

## A FAIR EMIGRANT

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND  
AUTHOR OF MARCELLA GRACE: "A NOVEL"  
CHAPTER XXXV—CONTINUED

"Well, Betty, I may tell you that I think she believes now that your Mr. Arthur was innocent."

"Thank her for nothing," said Betty, scornfully. "It's time she found it out. But never fear, ma'am: I am't such a haythen monster as not to be as good to her as I can."

The little household settled to rest; the strange guest had relapsed into her swoon of peace; only Bawn was awake and up, feeling still too much excitement after the events of the day to be ready for sleep. Her fire was expiring, her lamp burning low; she had opened the blind to see the horn of the late-risen moon appear above the curve of the black-purple mountain opposite, and was walking up and down the floor, her hands locked behind her back, her head upraised, thinking over her success with regard to Mave, her conversation with Somerled, his persistence in meeting her. Did he wait and watch for her, or was it always chance that brought him through the hollow just as she appeared in it? Say what she might to her own heart, it would feel glad at the sight of his face and the sound of his voice. By the pain that passing gladness left behind it let her expiate the sin of her weakness in loving one of the family of her father's enemies. As for him, he had been warned, and why could he not keep out of her way? Why could he not stay at Tor and learn to love Manon de St. Claire? And then Bawn paused in her walk, and her heart winced. Of course that would naturally be the end of it all. After she had gone back over the sea she had so confidently crossed; in the ruin in the hollow had been levelled with the ground, burying under it the ashes of the Adares; after the hollow had bloomed again, as Rory himself had predicted it would bloom, in that time Rory would dwell among these hills a contented man, husband of a suitable wife.

Bawn, choking a little over the sadness of her own fate, acknowledged that she had one cause for self-congratulation, in that she could not be called on to witness that admirable state of things; that there was still a merciful ocean within reach, ever ready to carry her back to the unknown.

The moon had risen above the mountain-ridge, a clear crescent, and clouds were drifting towards it. Bawn stood in the middle of the floor looking at it, her meditations broken by the fancies it suggested. It was the diadem of the queen of night, more like half of the golden ring than romantic lovers break between them; but here a long, streaming cloud, dark and filmy, with a weird outline, reminding one of a banshee with outstretched arm and threatening finger, came hurrying towards it, pounced on the jewel, and hid it in her mysterious draperies. At the same moment a loud sob escaped the wind, which had been whispering complacently around the corners of the house, and among the old thorn and alder trees, and a sense of uncanny loneliness just touched Bawn, who was accustomed to sleep early and soundly, and had no timorous associations with the dead of night.

She had just shaken off the feeling, and was approaching the window to draw down the blind before taking refuge in her pillows when something she saw struck her intelligence like a blow and froze up the blood in her veins. A figure was distinctly visible at the window, strange and uncouth; a ghastly and malignant face was pressed against the pane, the hollow eyes straining out of their sockets, trying to see into the room. A pair of long, claw-like hands grasped the upper sash, and the figure seemed to hang by them, as if weak and awaiting support. Dusty looking hair, in shaggy masses; long gray jaws and a hungry mouth—these details of the countenance imprinted themselves on her imagination as the creature, whatever it was, crushed itself against the window-frame, like a beast struggling behind the bars of a cage.

"Good God!" muttered Bawn, and waited to see if the thing would try the fastenings of the window or make an attempt to get in. If so she would quickly shut the shutters and put up the bar. But if this should be only some poor tramp, hungering for a sight of fire on the hearth, or out of mere curiosity peering with all the fascination of the homeless for a look into a home, why need she be afraid of him?

He might be a lunatic escaped from control; and if he were to prove too quick for her? She thought of the horror of a midnight alarm, the possible effect on the sufferer within, the excitement of her woman, and decided to fasten the shutter without further delay. As she stepped to the window the gathering clouds, fell on her and revealed her dimly to the creature outside the pane, and its gaze, fastening on her at once, seemed straining to distinguish her features, as if the sight of the hollow eyes was imperfect as well as the light. Bawn's vision being strong, she was able to see more clearly than before as loathsome a human face as imagination ever pictured. A ravishing desire for something unattainable, a malignant cunning, a wicked despair, were the passions suggested by the expression of the visage. Shudder-

ing she put forth her hand and drew the blind, and then stood waiting for the look or word that might possibly follow her action. Some minutes passed before she ventured to lift a corner of the blind and look out, and when she did so the strange visitor had disappeared.

She closed the shutters quickly, saw to all the fastenings of the house, and hurried to bed, where she lay long awake, unable to blot the image of that ghastly countenance from her mind. Something inexpressibly evil in the eyes that had strained in at her had stifled the ready pity in her breast. Whosoever her strange visitor might have been, she felt certain that he was nothing good.

CHAPTER XXXVI  
SLANDER

Autumn was beautiful at Tor, even though the melancholy sea of Moyle muttered its never-ending dirge with white lips, waiting for the children of Lir, and round the knees of the great Tor breakers climbed and were repulsed with a noise like recurrent peals of thunder. Bright-eyed, bare-kneed children hanging into the ravines almost, as it seemed, by the hair of their heads, snatched the last of the luscious blackberries growing in those long, slanting hollows, yawning greenly from cliff to wave; and if sunset overtook earlier than heretofore the footsteps of a chilled noon, its own magnificent pageantry gave sufficient splendour to the day. As Shana sat up in the little turret-room, that had always been hers at Tor, looking through the long, narrow slits of her windows, the twilight felt so fast that Scotland's cliffs had taken their forbidding, war-like aspect, and the beacon-light on Mull of Cantire had sprung up red as Mars before she had finished the letter she was writing to Bawn. The letter was to tell her friend that her happiness was secured, that Gran had proved herself a darling, that Alister and Willie had come to a satisfactory understanding, and that, consequently, New Zealand was soon to be the writer's home.

Having befriended her so far, Shana's twilight failed utterly, and as she would not go down stairs till the moment of dinner, because Flora was in the drawing-room, punishing Gran (so Shana put it to herself), the girl lit her candles to finish the epistle.

"I cannot go to see you now," she wrote, "because they will not let me, and I must be obedient after all I have gained; but I shall never forget your goodness in taking me in, and standing up for me, will never believe anything against you, no matter what they say."

For much was being said by Lady Flora to Gran in the drawing-room, where Flora had seized the leisure hour of the day to pour out her tale of long-cherished distrust and dislike of the tenant at Shangangah. Gran was listening to her with bent brows and compressed lips that showed her vexation of spirit. Seeing that Flora was intent on saying much that she was not willing to hear, the old lady tried to speak her own mind beforehand.

"I saw nothing about her conduct that was not nice. You have been too much displeased with Shana to allow the child to tell you the part Miss Ingram played in the matter. She knew nothing about the affair till Shana ran to her, and then she received her as a matter of course. When all this annoyance has subsided you will be in a better position to do justice to that girl—"

"Justice!" echoed Flora, contemptuously. "My dear Gran, you are running away with the question. I am not going to make vague accusations against Miss Ingram. If you will kindly listen to me with patience, I will tell you my various reasons for wishing that this young woman should be kept at a distance by the family, if not warned to return to where she came from. You are not, perhaps, aware that she is passing under an assumed name—"

"No; I am not aware of it."

"But I can tell you it is true. Manon is my authority, and I hope you will admit that she, at least, is an unprejudiced observer."

"Humph!" said Gran.

"If you doubt that, your mind is indeed becoming warped. I never saw any one behave so nicely, seeing that her lover is being actually enticed away from under her very eyes."

"Who is her lover?"

"Why, Rory, of course."

"That fact, if fact it be, is as new to me as the falseness of Miss Ingram's name."

"You do not see everything, and Manon has given me her confidence. You do not appreciate the compliment she pays him. That a girl, with such a fortune as hers, so well born, so handsome, should be willing to content herself with Rory at Tor—"

Gran bristled. "In my young day a girl did not make any such contentment known until she was invited from the right quarter to do so. I do not think the more of her for displaying it. I repeat that I have never seen Rory take the attitude of her lover."

Flora made an impatient gesture, as if to say that Gran, choosing to be blind, could not be expected to see. "You were always prejudiced against her."

"Perhaps I was, a little, till I saw her; but I can truly say that since then I have been ready to believe her everything delightful. Of late the idea has grown upon me that she can be sly."

"Nonsense!" said Flora.

"I do not like her hints about Miss Ingram. This fancy about the name—"

"The story is simple enough. On the day you went for Shana to Shangangah, Manon and Rosheen were left to walk about the farm with Miss Ingram while you talked to— to the future Mrs. Callender," said Flora, with an ill-natured little laugh.

"I believe they were. What then?"

"At the foot of a tree Manon kept up a small book, apparently dropped and overlooked there, and saw on the title-page Miss Ingram's Christian name—if so outlandish a name can be so described. With it was joined a surname which was not Ingram. Manon would have kept the book, but the young woman espied it in her hand, and demanded to have it on the spot."

"What was the name in the book?"

"Oh! it began with a D, and was of a different shape from Ingram. Manon, being a foreigner, could not seize it at a glance. But she knows it was not Ingram."

"The book may have belonged to her mother, or to her mother's sister for whom she was named. Names go in families, especially out-of-the-way names like Bawn."

"I guessed you would see a way out of the difficulty," sneered Lady Flora; "but from her anxiety to regain possession of the book Manon felt assured there was something wrong. And so do I. My idea is that she is married."

"You think she has escaped from an unhappy marriage to bury herself here. Poor young creature! I sincerely hope you may be wrong."

"I do not say what I think, but I know that a married woman ought to make it known that she is married, and that if she does not there is something amiss. For a long time I have felt that for a something wrong about this so-called Miss Ingram, and her behaviour from beginning to end has gone to prove it. She arrives here in the most unprotected manner, pretending to be a common farmer's daughter, when it is evident she belongs to quite another class. She passes under an assumed name, and before many weeks has all the gentlemen in the neighborhood flying after her."

"Certainly. In the first place, she scraped up some kind of acquaintance with Major Batt on her way here, and ever since she arrived he has not been the same person. Before that he was desperately in love with Shana, and I had it from her own lips that she was willing to accept him. In the course of a few months he forgets her very existence, and Shana, in despair, is going off to New Zealand, assisted in such madness by the so-called Miss Ingram's cooperation and advice. Lord Aughrim, I know on good authority, has been to visit her; and as for Rory—I must say, Gran, on that subject your obtuseness is very remarkable. He meets her frequently. Did I not tell you before that Manon and I met them in the fields near Shane's hollow, in the most out-of-the-way spot, perfectly suitable for a romantic walk—"

"Stop, Flora, stop! You bewilder me."

"I want to enlighten, not to bewilder you. I have put the matter bluntly before you."

"Very bluntly."

"Only that you may speak to Rory and warn him before he is hopelessly entangled. A person whose conduct is so open to criticism is not a suitable wife for him."

"But I thought you said she was married," said Gran.

"Oh! I dare say she is divorced. In America that is very easy."

"But—Lord Aughrim! Major Batt! Which does she intend to marry?"

"The lord, no doubt, if she can. If not, the wealthy Major Batt; failing all else, the not very wealthy but otherwise desirable master of Tor. Now, I have put it all before you, Gran, and I leave it to you to work the question out. My own suggestion would be that Miss Ingram should get notice to quit before Manon returns to Paris, believing herself rejected for the sake of a creature—"

Here Flora rose, and dropping her energetic manner, sauntered to the window, finally quitting the room without another word, leaving Gran leaning back in her chair, her brow on her hand, thinking deeply of all she had just been forced to listen to.

Unwillingly she was obliged to admit that there might be something in all that Flora had been saying, and that to save Rory from great unhappiness later on, she ought to speak to him about the matter. Of all her grandchildren Rory was the dearest. More like a son than a grandson, he had lived with her always since the death of his parents, except during his years at college. He was named for that favourite son who had met his death so cruelly on Auro long ago, and there was, besides, something in his nature that was akin to her own. An unfortunate marriage for him would be an unspeakable misfortune to her. A penniless, friendless girl, working for her own independence, however praiseworthy, was not exactly a mate for the representative of the elder branch of the Fingalls. She could not bear the idea of his marrying for money; the mere sound of Flora's voice was enough to remind her that even an income drawn from the three per cents might be secured at too great a sacrifice of domestic joys. And yet his noble ambitions were dear to her heart. She had hoped to see him in Parliament, feeling sure that where-

ever there was a good cause to be worked for, all over the world, and especially at home, his vote and his energies would be at its service. Yet how on this barren rock of Tor, was money to be found to enable him to gratify all his honourable desires?

He was too kind and conscientious a landlord to exact from his serfs that heavy toll on the land they tilled, which they must hunger that he might spend. She had often feared that he would never marry—that, following his philanthropic instincts, with such small means as Providence has placed in his hands, he would be satisfied to fill his good years with unselfish activity, and find himself, when too late to remedy the mischief, with a lonely hearth and heart.

Now Bawn's noble candid face rose before her, and the old woman was ready to avow that the girl was as good as she was fair. But are faces always to be trusted? The world is deceitful, and American women are known, thought Gran in her old-fashioned way, to be strange. And there was Manon. Of the two countenances before her mind's eye she infinitely preferred Bawn's; and then the old woman sighed with a sense of baffled intelligence. Was she indeed prejudiced against Flora's protégée, and was any fair-faced stranger preferable in her esteem to the granddaughter of the friend of her youth? Manon would be suitable in birth and position, and her large fortune would put power into Rory's hands. Was not Flora right, after all, and might not Rory have been satisfied with Manon if the tenant of Shangangah had never appeared on the scene? However that might be, the question now was of wrong and misfortune that might come upon the old house of Tor through Miss Ingram's possible dishonesty. It was clearly her duty to speak to Rory, and speak to him she would, even at the cost of exceeding pain to herself.

The evening passed slowly for her. Rory was behaving admirably, said Flora, who flitted to and from the billiard-room, where the young people were amusing themselves. He was having great pains to improve Manon's style of playing, and Manon was looking so pretty. Of Shana and Callender Flora had less gracious words to say; and as her husband was also in disgrace with her for permitting their engagement, her remarks on his want of skill in the game were of a cutting character.

That night, when Rory had gone to his own particular den to smoke and read in solitude after the household had gone to rest, Gran gathered up her long skirts and her courage, and climbed slowly and with an anxious heart to her grandson's retreat.

"Gran! why, this is an unexpected pleasure," cried Rory, springing from his arm-chair and placing it at her disposal. "Why did you not send for me? It is too late for you to mount up here."

"No, no. I wanted to ask you quietly about this affair of Miss Ingram and the Adares. Is it true she has taken Miss Adare to Shangangah?"

"Perfectly true. She has done at once what some of us ought to have done long ago."

"What was impossible to us may have been made easy to her, being a stranger. But it is a good deed, though it may bring trouble on her."

"She is very good."

Gran felt puzzled how to proceed further. She was ashamed of what she had got to say, and peered wistfully through her spectacles at the manly face turned towards her with an expectant look in the eyes.

"Come, Gran, out with it! You have something more to say to me."

"I have something more to say, and I would rather not say it, only it appears to me now to be my duty. This Miss Ingram, Rory, of whom you think so highly—is it wise to see her so often, to concern yourself so much with her affairs?"

"I am hoping to make Miss Ingram my wife," said Rory gently, after a moment's pause.

"That is what I have thought," said Gran, quelling her agitation and trying to speak as calmly as she did; "and therefore I feel bound to warn you."

"Warn me of what?"

"Are you aware that she is living here under an assumed name?"

"No."

"I have heard that it is so. You will, of course, be able to ascertain whether or not the report is true. The evidence is hardly conclusive, I am bound to admit, merely that a different name coupled with her Christian name has been found in a book—"

"A clever suggestion!—coming, I should say, from Flora or Miss Manon de St. Claire. And even granted that Miss Ingram should for some good reason of her own have changed her name, had she not a right to do so if she pleased?"

"It has been suggested that she is married."

Rory started, and grew a little pale under his bronzed complexion. Then he laughed and said good-humouredly:

"What an ingenious romance!"

"It has been observed that she is absolutely silent, even with the girls, as to her antecedents. Shana herself admits that she pretends to be of a different class from that to which she evidently belongs; that she has money for every purpose, though supposed to be working for her bread; finally, that she is seen to be somewhat light in her conduct—"

Rory walked up and down the room with a flushed and troubled countenance.

"I am not blushing for you, Gran," he said, suddenly stopping before her, "only for some of your sex. I do not feel that I need defend Miss Ingram to you. All this is said by you against the grain, is it not? I need only say, for your comfort, that I have had better opportunity of observing Miss Ingram's character than either Flora or her friend, and that I believe in her. As to the lightness of conduct, it is a lie. If it be light-behaved to work hard, to improve every one and everything she comes in contact with, to make the wilderness bloom, and two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before, to feel for the poor and sick, to risk her life out of charity to a wretched dying fellow-creature, giving up her own comforts to nurse so unpleasant an invalid—well, don't you see, dear Gran, how atrociously ridiculous the entire charge must be? And as for your anxiety about me," he added, more quietly, "it ought to take the form of concern that the woman I love should completely deny and ignore my suit—"

There was that in his voice, as he broke off abruptly, which kept Gran silent for some minutes. In spite of her prudence her heart was cheered by his faith. Might it not be true that he had had better means of judging than those others; and, besides, being of a nobler nature, might he not possess a truer instinct? But yet ought she to venture to encourage him? Poverty is a stern fact. She must think of his honorable ambition.

"My lad," she said, "my heart goes with you. But think a little of your future. You had plans of your own. You hoped to be of use in your generation. Will marriage compensate you for all you will give up?"

Rory passed his hand across his brow, and thought a moment before he replied:

"When I formed those plans I did not expect to meet in this way the one woman I could make with; and though you affectionately call me your lad, I have met her at a ripe age. I love her more, after all, than Parliament and the emigrants, though I do not mean to say that I lose sight of a career of usefulness among the possibilities of the future. According to my theory a noble wife will help a man more greatly than gold. And now, dear Gran, you must go to your rest. Trouble your head no more about Flora's inventions."

After she had left him Rory sat gazing at the wall with the eyes of a man considering a hateful contingency. He had spoken bravely, for he would share his uneasiness with no one; nevertheless it was not true that he knew absolutely nothing of this woman who had gained such a hold upon his life? His memory went back to her conversation on board the steamer, and revived the strong impression he had then received that some painful circumstance which she would not allow to be discovered influenced her movements and obliged her to reject his friendship. She had certainly stated that she was not married. He remembered with what evident surprise she had answered his question on the subject. Could she, after all, have deceived him? Could some strong and terrible dread have driven her to a falsehood under which she might have thought herself justified in taking shelter? Never for one moment, he admitted, had she given him to suppose that she might alter from the mood of mind in which she had rejected him as a husband. Lately he had comfortably made up his mind to forget those strong first impressions which had seized him on board ship, which had seemed to surround her with mystery, and place her in imminent danger. And now he asked himself. What if that had been true, if behind her frank, smiling aspect, there lay the consciousness of some erring or tragic past which practically deprived him of a future? After all, what had brought her here with her beauty and her breeding, to bury herself, if not some necessity for escape, to hide herself from something?

He sat half lost in troubled thought and towards morning left the house and walked the cliffs, unable to shake off the fears that had laid hold of his imagination. If Bawn was not good and true, then good-bye to goodness and truth. His love for her was no boy's fancy to be replaced later by a more genuine feeling. He had passed the age for caprices, and, as he had said, in his ripe years he had met with the ideal of his manhood. His heart, his mind, his soul all approved of her, and everything in nature seemed to declare her worth. Her flowers bloomed, her beasts thrived, her industries were productive, all that she touched prospered. The first time he had met her eyes they had revealed to him a spirit more noble than that of ordinary women. And here he paused, asking himself, was this not the very madness of love which poets rave of and wise men distrust? Had infatuation blinded him, and in looking on her did he see something which had no actual existence? In this state of mind he felt he could not breathe till he had seen her again, spoken with her, questioned her closely, and sat in judgment on her replies.

He forgot that as a man who had been rejected, who had never been encouraged, he had no kind of right to question her. He only felt now as if his very life depended on her answer. To-morrow he would go to her; yet where? Over and above the fact that she had forbidden him to come to see her, he could not, after all that Gran had said, insist on paying a visit at the farm. And now that she had Mave Adare under her roof, she had no longer a reason for

haunting among the trees, and lingering about the fields that skirted the mysterious regions of Shane's hollow.

TO BE CONTINUED

## THE BISHOP'S WHITE FLOWER

A TRUE STORY  
Rev. Richard W. Alexander in The Missionary

It was in the springtime, a crisp, bright, Canadian spring. Father Macdonald was walking briskly down the streets of the town which formed his parish, smiling and nodding to every man, woman, and child whom he met. For every one knew Father Macdonald, and every one, Catholic and non-Catholic, loved him; he realized it and his great Scotch heart opened broadly to them and he loved them too. Full of zeal for his priestly work, ever patient with the troublesome, kind to the sorrowful, gentle with the sinner, his life flowed on among his people, peacefully and usefully, and the world around him grew better, because he lived.

The children were his special care and they worshipped him. The merry gleam of his keen blue eyes, the hearty greeting of his big voice, the outstretched arm and hand, which could enclose half a dozen of them, were something to talk about, and it was nothing new to see the big man striding down the street, with a crowd of delighted youngsters, boys and girls alike, surrounding him, like humming bees on a honeysuckle. Those pockets of his seemed never empty, and nuts, or apples, or sweets, were seen in every little fist.

This was one of those rare brilliant spring days that sometimes come (though not to stay), right after the ice-bound winter of Canada. The snow was still sparkling on the tall pines and in the fence corners and on the pointed roofs, but a warm wave had come with the sunshine, which entered like wine into the hearts of the frozen people, and made the young children and animals alike frisk and play in one kinship of delight.

Father Macdonald was greeted with a whoop of joy by his small parishioners, and soon a troop of them was at his heels. Among them was a little Jewess, daughter of one of the prosperous merchants of the town. She had fallen under the spell of his personality, and was tolerated, by his legitimate flock, only because Father Macdonald would have it so, and smiled kindly on the black-eyed, curly-haired descendant of Israel. Indeed, little Rachel was not one to be scorned. She was a queenly little miss of ten, still unaware of her dark beauty—of her animated rosy face, with its scarlet lips revealing teeth like pearls which flashed when she smiled. Her tasteful mother had her always garbed in those rich colors, that made her like a glowing blossom among the snow.

Father Macdonald always took her hand, and treated her like one of his own. And there was no use in showing any resentment, none at least ever appeared in his presence, although when he had gone, many little jealous tongues voiced their dissatisfaction in no uncertain manner. Rachel never heeded them; she loved the kind gentle priest, and flew to meet him as promptly as his noisy young flock; something within her seemed to answer his call which she could not explain. She did not dare, however, to tell it to her parents—strict orthodox Hebrews—and if they heard it, they made nothing of it, for they too admired the devoted priest who never tired of doing good to old and young of every creed.

Several years passed by. The Catholic children grew, and so did Rachel. She was now thirteen. Her admiration for Father Macdonald was the same, but she did not follow him with the crowds of children. A smile, a greeting as he passed him, showed she was still his friend, and she contrived to meet him now and then on his daily rounds, and have a little chat. She loved to hear him say, "God bless you, Rachel!"

And now the ecclesiastical authorities had found out the worth of Father Macdonald. He was called to the city, and there in spite of his protests, he was informed that he was to be made a Bishop. His consecration took place in due time and another priest was sent to his little Church at A—

Rachel missed him sorely, but she hid her sorrow in her heart, not daring to mention it to any one. But she could not forget his goodness and kindness—his gentle exhortations to be a good girl. And it may be believed, the Lord looking down on her innocent affection, blessed it, and caused it to bring her to the portals of salvation, while it saved her from many a temptation.

In this old Canadian town there was a fountain, famous for its clear crystal water which came from the snow-clad hills, and was conducted into a series of marble basins, that dripped with limpid coolness the whole season round. Broad walks and trees surrounded it, and there were nooks for resting, and a drinking place visible where the passers could slake their thirst. Rachel was walking around the fountain one day, when suddenly she saw her friend Bishop Macdonald in the distance. She had not seen him since he was made Bishop, nor had she heard of his visit to his old parish; and while her first impulse was to rush to meet him, she felt a sort of awe, and an unwelcome timidity. The new priest of the parish was with him, whom she did not know, and Bishop Macdonald was arrayed in shining broad-

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