## AMBITION'S CONTEST

BY CHRISTINE FABER

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE STING OF CONSCIENCE

At last the old house on the Battery was exchanged for a fashionable up-town residence, and the Courtney parlors were opened to the society from which the wife and mother had so long secluded herself. Comments were rife on the sudden return of the master of the house, but curios- reference to his father, and my ity had to remain ungratified, for no explanation was vouchsafed by any of the parties concerned.

Howard, strictly applying himself to the discharge of his priestly duties, found little time to give even to the parents and sister whom he so dearly loved. But Ellen was content; she saw him on the altar, she heard him blessed by the poor and suffering, and she knew he was endeavoring to do God's will. For herself, while to gratify her father and mother she mingled with the society which their fond pride gathered about her, she still continued to practice the virtues which had already made her character so lovely. Perchance she found in her good works a balm for the sorrow which still shaded her pure life—the manner in which she had been com-pelled to treat Malverton Grosvenor. She knew that her brother frequently corresponded with him, that her was constantly transmitting grateful, tender messages, and hopes of speedily seeing the young gentleman. But Howard, though he often spoke in her presence of his friend, never addressed her with any direct | made me shut myself in my room to allusion to him. But there was one name which was never mentioned Courtney family - Brother Fabian. Without leaving even a farewell message, he had taken his departure you were exercising such tender to some foreign religious house, to spend in the most austere penances the remnant of a life that had been at once so unyielding and so unhappy. The time for Anne Flanagan's wedding had arrived, and happy Dick was permitted, as he expressed it, sail under his own colors," or, in other words, to announce his true name. He did it in his own inimitably humorous way, and, without exactly betraying the story of his long and faithful love, he told sufficient to satisfy everybody, and to increase everybody's private opinion of his warm, excellent heart. Mrs. Courtney had to tax her memory somewhat before she could recognize or even remember Owen chan, but she did both at length, and it made her exceedingly anxious to retain a servant who had been in her father's employment. She attempted to enter into arrangements with Anne, by which the latter and Owen might be induced to continue in their present positions after they had been made "twain of one flesh." twain of one flesh. But the woman hesitated, and Mrs. Courtney forbore to press for a reply, been allowed for deliberation on the matter.

On the evening succeeding the interview between Mrs. Courtney and Anne Flanagan, the latter sought Miss Courtney's room. She seemed strangely agitated, and Ellen, fearand it required a moment or more before she could speak.

"I have come to say something that I should have told you long ago, but I couldn't nerve myself to it

Ellen could only look her astonish-"I feel that you know now the whole truth of the story which I told you in Ireland—that you knew it shortly after we came home, only that in your kindness you refrained from telling me." Hertones assumed such rapidity as to be barely dis-Maybe it made you understand the strangeness of my conduct when we were abroad. Your kind ness used to win me, and your goodness used to touch me, till it was a horrible struggle between the desire to repent and to clear my heart of its evil feelings, and the old jealousy and hate that seemed to rage as strongly as they had done at the time of your mother's marriage. I had seemed to sympathize with her sorrow, but I secretly rejoiced that her husband had gone; I pretended to feel honored by her confidence, but I knew her trust had been given because I had accidentally learned her secret; and I was faithful in her service only because everything about her was redolent of Mr. Court ney. I would look at you and Howard with envious, covetous eyes, for you were his children: I would yiew my own face in the glass till I grew to think it was Mrs. Courtney's looks which had caused her husband to forget me, and not that he never had a thought of me in that respect and I fed my wretched fancies by frequently reading the letter and looking at the box he had given me. Once in Florence I met the Hindoo who is with us now. Having seen him when he called on Mrs. Courtney, I knew him, and, being aware which surrounded him. I tried to interests. Her cold, curt reply in- induce to lay aside his and when, months after, Howard

his mother's sake, that request honored it by her own and her seemed to close my heart to him. I daughter's company in the earlier fancied, also, that he was becoming part of the evening; but feeling more like his uncle, that he was sar castic, and cyrical, and proud, like Francis Courtney used to be, and I disliked him nearly as much. Under the influence of that feeling, I used sometimes to utter things for the gracious and pleasant saying of which I was affrighted after. When I said he was selfish and cruel like another member of his family, meant his uncle : when I said he wasted the love you gave him like many another before him, I had unhappy passion; when I told him I knew that which would make him carry his head lower, I meant the separation of his parents, for I im agined that would mortify his proud spirit if he knew it. I secretly triumphed when he so mysteriously left Ashland Manor. lieve, as you did, that he had gone to do better; I believed that he had gone to remove himself further from every good influence; and tri-umphed because I thought Mrs. Courtney was more distant than ever from that which was to bring her husband back." She paused, as if frightened by the sudden pallor which overspread her listener's face;

but Ellen did not speak, and, after a moment, Anne resumed : "When we were living in Ashland Manor I again met the Hindoo, and I tried, as I did before, to follow him, but he frightened me from the your mother in the circumstance, but I remembered her other cold reply, and the remembrance, to-gether with the feeling which the sight of the Hindoo had aroused, give vent to them. Then your kindness touched me, and seemed to in prayer, by any of the make me feel my baseness as I had never felt it before. I wanted to tell you just what I was, on whom care, but I could not. I imagined if you knew you must spurn me, and so only told what I fancied was necessary to abate my remorse of conscience. But God, Whom I had so forsaken, instead of punishing me, was already preparing my hap

piness.' Her tones became slower and lower, and the tears, which been filling her eyes, trickled down

her cheeks as she resumed: "When I told you my story I neglected to mention that my unhappy attachment had caused me to refuse an offer of marriage from one of the servants in Ashland Manor — Owen Renehan — who was then a young man. What he saw to create his regard for me I cannot tell, for I was very shy and reserved; but, when occasion did throw us together, I could not help but be grateful for his kind notice. asked me to become his wife, giving me\_time to consider the matter, and telling me if I consented, to sing, on an appointed day, a verse of a certain old Irish song. Had I never known the object of my first, thinking that sufficient time had not unhappy love, I could have gladly accepted this offer; but, as it was, I would not; and when Owen, on the day appointed for my reply, began himself to sing the ditty, no answering strain. But he did not forget me—he never married; and when we so strangely met, after ing she was in trouble, addressed so many years, though I knew him her in her own kindly way. But Anne only became more agitated, he betrayed so much knowledge of the old times. I used frequently to be on the point of proclaiming that he must be Owen Renehan; but then his name, and the change in his looks, convinced me that my suspicion was wrong. So I failed to recognize him, till one night I heard him singing the old Irish song, to which, in the long ago, I was to respond if I accepted him. Every thing suddenly came back. I knew him then, and I learned that I—

even sinful, miserable I - had been the object of an undying love. He knew my evil heart-he had read my unhappy passions when I imagined they were sealed to every eye but God's—and still he loved me. Never till that moment did I truly feel God's goodness and my own wickedness; and from that time I have been a changed woman. could not give your mother answer she wanted about my remaining with her after my mar riage, until I had seen you, and heard from your own lips that, even knowing what you do, you do not dislike nor distrust me. I could not remain here if you did, for when my heart was false and black to everybody else, it loved you-it was

touched by your goodness.' If she had once doubted the charity of that tender heart, which was powerless to close itself against any appeal for forgiveness, the embrace with which Ellen Courtney assured her that she was neither disliked nor distrusted, banished such doubt immediately and for-

ever. Old O'Connor was in the most brilliant and the most enjoyable of Never sparkled his wit so humors. pleasantly; never shone his face with such a rubicund hue of jollity never quaffed he the contents of his glass with such refreshing zest. It was the mysterious circumstances the wedding night of Anne Flanagan, or Mrs. Renehan as she was follow him to ascertain for my own now, and the old domestic, in obedisake something about Mr. Courtney.
When I failed, I wrote an account of sented to head the abundantly my attempt to your mother, that she spread board. The Hindoo, whom might think I was faithful to her even American custom could not singular creased my ill-feelings towards her, dress, was also there, and seemed, by his animated face, to enter heartwanted you to meet him in a park in London, and waylaying me to bear Mrs Courtney had insisted on an his message, asked me to do it for ovation befitting the event, and had for she was intensely methodical.

that their presence imposed a slight restraint, the two ladies had soon

withdrawn. Owen Renehan and his bridethe latter from very happiness so that seemed to have been utterly transformed-were objects of the kindest and most flattering attentions. O'Connor, in his happy excitement, was once betrayed into seizing the the bride, and saying in a voice which attracted the attention

of the company:
"I'm proud of your acquaintance. Mrs. Renehan, and I'm proud of the acquaintance of the husband that owns you," extending his other hand to Owen. "Once I was inclined to feel bitter that you were trusted with secrets which were kept from O'Connor; but I think now maybe they were things that would be little good for me to know, and I honor you ma'am for the noble way in which you kept them all to yourself, and moreover, I'm thankful to you for checking me once when I was for telling things that didn't concern me. The masther," he raised his voice slightly, "went away suddenly and strangely, and he came back the same way; but that's neither here nor there —we'll not be seeking, none of us"—he looked for a moment, as if he fiercely expected some one to dispute his pursuit. I would have written to assertion-" to pry into nor be talking about business that doesn't concern us ; but we'll do our duty and we'll pray for our benefactors

His sentiments were loudly an plauded; even the Hindoo seemed to understand, and to approve of them. The dawn glimmered ere happy party separated, and Anne Flanagan's wedding night was long remembered by all who participated in its festivities.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE CURSE OF GOLD

A TRUE STORY By H. E. Delamere

Two girls were talking eagerly as they walked home after Benediction on a first Friday. Both were busy all day, the one at her sewing, other as a stenographer, and so when they could meet they had much to to each other. Comrades from 8a.V childhood, inseparable during their years of school life, they had re-mained firm friends in spite of a marked difference in character and habits, or perhaps because of it. thing they had in common and that was their love for their Sodality and their devotion to church work. in Constance's life this was a side issue, so to speak, while to Mary it was the one absorbing interest in

"I don't see why you never give yourself any pleasure," protested Constance. "Why shouldn't we go the show on the way home, for instance? Surely God does not forbid us to have any fun in our

Why no, of course not! But I am very happy over my work," answered Mary brightly. "Some days I get delightful surprises. . This morning, for instance, I had such a very nice letter from Brother Conrady of Molokai, and oh! he was so

Thank you! I should be afraid to touch a letter from the leper island," answered Constance with a shudder. "In any case I don't see why you at the should spend all your time and all tinued your money on missions and missionaries. Really, if only out of pity for a new hat! I'm just sick of seeing that old thing," she added with a disparaging glance at Mary's almost "I had meant to buy a new one

this spring, I had indeed," Mary, blushing scarlet and looking apologetic. "I had even put a five dollar bill aside for it but-

But you sent it off to the Propa gation of the Faith instead," put in

her friend in an aggrieved tone. "Right as usual, Conny," laughed the girl. "I just couldn't help it when I got the last number of the Annals and saw all the pitiful appeals for help. It seemed so unnecessary to spend all that money on the adornment of my homely self. It isn't as if I were pretty and stylish looking as you are dearest. But never mind, I can save up enough on my lun neons to buy a bottle of Bixby's blacking fluid and a new flower at department store and when my old straw is dyed black and re-

trimmed you won't know it." "Won't I though ! And it's a shame your stinting yourself on food and on everything! I can't understand it! I'm willing enough to do my share of church work, but I wish to some pleasure out of life-and I

just love pretty clothes !" "And I just love missions. Every one must have a hobby, you know, laughed Mary.

Well, anyhow, I hope your old missionaries won't prevent your coming to tea with us tomorrow and then to see 'Ramona.' You prom-

ised me, you know, so don't forget." "Never fear! I've been looking forward to it for over a week. answered Mary as with a warm kiss the two girls parted at her door. She hastened up to her very humble little back room on the third floor. was badly littered with her dressmaking work, put down at the last minute when hastening out to Benediction, and she began by tidying up,

"Nine o'clock," she murmured. to show her letter to Father Black-Well, I've said my night prayers and more and then to her dear Conny, I can finish this dress easily to-morrow, so I'll give myself an hour at the vestment for that missionary," and with a happy smile she took down a cardboard box containing it. After making the sign of the cross while she murshe started sewing, mured: "I offer Thee every stitch as an act of love, dear Jesus." She made a pretty picture as she sat there looking so peaceful and happy, with the electric light touching the ripples of her masses of fair hair. She was not exactly a pretty girl yet there was an indescribable charm Catholic. She went to late Mass on about her sweet face, her constant a Sunday when not too tired by the

smile and earnest grey eyes.

The next morning while busy at her dressmaking, her pastor, Father Blackmore, came hurrying in.

"Don't let me interrupt, Miss Lus combe," he said kindly. "We can talk just as well while you sew. I know too well by painful experience how unpleasant it is to be hindered

by a caller." It depends upon who the caller is. Father," answered Mary with a wel-

"Thank you, child. But go on with your work, else I'll feel in the way, and there are several things I want to talk over with you"-and the good priest began to discuss many plans for parish work of one kind or another, for Mary was his best helper.

lots of money to give you all these things, Father, instead of being just little. At first she had been genera poor seamstress !"

much as you do now," answered Father Blackmore with a smile. they are the less charitable they become. Money seems to bring a life is blessed by God."

"Then I'm thankful I am poor," laughed Mary. "And it is strange, but my slim purse always reminds me of the widow's cruse of oil, for whenever it is getting down to the last dime or so, God always allows me to earn a little sum which sets me going again. He is so good! Still, it seems to me that if I had money, my greatest joy would be to give it out wholesale. I have but few wants myself; my tastes are very simple and my heart is in church work and missions."

"Yes, now it is, but do not wish for wealth, for you are frail like all of us, and it might spoil you. Poverty is a blessed and holy thing, a gift of God. Oh, by the way," added the good Father, "I was about to forget one of the principal things I called to speak to you about today. I had a letter this morning from that missionary priest for whom you promised to make a vestment, he telfs me he is about to start back to Africa and will pass through here tomorrow morning, when he hopes your generous gift will be ready for

"Tomorrow morning!" exclaimed Mary in consternation. "Oh, I don't know whether I can get it done by that time. Couldn't I send it out to him ?

"Not very easily I think," answered grateful for that box of books and things I sent him. It would do your heart good to read it."

Not very easily "You know his father Blackmore. "You know his mission lies in a very wild part of the country. There are no trains or mails or anything of that kind there, only a traveling caravan once in a great while. He seemed overjoyed at the thought of having it," continued the Father anxiously. "Couldn't you get it done just any. way, so that it would hold together You might put that dress aside-

sighed Mary, "I've given "I can't," my word to have it ready by 3 o'clock, and it's for one of my best customers But never mind, Father, I'll get the vestment done somehow, don't you worry," and the shadow of a hard struggle within her vanished from her face as she spoke with sudden determination.

As soon as Father Blackmore had gone she rang up Constance at the bank and regretfully told her she'd have to give up her treat for that unexpected help from the true friends

"I'm ever-ever-so sorry, I'd so looked forward to it. But this is a rush order-some one going on journey tomorrow and I must get the work done.

In spite of this good excuse she some trouble in calming Constance, who was hurt and angry, and she felt so disappointed herself that she had to brush away a few tears as she sat down to her sewing again. But that evening as she stitched ceaselessly on far into the night all the regret and sadness wore away, and a feeling of heavenly peace and joy filled her soul. She more than repaid for her sacrifice when the next morning she saw the delight of the good missionary and received his promise to pray ceaselessly for her during his exile in the wilds of Africa

A few weeks later the postman brought Mary a letter from Australia in an unknown handwriting, and to her utter astonishment she found that it was from a lawyer; telling her that she had become heiress to £500,000 left her by an old uncle of her mother's whose very existence she had forgotten. Her first feeling was one of gratitude and joy. Then a chill of apprehension ran over her as she thought of what Father Blackmore had said. But, oh, she would not let it be a curse! She would use that the missionary for whom you it only to help her poorer brethren, the Church, the missions! She ran his post just a week before you lost men, an Orangeman. I calls to him,

planning the while to send large checks at the earliest moment to different Catholic charities and missions. How lavish she would be in her gifts! How happy to be so helpful

Ten years had slipped by since that day, and in the vain, restless, ultra fashionable woman living in a splendid mansion no one could have cognized the sweet, pious Mary of And her soul was still more changed than her outward appearance. True, she still called herself a previous night's pleasures and she led a perfectly "correct" life. Not a in her hour of need, she joyfully breath of scandal had ever touched her. But all her piety, her love of missions, her daily Mass and reception of the Blessed Eucharist, her ender devotion to Our Blessed Lady, her peace and happiness of soul, had anished by degrees and left her a hardened, worldly woman, always seeking her personal pleasure and comfort, eager to outdo her rivals and to shine in society. She spent money lavishly enough on herself, but as soon as she was appealed to for some good work she found she couldn't afford to give-she had so many calls on her generosity-or else she gave a paltry sum of which she would have been ashamed in the "Dear, dear!" she exclaimed with days when she spent fifter a deep sigh, "how I,do wish I had a new flower for her hat. days when she spent fifteen cents for

The change had come little by ous and little altered by her good "if you had lots of money you fortune; but soon fashionable people would most likely not give half as who had hitherto ignored her exist." ence, gathered around her and made much of her, persuaded her that she The wealthy people are always the owed it to herself to have, first, an poorest givers-and the wealthier elegant apartment, then a great mansion with numerous servants, automobiles, etc. She had struggled for curse with it. It dries and shrivels a while-more and more weakly as up the heart and makes people utter- time wore on-then had given up, ly selfish. You remember what Our and finally had almost snubbed her Lord said about the rich! You give old friends who were not of the us your help and your prayers and a fashionable set. After-some years big share of your earnings, and your she had left her native city to go to a larger one where no one had known her as the little dressmaker, and where, by degrees, she pletely engulfed in the social vortex.

And was she happy as of old? Ah no! Ambition and jealousy and pride possessed her hardened heart, and to stifle the voice of her conscience she had to rush from one excitement to another. So-called swarmed around and flattered her, and to one of them, considered a sharp business man, she confided the management of her affairs, desiring possible to increase him if already large fortune. In order to do this he speculated, at first successfully, then, after a few failures, more and more wildly in order to etrieve matters. During this time Mary had accepted one of her many suitors—a Protestant, it is true, but the son of one of the most exclusive amilies in the city. She tried to think herself intensely happy, but her conscience reproached her than ever and a sense of impending evil hung over her. She threw her self feverishly into the preparations for the wedding and was perfect whirl of dinners, dances and receptions given in her honor. the midst of all this turmoil of excitement, like a thunderclap from a clear sky, came the discovery that her business man had lost most of her fortune through his speculations. and had absconded with the greater part of what remained.

Immediately her new friends dropped away as if by magic, her lover found a plausible excuse for breaking off the engagement and poor Mary suddenly found herself almost penniless and friendless in the midst of that great city where for a time she had been a reigning favorite. Crushed, humiliated wounded to the depths of her heart she knew not where to turn.

Then, after weary days of struggle against hopelessness and despair, she remembered the words of the prodigal son, "I will arise and go to my Father." Falling on her knees, prayed for pity and forgiveness and finding her way to the neares church made a sincere and humb l confession. God in His mercy not only heard her prayer but sent her whom she had so slighted in the days of her prosperity. Constance, who was now happily married, offered her a temporary home, and Father Blackmore wrote telling her that the friendship and sympathy of times gone by was still hers. At first Mary felt as if she could not the humiliation of accepting their help after her treatment of them, but after a while she realized that it would be a way of atoning for her past sinful pride. So, humbly and tearfully, she went back and resumed her old life of hard work, comparative poverty and sincere, fervent piety.

Little by little her sorrow and dis-

appointment wore off, and once more ace and true happiness reigned in her heart.

"How wonderfully good Our Lord has been to me!" she exclaimed one day while talking with Father Blackmore. "You were right, Father. Wealth is a curse. It seems to draw one away from God and harden one's heart. I feel that I owe the blessing prayers and to those of the holy missionaries whom I was able to help a little before I fell away."

"I think I think

"I truly believe that their prayers "Do you the kind priest earnestly. know, child, that I have just heard

your fortune? Perhaps you owe your

salvation to his prayers Perhaps !" answered Mary, tears springing to her eyes. "I remember made a little sacrifice in order to finish that vestment. How wonderful if God rewarded me for it!'

After a time it was found that about \$20,000 had been saved out of her great fortune, but in spite of the advice of her friends she would keep none of it. She had realized too deeply the danger of money, and besides, she wanted to make little for her lack of charity during her years of prosperity. So after settling \$5,000 on Conny's children in acknowledgment of their mother's gave all the rest to various charities sending the largest share to her

beloved missions. And she never regretted it. for once more she was the happy, sunnytempered Mary of yore, singing over her work. And, as in the days of her girlhood, her purse continued to be like the widow's cruse of oil, never very full, but always sufficiently so to supply her actual needs and enable her to help those who were laboring to bring souls to God.

ORANGE AND GREEN

By Rifleman Patrick MacGill. Author of "The Great Push." etc.

It was early morning when Private Denis Doherty got laid out in the fighting at Zonnebeke; it was late dusk before he could be got in, and so came to the dressing station, lying stomach down on a stretcher and whistling an Irish tune through his This kept him from groan teeth. ing, for the Irishman was badly mauled

The stretcher-bearer placed Denis on the floor of the dressing station, which happened to be a large shed with the greater part of the roof missing. The M.O., who was dressing a patient, looked at Denis when he was carried in.
"A bad case?" he asked the

stretcher bearers in a low voice. Not so bad," said Denis Doherty. who overheard the remark. might be worse, but, thanks be to

Were you hit in the advance? asked the doctor, tying a bandage over the shoulder of the man he was

That's when I got this bundle of mischief, sir," said the Irishman without turning round. He guessed that an officer was speaking to him. We got up near the river and

somethin' went bang over our heads. Some iv me mates wor struck as well as meself. For meself I got a score or so iv splinters all over me body—in the thick iv one arm, in the ball iv one leg, in me head and in me feet." And you have two in your back,'

said one of the stretcher-bearers. Glory be! so I have," said Denis herty. "I had forgot about them, Doherty. but there're only wee ones.'

"Then you have got quite enough to go on with," said the doctor, making an effort to hide his admiration

for the man. When I have them all out I'm

goin' to open a museum with them." said Denis Doherty with a laugh, But it was awful the day when we went for ard. The Jerrys made a good fight iv it. The machine-gun bullets were sprayin' us the same as if they were comin' out from a hose And the ground was dhirty, and if ye went into it ye bogged to the knees But for all that there was a tidy bit iv fightin' here and there, especially when we got within bay'net reach iv some iv the buckos. At one place helf a score of the Jerrys waited for me and me mates and we went for them with the steel. But when we legged it like a frightened clutch iv

Denis Doherty ceased speaking and began to whistle "The Boys of Wexford," rolling the notes out angrily as if in a challenge to the listeners The doctor, having dressed the wounded man on whom he was engaged when Denis entered, started to dress another. He was attending to the men in turn. The Irishman's whistle came to an end.

"Are there any Orangemen here ?" he inquired, addressing the station " If there are, I don't want at large. them to take offence at that tune The next time that the pain gets me I'll whistle the 'Boyne Water,' and turn about will be fair play. But they are good tunes, both iv there have been more heads broken over them than has been broken over the 'Hymn of Hate." Is there any Orangemen here?

A big dark-skinned man, who was sitting on the floor with has arm in a sling, looked pityingly at the bloodstained heap of khaki on the

Of course there are Orangemen here," said the dark skinned man.
"They had it pretty hot for a while

"Did you know a man named Bill Morrow?" inquired Denis Doherty.
"Know him!" said the darkskinned man. "Of course I know
him. He's a towney of me own and I've lost him. He went with me till the German lines and then he went out of me sight. I don't know what

mud and dirt and sayin' me prayers. had much to do with it," answered There's a time when a man can do nothin' else. Well, as I was lyin' there I saw somebody comin' along limpin' a bit as if he had got a packet made that vestment died a martyr at in the leg. He was one iv the Ulster

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