TORONTO

JEM O' THE LOGGING CAMP

The great bell of the Morgantic Mills was clanging out over the poor little settlement, whereof the Mills seemed the first cause and ultimate conclusion. Everybody in Duck's Creek worked in the Mills, or outside, except the one or two men who owned them and whose families welt in French roofed houses, the high strata of its social formation. One of these proprietors, a middle aged man, whose iron-gray hair had egun to thin and his brow to show lines of care, was slowly striding down the shabby highway. He seemed much displeased with him. self and his somewhat striking countenance bore marks of recent irrita-

'I don't like doing it!" he muttered.

"I didn't want to do it." Now, Sylvester Peters rarely did anything that as Jem Brace would have said, "went agin him" or "agin Jem was the oracle of the grain. the mill hands and evolved most of their sharp sayings. In this case, it was true that Squire Peters had succumbed to domestic pressure. capable wife, Mrs. Sophronia, felt the weight of society obligation, existent even in Duck's Creek, as consciously as any lady in the charmed circles of Washington

These things are but relative; as Mrs. Peters herself would have said, Surely! Why not ?"-Duck's Creek was her little world.

This pressure, as of mill stones, n brought to bear on the head of the house. Mrs. Peters was going forth from Duck's Creek; a calcula ted eclipse was to take place and the brightness of her glory to be re moved therefrom for a season. Mrs. Peters was going to Montreal. A relative had invited her for some stay: the railway fare would be slight, but how could she coax from her reluctant spouse the cash for due stateliness of apparel? For Mrs. Peters read the papers and learned thereby of un-attainable and glorious attire "suitable and indeed, indispensable," so the fashion editor declared, "for the Carnival season." Poor Mrs Sophronia lost her head altogether and made such tempestuous demand for these necessities that the Squire had yielded the point, sorely against his better judgment.

Sooth to say, Squire Peters was temporarily embarrassed. Some notes were falling due which he would be forced to meet; new machinery at the Mills seemed imperative; and his son at college set exaggerated term-bills not to be postponed. So the harassed husband had done what he disliked doing, cut down the pay at the Mills. He had also dismissed six or eight men, whom he did not actually need, but whom he had kept on the pay rolls in hope of easier times. None knew better than Squire Peters the consequences of his action.

'I hated to do it. They will suffer. Men always do, thrown out so," murmured he. "There's Jem Brace, murmured he. "There's Jem Brace, for one. I like him first rate! And what he will do is more than I know. Big family on his hands and the dead winter! Dear, dear!-You see spring will bring them out in debt, every one of the poor lads-and in bad sledding for next summer !-Confound the women and their fashion magazines !"

That's Jem, now, over yonder," he added a moment later as a dark figure loomed up against the snow. declare there's no end of fuss this world's boiling over with it. Think of our Lawrence just infatuted with that girl! She is pretty as pink, I know. Jem is as proud of her as two peacocks !- But he knows, too, that a girl of his can't have a son of mine. He ought to tell her so and put a stop to it !"

Meanwhile, Jem Brace went his way philosophically, whistling to keep his courage up. His discharge did not entail upon him or his immediate financial ruin; for this he was thankful. Unlike many of his mates, he had a neat sum laid by for just such contingencies. Of Scotch ancestry on his mother's side, Jem Brace understood thrift and prac-Yet the tiny hoard would last but a few months, should it become a sole resource. Besides, he had other plans; it was one day to dower his daughter, Elspeth, who with the name of her Scotch grandmother, had inherited some of her canny traits. These did her essential service, making her a favorite with all and helping to vivify her somewhat grave beauty. Even Sylvester Peters, angry as he was at his son's misplaced attachment, had open eyes Elspeth-ward and full comprehension of the loveliness which ecounted for it. Not so, Mrs. eters. She shut herself up in wilful blindness, grim as a Gorgon and would have no such plea entered.

"Utter silliness, the whole of it!" she declared without a ghost of compromise-and her indignation was at oottom half jealousy of her sober spouse-"How a man of your age can have so little sense is beyond me! Lawrence has no business to be dangling after any low-bred pretty or not! Prettiness has nothing to do with it; he is simply inexcus-

But beauty had always swaved the world from the days of Homer and Helen of Troy to the modern reign of the village belle. Even the crass community wherein Elspeth's lot was cast did her homage in its rough way The friendly greeting of the mill-hands, as she passed, had its touch of reverence. Had they been courtiers, with doffed hats they would have bowed at her approach, sweeping the mill-stream. Here, myriads of The tall ones let the smaller ones

earth with trailing plumes; but, being plain New Englanders and working-men at that, they only gazed at her with grave admiration a quiet tribute of respect.

No wonder Jem Brace was proud of his only daughter-willing to risk the future of his boys even, if hers, thereby, could be made more certain. The lads can fend for themselves! he would say, "but the lass is not going to saw cross grained logs for her living. No, sir!

So Mrs. Peters had this one bitter element in her cup of bliss—soon to overflow with the Montreal visit there would be no one to keep Law-rence in order during her absence. His father was too easy, altogether ! His vacation would occur before her return and his arrival home; for no persuasion would lure him elsewhere, while Elspeth was at Duck's Creek.

As for Jem Brace, it did take more whistling than usual to keep up his spirits. Like the cool yeoman of the raes, his first idea was to investigate the puzzling but crushing blow.

omething's gone wrong with the Squire," he muttered. "He wouldn't come down on us unless he had to !" Then his brow darkened. "But what ever made him light on me? He knows I'm an old hand and a good one; he's said so, scores o' times! That white livered scamp, Bennett, would have turned me off any day the past three years, if he could! Tisn't likely he's got any more in fluence now." The frown on his set face deepened into dangerous significonclusion "Jem Brace," the other men said, "was pure grit."

It's the lass-and Lawrence! I see!" The wrath in his dark eyes burst into blaze. He was touched on his sorest spot. His love of Elspeth swallowed up all else; his own misfortunes he could bear, but this blow aimed at her roused the latent fires of a calm nature.

Scott Bennett, the bookkeeper often urged the Squire to scale down wages and dismiss extra hands. Not once did he fail to mention Jem in this connection.

'No, no !" the Squire would ejacu-"Not Brace! We must keep Brace, any way."

Still Bennett saw that the notion was slowly entering the Squire's brain, as a wedge starts a cleavage. One day he read over to the latter a list of hands to be discarded, putting Jem's name last.

'Brace?" said Peters, interrogatively.

"It'll be hard on him."

'I don't know," replied the other, in a carefully assumed tone of in-difference. "He is pretty foredifference. handed, they say. Able to take his family and move out of this." And he cast a sharp glance at the Squire on whom this new idea fell with force. If Jem would only leave Duck's Creek and take his daughter with him—away, out of sight and hearing — Lawrence would soon forget her and one, at least, of the Squire's anxieties be set at rest. The temptation was a strong one, as Bennett had foreseen.

With Squire Peters it was a struggle indeed. To do as he would be done by, to follow out his kindlier impulses, to protect a faithful employee by differentiating him from the idle and vicious and to do this though the heavens fall—such would have been his natural course. But Lawrence! He thought of the blueeved Elspeth, her little head haughtily poised like a lily on its stem; science has cost him !" how could his boy make victorious strife, with the lure of that beauty ever present, ever in his pathway To banish this Lilith was an effectual stroke—and, now, he could make

Bennett quietly began re-reading his list of the men-Jones, McCutcheon, Pretzel, O'Brien, Gallagher, Brace.

said the Squire. And Bennett had his hour of triumph

The cause of Bennett's hostility Jem himself never divined, though his dear daughter could have thor haughty turn of the head which the On his first arrival at Duck's had seen the charms of its reigning capital upon labor.
princess. But Elspeth distrusted "It's an ancient tale, Sol!" he him, his face repelled her, and she would not hold out the golden sceptre. His wrath rose; he watched her and soon understood. For his chance me, saith the Lord.' That was said was small as against Lawrence Peters. To part these lovers became his aim and the old Squire should be his tool. As we have seen, by quiet management he had attained his object.

Yet he was curious to know its effect on Elspeth and, meeting her unwilling to part with your father," he averred glibly. "And I hope to find room for him again, if he remains in town." No answer being vouchsafed to this suggestion, the clear gaze fixed on him transpierced his duplicity, and in some embarrass-ment he added hastily, "I am very sorry myself!" The blue eyes took

on an icy gleam. "Indeed, Mr. Bennett! I can hardly credit it! Good afternoon." With slay. decisive little bow, which did not lack dignity, Elspeth turned away; but her cheek flushed scarlet and an

angry light fired her eyes. had not fully gained serenity at the close of a long walk, which trees," brought her out in a nook by the the other a chance for air and sun.

pointed firs flung moveless reflections into a black pool, whose glassy surface hardly knew a ripple. A few young pines near by carpeted the earth in dull, soft red. The silence and softness pleased Elspeth.

"I like deep water best," she said to herself. "It is still as if it stopped to think. Then, it comes out clearly without any muddle, without mistakes or excitement. I wish I could !

Beyond, through a gap in the firs she saw a sunlit clearing, where the stream rushed on again, with added power and volume. So absorbed was she in all this that she did not perceive Lawrence Peters emerging from the shadowy firs. He darted on swiftly after catching sight of her and her reception of his embrace and kiss evidenced between them the per fectly good understanding of affianced

Elspeth had much to tell. Law rence waxed indignant over Jem's discharge and laid the whole blam on Scott Bennett, not realizing the Squire's full complicity in the trans

Father left in January for the logging camp," said Elspeth gravely. "He must do something, you know." "Yes, and he is good at that! A sort of king among the loggers They call him Jem o' the Logging

Camp. "I know. He was a great woods man in his early years; but mother persuaded him to stay at home and go into the mill. Poor mother! she is so feeble-and logging is cold, cance as he found himself nearing a dangerous work; she will worry every day father is away."

Mrs. Brace, in fact, was far from being self-reliant like her daughter. She cowered under every blow and now inclined to carry Bennett's idea and remove to Kingston; her own native place. But Jem was of sterner mould. He would "settle up" one of these days with the Squire he openly vowed. the Mills, was a cunning man, who from Duck's Creek-or any other spot where he chose to reside! Nor should his daughter be so hunted!

'She can 'dree her weird' here as well as elsewhere. The next town would only start up another Lawrence Peters! She will always have a lover come what may. She's a braw beauty!" And a smile of pride lit up the logger's stern features. the lover will always be over her head. She winna' take to nane

To return to our tale. Lawrence had not been unsuccessful in his efforts to comfort the girl so plainly in real anxiety. But soon he burst out imperatively, "Elspeth, I am done with this. I can not bear it any longer! I will leave college and join Smith's Scientific Survey party; they pay a good salary and we can Then, these miser marry at once. able worries will stop for good and'

"Oh, Lawrence, I can not let you! The clear Scotch decision behind the words made itself felt as the voice of authority, and the lover's face fell. Your father is so fond of you, dear ! And willing to give you this superb education. You can not disappoint him and throw it away."

Whereat the young man began to look downrightly unhappy, a rare

occurrence with him. 'Yes," he rejoined slowly. father once already. disappointed It was his darling scheme to build up the Megantic and enlarge it that I might go into the business and be the tempter of men was at hand with his successor. But I wanted a a snare. Lawrence! he must save scientific education; so the dear old fellow gave it all up good naturedly, too !—and a pretty penny my precious

'So you see, yourself, Lawrence dear, it would never do to vex him again. No, we must wait. Perhaps the costly science may bring the salary by and by, but not now!'

"My day of independence is far away, then," murmured the young His graduation was really man. fixed for the next year, but to the impatient wooer that one year eemed a life-time.

He would discuss these questions by their camp fire at night with old Sol Quentin, the trapper : growing daily more irritated, his oughly enlightened him. That little against Squire Peters slowly deepen ing into hatred. Yet he also felt it Squire appreciated, had done the as more than an individual wrong, merely from man to man; it involved Creek, for Scott Bennett was not a the whole mighty pressure of the native of that delightful village, he upper classes upon the lower, of

> to the Jews far back in Bible times : and it's the same, now. But I can't

see why.' 'Why? Why do men hunt deer?" Jem pondered. "For no fault of Squire's companion stood still, calm-theirs, sure! For their skins and ly gazing. antlers. Yes, and more still, from the love of prey! It is the savage one day, he expressed a feigned instinct." Sol nodded, leaving the regret at the occurrence. "We were other to work it out. "The rich hunt the poor man for his labor, which is really his life. This they coin into gold for their own greater

uplifting.' "Like selling deer skin, eh, mate? -Wall, ye ought to see one I lit on, this season. I swar it's a beauty ! But Jem stuck to his point. greed of gold, first. Then, the native selfishness and savagery men - which the Gospel came to

'Wall, it ain't slain yit," grunted the other poking the blaze. Devil's alive an' cavortin' around lively, too. Meet him every day." "Men ought to stand together like

pursued Jem, "each giving was on fire with it.

grow in their proper plane; even the temptation. "It's the Devil who underbrush gets every bit of its

"Why don't ye say ground pine, and moss, en' that thar runnin' evergreen? I tell ye the very smallest ain't slighted! An' they all get on, quietly."
"The peace of God that passeth

anywhere else. The thought of Elspeth, too, haunted Jem continually. Wa not fair enough to be a lady? And sweet enough? Had she not due dignity of carriage? In fine array of that which could be bought with money, would she not shine also in all that money can not buy? Some instinctive sense told him that Mrs. Sophronia herself, measured

understanding.' There's more of it here, Sol, in the lone woods than

severe standards, was not a lady. Despite her rich clothes, she fell below even his ideal. On this point also he took counsel. The trapper wondered at his queer

'Tell us, Sol, what makes a lady?' "Look'ee here, mate," responded the wise man, "what makes a posy Softness, an' sweetness, an' no airs That's my idee.'

Pretty good, Sol. But educa-'Wall, that 'ere ain't book larnin' 've seen book-larned chaps come up ere who wanted eddicatin' just the

wurst kind!" Jem had no cause to blush for his daughter's education. Thanks to the Public schools, she had a fair amount of common knowledge, suplemented by a good course of Engish reading. Since Lawrence first appeared on the scene she had known no lack of books

The more Jem examined his daughter's case, the more unjust seemed the verdict against her. She had been anxious to bear him company on this winter trip, but he had sharply refused. "No camp life for her," he had muttered, setting his teeth. Yet he did promise her an outing of some sort in the deep woods, when summer arrived.

Thus February wore away; the March winds began to howl round their camp and it became a question of what should come next. his idea, as usual. ' Naow, Jem, it's no sort o' use goin' back to the Crick There ain't no work there. Go an' see yer folks, if ye want to, then come up here agin for summer. There's drivin' and raftin' enough. All these 'ere logs got to git daown to mill, somehow.

Jem was tempted. It hurt his pride to go home and idle about, a discharged employee in company with McCutcheon, Pretzel, O'Brien and the rest, all men of the baser sort. The Squire's action was working out results far beyond its immediate effects and for which even Jem was unprepared. To be out of regular employment had never happened to him since he was a lad. He felt like a vagrant, a tramp, a ne'er-do-well.

So to the woods he returned, finding plenty to do in a region where are potential kings and rulers of

He might have been seen, axe in hand, striding across a low ridge, one dark day in July, his eyes fixed on a vicious cloud with ragged edges, rising black in the east. "Wind," he muttered and changed his course so as to strike the little river beyond. A mad roar in the tops of the pines soon followed: and, having reached the stream, he waited on its brink in a sheltered spot for the tornado to That tree'll go over, if this pass. holds," he muttered watching the sway of a poorly rooted oak on the other bank, its base washed bare and partially undermined by the torrent. Halloo!" he shouted suddenly,

what fool's that?' He had caught sight of a man on horseback sitting awkwardly, coming down to the other shore of the stream. Don't he know this ain't Stubb's Crossing? It's a mile further down. As the stranger approached Jem saw he had a companion, a younger man, on foot. "No use to yell," he re flected, "with this wind against me!" 'No use to yell," he re-He could only await the catastrophe he felt impending.

Plunging into the stream the frightened horse lost footing. Another glimpse of the man's face and started, "Jehosaphat!" I. "It's Squire Peters." cried.

A hundred thoughts surged within wrongs, the "settlement" he had "'I will be a swift wit. threatened, which Providence would aver. "I will be a swift wit. I threatened, which respond to the was now palpably making ness against those that oppress the not he was now palpably making. A crash thundered into his thoughts, as of fallen giants. The toppling oak, overblown, had struck water, the horse was battling the waves alone and his rider gone from sight. On the further

'You blasted coward?" yelled Jem shaking his fist at him, while he leaped himself into the boiling waters, swimming for dear life. He caught the Squire with one hand, but found him pinioned down by the limbs of the fallen oak.

It was life and death work for Jem and his axe for the next few minutes. The Squire cast one agonized look on the face of his deliverer bending over him, strong and merci ful, then swooned from pain. Jem had to hold him up to keep his head above water while he plied the axe on a tangle of intertwisting boughs which seemed endless. But the woodsman had a mighty frame, like a lion's and its iron muscle met the demand. His blows had the inspira tion of humanity and God. His soul

bids a man go by on the other side when help's needed! He's got that scamp by the ear and gone off with him!" muttered Jem, finding the fuss ever does git fixed at all, they'll Squire's comrade had skulked away.

By heroic effort he succeeded in bringing the injured man to shore, where, luckily, he caught sight of Sol, who, after some worry over his prolonged stay, had started in search of him. Between them, they con-trived to lug the Squire up to their camp, where Sol did som surgery, kindly as he could.

There!" he said, when he had done. "That j'int's in agin, some-how." He had really reduced a bad dislocation of, the shoulder and bound up the arm with much skill.

The Squire watched Jem working for his comfort with moistened eyes. This was the man he had wronged! This man of men who returned good for evil, who had attained that Christ-like attitude of forgiveness, that royal height; loftiest attainable on this nether

Who was it with ye, Squire?" asked Jem, when his patient could speak.

Scott Bennett." "Wal, he's an all-fired sneak," growled old Sol. "Sich fellers ain't fit to live—nor to die, nuther."

The Squire lay for some time in a critical condition, the shock having told on him more even than his injuries. The men did all they could for him; still many comforts were un attainable. But one bright morning a merry, musical voice broke the stillness. "Father, it is I, Elspeth." And Jem, though he had stoutly maintained that a camp was no to see his daughter. She had been promised an outing and for fear of summer should wane. But pleasure, she saw at a glance, must bow to it awakes and speaks or sings duty

Can't you fix a sick man any better than that?" she asked pointedly, taking in the situation. "Well, Well,

The enterprising young woman soon justified her statement. A born nurse, she took charge at once. with sweet authority and a native tact that never missed its mark. She spared no pains; was she not doing it all for Lawrence? And as Squire watched her, he would not have bartered his nurse for any piano playing young lady of his acquaintance-no, nor for fussy Madame Sophronia, herself! soft voice and quiet ways controlled him when most impatient, calming his nerves in a way that impressed him with a sense of her superiority.

'She is a sweet girl," he said to mself. "And Lawrence isn't a fool. Not like to be, either, seeing he takes after his father! He has picked out a good wife—a mighty good one !- or I'm mistaken."

Some weeks elapsed, however, be-fore the Squire could be moved to Fairville, where Mrs. Sophronia was to join him. He sternly refused to have her come up into the wilds. Her feathers and frippery won't do in a logging camp," was his sharp verdict and long before her arrival Elspeth had won him over.

He bade Jem adieu with some embarrassment. "I hardly know what to say, Brace. I have so much to thank you for! And Quentin, also! You have saved my life; and my money interests, too! For, between you and me, matters at the mill are Lawrence much, had my days been it, you can depend on me."

Jem shook hands heartily, yet

with a shadow of reserve. The Squire understood.

And, Jem, I like the lass. I do, indeed!" The smile broadened and deepened on Jem's expressive face. His cup of joy swelled to the brim : what more, in sooth, could he ask?

The Squire went home from his spoiled hunting trip in high wrath over Scott Bennett. "He is a coward and if I had died, as I should for all of him, he would have plun-Yes," answered Lawrence, quiet-

'He is utterly dishonest.' The old man seemed dazed. "Examine your books, father, and you will find it out," pursued the other, who had his own theories as to the embarrassments at the Megantic. Another thing, father! If I am right, and I think it will prove so, I am going to take his place at the The Squire's face brightened. I will quit science and do my very best. But I shall marry Elspeth. With all my heart! She's too good to be thrown away on scamps of the But that's no harm. And tell you! I think your mother will come round.

Mrs. Sophronia's conversion to the new idea was a matter of time; but she reflected. If her husband had died, she would have been only Queen Dowager; now, she was still reigning sovereign. In that event, Lawrence would have had his own way and she — well, she had had a nerrow escape! It might be policy, after all, to accept the present situa-

tion and control it, if she could. Her son's marriage was an occasion of great display as well as great rejoicing. And now none so proud as Mrs. Sophronia when she sees "Lawrence's wife " assisting her "to receive," in a superb costume, un-

business; Jem is foreman of the en-Quentin says, "If this 'ere labor fuss ever does git fixed at all, they'll 'settle up' about as Jem Brace did with the Squire."—Caroline D. Swan in St. Anthony's Almanac.

NEVER BACKWARD IN CALL TO DUTY

"The Catholic Church has never been backward nor slow in answering the call of the duly constituted authority," is the declaration of Rev Joseph A. Mulry, S. J., President of Fordham University, New Father Mulry writes:

"The names of the Church's sons are written in gold upon the country's roll of honor. The blood of her sons has sprinkled every battlefield and the dominant characthe ter and underlying loyalty of her sons have led many a force to vic-

tory.
"In the day of peace she teaches true citizenship which consists in the highest moral development of the man and the strongest virtue of obedience. In the day of war she teaches a patriotism and a loyalty founded on God, in the Constitution and in the flag, in which there is none higher, stronger, or more enduring.

moral development of the man.
"This is a wonderful age and ours is a wonderful nation. It is the age of efficiency, of phenomena, material success. Never before did man lay such a strong hold of nature-we place for women folk, was very glad have mastered the lightning of the air, and have chained it to our pleas ure. We have taught the ray of sur losing it had come on her own re-sponsibility to claim it before the confines of a disk, until at our word living voice. What is a dream today is a fact to morrow. Science has dug deep into the bosom of the earth and delved deep beneath waves of the sea and reached far up into the heights of the sky and wrenched therefrom the wealth and power and life and energy hid den for ages. But there is a fear lest in the wild untrammeled pursuit of matter she has lost sight of the spiritual and little by little emanci pated its imagination from reason and made plain only for that which is obvious to serve.

Ours is a wonderful nation earnest, deliberate, progressive. The most daring elements of other lands have come hither to form a new people, new in energy, new in spirit, new in action. Intellec-tual ambition, maddened by wondrous success in many fields, has put on daring pinions and challenged all imitations of knowledge. "Let all things be new," is the watchword of humanity today and to make all things new is humanity's strong resolve. But man has become proud and arregant in his success and give credit to the divine failed to within and without him.

"It is a man's age—a reversion of the pagan ideal. It acknowledges no other lord or master of the universe except man. If you give honor and respect, your honor and respect is directed to man.

'His own pleasure is man's prin cipal pursuit—his first principle of conduct, the only aim of existence, the only measure of good, the only test of truth, the only standard of too unsettled for me to have left Lawrence much, had my days been say that when this principle has numbered. No, Brace, I can't thank eaten cancer-like into the public life you enough! But if there is any of our nation, in that day she will thing you want, in the mill or out of begin her fall as fell the empires of old.

"The power that can apply the remedy to this evil and keep the nation pure and hardy in its manhood and womanhood as well as relig ious is a power to which the State will owe an eternal debt of gratitude

"To day I declare that the influ ence of the Catholic Church stands between the State and its fall, because into human life it injects the spiritual. The Church realizes that the problem of any age is the problem of as the manhood of it, the nation as the men that constitute it; manhood of a nation as that which essentially differentiates man from the brute creature about him, as the spiritual within him. The Church proclaims in no uncertain tones that if you make man less than a God-created thing you have undermined his self-respect and have killed his virtue, civic as well as personal-that if you take man's fashioning out of God's hands and make him the result of blind forces or the outcome of inexorable evolution, you have given him nothing Bennett kind. You'll have to carry higher than mere material forces for sail pretty straight to suit her, I can his origin and nothing nobler than mere mechanical energy for the in-spiration of his virtue. But if you regard him as a child of God and by grace made a sharer in His Kingdom, with ideals and aims far outreaching the empty passing pleasures of time then you have flashed upon the world an ideal that stoops down to human sufferings and ills and picks up bleeding humanity and sets it upon a throne of divinity.
"This is an influence the Catholic

man wields on the community. He stands for the highest in manhood. He demands self-sacrifice, self re-straint, the warring down of the brute in the citizen and the develop-ment of the spirit, He protests against the principle that the State has no higher aim than mistakably from Paris, markets or camps or courts or Scott Bennett failed to balance his pleasure. His is not the false He had crushed and stamped out what he now knew to have been Lawrence makes a fine figure at his is a patriotism that looks for profit. But his is a patriotism that is not a

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