A FAIR EMIGRANT

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND AUTHOR OF MARCELLA GRACE: "A NOVEL." CHAPTER XXIV

STRANGERS

A family party was assembled in the great, old-fashioned drawingroom at Tor. Gran, in her own tall backed chair, was showing he antique watch to two of her great grandchildren, and talking to he grandson Alister, while he lazily stroked the hair of another of his babes, reclining between his knees. Lady Flora and the young French visitor were conversing at the other side of the fireplace, and Shana and Rosheen, hovered over by Major Batt, were arranging the piano with a view to music later on.

Rory, the master of Tor, stood at a distant window looking out at the darkening sky.

'So unnecessary," Lady Flora wa saying, "so overstrained of Gran to invite a young woman like that to

"My dear, I have overheard you, said Gran, smiling; "but I have acted for the best. I wish to make acquaintance with the stranger, and nnot ask her to come all the way to Tor without putting her up for the night. As to the rest, I don't think she can contaminate our manners judging by what the girls have told me of her.'

"Oh ! of course. I don't interfere, said Lady Flora. "And she may afford us a little fun. Do you know anything of American women.

Manon? "Nothing," said Manon. And as she spoke the fire-light flashed over all the surrounding brasses, and li up her fine, oval face, and set a red jewel in each of her languid dark eyes. She was a strikingly handsome brunette, dressed rather much for the occasion in coral silk, clouded with rare black lace, and before speaking, had been sitting in a rather relancholy attitude, gazing at the fire with an expression of discontent on the corners of her delicate mouth.

'I shall presently win my bet. said Major Batt, sidling up to where Rory stood gazing with a frowning, anxious look out of the window Anything wrong with you, Fingall I have got such an excellent joke Haven't heard of my bet with Alister about the Minnesota farmeress

Egad, we shall see by-and-bye. "I beg your pardon; did you speak?" said Rory, turning from the window.

"Oh ! nothing; only about that bet-

"Gran," said Rory, coming forward into the firelight, "I think something must have happened to your visito on the way. I will go down the road and have a look about. Flora does not like waiting dinner, you

He was gone without waiting for an answer, and in a few minutes was driving along the road in a small light tax-cart.

Having driven about a mile up and down hill, he descried in the still lurid semi-darkness a little, broken down vehicle standing outside cabin-door, through which shone the glow of burning turf.

Hum! I thought there was a break-down," he said. how it would be when I heard Batt had sold her the broken-kneed And, calling an urchin to hold his horse, he walked up the stone causeway to the cabin-door.

There he paused a moment, raise his hat and passed his hand over his his hat and passed his hand over his forehead, frowned, and stepped over of the Atlantic. He took her hand,

Bawn was sitting on a "creepy stool before the blazing turf, her ha had been taken off, and her golder head was shining in the ruddy light A barefooted child was standing before her, finger in mouth, starin with fascinated eyes at the beautiful stranger, greatly to the delight of an aged man who sat shaking his head in the chimney-corner. Two sturdy men in sou'wester hats were directing Andy where to go for the loan of little car to carry his mistres further, and a decent-looking woman

was taking oat-cakes from a griddle. "But, sure, here's Misther Rory mself. Never fear but th himself. masther'll pull ye out of the hobble

Bawn did not hear what was said; she was talking to the child, and the master of Tor had advanced and was standing beside her before she looked up. The gentleman stood observing her with a strange look on his face, noting her fair, smooth brow, her fresh, symmetrical cheeks her laughing lips and eyes. In her black serge dress and shawl of shepherd's plaid she was exactly the same Bawn who had wrestled for her liberty with Somerled on board the

She looked up with an unconscious, unexpecting smile, and saw the identical Somerled standing before her.

The smile died on her lips; the colour went out of her cheeks; she rose and drew back a step, and looked him in the face. Impulsively trying to speak, her ready tongue was for once at fault. She drew he shawl around her, and met his eye

"I hope I have not startled you," he said with the manner of a perfect stranger. "I have been sent to dis cover if any accident had happened to Miss Ingram. You are Miss Ingram, I presume—the lady who is expected at Tor."

Yes, I am Miss Ingram, the lady who is expected at Tor," said Bawn

Will you not sit down again? Your man is making some arrange-

nents, and then you and he can come voice, even her dress, which was the same she had worn when he had loved her. She was already blotted with me in my cart."
"The shafts of mine are broken, said Bawn, "and so I must accept your kindness." And then she sat out of his memory, and existed no more for him than if he had crossed

from America in that steamer by which he had meant to return and lown again, feeling stunned, unable to speak more, or even to think heard him say he would return in a few moments, and saw him go As the impossibility of this being out of the cabin-door; and then she iterally true forced itself on her looked round the little house desper mmon sense she became disturbed ately to see whether she could not fly y two other views of the case. out of the window or up the chimney he was not Somerled—an After he had been gone a moment of two, she asked herself if she had no extraordinary resemblance had de ceived her imagination, and by and by, in many little ways, she would been dreaming. Had her curious panic of the last two days developed perceive that a strange man, one who had been to her neither friend this extraordinary hallucination? A gentleman who spoke to her and nor lover for a wonderful week, had involuntarily cheated her—or he ooked at her like a perfect stranger had appeared, standing there in the was Somerled, and his disgust at firelight, to have the features and the deceit and treachery proportions of her friend, her lover great that he had decided of the steamer. When he returned she would look at him more attencut her, to ignore her, to drop deliberately out of his memory tively and with all her -its about that passage of his life in which he her, and doubtless she would per nust now admit to himself that he eive that she had never seen this had acted with extravagant folly. Mr. Rory Fingall in all her life before This last conclusion she accepted e stood up, put on her hat, wrapped the folds of her shawl tightly around ner, then stepped back a little into

the shadows of the cabin-ingle t

man who had so frightened her.

watch for the reappearance of the

She had not long to wait. Before his face appeared again within the

outside to the men—the same voic

that had said to her of the enterpris

on which she was now fairly embarked: "Happiness is not to be

looked for from it, comfort it wil

have none, difficulty and disappoint

ment will follow immediately in it

being in all ignorance of the nature

of her enterprise. It might be that

he had spoken with the tongue of a

prophet. As he stooped his head in

the doorway and came towards her

second time the cabin disappeare

from her eyes, and she saw him com

ing along the deck to claim her com

panionship, to offer service, to per suade her of his love. Now, however

though this was indeed Somerled, h

showed no eagerness for her com

pany; love, or even friendship, kindled not his features as he drew

near her, and though he was bent or

service, it was tendered in the most

matter-of-fact manner, as if rather from a chivalrous habit than as

recognizing a specially interesting individuality in herself.

ace softened. His eyes lit up as he

that he spoke to these peasants with

land o' cakes?" he said to the woman

"Ay, sur, ay. It's pleasant to have

woman; and the old man piped out

am to see ye back so hearty.

oipe over it, never fear.'

that'll be welcome.'

and colder face, said :

we will start."

An' yourself, sur. Won't ye tel

elped her to her seat in the tax-cart

"Your man has started before'u

to walk with the pony to Tor," he

We shall soon be there." And gath

ering up the reins, he carried her of

It was a tedious bit of journey though of no great extent, for some

of the hills appeared almost perpen dicular. Many times Bawn's chariot

er had to alight and lead the hors

up or down the steep incline, and

obliged to descend and proceed

little way on foot. It was like a travel in a dream. The wild, roman

c scenery, all so fresh and new to

ner; the companion, so complete:

tranger, and yet so familiar that hi

personality seemed to take something

f an almost supernatural characte

o her senses; the roar of Tor, grow

of a white breaker gleaming occasion

lly through the darkness on the bit

urges into the ocean; the salt, sharp

breath of the north wind on her face

that man who had cried to her but a

that you hate me, that under no cir.

cumstances could you love me, I will

exert every faculty I possess to make

not make up my mind to lose you out of my life. A week has done for

me what the rest of my years canno

The words, well remembered, were

ringing in her ears, the cry that was in them was making her heart sore

as it had done many times since; and

et—and yet he was here, and she

xtraordinary manner, so strange a

o give to all that was passing now

an air of dream-like unreality, deliv

ered her a second time into his

hands. It seemed that he had lost her out of his life only to find her

gain, but he did not know her, had

no word to say to her, apparently had

not recognized her features, her

vas here. Fate had in an

onth ago: "Unless you tell m

silence of the man beside her

of rough sea where weird Moyl

nce or twice Bawn herself was

It is but a short distance

nd seated himself by her side

with him into the night.

harsher Scotch woven through it.

at the griddle,

touch of their own brogue, soft

He had said this warningly

heard his voice, speaking

her calculation of probabilities, and must be a final response to all questions in her mind on the subect, except that one which kept asking how it was that no involuntary start or momentary change of countenance had betraved even for an instant his surprise at finding her here in the midst of his own family He must have seen her from the doorway, and had time to conceal nis astonishment before she raised her eyes to look at him. Out at sea e had not always had such complete self-control.

"Miss Ingram, I must trouble you to come down again for a few min ites, but this is positively the last time. When we get to the top o this hill we shall see the lights of Tor Castle, I am sorry you have nad so uncomfortable a journey.'

"Thank you; not at all. It has been very interesting to me," she with her foot and walked on, with the horse's head between her and him on the road. And again the suspicion returned to her that this was not Somerled, after all.

Had it been that friend he would even if he had not recognized her have called the attention of the stranger to the beauty of the scenery the dark magnificence of th He lingered to say a word to the paralysed man in the corner, and his night in this wild, high region, t the burst of strange music in the air to the recurrent gleam of that whit breaker flashing beyond the great patted the child's head. She noted Tor, which bold headland was now in view, standing up like a black fortress of fantastic build, and scowling over the glimmering ocean. rolling, and Irish, with a thread of Glad to have Jim back from the This man, though he bore a won lerful resemblance to her forme riend, and might be good and be oved in his own place, had evidently keen appreciation of all that is beau in earth, sea, and air, which as how ve liked Amerikay? It's glad had helped to make the companionship of that other person so attractive "I'll look in and tell you about it another day, Bartley. We'll smoke a Only a very few words passed be tween the travellers, and merely on the commonplaces of their journey until they passed in at the gates and God bless you, sur! an' it's you bowled up the avenue to the low doorway of the castle on its rock Then he turned to the silent shawled figure standing back in the shadows, and, with a slightly sterner But as he helped her down from the vehicle and the light from the hall within struck into their eyes, she thought she felt a sudden flashing If you are ready, Miss Ingram, look turned on her face—a look that if it were really there, revealed the She made her farewells to her real Somerled. Before she had humble entertainers and followed him to the door. All the fiery lights decided whether this was imagina tion or reality she found herself in were gone now, and the stars looked the hall, with Shana and Rosheen as keen and high as they used to

smiling on either side of her. They took her up to a great cham up to the ceiling and a gaunt four st bed at first seemed the only biects, and where candles in tw all silver branches made faint light bout a narrow mirror.

We knew something must hav happened, and wasn't I right when Rory did not mind trouble aid Rosheen. 'Flora wanted t have a servant sent, but my cousi would go himself. And you are no o be afraid to sleep in this wilder ness of a room, because there are no ghosts at Tor. Nothing evil could ome near Gran. And I hope you vill be nice with Gran, Miss Ingran or everybody is. She had a grea rouble once, and every one remem

Rosheen, dear, let Miss Ingran get her breath and wash her hands in peace," put in Shana. And the visitor's simple toilet arranged, they proceeded down the old oak staircase lit by oil lamps whose faint yellow flame swam ineffectually in the vault-like darkness. Bawn grudged every step she took down the black stair. Her courag seemed to have deserted her, and sl would have given all her little world to avoid the necessity of walking in among these people whom she had come from Minnesota to con found. Every beat of her heart sunk cowardly low in her breast vas telling her that Gran's trouble was the murder of a beloved son b Arthur Desmond of hateful memory and that Rory, the grandson, wh now filled the place of that son in her heart—well, was he or was he

not Somerled ?...
"He is not," she decided: " and if he is I will ignore him as completely as he has ignored me." And then, making a large demand on that common sense of which she had plenty for small daily uses, though ner plans in the main might ever so unwise, she walked into the drawing-room with head erect on her shoulders and a serene counten-

She was conscious, first, that Somerled was not in the room; next

that every eye was turned on her then that Gran had risen from he great chair by the hearth to receive the stranger Gran's individuality struck her so forcibly that for the moment she saw nothing but the fine old figure before her—a face unlike every other face; a spotless white cap of a dignity not often attained by caps; a rich but plain gown of well-worn Irish tabinet, the folds of which somehow suggested a train and pages. But the simplicity of character, as expressed by the eyes and by the greeting and gesture of the spare, wrinkled hand, was unmistakable, and Bawn felt hersel in the presence of an unworldly soul.

"I do not apologize for my dress. I am a farmer's daughter. I have no pretty gowns," said Bawn, in a low tone to her hostess, with a desire to say the most commonplace thing that occurred to her

"I see you as you ought to be, my dear," said Gran; "and, for the matter of that, we are no great dressers here." But as she spoke she felt some surprise. A farmer' daughter, such as Bawn so persist ently announced herself to be, would have pinned on a few coloured bows. if she had nothing else, to deck her self a little for high company. This oung woman, in her black serge and high frills, was a lady, let her come from whence she might. And as for ornament, she had gold enough on her head to make a crown for

Nice-looking, yes; not so very handsome, but too striking an appear ance to run about alone," said Lady Flora, whose eye-glass had been levelled at the farmeress from the noment she entered the door. am more than ever sure she is no everything she ought to be. A cool oung madam, by my word. It seems hey have excellent manners in the ackwoods of Minnesota.

Of all this speech Major Batt, to whom it was addressed, heard noth ng. He was ejaculating to himself n the most distressed whisper:

"Egad! the witch! Small-pox Never was so sold in all my life before! Batt. I'll trouble you for that £5

note you owe me," said Alister, crossing the room and smiling quizzically at the major's crestfallen counten

Shall have it, sir—shall have it said the major testily.

"I will have it," said Rosheen couching her brother's elbow. want it for the poor."

'I don't see why you should b lways making a poor-box of yoursel Rosheen," said her sister-in-law snappishly. "You will soon be a bad as Rory. Where is he, by the way? I want to hear his opinion of his wandering adventuress.

"Egad, she's a witch!" repeated Major Batt, disconsolately, watching he offender all the time with reluant admiration.

Flora," said her husband, "don't speak so unkindly of the girl. She

"Oh! nonsense. You don't supfor instance, would be at hearing herself criticised?"

At the sound of her own nam Manon started out of a reverie in which she had been gazing at Mis Ingram's face as she sat conversing easily with Gran, and her eyes wer the instant to admit Rory. Did sh also want to know his opinion of the wandering adventuress? If so, she did not learn much; she only saw hi eyes turn full for a moment on the stranger, then glance away with ar expression of perfect indifference.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE WORK OF OLD MOSIER

was 8 o'clock, the exact tim for Old Mosier to begin the usual routine of returning to their night's esting-place the bracket which held the brooms, the tub, the washboard the measures containing, respectively, potatoes, beans and onions. and the other articles that, since in the morning, had stood ront of Old Mosier's store in their dumb but honest efforts at adver tising. Their business was to tell the passer-by that similar articles of like quality were for sale within but, though the output for adverising was small, it was in just proportions to the returns.

Old Mosier's customers were few which was not so surprising as that e had any. The place was situated in a by-street, some distance from it pretentious neighbors with their glaring plate-glass fronts-jus little storeroom, with a row of helves and counter on either side nd a room back of this, which was the old man's home.

There was little about the display of articles offered for sale to attract any one, unless it might be a person nterested in antiques; for though the little Western town was some fifteen years old and Old Mosier had been there from the first, the stock of goods must have had a history much farther back. The rows of eans with their wrappers yellowed and faded and torn, the tobacco dried peaches and apples hardened and discolored beyond recognition yould bear evidence to that. There might be something about the small pile of many-colored sugarplums in the show-case, or the white gum 'hearts' bearing their gay pictures that would revive pleasant childish memories in the middle-aged; but there was little of present-day appeal

Tonight the old man had addional duties to perform; but they vere not new, and there was plenty of time, and no need to hurry. After locking the door, he swept the rough floor scrupulously clean; then from the back room he brought a table and some boxes covered with white cambric, which had been his own devising, and proceeded to construc an altar. He took out the small tarnished crucifix, the two glass candlesticks, and the two bunches o artificial flowers for decorations This, with the spreading of the white cloth on the table, completed the arrangements. But, although the task had been performed many, many times, it had never become common place to Old Mosier. He moved candlestick a little, then put it back again; bent the wire stems of the lowers to keep them out dangerous way of the candle's flame, straightened the cloth

and again eyed his work critically. A Great Presence would come to visit this humble place on the norrow, the only house in the town open for His reception. The busy. overworked priest, who stopped or his way to one of his many and far missions every month to say Mass relied greatly on the help of the old man to keep alive faith and diving worship in the place, neither mur nuring at the many discouragements The store-room was small, but would be ample for the congregation that would be there the next day Old Mosier went over them in hi mind as he sat a moment to rest There would be the section foreman wife and five children. Perhaps th poor mother would be too tired to come, but at least the five children would not fail; one of the section hands who had been from Ireland cattle men and his wife; the little lressmaker; another man, his wif and child, all three so drab and life less they had become as neutral olor and spirit as the sagebrush trying to, eke out a living at dry farming up the valley. And there would be the wife of one of the pros erous merchauts. The old man thought of her especially. He wondered how much longer sho would continue to come. So many like her had come for a while and then gradually dropped out. She was so decided a contrast to the others, with her haughty beauty and rich apparel. She seemed to draw herself away as if in fear of contact with the surroundings. The old man heaved a sigh, and breathed a prayer for the strengthening of faith and fervor in all the members of

The next day was fine, and the ongregation was all assembled when he priest arrived. There was n set time for Mass. Those at a dis tancecame early; those nearby waited for the whistle of the train, and the ime of the train was uncertain. this Sunday it was "on schedule," and the service began earlier than

Old Mosier watched the arrivals enxiously. They all came, even the nerchant's wife, who was the last Each month she tried to make some excuse for staying away; the smell of the musty store sickened her; the presence of the uncouth people, the whole surroundings—"it was really too much." And yet each time she found herself there—so strange is the attraction of the Wonderful Presence even for the unworthy. The priest proceeded with the Holy Sacrifice; and Old Mosier knel

n the rear, his head bent in reverence, for a moment his eyes closed in ervent prayer; then when opened them again an unusual thing had happened—there was a new ce in the room. and rushed in, out of breath, but without the least noise. The old man's heart gave a quick throb. He was not very observant of outward appearances; he knew only that she vas clad in some dark rich stuff, her hair in a long, loose, light braid down per back, and her face was as delicate and beautiful as an angel's. It was just before the Consecration, and he attitude was one of fervor and devo tion. For so long it had been cause of great pain to Old Mosier the careless, the indifferent way in which the little group of worshipper onducted themselves during the service, and especially at this awfu moment. It was so different with the newcomer. But he must no give himself up to distractions, an he tried to calm and recollect him self as was proper for the occasion For a long time, however, he could ot quiet the throbbing of his heart. Old Mosier watched her depar with the others, and many time during the month he thought of her The next time she was at Mass again and the next, coming with arliest. Old Mosier did not ask an about her. Somehow, njoyed the mystery with which h nad surrounded her. Then finall asked John White, the section and, who evidently had not been s eluctant in finding out the details o he new attendant's history.

'She's the daughter of the rich old ad who bought out the bank and th mill and has interests in the mine beyond. She's an only child and sh has no mother. The old man him self isn't a Catholic, but she was rought up in a convent. I gues that's how she happens to be one.

Somehow, just watching her be ame a source of joy to the old man She was never absent from Mass often she came with the merchant's wife, and the latter's face began to show more contentment. Going home, she talked gaily with the section foreman's children and the little drab child from the farm, and

began to come early to bring flower man arranged, and they became rare

Then one day she did not come to Mass. Every other member of the small congregation was there. The old man was troubled. He tried to think of an excuse for her absence but none seemed plausible. Perhap she had gone away. But, then, she had been there only the day before with fresh linens for the altar, and if she had intended going away would have told him. He could no get her out of his mind all that day or the next, or the next. Finally h decided on a plan which was very exceptional for Old Mosier. He would go and inquire the reason for her absence. He felt she might be ill or in trouble.

He brushed his rusty old coat and made himself as presentable as possible for a visit to the great house; then he sallied forth. He was not used to such visits and was very shy. He looked for her in the garden—he had seen her there once as he passed, and she had waved him a friendly greeting; but she was not there. The sight of the father on the great piazza in front was the first that greeted him, and that was not reassuring. He looked so strong and virile and full of power, but now he paced back and forth as if in trouble The old man approached timidly.

"The little girl, where is she?" he

sked. The father was not surprised at the odd old man's coming to inquire for his little Beth : she made strange friends, and seemed deeply nterested in all of them.

'My little girl has been hurt. Have ou not heard?" he asked.
"I have not heard—no. I missed

ner and came to inquire.' 'She was thrown from a horse las Saturday and was seriously injured.

She has been speechless since."

The father tried to control his emotion. "It is too bad," said the old man adly, his own voice trembling But He will take care of her. She

s a good little girl." The big man turned on him fiercely "Who will take care?" he exammed. "A God who would let claimed. out he did not finish. One would have to be a cur to blaspheme before the light of faith that shon in the fine face of the old man.

"I would like to see her, if ossibly could," Old Mosier said

alteringly.

The father hesitated, but somehov

he could not refuse.

"You may, I suppose. I—I can hardly stand it. She follows me around with her great eyes as i pleading for something. I do no know what it is, and she can't speal to me—my little girl can't speak," he finished with a sob that shook hi frame. Then, quickly pulling him self together, "Come!" he said. And he led Old Mosier up the wide stairs

"Can nothing be done for her he old man inquired.

"A specialist was here from th ity yesterday. He could not tell He is coming again tomorrow.' The nurse was bending over the patient when they entered. Old Mosier's heart was stirred at th

sight of the pitifully bandaged and broken little form almost lost in the great bed. Something in he eyes showed that she knew him and was pleased, and then again she urned on her father that pleading ook, which almost broke his heart. "Have you sent for the priest?"

sked the old man. "The priest? Why, no," the father "That may be what she is trying to tell you," the nurse said quietly.
The father bent over her.

"Do you want the priest, Beth? e asked. She could answer only with he

"I will send for him. He will b Her eyes closed, and for the first

ime a look of repose stole over he The father turned to the old man. "I am glad you came," he said-very glad, indeed! Now you mus

ne where I can find a priest.' When the great specialist came gain he found the case a little more ncouraging. There were consulta ions, followed by a skilful operation then many nights and days of anxious waiting; but finally, after

months, she was herself again, only very frail, delicate little self. The ather was overjoyed. She was al he had to work for and love, and h One night, when she had some what regained her strength, and the

wo were sitting before the cozy fir hat the chilly autumn evening had nade necessary, Beth remarked t ner father "You know, father dear, Old Mosier has not been to see me fo

veeks, and I fear he must be ill Don't you think I might go and see The father smiled at her indul

"What strange friends you make Beth! But I think perhaps you wil be able to visit him tomorrow. go with you, to see that you take

good care of yourself.'

So they had gone the next day, the frail little maid and the great strong ather, in whose heart, too, had sprung up an interest and regard fo the old man. They found him a they had feared—very ill and alone out calm and fortified in his suffer ing. The father knew as soon as h saw him that it was near the jour ney's end for Old Mosier. The little maid was not so discerning. After the first glad words of greeting, she was at ease with all. By and by she busied herself solicitously about the

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