be both treacherous and cruel.' Remember," reproved the old lady, with sudden severity, "that you

are speaking of the reigning Soverigh, whom may the Lord God bless protect! No one at my table shall speak ill of him." She spoke with unusual heat, as

though this right-minded and intelligent woman, who had read much and conversed much with men of many minds, were defending the Protestant idols against doubts that had arisen in her own mind. And looking full at Evelyn, who was perforce silent, she continued as if in answer to the expression of the young girl's face: the realm of England to think of.'

reply, though dissent from that view was shown in every line of her face. Polly meanwhile was visibly bored. could not help wondering how Evelyn, who so keenly enjoyed the gaieties and harmless frivolities which the town afforded, and was the centre of many a social gathering, could be thus vividly and passion ately interested in those dull subjects which her grandmother and the old people discussed. Even with them such discourses were only occasional, for the female portion of the community preferred to talk amongst themselves of the number and quality of their slaves or indented servants, of recipes for the making of cakes or confections of various sorts, or to hear or retail the latest gossip of the town-the weddings and births, the marriage feasts and candle parties, the latest be-trothals and the most recent deaths For even the deaths afforded topics for much conversation—the number and distinction of the mourners or of the relatives to whom the aan recher (or death herald) made funereal announcement. All details were of interest; the width of the mourning bands, who bore the coffin to the church, how the house looked, and how many enjoyed the wine and cake, the pipes and tobacco, with which the funeral guests were regaled on their return from the burial. As if in rebound from the fearful solemnity, the human heart there as elsewhere, driven as it were to extremes, turned with keenest relish from mourning to human comforts to the companionship of its fellows.

Madame Van Cortlandt, though capable when opportunity offered of conversing on any subject, deeply interested in all local affairs. Taking her knitting bag with her to provide employment for her hands, and her spectacles in the pocket of ernor to Manhattan. Deep in and her spectacles in the pocket of Evelyn's heart were thoughts conher black silk apron, she often sal-

goes on, scarce perceptibly from gen eration to generation. But Madame Van Cortlandt was also foremost amongst those who could turn at will from such topics to talk of poli tics, whether they related to the Patroon, still beloved of Dutch New Yorkers, or to that Kingdom of England, which ruled the destinies of the American colonies. She was fully cognizant of all that related to the local government. She could discourse upon the iniquities of Leisler, "Our liberties," continued the grandmother, ignoring Polly's intering and ideals, she was totally opposed to one whom she designated as a "foreign boor." Heated discussion upon this subject of the usurper often took place in her ly affected. He looked at her dark drawing-room, or wherever her clothes, and be social circle chanced to meet for a to speak, said: game of lansquenet. For there were many who regarded him as an enlightened patriot, and were prepared to defend his usurpation the government, and the series of tyrannical acts which followed, including his persecution of the small minority of Catholics who had made and far-seeing and willing to grant, Manhattan their home. With all as indeed he did, toleration to all these actions Madame Van Cortlandt no sympathy whatever. She held that they were totally opposed She glanced almost involuntarily to the Dutch idea of toleration. would wax eloquent, too, upon the tyranny of a later English governor, Andros, particularly in the famous dispute on the bolting of flour and and the destruction of the Charter of New York. Like most young girls of matters, save where they touched upon religion. Like her father, she was a Jacobite in politics and an ardent Catholic, and chafed under the restrictions imposed upon members of her faith who were allowed to have neither priest

nor church. Polly, on her part, was glad when dinner was over, especially as she had found the trend of conversation distasteful, and feared that Evelyn, who was a great favorite with her grandmother, might say something to offend the latter. It was a relief to escape to her bedroom upstairs, where the two made such additions to their toilet as the occasion demanded. The grandmother remained musing after the young people had left her :

"These Papists," she said to herfor I make sure this girl is one, though she has never admitted so much in my hearing, are like to have a hard time if all I hear from England be true. Evelyn's father used to attend the Popish worship in Dongan's time, or so I have been informed. That will tell against and he will be, in truth, a marked man. And this girl-

She paused and sighed deeply. if wishing to drive the matter from her mind, she arose from her chair and, with a step that was still light considering her years, went to inspect the jam cupboard, taking a ponderous bunch of keys from her apron pocket. She also gave orders that the coach should be at the door at a quarter before two to convey them all to some vantage point where the arrival and its attendant ceremonies might be witnessed.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE DEFIANCE OF DENNIS DUGAN

By George Barton, in Extension Magazine

Old Cadbury was hard and self-cen-The milk of human kind had dried in his breast, and he looked To this statement Evelyn made no out upon the world with selfish, sordid eyes. He was without wife or child, and he sat in the cold office of his wool warehouse, day after day and wondered only how he could increase the wealth which was already greater than his needs required

There had been a time when his eve was bright, his step brisk, and his smile contagious. But in some stealthy, unaccountable way he had contracted the habit of avarice, and it had grown upon him week by week, year by year, until now it had him gripped as with bands of steel.

Such moral tragedies do not happen in a day or without cause. This one began with a gradual loss of Faith. A disagreement with the priest over some trivial had been followed with matter absence from Mass, and that, as is inevitable, with a failure to practice religion. In the beginning it seemed like a relief. It worked in admirably with the growth of greed. With no scruples to bother him, there was no limit to the piling up of money. The only code he had to follow was that of the unbelieving world, and that was easy because it meant the line of least resistance. Old Cadbury was advancing in

years, and while he gained wealth, he lost all of the finer and nobler things of life. He sat in his office now, looking through the dirty window panes out into the sleet of a December day, dissatisfied with himself and everybody else. A shuffling noise attracted his attention, and ooking up, he saw Dugan, his head bookkeeper, standing before him. Dugan had grown gray in his service. was really the central pin upon the business revolved. had a fine sense of honor, and his to send her away with the ghost of

cerning him of which the others lied forth for a visit, or round of his hair was gray, there were lines knew nothing. These thoughts she visits, to other matrons. In such about the eyes, and he stooped, as is

Why don't you attend to her

asked Old Cadbury, pettishly.
"I—I'm afraid it's personal, sir." "Well, send her in," said the head

of the house, grudgingly. The next moment a woman in black was ushered into the dingy office, and when she threw back he veil, Cadbury gave a gasp of surprise and dismay. It was his sister, his youngest sister, who had incurred his displeasure years before by going off and marrying in spite of his pro tests. He had not seen her since and now her unexpected presence was a sort of shock. But only for a His skin was too thick ly affected. He looked at her dark clothes, and before she had a chance Well ?

In that one word, in its abrupt ness, and its threatening tone, was embodied all of the harshness of his nature.

'Yes," she replied to the unspoker query, "Jim's dead. He won't bother you any more."

'What do you want?" he barked. and the hardness of his voice brought unbidden tears to the eyes of the little woman before him.

"Nothing for myself." she replied trying hard to control her voice, "but my oldest boy is able to work now. and I thought if I could put him in P.O. Box 2008 Phon Phon Warehouse—"

H. L. O'ROURKE, B.A.

"It's against my principles," he snapped. "I wouldn't have a relative about me for anything." "Maybe you know of-

"I know of nothing," he interrupted again; "you've made your own bed, and you've got to lie in it. You've got to work out your own salvation. That's what I've done. Now, leave me, please. I'm very busy.

She hastily pulled her black veil over her eyes to hide her tears, and left the room. The next moment Dugan was hastily summoned "Didn't I tell you never to let anyone in?" exploded Old Cadbury.

"Why—yes," began the faithful e, "but this was your relative, one,

"Especially relatives," thundered the head of the house, "especially relatives, because they'd take the shirt off your back if they got the chance. Don't let it happen againunless you want another job. Dugan went out shaking his sil-

vered head. It was his business to obey orders, but he could not reconorders of this kind. At the door he met the little stenographer, who had been with the firm about three years. She looked at Dugan in a confiding manner. Everybody did. He had such a fatherly way, such a way of smoothing over the hundred and one little annoyances which come up in the course of the business day. was Dugan who had saved her when she misdirected a letter, and it was Dugan who had taken the when she misspelled the name of one of the firm's big customers. But those were during the days of her apprenticeship. She was competent now, and did her work with unfailing accuracy. She was worth three times as much as when she first accepted the position. That thought was in her mind now.

"I'm going to ask for that raise day," she said. "I'm tired of waiting for Mr. Cadbury to offer it.'

Dugan looked troubled. Herubbed his chin thoughtfully. 'I don't think I'd ask him for it

today. "But you said I was worth twice as I'm getting

today."
She gave a toss of her pretty head.

"If I wait until he's in good humor, I'll die of old age." Dugan laughed at this sally, but still he was troubled. The girl did not accept the warning signal and went into the inner office with smiling face. A minute later she came out with flushed cheeks and

console her: "I-I-was afraid. He refused. didn't he She nodded.

'It's worse than that," she said, with a catch in her voice. discharged me and says I'm incompetent

But you're not, "He-he spoke of the mistakes I nade two years ago. Dugan hurried into the other

"Mr. Cadbury," he began, "I'm afraid you've made a mistake about Miss Lynch. She's doing fine work now and-But the head of the house caught

Dugan with his cold eyes and arrest ed his flow of eloquence. "Who's running this place?" he asked, with the expression of a bull

dog. "Why, you, of course, but-"Nc 'buts.' You attend to your business, and I'll attend to I'm going to have discipline in this place or know the reason why. See

new stenographer. That's all.' Dugan's cheeks grew pale and then red, but he lost no time in leaving the room. For the first time in his life he felt a curious sense of his own helplessness. He spoke a few pity He ing words to the girl, and managed heart was wrapped up in the "house," smile on her lips, but down in his as he affectionately designated the breast he felt that his own tenure of wool firm of which Cadbury was the beginning and end. He had been a had that of the girl. He was at the fine-looking man in his day, but now mercy of a selfish and whimsical

Phone Main 6249. After Hours : Hillcrest 8818 Society of St. Vincent de Paul

Bureau of Information Special Attention
Given to Employment

Cast off Clothes
Always in Demand

Always in 25 Shuter St. St. Jerome's College

Founded 1864 KITCHENER, ONT. Excellent Business College Department. cellent High School or Academic Department cellent College and Philosophical Department

REV. A. L. ZINGER, C.R., PH.D., PRESIDENT

AUTOMOBILES, LIVERY, GARAGE R. HUESTON & SONS

Livery and Garage. Open Day and Night. to 483 Richmond St. 580 Wellington St Phone 423 Phone 441

FINANCIAL

THE ONTARIO LOAN & DEBENTURE CO'T Capital Paid Up, \$1,750,000. Reserve \$1,480,099 Deposits received, Debentures issued, Bestate Loans made, John McClary, Pres., A. M. Smart, Mgr. Offices; Dundas St., Corner Market Lane, London

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

FOY, KNOX & MONAHAN BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, Ete Hon. J. J. Foy, K.C., A.E.Knox, T. Louis Monahase E. L. Middleton George Keough Cable Address; "Foy" Telephones (Main 794 Main 798

Offices: Continental Life Building
CORNER BAY AND RICHMOND STREETS TORONTO Phone Melle (Also of Ontario Bar)
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY Money to Loan
Suite 5, Board of Trade Building
231 Eighth Avenue West

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

REILLY, LUNNEY & LANNAN Barristers, Solicitors, Notarie Money to Loan

Clifford B. Reilly, B.A., LL.B. Harry W. Lunney, B.A., B.C.L. Alphonsus Lannan, LL.B. rns Block, Phone M - 2428 CALGARY, ALBERTA. P. O. Drawer 1888 ecial facilities for correspondence in French

DENTISTS

DR. BRUCE E. EAID Room 5, Dominion Bank Chambers Cor. Richmond and Dundas Sts. Phone \$888

Juneral Directors

Andrew Configuration John Ferguson & Sons

180 KING ST. The Leading Undertakers & Embalmer Telephone - House 373 Factory 543 A STATE OF THE PROPERTY AND A STATE OF

E.C. Killingsworth FUNERAL DIRECTOR Open Day and Night

Hotel St. Charles

583 Richmond St. Phone 3971

Atlantic City, N. J. Entire Block on the Ocean Front

St. Charles Place to New Jersey Ave. Always open. Capacity 500, with 12-story fireproof addition. Sun parlors and enclosed porches. Hot and cold sea water in all baths Orchestra of soloists. Special fall and winter rates. Golf privileges. Automobile bus meets all trains. Booklet upon request.

NEWLIN-HAINES C

tear-dimmed eyes. Dugan tried to FREE that an advertisement is put in for 330 Hallam Building, Toronto

117 Yonge St. Hennessey PERFUMES CANDIES