GERALD DE LACEYS DAUGHTER

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF COLONIAL DAYS

> BY ANNA T. SADLIER BOOK II

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED In her heart, too, was a harrow ing anxiety concerning her father. She rejoiced that he had not been at the house when the constables had come to apprehend her, lest he should have been tempted to resist. But been informed of her imminent danger, he might place himself in deadly peril by some attempt at rescue or some bold defiance of the and thus fall into the hands of their unrelenting enemy. The appearance of Prosser Williams there meant ruin, entire and absolute. For should this court, which she was keen enough to see was divided against itself and in some sort halfearted, acquit her, it would be but to send her to that other tribunal in Manhattan, where more malignant foes would make her undoing certain. As it was, she turned with relief from the pale face and gleaming eyes | present. of that member of Lord Bellom Household to the grim-faced select men, magistrates and ministers by whom she was confronted. There was something weird and uncanny in the whole scene. The pines and hemlocks without trembled and shivered in a mournful wind. The improvised courtroom was dimly lit by nine-knot torches, stuck in rude sconces. The pulpit, grotesquely magnified, loomed above the prisonhead, forbidding as though it grewsome showed a ghostly occupant. The gallery was filled with an excited throng of townspeople, who had fol-lowed the prisoner thither, and were

While the most futile questions ing put, and a bewildering magistrates seemed to be disposed in her favor. Whether it was that he biassed men to those who presided at former trials, when the first madness had passed; or whether he was merely impressed by the youthful loveliness of the prisoner, her quick wit and calm demeanor, he strong emphasis upon the fact that no evidence had been as yet adduced to prove bodily harm done to any of the witnesses by her contrivance.

witchcraft excitement.

At this there arose a tumult, and all seemed to be speaking together. Dignity and decorum were lost. One man cried out the prisoner should be put to the torture, since she refused to confess. Another suggested that the punishment meted out in the past to all accused of sorcery should bs recapitulated to inspire this reputed witch with salutary fear and Meanwhile, the central figure in that strange scene stood apparently unmoved, though the girl's heart quailed within her as she heard that wild uproar, the vile names she was called, the fierce muttering rising into shouts against her. Her deli cate and sensitive nature was deeply affected by the horrors of the scenes depicted, when, the judge having at obtained silence, the clerk read aloud the account of former trials, the imprisonment in dismal dungeons and the culminating tragedy on the bleak and dreary hill, which had been | pered in her ear : to her an evil omen ever since her arrival in Salem. Her mind, however, rose into the region of prayer. All the faith and hope, every divine impulse of charity, which had conthanks with a certain exultation of worthy to follow this new way of the cross, and to ascend her Calvary. She rejoiced in the knowledge that her exile and that of her father, such privations and discomforts as they had since experienced, and her present sufferings as well as the grim possibilities of the future, could have been avoided had she renounced her faith and placed her abjuration in the hands of Lord Bellomont.

"O Lord!" she said, "I give Thee thanks that Thou has thought me worthy, who have been so fond of pleasures and of the brighter

Captain Prosser Williams, utterly unable to guess at such sentiments as these, sat gloating over the scene and at the terror, the humiliation and the degradation which that girl, so late the idol of a brilliant circle must be feeling. It is true he had it in mind that he would not permit matters to proceed to too great ex-tremities; that, once she was safely lodged in the Town Prison he would visit her, declaring that he meant to save her and that in the end, if it became necessary, he would claim her under the warrant formerly issued by the Government of Man hattan, and have her conveyed to that city, where she would be safer. He hoped, in fact, that, once her mind with all that was gay and pleasant, and who, through his official standing and his influential connec-

full of contempt and aversion. oppressed by that terrible stillness. Springing from his place in the ardor of his intatuation and in the height of his exultation at her humiliating of the night the secret which it did or his exultation at her huminating position, he took advantage of the uproar to advance towards her, though he had no definite idea as to what it would be wisest to say. He had some vague intention of practising a deception and whispering that he had come thither with the intention of protecting her. But the lovely eyes of Evelyn measured him coldly from head to foot, as she said curtly:

Have you too been bewitched?".
Yes, and by you," answered Prosser Williams, flushing from chin to ehead at the contempt of her tone and his red hair seeming to gleam redder than ever in the light of the

Believe me, good sir," said Evelyn, mockingly, "that I have never troubled to cast a spell in your direc-

tion.' With that she turned her back upon him. He controlled by an effort the furious rage which pos-sessed him, and trembling all over with passion returned to his place just as the magistrate called anew for order. The silence that again ensued was broken by a sound suffi-ciently terrifying to drive all other matters from the minds of those

> CHAPTER VIII THE RESCUE

This sound, the most appalling that could greet colonial ears, was the war-whoop of Indian raiders, ringing through the outer darkness. It was a sound to strike terror to the bravest hearts, for the pioneer stories of Indian atrocities and of wholesale massacres, with all the stories of Indian atrocities grewsome details accompanying them, were still fresh in the people's minds. Men in the courtroom sprang to their feet in consternation; minds. women huddled together or hurried stirred almost to frenzy by this towards the door, through which threatened recrudescence of the they were afraid to pass lest swarms they were afraid to pass lest swarms of Indians might be lurking in the darkness. Even the judges abandoned their places; the clerk and against her, the elder of the two tain Prosser Williams was as to how he might secure his personal safety. remembered the disapproval which had been meted out by sane and unhawk or the scalping knife; still less did he desire to be carried away into captivity and furnish sport for the Indian lodges. Nor were there many seconds in which to deliberate. There was a blast of air coming in through the open door and a of feathered warriors, their faces thickly daubed with the ominous red that suggested they were upon the war path. The prisoner stood still, with hands bound at her back and now forgotten by the fiercest of the witch hunters. She was suddenly seized from behind by the strong arms of an Indian brave, and so ex cessive was her terror, so complete the surprise, that she was borne with scarce a struggle to the door. Mingled with her alarm was a curious relief that at least she would be freed from the devilish malice of Captain Prosser Williams. It darted through her brain that there might be some hope for her in her knowledge of various Indian dialects and in the fact that she was a member of

> Silver Covenant of Friendship.
>
> The warrior mounted a horse which stood waiting, and lifted her by a swift movement to its back. It was only when they had gone some distance from the door that, to her intense astonishment, a voice whis-

one tribe and had made with it a

Evelyn, my love, be not afraid." Hops, joy, amazement succeeded who one another in swift succession ing. through her mind. Surely the grasp ested through her mind. Surely the grasp in which she was held was infinitely sciously or unconsciously shaped her gentle, surely the voice that spoke tailing at length the injury that was life, came now to her aid. She gave was that of Egbert Ferrers. She done to mankind in general and to asked a breathless question, and he had been found answered without slackening rein, whilst behind them came the tramp of other horses and the confused sounds which showed that the town was awaking to the peril by which it was threatened. For the scene there was an indescribable one. The tocsin sounded the alarm and spread terror amongst the inhabitants. Many stole forth from their houses to seek a hiding place they knew not where. Others barricaded themselves within their dwellings, the men looking to their firelocks and the women giving what assistance they could in these preparations for defence. Pine-knot torches flashed here and there through the darkness, and sent their gleams over the coldly flowing rivers, where the dry stalks of the lately beautiful water-lilies rested on the surface of the water, symbolical of the fair lives that had been wrecked and ruined in that vicinity by false and idle superstitions. The heavy veil of blackness had fallen upon the woods skirting the town, which to the minds of the terrified inhabitants seemed to be peopled with savages, eady to spring forth at a given signal and with tomahawk, torch and

spirit had been broken by the terror of her situation and all that she would be called upon to endure, she would be willing to accept voluntarily a suitor who must be associated in her the invaders. Imagination ran riot. picturing the foe as creeping on insidiously and noiselessly until vanstanding and his linearitate connect tions in England, could offer her a very desirable alliance. It was not, therefore, without design that, when the tumult was at its height he permitted her to see him, only to therefore, without design that, when the turnult was at its height be per panies and train-bands who had mitted her to see him, only to encounter a cold and haughty stare

| At the sight of the head crowned everywhere for some trace which should convince him that the pur-panies and train-bands who had everywhere for some trace which should convince him that the pur-panies and train-bands who had everywhere for some trace which should convince him that the pur-panies and train-bands who had everywhere for some trace which should convince him that the pur-panies and train-bands who had everywhere for some trace which should convince him that the pur-panies and train-bands who had everywhere for some trace which should convince him that the pur-panies and train-bands who had everywhere for some trace which should convince him that the pur-panies and train-bands who had everywhere for some trace which should convince him that the pur-panies and train-bands who had everywhere for some trace which should convince him that the great that the first him the first had sent to the last thing he had seen—the last thing he

scalping knife to make havoc in

their paths. The trees nodded and whispered together, as if in consulta-

not give. Once the stillness was broken by the nasal tones of an itinerant preacher, reciting aloud

rom the Psalms:
"Fear and trembling have come upon me, and darkness hath covered The fear of death hath fallen upon me. My heart is heavy within me. Have mercy, O Lord, have mercy upon me. For my soul trust-

eth in Thee.' that hour of universal terror. perhaps in the ears of many sounded the dying shrieks of .witches hanged upon the hill, and the groans of tor tured victims, seared with the brand ing iron, scourged and thrust forth into exile. Blood guiltiness was upon the town—a guilt which now might have to be expiated, and which thus added to the general alarm The dawn was whitening the sky before relief came to the terrorstricken inhabitants. No adults in that town, it might be safely said, had slept that night, and with pale, haggard faces they looked out over the cold and silent rivers, upon the deserted streets, where appeared no savage form, and upon the woods, where the trees whispered and nodded together harmlessly, with soft soothing murmurs and with no lurking painted foes.

Prosser Williams remained with a score or two of men in the securely barricaded meeting house, upon which a second attack was expected. He was the first to suspect that there had been no Indian raid at all, or that, if so, it had been with the obect so readily effected of releasing Evelyn, who was known to be on friendly terms with the Indians. For by the time he had recovered from his first panic, he saw that she had disappeared, nor could any one tidings of her. With the arrival of the dawn men and women ame out, and shamefacedly confront ed one another. Every one pu uestions which none could answer But in the general sense of relief, curiosity and even hilarity began to prevail, at least as much hilarity as was consistent with the Puritan gloom, where mirth was regulated by statute. Captain Prosser Williams found himself almost alone in the mad rage which possessed him when he began to realize that a trick had een played, or that, at the very worst, the whooping savages had been merely friendly Indians, who intended no raid upon the town, but were merely anxious to deliver from condage one whom they considered as their benefactress. The young officer, who was possessed of suff cient bravery to carry him with credit through the ordinary affairs of life, now felt ashamed of the cowardice with which he had acted, and this shame added to his fury against the authors of the rescue.

As for the judges and the jury, the constables and the select men and the people of Salem at large, who had for the time being forgotten Mistress de Lacey and her affairs, their relief was so great that it was into any species of activity. there were—and amongst them the elder of the two judges—who were glad to have the affair of the reputed witch taken out of their hands, for they felt that her trial and condem nation could reflect but little credit upon themselves or upon the town, and that proof of actual ill-doing upon her part was wanting. There were others who believed that the whole scene in the courtroom was an illusion of the senses, specially planned and carried out by the witch who took that means of disappear-ing. Vainly did the man most interested rage and storm, crying out against the escaped prisoner and re-Salem in particular by the snares of the Evil One, manifested in the spells of sorcery. The Town Council and the others were not at all inspired by these arguments to attempt the recapture of so dangerous a character as the sorceress. Angry as they might be at her disappearance, and at the possibility that a trick, human or preternatural, had been played upon a grave and reverend assembly, they felt no particular anxiety to bring her back into their midst. Surely it was better that she had gone before worse happened, if really she had been a witch with power to spirit herself away. If she were not a witch, they were rid of the responsibility of condemning or

acquitting her. At last, Captain Prosser Williams was compelled to reveal his own identity and to threaten them with the severe displeasure of Lord Bellomont for having permitted the escape of both father and daughter, who were fugitives from New York. He described them as dangerous Papists, consorters with Jesuits and suborners of the Indian tribes. He urged upon them that, if they had for a moment escaped an Indian foray, the tribes now so peaceful would very possibly be incited against them, since such dangerous enemies of the King's Majesty and the Protestant religion were at large.

It was by arguments such as these that the enraged and disappointed officer induced a sturdy band of Puritans to take horse and ride forth from the town in hot pursuit of the fugitives. But such haste as they made was not sufficient for Captain Prosser Williams, who feverishly spurred on, impelled by the double motive of love and revenge. Both

suers were upon the right track. When the cavalcade reached the deserted house of the de Laceys, the morning sun was shining full upon

Prosser Williams had it examined only to find that Mr. de Lacey too was missing. Continuing their pursuit along the turnpike road, which according to a number of witnesses, had been taken by some savages, the and forest until they finally came to a deserted and half-ruined dwelling glory. Something in the aspect of the spot suggested it as a possible halting-place. Descending from his halting-place. Descending from his horse, Captain Williams nosed about the premises as a hunting dog might have done, but could find no trace of his quarry. With all his astuteness, this most determined of the pursuers never thought of disturbing the fallen leaves and twigs which cov-ered the well. There he would have found the cast-off disguises of the fugitives, and he could thus have convinced himself, as well as his nore or less reluctant companions, that neither witch nor Indian had been responsible for Mistress de Lacey's disappearance; they been deceived by a simple trick. they had

This latter aspect of the case had presented itself to his mind, but he ould not of course be certain, and how could word have been so quickly carried to New York of the suspicions against the reputed witch and her arrest? He thought of Pieter Schuyler and others of the Van Cortlandt family as possible accessories to the plot, and he distrusted Captain Ferrers, though of late he had striven to convince himself that that officer was no longer interested in the fair outlaw.

TO BE CONTINUED

"HE IS MINE—AND I AM HIS"

"By gosh! so them atrocities we heard tell of at home is true!" Frank Turner had been out in not even learned the language of the renches, nor had he ever come across what was grown to be a he blurted out a request: familiar sight to men of all nations and of all creeds in the French vilthem there necklaces?"

lages and countrysides—a crucifix. The life-sized figure of Christ bonging upon the cross, stood untouche in a ruined village through which the war-weary troops were returning to their quarters, and Frank, in the fading light and half-dazed from fatigue, took the image for the

He thought it was a man hanging there, a martyr for his country, for if in his boyhood he had heard the Bible story of the Son of God hanging on the cross, a martyr for the whole world, he had forgotten it. Certainly he had never pictured the scene on Calvary as a reality like this. Amongst the ruined houses the

order to halt was given : the officer in charge saw that his men would not be able to get much further, and Frank. the guns of the Boche which yester-day played upon the streets and houses were silenced now, so they could stop there in safety. Frank Turner had been slightly wounded and he was weak from loss of blood as well as exhausted from want of sleep, from the tension of seventees, hours in the trenches and from want hours in the trenches and from want way.

"He is mine and I am His,"

So it was a religious emblem! A Popish idol. He had no religious feeling that he knew of, but this thing seemed to draw him to it. AR something and he fell to the ground. In doing so his lately staunched wound broke out afresh and the warm, soft trickle of blood made him sick and faint. The crucifix loomed, almost gigantic, above his headgigantic. , but not forbidding, attract-er, and consoling. He closed ing rather, and consoling. his eyes, and all around him grew

An hour later he came to himself in a dismantled room, where his comrades, seeing him fall, had carried him and laid him on the bed, of some one who had fled before the Boches. He looked about him, vaguely, with, naturally, no remembrance of how he came there. Then on the white wall, so close to him that he had only to stretch his hand out to touch it, was another, and this time a small representation of the crucifixion scene that had so struck and touched him in the village street. "The cross of Christ!" Feebly he repeated the words, the last that he had heard before he lost consciousness; but the man who had spoken them, who had brought him in from the foot of the village shrine and laid him where he was, heard him and

The man's stripes proclaimed him a sergeant ; his tongue and the way, familiar and yet entirely respectful, in which he mentioned the crucifix betrayed his nationality and his in which he mentioned the crucifix betrayed his nationality and his faith. Seeing that Frank held out his hand for the cross, he unhooked the last thing he had seen—the last the near east, in an interview here.

Irish sergeant reminded him, for the sins of men, some vague far away land he was back again. "Invalided sins of men, some vague far-away remembrance of occasional attendance at a city church-just enough to qualify for the parish treat—came back to him and his comrade's voice supplied the gaps in these vagrant

"The Son of God," he said, "our Saviour and Redeemer." As he spoke, he pulled a string of beads from his pocket. "That's a fine one you have," he said, nodding towards the crucifix Frank held. "I've one of my own here, and though 'tis not the size of yours, 'tis me own to carry with me where I will. Many's the time, when things has gone badly enough with me, I've held mine as you hold yourn there, and I looks at it, and says I, 'He is mine, an' I am His.' There's a power of comfort in them words, sonnie." Then, changing his tone and dropping his Rosar back into his pocket, "Rest yourself a few minutes more if you like ; but we've no orders to stop here, so now you're yourself, you'd best come along, and hold up, if you can, till we get back to billets.

He moved away, but for a moment longer the English boy held the cross which fascinated him. "He's lucky, he's got one! I wish I had. I might take this. But no—'tisn't mine, and 'twould be pinching. I must leave it back where I took it. and maybe He will speak to some other Johnny just like He spoke to me." He held it a moment longer then hung it back on the wall. "He is mine-I am His," he murmured, perhaps not realizing more than that the words were comforting.

Staggering to his feet, although his head was strangely light, he was able to make his way out to where the Irish sergeant was waiting, and with his help painfully managed to reach his billet. His companion, seeing that by this time he was fairly exhausted, with rough kind-ness told the lad to turn in whilst he got him a mug of the welcome bouil lon their temporary hostess provided By this time the moment of expanon in which he had mentioned the France so short a time that he had cross of Christ was over, and it was with the Englishman's usual effort in speaking of anything religious that

> "Necklaces?" The sergeant was at a loss to understand, so the English oy muttered a further explanation of "them bead things," which cleared up his meaning.
>
> The sergeant shook his head.

'Ne'er a one but the one," he said But Rosary's the name, sonnie-not necklace. But wait, now—" he broke off, for an officer had entered the room and going to him the ser-geant spoke a few words. Frank Turner saw him put his hand in his tunic pocket and pull something out. and at the same time he noticed the Roman collar which denoted a chap lain, not an ordinary officer. He wa evidently seeking some one in a hurry, for he went out again immedi The Irishman returned to

"You're in luck, lad" he said "Here's the Rosary beads-and the very last his Reverence has. Stow them over your head. Then won't go lose them." And suiting sleep, from the tension of seventeen | taking the now empty mug, he turned

long over due. Yet when the others gladly fell at ease, he stumbled eagerly to the end of the string, but, blindly on towards what he thought alas, it was only a rounded piece of blindly on towards what he thought was a tortured Frenchman.

As he drew nearer he saw it was a thing of wood wrought by human hands. Close beside him a comrade, hands. Close beside him a comrade, was for a cross and not for them was not to the company the company to the comp less ignorant than himself, raised his hand in the semblance of a salute, whilst in a low tone he made an exclamation that Turner understood:
"The cross of Christ!"

So it was a religious emblem! A was for a cross and not for them to join the Church, the truth of which he had no doubt, and in which he found the only comfort possible in his poor maimed life. He was venir of war conditions. And so, with Our Lady's heads about him, he with Our Lady's beads about him, he

fell asleep. But not for many hours was he undisturbed. Before dawn the Boches were reported as having returned. Once more they were attack. shelter for many of the Allied troops. Frank Turner, to his delight was posted at the half demolished shrine where in the midst of crumbling masonry the crucifix was still untouched

Time passed and still the English boy stood before the cross in the place he had been left to guard, and line by line the singularly beautiful Figure was graven on his mind. "He is mine and I am His!"

And the lessons of faith and love

that fortunate children learn from their mother's knee seemed to pass straight from the wounded Heart of God the Son to the lonely heart of the English soldier.

The fury of the bombardment in-reased. Ever louder and louder, creased. the sound of the Allied guns outweighed the Germans, but at last there came what to Frank Turner was a final crash. It dashed him to the ground and

left him senseless. Still the crucifix, millions of corpses in order to untouched, remained in the village, achieve their separate aims. a second time, and now decisively, came over to his side.

"Aye, lad," he said, "the cross of Christ that He died on for you and life, found the lad unconscious and following interview now going the wounded with that most pitiless of wounds—loss of sight. When at length he came to himself at the

pierced, the side wounded, as the hopeless case, and within three out"-yes, and quite blind !

In the hospital where he was taken the Rosary round his neck made them ask if his disc. "Church of England," or this Popish emblem stood for his belief.

"It ain't nothing," was his lucid planation. "It ain't C. of E. nor I explanation. "It ain't C. of E. nor lain't R. C. Only I asked for a crucifix and they gave me this. That's all. Oh, nurse," he added, imploringly clinging to the cool smooth dress that brushed his fingers, "will you give me a crucifix ?

The nurse was taken aback at such a request, but quickly she bade him not to worry, for what he wanted he would get. And before evening it would get. And was in his hands.

He took it eagerly but gently reverently touching the outstretched arms, the bowed head, crowned with thorns, the feet on which, with growing delicacy of touch, he felt the nail and even the wound the nail had

"That's Him," he said, with a sigh of satisfaction. "I'll never see nothing no more," he shuddered even now at the horror of the thought. anyways the last thing ever I saw was Him, and He hung on the cross for us." The nurse was kind but busy and when, lying there in darkness, the thought came to Frank Turner that some one must know how this thing came about, he waited for another visit from her to ask if she could tell him.
"I've no time Turner," she said

awkwardly enough, for speaking of religion came to her no more easily than it had done to Turner himself before his loss of sight. how things were different. The life he had lived before he joined the army, was so far away, and the remembrance of the crucifix so near. "It's all in the Bible, but it's and I've no time. Next time the chaplain comes I'll ask him.

And though it happened that the next chaplain to come was not one belonging to the State religion, stopped pityingly at the bedside of the lad-blind and suffering from shock. He had time, fortunately, and another soldier in the war possessing a Key of Heaven, the chaplain read to Turner, listening eagerly, every word of the Gospel of St. John for Good Friday, the fourth and shortest of the Evangelists accounts of the Passion of Our Lord. Since the blind boy had learned

the rudiments of religion, one may say, direct from Christ Himself, the outcome of this first visit was a foregone conclusion. He wanted th truth. "He is mine and I am His. Over and over again he had proved the truth of the sergeant's words concerning this; when pain and fate and future darkness seemed unbear-able, they came back to him again and again. Jesus Christ was Frank Jesus Christ's, and, therefore, the narrow way of truth was that along which he must follow Christ. He begged for another visit from

the chaplain. He asked question after question and believed everything he was told.

He heard of the Sacraments Baptism-had he ever been baptized? Not to his knowledge. Confirmed? Certainly not. Was he a member of the Church of England? "I ain't nothing." he maintained, but when he heard of Holy Communion, then he was, by desire at least, a Catholic There were, of course, certain for

malities to be gone through, and then the learning of the cate was no easy task to a perfectly un-trained mind, and to sightless eyes But when it was time for him to leave the hospital then too lit was and through all he kept his crucifix in his hands. The cross of Christ was his salvation, yes, and it was his wonder and his love.

Marvels are being done for the blind, and whatever is done for ing the village, which though so nearly reduced to ruins served as a him as coming from Jesus Christ. Wherever he goes, there will go with him his crucifix. The cross, seen for the first and last time within three days, will ever be to him. please God, "salvation, and life and consolation."-Alice Dease, in The Rosary Magazine.

> THERE MUST BE A SUPREME ARBITER WITH MORAL FORCE

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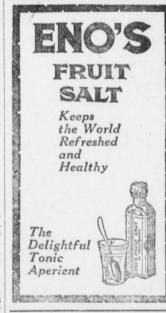
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