

GERALD DE LACEY'S DAUGHTER

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF COLONIAL DAYS

BY ANNA T. SADDLER

BOOK II CHAPTER X A COUNTERPART

The de Lacey reached the Colony of Maryland in safety. Had the proprietary government been still in the ascendant, with the Catholic freedom from every kind of intolerance, these two sorely tried members of the ancient faith might have settled down there in peace and security. But the Calverts, and the Catholic government they had founded, were dispossessed. Persecution against dissenters, and of course against Catholics, was relentlessly enforced. Negotiations were continually in progress between the authorities of Maryland and those of other colonies to restrict the liberties of Catholics, to render their position intolerable, and even to banish them entirely from the land. Intolerance like a fatal miasma had spread upwards from Virginia and downwards from New York and New England, and it required the whirlwind of the War of Independence to clear away this mist.

It was, therefore, deemed inadvisable that the fugitives should linger long in that congenial atmosphere where they were so cordially received. A plan was formulated by their friends in New York by which they were to be conveyed by the sloop "Anna Maria" to Sandy Hook, where they were to board the brigantine "Mermaid," of which the honest seaman, Rogers, was captain. Once on board the brigantine, a safe passage to the Spanish dominions in the south was assured, where they might hope for at least a temporary security until a lull in the storm of persecution should enable them to return to New York.

Meanwhile, counterplotting had been going on in Manhattan, and Vrow de Vries again appeared as the evil genius. The autumn winds were laying waste the garden which Evelyn had so carefully tended, and blighting with its chilly breath the foliage of those splendid trees of Manhattan, when Captain Prosser Williams stood once more within the luxuriant apartment which Vrow de Vries dominated from her chair. He was walking up and down impatiently, glancing from the lean, dark figure of Mynheer Laurens, who had also been summoned to conference, to the living antithesis offered by the mistress of the house.

It irked Captain Williams much, in his present mood of fiery impatience, to have thus to propitiate his repulsive and uninteresting hostess. The latter watched him out of her dull eyes, in which smouldered a fire of resentment, as though she had been quick to read his thoughts. She purposely continued her conversation with her other guest until the young officer's impatience had reached its limit.

"And what," he said at last, "is this notable intelligence which you so urgently invited me to hear?"

"If you will but seat yourself," the woman said, "I will make known to you such late news as has reached me."

There was a hint of dryness in her tone, which served as a warning to her fellow-conspirator. He complied instantly with her request, and, seating himself ruthlessly upon one of the silver-laced chairs which were kept more for ornament than use, he prepared to listen. Vrow de Vries, slowly unfolding a letter, read it in a thick, guttural voice, which sounded as though her considerable avowdrip impeded her utterance. The first part of that epistle proved a thorn in the flesh of Captain Williams. For it fitted in all too well with his own dark and brooding thoughts, and forcibly reminded him how, in common with the good people of Salem, he had been baffled and fooled. For Goodman Cooke gave his sister a prolix account, embellished with many a flight of fancy in which superstition played its part, of the scene in the court-house at Salem.

Since no trace of Indians had been found in the town, and those in the nearest encampments were pursuing their ordinary avocations without any hostile intent whatever, and professing utter ignorance of the late attempt, the believers in witchcraft, including a considerable number of the townspeople, were of opinion that the whole occurrence was an illusion of the senses, created by the evil power of the reputed witch and the spirits with whom presumably she was familiar. A panic had ensued, it was believed, in the course of which the witch had transported herself far beyond the limits of the town.

Captain Prosser Williams, visibly bored and with a bitter smile upon his lips, sat back in his chair playing with the tassel of his sword hilt. All disposition towards credulity had vanished from his mind with his departure from Salem, and he was impatiently convinced that Mistress de Lacey's friends in Manhattan were at the bottom of the affair. He was curiously irritated, moreover, by the solemn interest with which Henrietta Laurens listened to his recital. He could not refrain from saying, in an obviously sneering tone:

"Are you also, Mynheer, a believer in witchcraft?"

Laurens' face flushed at the taunt, but he answered defiantly:

"Strange things occur which are

beyond our human judgment; and where Papists are concerned, who shall say that the powers of hell may not interfere in their behalf?"

Prosser Williams laughed.

"Devilish they may be in their deeds, these Papists," he said, "but at least they have the wit to despise such follies."

Vrow de Vries somewhat sharply recalled both men to the subject of the letter, the conclusion of which was of sufficient interest to arrest the wandering mind of the young officer. For Goodman Cooke had heard a rumor that two people, corresponding exactly to the description of the father and daughter, had arrived in Maryland, where they were known to consort with Jesuits and other Papists. Also it had been bruited about that a young sailor, who had been employed by Captain Jenkins of the sloop "Anna Maria," had openly boasted in a tavern, when in his cups, that his master was about to take to Sandy Hook, near New York, two fugitive dissenters. On being plied with questions he had disclosed the date upon which the "Anna Maria" was to sail. He knew nothing further, save that the passengers were to be put aboard some vessel sailing for overseas on a southerly port.

The fat woman's eyes sparkled with triumph as she read, for well she knew the delight with which such information would be received by that influential member of His Excellency's Household, who now sat carelessly in her best silver-laced chair. It gave Vrow de Vries singular pleasure to be thus pulling the strings of which her husband was ignorant, and having her part as he had his, in the movements of the day. It responded to a latent ambition within her to be even temporarily the association of men for whom her husband, in their public or official capacity, had a profound respect. Also, it gratified her idle jealousy of her late neighbor, which had been fanned into a flame by her husband's praise. But whatever her sentiments or those of Henrietta Laurens who showed great pleasure at this important information and at the circumstance that the date mentioned still allowed time for action, they were mild in comparison with those of the chief conspirator. There was no lack of interest now in Captain Williams' aspect. His apathy had vanished as if by magic. For, just when he felt himself baffled at every point and the coveted prize seemed to have slipped from his grasp under circumstances most humiliating to his self-esteem, here was an opportunity offered to regain all that he had lost and to take a notable revenge upon those who had outwitted him, while doing a service to Lord Bellomont and the State which should merit a rich reward. Moreover, the hope of finally securing the person of Evelyn sprang again into life. For that ill-starred love of his had increased with those obstacles which had been confronted, and never had it been greater than when Evelyn had appeared pale, helpless and in bonds in the courtroom at Salem. Her image rose before him as he had seen it then, and filled him with an almost intolerable longing to look upon her again and to hear her voice, even if it were in anger or contempt. He forgot Vrow de Vries, who was watching him curiously, and Henrietta Laurens, who, however, was chiefly concerned at the moment with the thought of what steps might be taken to bring these two fugitives to justice.

The pallor of Prosser Williams' face was heightened by two spots of dull, red color in either cheek. His eyes gleamed with a baleful fire, and his breath came short and sharp. He dared not trust himself to speak. The conflict of emotions was too strong, and he feared that it would become too painfully evident to the eyes that were watching him. He rallied sufficiently, however, to reply to the questions which Henrietta Laurens was already putting, as to what should be done in the present emergency. The two men conversed together purposely in low tones, which were not always audible to their singular hostess, who observed them with a smile of pure content. For she knew she had set in motion whatever engines of destruction they might choose to employ. It was agreed between the confederates that the services of Greatbatch should be called into requisition, since Prosser Williams held him in the hollow of his hand. Just now when Lord Bellomont was making furious efforts for the suppression of illicit trading, it was widely suspected that that notorious smuggler, accused likewise of acts of piracy, was still at large simply because he was protected by an influential member of the Household, who also stood well with Lieutenant Nanfan and the other prominent men of the extreme Protestant party.

Captain Prosser Williams, while apparently taking Mynheer Laurens into his confidence, concealed from him his ulterior plans for obtaining possession of Evelyn de his wife. If she could be brought to listen to his suit, she and her father would still be spared all annoyances. His plan had failed, she must be seized as a prisoner, whose release he should obtain from Lord Bellomont on the condition of marriage with her. As in the case of the young Colonial, opposite him was used as a mask for selfish motives. Taking leave with scant ceremony of Vrow de Vries, the two hurried off towards the tavern of Dr. Halle, where Greatbatch was sure to be found whenever his vessel was in port.

They were so fortunate as to find him there. As a sharp cutting wind was blowing outside, the tavern appeared particularly inviting, and Greatbatch was enjoying with even more than his usual relish his portion of the Barbadoes rum. His purple face aflame and his tongue loosened, he was drinking, swearing and grumbling when the two young men entered the room. He no longer uttered public denunciations of His Excellency, since Prosser Williams had put him upon his guard. But, since grumbling was his favorite pastime, he usually found some pretext for its exercise, and just then it was directed against the young tops and dandies who were sent out by the home government to prey upon the colonies in general and honest traders in particular. Though he mentioned no names, those present were quite aware of the object of his animadversions, and a smile played over their faces as the door opened to admit the particular young top whom he evidently had in mind.

As Captain Prosser Williams threw aside his cloak because of the heat indoors, it was universally conceded that he merited the title. His satin waistcoat was as gaudy in coloring as it was rich in material, and upon a doubt of heavy silk fell his curled and perfumed locks. Greatbatch's manner changed to a cringing civility as the approaching officer greeted him with a careless nod, striking him on the shoulder and exclaiming:

"Well, old sea-dog, drinking the ocean dry as usual!"

The two young men then seated themselves at a table close by, whence the officer, leaning back in his chair, addressed the smuggler in a voice inaudible to most of those around.

"Remain here after these others have gone. Mynheer Laurens and I have business of weight to discuss with you."

This suggestion made the master of the "Hesperia" not a little uneasy, but he had no choice but to obey, since he was far too deeply in the toils to refuse. Besides, his curiosity was all-devouring, and he wanted to discover what business could have led these two to seek him just then. He found the time long till the guests slipped away one by one, including Mynheer Laurens, who had snuggled against the young officer and his companion, serenely unconscious of the new act in the drama that had been enacted in his own drawing-room. The two young men regarded him with secret amusement, knowing that he was quite ignorant of recent developments and that his wife was determined to keep him so.

Now Mynheer, as he sipped his wine, wondered what new devilment these young men might be planning; whether they were simply passing an idle moment, or about to engage in some shady transaction with the smuggler. He waited a considerable time, but as others were going and none of the three in whom he was interested showed signs of stirring, he strolled out at the door with a genial good-night. But he did not go very far. He drew up the collar of his cloak, and gathered it close about him as a protection against the biting wind, while he took up a position on the other side of the great elm. If Greatbatch was the last to leave, Mynheer was determined to have a word with him and find out what was afoot. For he had noted Captain Williams' action in leaning over to whisper to the smuggler, and had surmised what was said.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE SHORTEST WAY HOME

Chapman had most of the characteristics of the bigot. He was ready to find fault, quick to accuse, and resolutely shut his mind to the truth. The staid slanders against the Catholic Church found a ready lodgment in his mind, and he added to them from time to time until they made a wall of intolerance which it seemed impossible for the most aggressive opponent to overcome.

In his ordinary every-day intercourse, John D. Chapman was all that any reasonable person could desire. He was free and easy and open-handed, and had a personality that was at once agreeable and ingratiating. But the mention of the Catholic Church was always sufficient to transform the man. He saw red. Every aggressive instinct bristled like the quills upon the fretful porcupine. He was ready to defend himself and his "beloved country" from the "machinations of Rome," little thinking that his existence was not even suspected at Rome, and that his beloved country was only one of many spots upon the map of the world.

But one of those eccentricities of nature which the human mind will never be able to satisfactorily explain, Chapman's best liked friend was a man who differed from him in every way in which it is possible for one man to differ with another. Lawrence Higgins was a ray of sun-

light. That, in itself, made him notable. He was middle-aged, with a family; Chapman was in his late twenties; and in the enjoyment of single blessedness. Higgins was red-headed and hopeful; Chapman was dark-haired and inclined to look at the dark side of life. Higgins was a devout member of the Catholic Church; and Chapman had no form of faith except a confirmed opposition to Catholicism.

The men came into frequent contact in a business way, and their dealings were always mutually satisfactory. Higgins never wanted the scratch of a pen from Chapman, and Chapman said he would willingly trust his life to Higgins. It was a source of wonder that two men so radically opposed to one another in so many things could get along so agreeably. Higgins explained this by saying it was a law of nature for opposites to agree, and that Chapman was sincere. Larry had a profound respect for sincerity. Chapman, on his side, was convinced that Higgins was honest, and said one could not ask for more than complete honesty.

In the course of time, Chapman came to break bread at the Higgins home and while there met the various members of the family, including Agnes Higgins, the fair-haired daughter who was a replica of her father, with the added advantages of youth and a convent education. There was mutual admiration, between the young folks, but Agnes knew of Chapman's anti-Catholic tendencies and was disposed to look at him askance. The light of faith shone brightly in her blue eyes, and she was not the sort of person to permit the slightest reflection against her Church to go unchallenged.

After dinner at that first visit came the inevitable clash between the girl and the young man. He had no thought of provoking a controversy, but the words persisted in coming from him.

"I admire your father immensely," he said in a patronizing way, "in spite of his blind faith."

"Evidently," she retorted calmly enough, but with flashing eyes, "you do not know the meaning of the word."

"Oh," he replied jauntily, "I think I do."

"I'm sure you don't," she said firmly. "Faith, as we understand it, is belief in revealed religion. We are confident that it is divine and, that being the case, nothing else matters. It is not easy to explain to the worldly minded. It is a gift—a gift from God. If you haven't it, nothing else in the world can take its place. If you have it you can afford to dispense with everything else."

"And you condemn those that have not got it?"

"Not at all," was the quick reply. "I only pity them from the bottom of my heart. The distribution of the gift is one of the mysteries that my poor mind can never fathom. I only know that it may often be withheld from the great ones of the world and granted to the poor savage in the wilds of Africa."

"But what good does it do?"

"All of the greatest and most unselfish deeds in this hard world come from faith. It is faith that enables priests and nuns to devote their whole lives to the good of mankind. What they do, they do without money and without price. There is no earthly incentive. They do not work for the applause of men."

"But your people are priest-ridden," he persisted.

"That's the bigot's catch phrase," she replied, "and like most catch phrases, it is meaningless. No one has more personal liberty than members of the Catholic Church. Their only check is their conscience. The Church, in the person of the priest, serves them from the cradle to the grave. It is their guide, their counsellor, their helper, their comforter. They are often disobedient and ungrateful, and if they fail in the end, it is their own fault."

He had a desire to prolong their conversation, but he looked at his watch and found it was time to leave. He looked at Agnes with a smile.

"I admire your loyalty," he said, "but I'm perfectly sure that you are wrong. I can put a dozen questions to you that I'm sure you won't be able to answer."

"You can make it a hundred," she retorted, "and I'll answer them all. I'll guarantee that most of them are misrepresentations and slanders that were answered before either of us were born."

She said good-bye to him courteously enough but within she was raging. His calm assumption of superiority rankled in her breast and she was eager for the time when she could take up the cudgels in behalf of that which she held dearer than life itself. Her father, who had heard the last part of the conversation, turned to her indulgently:

"Agnes, you talk like a theologian—you're a regular doctor of divinity."

The girl shook her head protestingly.

"You know I'm nothing of the kind. I'd be ashamed of myself if I couldn't give an account of the faith that's in me."

He patted her on the head affectionately.

"You did well, but you're wasting your breath on Chapman."

She looked at her father in surprise.

"You don't mean to say that you let his charges go unchallenged?"

He smiled.

"Oh, if he makes a specific misstatement I correct it, but I never

attempt to answer his glittering generalities. It would be a waste of time and would do no good."

She pursed her lips in an endeavor to look at him sternly.

"Do you mean to say that it would do no good to prove to him that he's in the wrong?"

"That's just what I mean. I've met men of his type before. He's intellectually vain, and if you were to prove that he was wrong, it would humiliate him terribly."

She looked at him hopelessly.

"Then he's a hopeless bigot. Is that what you mean?"

"He's a bigot, but not hopeless. She gave a gesture of impatience.

"Dad," she protested, "it's hard to understand you. How can you pretend to respect a man for his bigotry?"

"Because it's honest bigotry," he smiled.

"The fellow has the courage of his convictions. He would be converted more easily than the chap who is indifferent, or the man who says that one religion is as good as another. He's quite different from the professional bigot—that is, the man who uses his bigotry as a means of money-making."

She nodded her pretty head wisely.

"I think I see what you mean. It makes me understand why you respect him. But isn't there some way of making him see the truth?"

Higgins smiled at the enthusiasm of the girl.

"There are many ways, but as I've explained to you, controversy is the least desirable. It just has to come to him naturally as the sense of reason comes to a child. This may take a long while, but you know my dear, the longest way round is, after all, the shortest way home."

"Dad," she cried impulsively, "I'm beginning to think you're a wise man."

He patted her on the head again.

"Don't talk that way, or you'll spoil me entirely."

Chapman and Agnes met only at rare intervals after that, but on these rare occasions he did not harp on his hobby, and she had nothing to say about religion. But each of them felt keenly interested in the other. Her loyalty to her faith had impressed him and caused him to admire her, but without changing his views of Catholicism. Agnes on her part, studied him carefully and came to feel with her father that, no matter how mistaken he might be, he had the virtue of honesty.

It was three months after the first discussion between Chapman and Agnes that the young man and Lawrence Higgins went on a business trip together. They sat in the smoking car of the express train and discussed a number of subjects in which they were mutually interested.

Suddenly, in the midst of their talk, there came a dreadful crash, and in the twinkling of an eye chaos reigned. Chapman found himself sprawling in the aisle, and when he looked up he discovered Higgins jammed between two seats. It was only a matter of a few moments to extricate him, and fortunately neither of them were injured beyond a few scratches and bruises. The air was filled with dust and din; the car windows were broken, and they heard moans coming from a distance.

"What is it?" asked Chapman, as soon as he was able to speak.

"Wreck! That's plain enough," replied Higgins, "our car turned on its side."

The young man glanced about him in a dazed way.

"I believe it has. But what are we going to do about it?"

As he spoke he noticed a means of escape by way of two broken window-panes. They had to move carefully to avoid injury by glass and splinters, but eventually they managed to climb out into the daylight. Passengers were running in all directions, and help had already been summoned. First aid was being given to the injured, many of whom were lying on the damp grass in various stages of consciousness.

Chapman and Higgins joined the other volunteers in doing all they could for the afflicted ones. While thus engaged, they came in contact with a man wearing a Roman collar who seemed to be performing the labors of three persons at once.

"Well, Father Fisher," exclaimed Higgins extending his hand, "I never expected to see you here!"

"Larry my boy," retorted the other, clasping the proffered palm in his own begrimed hand. "I'm glad to be able to see you walking about on two sound legs."

Before there was a chance to say anything more, a woman came running up to the priest, wringing her hands.

"Oh, Father, the first car is burning, and there's a man in the ruins calling for a priest!"

Without a word, Father Fisher left them and hastened in the direction indicated. Instinctively, Chapman and Higgins followed. The first car, like the others, had been derailed and was on its side. The upper portion was in flames, and beneath the side next to the ground they could see the body of a stalwart man pinned down. The possibility of saving his life was remote. It would take heavy machinery to move the obstruction, and before that could be obtained he would die. The priest looked about for some way of reaching the sufferer. The only opening was by way of a window from which the sash had been wrenched and which was now blazing as if ready to burst into flames. Father Fisher got down on his hands and knees and began to crawl through the aperture. A rail-

road official came along at this moment and grabbed him by the arm.

"For God's sake!" he cried, "don't try to go in there. You can't possibly do him any good, and you're risking your own life."

The priest halted for a moment and looked at the other with perfect calmness.

"No earthly good," he said quietly, "but there's something else."

Before any one could interfere, he had gone all the way in and was by the side of the stricken man. Those on the outside witnessed a remarkable transformation. They saw the face of the man who was pinned beneath the weight of the debris. It had been distorted with pain, but the moment Father Fisher took his hand, the poor victim's countenance cleared and assumed an expression of tranquility. They saw the priest reach into his pocket and pull out a stole which he slipped about his neck. He bent his ear toward the victim, and his lips began to move. Everybody realized that the poor man was making his confession.

The moments seemed like minutes to the awe-stricken onlookers. Presently the priest lifted his hand and made the sign of the cross over the prostrate one. All understood now that the last rites of the Church were being administered to the dying man. Instinctively everybody—regardless of religious belief—lifted their hats and stood in reverent silence, until the ceremony was completed. Then, the priest watched the scene with a fascinated expression. The poor fellow lifted his head by a supreme effort and, looking affectionately at the priest, smiled contentedly. The next moment he fell back dead. Father Fisher closed the eyes of the corpse and crossed his arms reverently and then, as only then, began to crawl out from the dangerous position.

Lawrence Higgins had moved closer to the burning car, and his lips were moving in prayer. The aperture through which the priest had entered was framed with flames. Could he get through alive? That was the question in every mind. He did, but his hair and his eyebrows were singed, and he was burned and bruised from the fire and falling timbers. It was Higgins who gave him a helping hand and pulled him to a place of safety. Involuntarily, the crowd burst into applause. But Father Fisher, if he heard, paid no attention to the demonstration.

"Thank God, Larry," he said to his friend, "I got those in time."

"I thought so, Father."

"Yes," added the priest, as much to himself as to the other, "the poor fellow got what he has prayed for all his life—a happy death."

Chapman could restrain himself no longer.

"A happy death!" he ejaculated. "A happy death in that inferno?"

The priest looked at the speaker curiously.

"Yes," he said, simply, "that is one of the most consoling of all the consolations things about the Catholic Church. It not only teaches men how to live but it teaches them how to die."

Before anything more was said a messenger appeared to announce the priest elsewhere. Others needed his attention and ministrations. And for more than an hour he worked with amazing energy, giving spiritual help and consolation while the doctors, who had arrived, were caring for the physical needs of the victims. Wrecking crews came upon the scene, and before noon of that day all signs of the catastrophe had been removed, and the world went about its business as usual.

Three days after the train wreck Chapman called on Higgins at the office and said to him, in his frank outspoken way:

"I'd like to meet Father Fisher. Would you mind taking me around to see him some night?"

"Certainly not," replied the redd-haired one, looking at his friend curiously.

Chapman caught the look and said with some heat:

"Oh, I'm not going to talk religion to him."

Higgins laughed in his loud, hearty, wholesome way.

"Sure, you don't suppose Father Fisher would bother his head with talking religion to you, do you? He's too busy a man to waste his time in that style."

And somehow Chapman felt that Higgins was entirely candid in his statement. He had half hoped that there might be something controversial in their conversation, but he did not want to be placed in the position of inviting it.

They found Father Fisher in his study, clad in a threadbare black cassock, smoking a strong cigar and reading a book. He greeted them cordially.

"I've had a busy day, and I'm taking it easy for the night."

"In that event," suggested Chapman, "you may have no desire for company."

The priest laughed.

"I'm glad to have you, and if you can stand me, I'm sure I won't find any fault with you."

"The talk drifted easily from one subject to another. Chapman spoke of the wreck, but before he could finish the priest he wished to give the priest, the latter had taken the conversation in his own hands and turned it into a denunciation of the railroad company for their failure to provide proper safeguards for their employees and for passengers.

"Maybe a few damage suits will wake them up," he concluded, "for experience has shown that the pocket nerve is usually the most acute with a corporation."

Phone Main 6249. After Hours: Hillcrest 5318
Society of St. Vincent de Paul
Bureau of Information
Special Attention Given to Employment Cases of Clothes Always in Demand
25 Shuter St.
Office Hours 9 to 4
TORONTO

St. Jerome's College
Founded 1864 KITCHENER, ONT.
Excellent Business College Department
Excellent High School or Academic Department
Excellent College and Philosophical Departments
Address:
REV. A. L. ZINGER, C. R., PH. D., PRESIDENT

PROFESSIONAL CARDS
FOY, KNOX & MONAHAN
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, Etc.
Hon. J. Foy, K. C., A. E. Knox, T. Louis Monahan
E. L. Middleton George Keough
Cable Address: "Foy"
Telephones: Main 794
Main 795
Offices: Continental Life Building
CORNER BAY AND RICHMOND STREETS
TORONTO

F. O. Box 2093 Phone M 4110
H. L. O'ROURKE, B.A.
(Also of Ontario Bar)
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY
Money to Loan
Suite 5, Board of Trade Building
231 Eighth Avenue West
CALGARY, ALBERTA

JOHN T. LOFTUS
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary, Etc.
712 TEMPLE BUILDING
TORONTO
Telephone Main 632

Reilly, Lunney & Lannan
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES
CALGARY, ALBERTA
DENTISTS
DR. BRUCE E. RAID
Room 5, Douglas House Chambers
Cor. Richmond and Dundas Sts. Phone 886

SPEND a few days, a week or a week-end at this popular Resort Hotel, noted for Service, Cuisine and Amusement.
ON THE OCEAN FRONT
Hot and Cold Salt Water in all baths. Orchestra. Golf privileges. Special Spring Rates. Booklet. NEWLIN HAINES CO.

Funeral Directors
John Ferguson & Sons
180 KING ST.
The Leading Undertakers & Embalmers
Open Night and Day
Telephone—House 373 Factory 548

E. C. Killingsworth
FUNERAL DIRECTOR
Open Day and Night
523 Richmond St. Phone 3971

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
KINGSTON ONTARIO
ARTS
MEDICINE EDUCATION
APPLIED SCIENCE
Mining, Chemical, Civil, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering.
HOME STUDY
Arts Course by correspondence. Degree with one year's attendance of four summer sessions.
Summer School Navigation School
July and August December to April
19 GEO. Y. CHOWN, Registrar

CELTIC SUPPLIES
Bannocks, "Brian Boru" Pipes, Irish War Pipes, Practice Chanters and Five Music, Celtic Music, Highland Costumes, Clan Post Cards, Tartan Playing Cards, Literature in Gaelic, French, English, as Dictionaries, Grammars, Readers, Works of Folklore, Fiction, Biography, History, Historical, Pictorial and Descriptive works on Scotland & Ireland.
Write for catalogue
The Macdonald Music Store, Antigonish, N.S.

Liquor and Tobacco Habits
Dr. McTaggart's Vegetable Remedies for these habits are safe, inexpensive home treatments. No hypodermic injections, no loss of time from business, and positive cures. Recommended by physicians and clergy. Enquiries treated confidentially. Literature and medicine sent in plain sealed packages.
Address or consult—
Dr. McTaggart's Remedies
300 Stair Building Toronto, Canada

YOU CAN'T CUT OUT A BOG SPAVIN OR THROUGHPIN
but you can clean them off promptly with
ABSORBINE
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
and you work the horse same time. Does not blister or remove the hair. \$2.50 per bottle, delivered. Will tell you more if you write. Book 4 R. free. ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for mankind, reduces Varicose Veins, Ruptured Muscles or Ligaments, Enlarged Glands, Wens, Cysts, Allays skin quickly. Price \$1.50 a bottle at druggists or delivered.
W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 293 Lyman Bldg., Montreal, Can.; Absorbine and Absorbine, Jr., are made in Canada.