A DAUGHTER OF THE SIERRA

BY CHRISTIAN BEID

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CHAPTER XI.-CONTINUED

Nevertheless, since he understood little of the details of the service, his glance wandered idly over the crowded mass of people,—over the rebozo-covered heads of women of the lower orders and the laced draped heads of ladies; over the forms of men standing with folded arms; some in careful, fashionable dress, others wrapped in blankets;—all grave, quiet, reverential, ready to sink on their knees when the bell should sound in the sanctuary. Among them were many faces which he knew; but suddenly his gaze was arrested by one which, although he was conscious of having seen it before, he could not at once identify.

And yet it was striking enough to remember,—the face of a young man who held his handsome head uplifted with an arrogant air which after an instant enabled Lloyd to recognize and just so he had stood, just so he his head when he contemptuously translated Armistead's speech at Las

The sight of him recalled vividly to Lloyd's mind the recollection of Las Joyas and of the conflict over the Santa Cruz. He had little doubt that it was something relating to this conflict which had brought young Vallejo to Topia. Was it per-haps to meet Armistead? It seemed nlikely; but since his refusal to assist in any active steps to assert Trafford's claim on the mine, he knew nothing of how the situation stood nor what Armistead's plans in regard to obtaining possesion of the property were. It any chance should enable him to know or to guess these plans, it would afford him pleasure to give even this somewhat ill maned young Mexican a hint of what s to be anticipated; but there med no probability of getting such information, unless—and here a sudden flash of enlightenment came to him. Last night, had not Miss Rivers when he bade her goodnight murmured some words w he had not understood, but which now returned to him with a clear apprehension of their meaning? am in a quandary," she had said "and I want to talk to you about it." she had said,

A quandary! The expression cossessed no significance for him, and he had made some light reply about being at her service always. But now, remembering her conversa tion with Armistead, he understood and understood also, in slow, ma line fashion, the command which had been in her eyes when she bade him join the picnic party that afternoon.
On such an occasion there would be many opportunities for the talk she wanted, especially if he obeyed her other command and carried his sketch-book along. It was not, he told himself, what he desired: to be brought into confidential relations of any kind with this girl, whose charm he felt might be so potent and sink so deep: but at present there seemed no escape for him. Not only, Thornton had said, would he be a bold man who disobeyed Isabel Rivers' commands, but the appearance of Arturo Vallejo quickened the memory of the other girl whom he had promised to help. If this help might be obtained through Miss Rivers, he be obtained through his fivels, he was bound to go even to the length of exposing himself to possible dan-ger—the danger of finding a hardwon peace of mind and heart taken -in order to obtain it.

valley, and a great longing stirred within him to find himself in the wild, green solitudes which lay beyond -the soltitude so high-uplifted toward heaven, so remote from the world of men's sordid struggles, where he had never failed to find content, pleasure and health. the sooner he saddled his mule and was out in the Sierra again the

was out in the Sierra again the better. To morrow perhaps—
"Hello!" It was . Armistead's voice, in a tone of much surprise.
"Have you been to church? The confounded bells wouldn't let me sleep, so I had to come out: though they one is to get through the day how one is to get through the day in this beastly place-There are alleviations promised,

rate and the state of the state

pleasure of receiving the commands of the Lady of the Caridad. We are

although it strikes me it will be a tremendous bore. Miss Rivers, howtremendous bore, Miss Rivers, how-ever, would make anything endurable. I'm more and more struck with what an extremely lucky thing it is that she should chance to be it is that she should chance to

"For me of course-I wouldn't be presumptuous enough to intimate that it may prove lucky for her also. But think of the difference her being here makes—and, by Jove, yonder she is "

Lloyd looked after him as he pushed his way through the people, now thronging out of the church,

barely possible that he may find reason to change his mind on that Don Arturo! how are you? And vided with an escort."

how are the family at Las Joyas?

"Is that the custom in your counpoint before all is said and done—ab,

There was anything but a cordial light in Arturo Vallejo's dark eyes as he replied coldly, in almost the exact words he had employed at Las Joyas:

"I re arily Eaglish well scores"

"I no spik English well, senor."

"Perhaps not, but you understand it well—I remember that. And we can talk in Spanish, if you prefer." " I do not know that we have any-thing of which to talk, senor," the young man answered distantly, in his

own language. Lloyd smiled. 'I think we might find a subject,' " May I ask if any of the family of Las Joyas are with you in

No, senor." There was suspicion as well as coldness now in the tone and eyes. "I am here alone."
"I am sorry. I should like to see Dona Victoria.

Vallejo started angrily.

"I am sure that Dona Victoria rould not wish to see you," he said rudely.

"Do not be too sure of that," Lloyd replied quietly. "I think Dona Victoria is aware that I am her

You have proved it so well !" the young Mexican cried in a tone of 'I have not had very much oppor

tunity to prove it," Lloyd said; "but Dona Victoria was good enough to believe that in the matter of Santa Cruz my sympathy is with

Don Arturo permitted himself a very cheap sneer. Dona Victoria is a woman!" he

pathy—of friendship for her," the other cried indignantly, "when have just seen you with our enemy! when I

"He is not my enemy, you know," Lloydremarked dispassionately. "And in point of fact, he is not your enemy either. He is only Mr. Trafford's

It is the same thing. He is try-

ing to rob-" Suppose we find a quieter place in which to discuss the subject?" vast, broken heights—their rugged Lloyd suggested; for the people about began to cast curious glauces azajnst a sky of jewel-like-brilliancy at the angry face and excited manner of the young Mexican.

its characteristic pos).

"We have nothing to discuss," he replied. "I understand what you want. It is that I shall talk, betray won peace of mind and heart taken from him again by the witchery of a woman's face and a woman's smile —in order to obtain it.

water the words of the control of the contr pell in the sanctuary sounded. Mexicans are great fools."

The bell in the sanctuary sounded. The men dropped on their knees. Lloyd waited a few minutes until the solemn hush was over, and then turned away from the door, back to the sunlight and roses of the plaza. As he did so he looked up at the vast, solemn heights encircling the valley, and a great longing stirred within him to findhimself in the wild, green solitudes which lay beyond ners, to insult any one, especially one who might have the power to aid you materially. Good day!

CHAPTER XII

THE USE AND FATE OF A SKETCH The sun, which in Topia disappears

very early behind the great rampart of the western heights, was dropping toward these heights, and the latter were already stretching their long shadows out over the sun bathed valley, when the picnic party left the town. It had been said that they were to leave promptly at 3 o'clock. punta de la hova; and since they finally started at 4, they probably came as near to pu

nctuality as any oody ever arrives in Mexico. The San Benito Mine was very well situated as an objective point for case de la Caridad—"

"Oh, very good! You've seen some of the Caridad people, then?"

"Yes. It's the early bird that catcles the worm or is himself caught, you know. I've had the caught, you know, I've had the caught had the ca passed down a short, rocky, canonlike street, crossed on stepping stones over a stream which flows through "The nature of the country answers that question. The patio of a mine affords the only space sufficiently level even for the eating of tambales."

Armistead gave a comprehensive glance around at the precipitous heights.

around its side. Very Mexican was culine contingent having arrived, the musicians began playing a waltz, and one couple after another responded to its invitation. Soon the whole patio was filled with young group of matrons; and, at a considerable interval, behind came a number of men. Between the feminine and blood.

"Are you sure that Miss Rivers is going?' he asked skeptically.

"Perfectly sure. She thinks that it would be picturesque, and would not miss it for anything."

"In that case of course I'll go; although it strikes mail will be a six and with the girls not only for mutual

with the girls, not only for mutual with the girls, not only for mutual pleasure but for practical usefulness," he declared. "It isn't as if they were circling round the plaza, or even walking on level ground. There's positive need—take care, Isabel! Look out for your footing?—of their assistance. Some of these old women will be rolling down the mountain presently—ah, I thought mountain presently—ah, I thought so!" (A stout lady in front stumbled and almost fell.) "Permit me senora, and almost fell.) to assist you."

"Muchas gracias, senor!" mur-mured the lady. "Muy malo el

"Very bad indeed," Mr. Rivers to Isabel Rivers' side.

"Extremely lucky for him that she happens to be here!" Lloyd repeated to himself meditatively. "It's senora, that those young men "—he assented; and then, seeing his way senora, that those young men "-he waved his hand backward-" ought to be here, assisting the ladies over the load. Every lady should be pro

You see I remember that you speak try, senor?"
"Undoubtedly. And it adds very "Undoubtedly." much to the enjoyment of an occa

> "Ah!" said the senora, in a tone of much significance. "I can be-lieve it. But with us it is different.

We have other customs." "And long may they keep them!" said Isabel, laughing at her father's slightly discomfited expression as he fell back. "The world would be a very uninteresting place if there were no variety in its manner and customs.

And for my part I like these. Fancy how much more possibility of romance there is between young people here than between those who associate together as freely as they do with us !"

"And how much room for disillusion when romance is converted into knowledge by marriage!" Thornton added.

"The practical result is otherwise, she answered. Those who know Mexico best tell us that one rarely hears of an unhappy marriage, and a broken household is almost un-"Miss Rivers is right," said Lloyd.

The domestic virtues of women are beyond praise. They don't clamor for rights or careers; they don't form clubs and make speeches; but they make homes and govern them in on old and very wise

'All the same, I am sure that Miss Rivers would not like to be bound by their hard and fast social rules, Armistead observed.

"Perhaps not," Miss Rivers acknowledged, "because I am a product of other social conditions. And I recognize sincerity." Lloyd returned.
"You talk of sincerity—of sympathy—of friendship for hor" and duties afterward.

"Not much more than admire it, afraid," Lloyd replied.

I'm afraid," It was indeed a striking view of the great chasm which opened before them as they turned the shoulder of hill around which they were winding. Far below, in its dark depths, they caught the gleam of water; while on either side rolled up vast, broken heights—their rugged and intensity of color. It was a scene of such wild grandeur that to But Arturo threw back his head in think of reproducing it by camera or by pencil was to realize the littleness of man's art in the presence of Nature

at her greatest. "It is hopeless," Isabel confessed, with a sigh. "To attempt to photo-graph this would be as useless as it would be impertinent." 'Lloyd can do wonders with sepia,"

Bugge "I can do something," Lloyd admit. But I agree with Miss Rivers that to attempt to put this scene on

"I am not sure about that when it is a question of sepia," Isabel said.
"You might try—just a sketch, you

know. "Here we are at the mine," said her

father. As he spoke they stepped from the narrow path they had been following onto a level space—the patio of the mine, a platform about fifty feet square, cut out of the almost precipi-tous mountain-side. On it the ore from the workings was brought for sorting and from it the debris was dumped. On the inner side was the great arched opening of the mine into the mountain, which towered high and steep above; and over the door of this tunnel a shed, as wide as an ordinary corridor, led to the office -a small building at one end. The rest of the patio was open to the sky; and its outer edge dropped sheer to iful e the depth of the quebrada, a thousand in the feet below. Preparations had been order of things in general. "For well situated as an objective point for made for the coming of the pleasure one, you are invited to dine at the cuch an excursion. It lay close to made for the coming of the pleasure in the town, in the heights that on the coming of the pleasure made for the coming of the pleasure mad party. The ground had been carefully swept, seats were placed under the shed, musicians were assembled; servants were lounging around the door of the office, within which pre-sumably the tamales had been de-posited; and as the merry throng spread out over the space, filling it of the Lady of the Carinda.

to report for dinner; and then, with a select party, go out this afternoon to eat tamales at a mine near by."

"Why at a mine?"

"Why at a mine?"

"Why at a mine?"

"The nature of the country and the country a

"Isn't it charming!" Miss Rivers exclaimed, as she stood watching the scene. "What wouldn't I give to be scene. "What wouldn't I give to be able to seize and put it away, to refresh myself with on some cold gray day, in a tame country, among a lifeless people!"

You are immensely flattering to your own people," Thornton said, with a laugh. "Won't you let some of us prove that we are not alto-gether lifeless?" He held out his hand. "Can you resist this music?"

"The music with difficulty, the floor—shall we call it?—with case,' she answered. "Still, I like new she answered. "Still, I like new sensations; so I'll try how it goes to waltz on the patio of a mine-jus

The next moment she was floating around with the rest over the hard-packed but somewhat uneven sur-face of the ground; and to more than one pair of watching ayes she seemed the incarnation not only of gracegrace a little different from that of the Mexican girls, because there was in it a quality which suggested an other and very different world—but also of that healthy, happy delight in life which does not disdain the

simplest pleasures.
As she might have foreseen, however, she was not able to limit her dancing to "just once." When she paused Armistead claimed a turn, and then half a dozen Mexicans thronged around her. So she danced with one after another, while Thornton came up to Lloyd and

'If I'd known I was letting her in for this kind of thing, I'd have asked her to dance," he said. Anybody else would just refuse those fellows-tell 'em she's tired that the ground hurts her feet,-but no! That's Miss Rivers! Does something confoundedly disagreeable for the sake of other people and then declares she enjoys it."

"Perhaps she does enjoys it. Consideration for others is so rare that we must find some selfish reason to account for its existence at all." Thornton lighted

Hum!" Thornton lighted arette. "Look at that fellow is beaming all cigarette. Martinez, how he is beaming all Who don't you go and have turn also? She dances deover! your turn also? She dances de-lightfully."
"And let her wear out her feet

practising the virtue of unselfishness on my behalf? Why don't you follow her example and go and dance with some of those Mexican girls? Good Heavens! who could think

of dancing for the sake of dancing on a place like this? It makes my head swim to look over the edge and think whereone would go if one waltzed too far. We've heard of shivering and balancing and doing various other uncomfortable things on the edge of heard of dancing on the edge of one phin Street.

of the Caridad."
"Mackenzie's doing enough for the whole staff. He has already waltzed with every girl here, and now he's making a second round. But here comes Miss Rivers. She has cut short her career of self-sacrifice—unless she's coming to ask you to the comes when the self-sacrifice dance, since you haven't asked

But it appeared that Miss Rivers had a very different purpose in view.
"OMr.Lloyd," she said, I am so concerned about your sketch! If it isn't made now, there will be no time to make it at all; for we shall soon be called to drink chocolate and eat tamales, and after that it will be too late to do anything except go home. Won't you come and try what you can do in the way of making a picture out of this wonderful scene "I'm at your orders, Miss Rivers," Lloyd answered. "But the quebrada

is rather a large commission, you know. Suppose you show me the point of view you care for."

"I don't care for this," she said, indicating the patio. "I want the view of the quebrada. Oh, I know it's a large commission! But you can try. And I think the place to try is a little farther on around the mountain. I'll show you where 1 mean.

Thornton, who did not feel encouraged to offer his assistance in this earch after the picturesque, watched them with rather a cynical eye as they walked across the patio.

they waiked across the patic.

"It's a hopeless case with Lloyd, as with the rest of us," he reflected; "else wild horses couldn't have dragged him here. And how obediently he does her bidding.—he who couldn't he brought within speaking. ago! Yet I'll swear there's no coquetry in it. If there were, the charm wouldn't be half as powerful as it is." Lloyd himself had not the least

doubt on the last point. No man would have been quicker to detect even a shade of coquetry in the beautiful eyes with their golden lights, or manner full of that highest ease which is as free from familiarity as from constraint. But underneath from constraint. But underneath Isabel Rivers' charm lay an exquisite sincerity, an absolute freedom from the small demands which many women are constantly making for admiration, and a possibility of sympathetic comradeship not to be mis-taken. And so there was no more thought of the possibilities for firtwith life, movement, gaiety, it was a nicture which for striking con- in Lloyd's mind than in her own, as they walked together on the narrow mountain road, a little beyond the patio where the music was playing the rich heart of the millionaire and the dancers were circling in the shopping district—Whittaker's fam-

commanded an admirable view of the great earth-rift, in the depth of which shadows were already gathering, although sunlight still gilded the summits of its eastern heights. "It is tremendous—but magnificent."

"I'll see what I can do with it," Lloyd answered guardedly.

They seated themselves on some stones, and he dashed the outlines of the picture on his paper with bold.

of the picture on his paper with bold, firm, rapid strokes, shading in almost as quickly as he drew. It was such skilful work that Isabel watched with fascinated attention as it grew under

his hand. TO BE CONTINUED

"THE OLE BACHELOR

P. J. Coleman in Rosary Maga

No trait of human nature is universal or so overmsstering as curiosity. Hence, mystery piques the curious, especially when the mystery is incarnate and goes about embodied in an interesting person ality. Then curiosity becomes a passion, an obsession of prying busybodies, proving that Pope was right when he penned the famous line the proper study of mankind man.

the mysterious when their curiosity fails to solve the unknown or to pierce the incognito of, for instance, a stranger who has lately moved into a gossiping street and keeps very much to himself. Human nature in such a case is apt to neglect its own business and attend solicitously to the business of others. Also, in st a case, baffled and thrown off the scent, curiosity becomes resentful and vindictive and invents strange life stories for the man or woman whose reticence eludes its inquisitiveness. Such a person becomes presently a local hero or heroine, tagged with romance and wrapped with the fiction of neighborhood gossip, like a butterfly in its chrysalis.

Van Pelt Street was bussing with gossip. It was a quiet, tree shaded street of ornate red brick houses, all patterned alike according to an imtradition. memorial Philadelphia house resembled another as closely as two peas in a pod. Its men were mostly prosperous me-chanics or small tradesmen who owned their own homes, worked by day in down town hives and whiled away their evenings with graphophone and newspaper. Its women were idly curious and of late were much exercised over the new arrival. in their midst, who unloaded a couple of van loads of rich furniture into a house that had long stood untenanted precipice, but I'm sure nobody ever a few doors from the corner of Dau-

Tue idea is certainly quite lawyer or a battender? A Mormon or a Methodist? His furniture was matter of social duty, you ought to take the risk and support the certainly "dandy." bis classes Was he married or single? A first and duties afterward—Oh, what a view of the quebrada! Mr. Lloyd, what can we do with this?"

The control of the Caridad."

The control of the control of the Caridad."

The control of the control of the caridad. The control of the caridad."

The control of the caridad of the caridad of the caridad. The control of the caridad. were graying and there was a little bald spot on the top of his head.

But one thing was certain-he drank. There was no doubt of that, for the rubicund tint of his face proclaimed the fact to the whole observ ant street.

He was separated from his wife, for he had now been a week in the street and no woman had yet moved into the house. Maybe she was at Atlantic City for the season and would yet show up. Some one said he was divorced: you never could tell. There was always something strange about those chaps who had furniture enough and of a quality to stock a palace, yet who preferred to live alone. He even did his own housekeeping and housecleaning—did not even hire a chorewoman to scrub his front steps or wash his parlor windows on Saturdays.

The grocers and butchers, milkman, coalman and iceman de-livered their goods at his back gate. He made his exits and his entrances by a side door. By no chance did he ever use the front door. Yes, he was a mystery and would bear watching. He might even be a counterfeiter or a burglar, who had chosen that nice, quiet, respectable street as a safe retreat to evade pursuit or detection It was an easy way to camouflage crime and balk the goodnatured curiosity of his prying neighbors. Well, if he was a criminal he had better look out. They would put up with a great deal in that street, but respect. able members of church and Sunday school who had bought Liberty Bonds would not tolerate crime in their midst. Yes, he had better watch his step and mind his Ps

All they knew of him was that his name was Whittaker. This much they learned of the postman and the milkman. Where he came from, what he was, how he earned his money-made it or worked for itwhat was the amount of his income what his family connections—all these remained mysteries. So gossip buzzed, fiction was woven, and Whittaker became as interesting as a de-tsctive story, the last chapter of which would alone reveal the solu-

At last a clue was found and the scent grew hot. Mrs. De Lisie, who lived in the middle of the block, had seen him one day in Whittaker's store on Chestnut Street, right in face of a scene so full of wild majesty and stern sublimity that it seemed as if it must inspire awe in the most careless soul.

"What do you think of this?" Isabel asked, as they paused at a point which

private office at the rear of the long

mirror-lined store.

Then Elwood James, who worked for the United Gas Company and rode about town fixing gas meters, had found him one day in converse with an elderly, aristocratic-looking gentleman in the hall of a fine mansion out on West Spruce Street Elwood had gone there to repair a meter in the cellar, but of course Whittaker had not seen him. He lived right across the street from Whittaker and could not possibly have been mistaken in his man. Afterwards Elwood had found out at the office of the gas company that Channing Wentworth Whittaker lived in the mansion on Spruce Street-Channing Whittaker of Whittaker's Chocolates, famous through out the United States for the quality of his candies—famous, too, for his great wealth, his yachts, his old masters, his tapestries and his eccentricities. Yes, that was it, putting two and two together, adding the incident of the candy store to the incident dent of the Spruce Street mansion, it was clear as day that the recluse of Van Pelt Street was none other the son of the millionaire chocolate king. For some reason he had quar-

had cut him off with an allowance. It was all very mysterious, all ver But curious folk are apt to resent interesting, all very sad that he, the son of a millionaire, should be forced to live in retirement on a small street, finding pleasure in his books— for he had a library—instead of sporting around the world, as all properly brought up sons of million-

reled with his father, and his father

aires are supposed to do.

The cat was out of the bag, the tension of curiosity was relaxed and Van Pelt Street breathed a sigh of relief and turned to discuss and dissect some other mystery.

Only that wife of his! It was pro voking, the way she insisted on not showing up! She had good reason showing up! for it, you may be sure, or she would not willingly sacrifice the income of the son of a millionaire. But, then, no one could blame her for not living with a brute who probably beat her when he was drunk. No one had ever seen him drink-there were plenty of boys on Van Pelt who patronized the thirst-parlors of the neighborhood, and they would know—but that was no proof that he did not drink. Those sly drinkers, who did it at home, were always the worst, you know.

Meanwhile, calmly indifferent gossip and criticism—indeed, utterly ignorant of it—Whittaker went quietly about his business. That he was an object of interest he neither knew nor cared, for his heart was on other matters than those that con-cerned his neighbors. Yet the neighbors were not wholly apart from his concerns, but in fact gave him more thought than they knew of. When they were dissecting and rending him, he in his own way was deep plots that concerned them-or the least fortunate among them.

There were a few widows on Van Pelt Street who made a brave of prosperity to the world, but who toiled arduously over washtubs in their back kitchens to feed and clothe their little ones and keep a roof over their heads. There was Mrs. Mac Donald, whose husband was a cripple disabled at the Midvale Steel Works. His allowance from the company had long since run out. There was Mrs. ritchard whose husband had desert ed her and left her with a year-old Hotel child. There was old Tim Dooley, whose wife was a bed ridden invalid, Tim himself, a ne'er do-well who did odd jobs where he could get them. There were cases of misfortune in other forms among the neighboring community; for despite its ornate brick fronts and its merry gramo phones, on Van Pelt Street, as other more pretentious streets, "all

was not gold that glittered. Then there was little Mary Des mond, the blue eyed, golden-haired daughter of Pat Desmond, whose house fronted Whittaker's across the street. A charming little tot, with the face of an angel, and the com plexion of a bisque doll, she had b run over one day, shortly after Whittaker's arrival in the street, and after many weeks in hospital was now limping about the house with a shortened leg, the result of a broken hip bone. The little thing was suf-fering, too, for the bone had not seemed to set right, and daily visits from a high-priced doctor were tak-ing most of Pat Desmond's hardearned wages. And Pat had four other mouths to feed besides little Mary's!

The unfortunate ones did not know it, but Whittaker had notes of their misfortune jotted down in a little notebook which he carried in an upper vest pocket. How he came by this information was his own affair, but his information was authentic and detailed.

Therefore, when a ton of coal was shot into this poor woman's cellar without having been ordered by her; when a basket of groceries was left at this other woman's door by some good Samaritan; when Mrs. Des-mond's medicines were filled without payment at the drug store and her doctor's bills paid; when a wheeled chair came to little Mary, so that she could be wheeled to and sit comfortably at the parlor window; when this widow found clothes for her children on her doorstep and that one an overcoat for her boy, the neighborhood was conscious of a new experience in its midst.

No, Father Gough had not ordered

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