A FAIR EMIGRANT

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

GRAN

Tor Castle stands on a breezy height a quarter of a mile inland above the bold promontory of Tor Head, opposite the Mull of Can-Here have dwelt for genera tions the elder branch of our Fingall family, at present represented by a young man, cousin of Shana and Rosheen, and by his grandmother. Gran, a striking and well-known figure in the district, is also grandmother to Alister and his sisters, and fond great grandmamma to Flora's

Between The Rath and Tor Castle lie miles of beautiful country : ro mantic Glenariffe and Glenan, the lovely shores and strange caves of Cushendun, the rugged and splendid headlands of Cashlake, with their rocky climbs and flowery ravines. selow Tor Castle the waters of Moyle wash the rocky walls of the great Tor Head-fairy Moyle haunted in days of old by the en-Moyle, chanted swans, the Princess Fion-nuals and her brothers. Scotland looks so near that, on a fine day, one would think a ferry boat might bring one across in a quarter of an hour, and from the windows of Tor Castle the exquisite outlines of the hills of Jura show their fantastic outlines on the bosom of the glittering sea.

Gran is the real head of the clan Fingall, loved by rich and poor. Her tall, spare, and still active figure is often seen moving from cottage to cottage about Tor, her stately old head with its snow white curls stoop. ing to enter at their lowly door ways. She is a rigidly upright, God fearing, and charitable soul, kind rather in her deeds than her words, though a rare tenderness sometimes shines out of her keen and penetrating eyes. A slight degree of sternness manner and demeanour deceives no one as to the quality of her heart, and it is never forgotten that she has known a terrible sorrow in her life.

On certain days the whols of The Rath family were accustomed to come all the way from Glenmalurcan to spend a day and stay a night with Gran. At other times Tor Castle was empty and silent enough, even when the master of Tor, was at home -he and Gran making but a small family to occupy it; but when the Rath people appeared it became as and merry as a hive. Such stirring visitations were the delight of the old lady's life : and preparations, in the airing of rooms and providing of sweets and good things for the children, were began many days before the expected guests arrived.

On a bright May day the usual migration from The Rath to Tor was taking place. Lady Flora had gone in her brougham with the nurse and two youngest children, leaving Shana and Rosheen and the elder babes to follow, walking, and riding on the family car.

The drawing room at Tor had not Lady Flora's; the ancient furniture had performed no journeys up and down the garret stairs, had known no period of ignominious seclusion : there it stood just where it had been since the beginning of all things, as and tables, and china presses, and sconces, black with age and bright The round, with well polished brass. convex mirrors which Lady Flora had once thought so hideous, but worshipped now, hung where they as Rory's wife?" had always hung, except when recarpet was so worn that, but for rugs adroitly spread, it would have shown too plainly the marks of its valuable antiquity; the curtains had no particular colour left in them, but had s than the richness of many modern fabrics. The well-wrought brasses about the fireside shone with a comfortable splendour when the fire glowed all across its width between the high shouldered pilasters and carved panels of the time-darkened

chimney piece.
All the chambers at Tor were furnished in the same styles of unquestionable antiquity. They and their contents seemed as old as Tor Head and the waves that beat against it : and they suggested the truth that more dignity than money belonged to the inheritance of the ancient clan Fingall. Gran, who prized every stick and stone in the castle, saw nothing amiss; but Flora perceived keenly with her more worldly eyes that Rory would have to marry an heiress, as Alister had done, if only that he might restore and replenish

his ancient home. Even in bright May weather the breeze that blows up from the great Tor is sharp and cool, and Gran and her granddaughter in law sat in two grim arm chairs facing each other by the fire. Gran looked like some old queen in a historical picture, with her white head posed against carving of her high-backed chair, and her long black draperies flowing round her on the floor.

"I am glad you arrived first," she was saying, "because I want to talk to you apart from the girls. If Manon comes here I should not like them to have heard a word to the prejudice of her or her mother."

"Certainly not," said Lady Flora "and I do not know why any one need be prejudiced. You did not like her mother when you knew her as a young woman, but her grandyour friend. The girl is of good birth and an heiress. Why she not come to you, if her mother wishes it ?"

reflectingly. "But then why should she do so? I mean, what is the reason for her wishing it?" the should at the altar." reason for her wishing it? Aimée was a young woman I could not bear

-sly, untruthful, cold hearted.

"But she was charmingly beautiful and married the son of a wealthy marquis," laughed Lady Flora; that ought to cover a multitude of sins."

Gran sighed and fingered the letter she had in her wrinkled hand patiently. Hers was not a worldly mind like Lady Flora's, and she had not been thinking of the position of this mother and daughter who were putting themselves forward to claim her friendship, but of their mora It had once been a frouble to her that she could not like the daughter of the friend of her youth, and now it was vexing her that she might have to dislike the granddaugher as well. True, the grandchild might reproduce the estimable and loveable qualities of the grand mother; but then why did Aimes, the mother-so worldly-so cunning, and always, in former days so unsymnathetic with Gran herself-now ask to send her child under her root, into the undesirable seclusion of the

Antrim highlands? "I cannot guess her motive," said she, folding and unfolding the letter. "Manon is handsome and an heiress and in France, in Paris, she ought to have the world at her feet. The grandmother is long dead-the only link between me and this mother and child; and even while she lived, Aimes took but little interest in her mother's friend. And now she writes to me like this :

'Dearly Loved Friend of My De parted Mother: -My darling Manon, of whom you have heard tell as the heiress of her grandfather, the late Marquis de —, husband of your dear friend my lamented mother, is now of age, and the world is full of snares and attractions for her. have taken a strange fancy, senti mental if you will, to place her under your care for some few months, before launching her on the

dangers and pleasures of life—'"
"There!" cried Flora. "What would you have more unworldly than that? It not very wise herself, she has a high opinion of you. and would like her daughter to have the advantage of your friendship."

A little colour stole into Gran's dear old face, partly at the suggested praise of herself, and partly with pleasure to think that Aimes's motive might, after all, be a high

"I do not consider myself a very good person, Flora. I tremble to think of how much better I might have been if I had tried."

Flora made a little mouth behind her fan, In her opinion Gran was a great deal too good—"too highflown," as her granddaughter in law

would have called it.
"Any virtue I have had has been too much of a negative kind," the old lady went on. 'One cannot be very bad, always looking at Tor Head and the sea. But I would be glad to think that Aimes had some delusion on the subject, for better s been restored and re-restored like mistake of that kind than no desire to look up to any one. Aimés has lived in the midst of the gay world, with its sparss and temptations, and her daughter will probably do the same-

"Why?" asked Flora coolly, putmight be imagined—the old bursaus, ting down her screen and looking Gran in the face. "If Manon comes here with her mother's graces, her French noble birth, and her grand father's money, why need she ever return to France, except for a visit,

"Flora!" exclaimed the old lady, moved for purposes of cleaning; the | grasping both arms of her chair and looking indignantly at her granddaughter in law.

"Dear Gran, don't fly up the chimney with horror at my deprav-ity. I don't mean that we are to enghostly dignity in their folds batter | trap and capture the young woman, force her into marriage behind her mother's back; but all I can say, is that, under the circumstances, such an event as Rory's marriage would be very likely to ensue from Manon's stay in his house. When her mother sends her here she knows that there is an unmarried master of Tor, thirty years old, and if she makes inquiries she can disover that he is not unattractive-

Stay, Flora. You run away with me. I fear I was thinking of wrong to Rory more than wrong to Manon. heiress of a marquis, young

and lovely !" exclaimed Flora. "We have yet to judge of the per sonal charms of Mademoiselle Manon," said Gran. "I was think-ing of her qualities of heart and head. I put the heart first, you see Flora, though I do like a woman to

have a few grains of sense. "So do men, dear Gran," said Flora, with a slight sneer. "Such a thing was never heard of, you know, as a man marrying a pretty fac with nothing behind it. The always inquire about a girl's brains and right feelings before they look at

her eyes or feet." Lady Flora set up her own pretty feet before her on a footstool as she spoke, and Gran glanced at them and then at her face with a little sigh. But the mistress of The Rath had not meant at all to imply that she herself had neither brains no

"It." bagan Gran, slowly and earnestly, after a pause-"if Manon should prove to resemble her grandmother rather than her mother, and if she and Rory were to love one another, I should be happy to see such a marriage; but it she be worldly, vain, and deceitful" frowned as if confronting a well-remembered image which rose before

and glanced round the bare, faded, noble old apartment.

"At all events," she said, "I do not see how you can refuse to receive the granddaughter of the friend of your youth. Rory is in London at present, and as the girl is coming there with friends he can escort her across the Channel. He will thus have an opportunity of discovering she is a wretch or a saint."

"Of course, as you say, I cannot refuse to receive her." said Gran gravely; "but, at all events, I will write to her mother at once to tell her exactly how I am circumstanced here, and warn her of how little the girl can expect in the way of enter tainment.'

CHAPTER XVIII

THE BACKWOODS-WOMAN

While Gran came to this conclu sion the rest of the family from The Rath—nurses, children, and aunts were proceeding along the romantic road towards Castle Tor. Shana and Rosheen, being capital walkers, only needed "a lift" now and again, when within about a mile of their destination they sent on the roomy family car without them, keeping Duck by their side at her own urgent request.

As the girls trudged along, laugh.

ing, talking, glowing with exercise, a figure appeared suddenly on the slope above them and began rapidly to descend-a fair haired young man, who pulled off his cap as he leaped to the road and stood smiling before

"O Wil-" began Rosheen, and checked herself, glancing at Shana. "How are you, Mr. Callender?" said Shana, gravely, giving him her

"It is so long since we have seen you!" pouted Roshsen. "What have von been about ?

Mr. Callender called yesterday when we were out, Roshsen, and he been so busy. It is very hard and absorbing work bringing a narrow-gauge railway down the side of a mountain, is it not, Mr. Callender? Rosheen does not consider," said Shana, briskly,

"It is not, perhaps, as hard as it looks," said the young engineer, who did not feel as if he had much to say just for the first two or three moments. A few minutes ago he had been walking through the heather with sad enough thoughts, and lo! here he was looking in the face that was everything to him in the world.

"O Rosheen!" cried Duck, "do get me some of those sky flowers down in the hole there!" 'Nonsense, Duck! Sky-flowers!'

"Flowers like bits of sky, I mean, "If I get you three will they con-

tent you? "Six," said Duck, "I do so love hem.

"Three !" "Twelve !"

"You little extortioner! There, I will get you six, but not one more, for the rest are too far down." And off scampered aunt and niece, dropped over the roadside bank, and began to do what Duck called 'slithering" down the seaward slope, while Shana and Callender walked on together.

"Miss Fingall—Shana!" began the young man eagerly, "I want to tell you, if I may, why I must for the future refrain from visiting at The Rath. I have thought much about day to find an opportunity; I was disappointed then, but chauce now favours me. I hope it is not wrong of me to speak-at all events, I must. I cannot allow you to think I am careless of seeing you, even if you do not cars-'

"I do care," said Shana, abruptly. Then she added, "I like to see my

friends." "Ah! your friends. Well, Lady Flora has been so cold to ms, has, in fact, so snubbed me on saveral occa sions when you were not present that I feel I cannot again force my self into her house. When your brother invites me I will come gladly and endure Lady Flora's slights, but I cannot enter The Rath uninvited

any more.' 'You are right," said Shana, quiet-

"O Shana! if I may say a little more. Ah! I will say it, come good or come ill. Shana, I love you. Unfortunate beggar that I am, with my fortune yet to make-Shana, I love you. I love you!'

A flash of brightness and colour suffused Shana's face, and she trembled, but she said nothing. "I know I am an idiot to speak, for I dare not ask you to marry me now I dare say I am very wrong. I may be a dreamer to hope I may one day be able to give you a place in the world worthy of you. At present I

can say nothing except that I love you, and perhaps I ought not to say it. But, Shana, I love you, I love you! Shana had conquered her trembling and lifted her grave, dark eyes stead

ily to his.
"And I love you too, Willie Callen der." she said with a still earnestness of manner, as if she were uttering yow. "I am glad you have spoken to me, and you need not fear to have done me a wrong.

were to live to be a hundred, I should never love another man.' Shana! Shana! do you know what

you are saying? Do not say it rashwork on the strength they will give

"I have said it," said Shana, a radiant smile breaking over her face. "I have given my promise to you, Willie Callender," she went on, as they stood with clasped hands, looking in one another's eyes, "and now my life will be full of light, and my future glorious. Come when you like, stay away when you like, I will welcome you, wait for you, trust you, work with you. Now here are Rosheen and Duck, and we must go on to Castle Tor."

"Are you going to leave us so soon?" cried Rosheen, as she saw Mr. Callender turn away from Shana. "The men are waiting for him yonder on the read," said Shana 'He is out surveying, and has no

more time for us." "Good bye, Rosheen; good bye, Duck," said Callender wistfully, and as he raised his hat his eyes flaw back to Shana's, still shining with the light his impulsive words had "Good-bye," he repeated in an

altered voice, and was gone. "How oddly he looks!" said Roshean. "What could you have said to him, Shana, in such a little moment to make him like that?"

Shana smiled. "Perhaps I told him not to break his neck leaping down hills," she said. "One can say a good deal in a little moment, some-

"It is a good deal, from you, to exress even so much interest in him as that," said Rosheen, "so I don't wonder it overwhelmed him. "I hear hoofs! " said Shana abrupt

Duck, do you think papa can be coming ?" Dack believed it possible, and in a few moments Alister Fingall rode up and sprang from his horse, crying :

"I have good news for you, girls. "Major Batt is married." Rosheen with sudden solemnity. "No," laughed Alister; "as far as

am aware, he is still in a position to flit from flower to flower. "Betty Macalister has got her

"Hopelessly wrong. I see I must tell you. There is an offer for Shanganagh Farm,"

"The farm!"
"Alister! What delightful news!" Alister stood smiling at his sisters, watching their pleasure grow as they realised the welcome truth. the letting of the farm was very important to them he knew, but of all it meant to their proud young spirits even he was unable to imagine. Independent bread, a shield from Flora's taunts, power to look Duck and her following unremorsefully in the eyes, composure of mind with regard to the fate of the novel just begun—these were but a few of the boons which the rent of Shanganagh, paid regularly every half-year, would bring into the lives of its young lady landlords.

"What kind of tenant are we to get ? " asked Shans, radiant. "And will he pay?" "It is not a he," said Alister.

"Really!" But of course she has man of some kind to act for her." "It seems not: and there is nothing very odd in a woman taking a farm, if only she knows how to manage it.

Miss Ingram writes : "Writes? Have you not seen er?"
"I only got her letter just before I his wife. "As you have brought her her ? left, and thought best to show it to here, you must make the best of her. you before seeing her. She is in

odgings at Nannie Macaulay's "Where has she dropped from? We were in Nannie's a few days ago." 'She is an Irish farmer's daughter from Minnesota, come to Ireland with the little savings that her parents left her. She wants to live in the country of which she heard so much from her father. Immediately on arriving she made inquiries about lands to let, and applied at once for

Shanganagh. "Without seeing it ?"

"Oh! I believe she has been to see it. These Americans lose no time and from the tone of her letter gather that she is a woman who knows what she is about. *She thinks she understands farming; and let us hope that she is right." What women these Americans

are! I suppose she is a sort of "No matter what she is if she be sol-

vent. Her only reference is to a Dr. Ackroyd, in St. Paul. She is willing to wait till I can get an answer from him.

" Is it necessary to wait?" "We may be able to judge about

her. She offers either to come to interview me at The Rath, or to recaive me at Nannie Macaulav's.' "Oh! let her come to The Rath,"

cried Rosheen. "I do so an American farmeress!" After this news, Shana and Rosheen were impatient to return to The Rath, and the days at Tor Castle with

Gran seemed longer than such days were usually found Shana had a great deal on her mind, and longed for the seclusion of the old schoolroom in which to think out her thoughts. Hereshe had not a moment alone to realize the fact that Willie Callender had spoken to her, and that her life had gone out of her own keeping, Smiling quietly at Flora from the opposite side of the great

anagh made it easier to be brave. Alister left Tor the morning after he had brought his news, promising to see the proposed tenant and to invite her to come on a certain day to The Rath

Ask her to come in the evening,' said Shana. "Major Batt is dining with us, and her visit will be a welcome interruption. And all hours must be the same to a farmer who has travelled from Minnesota."

Back in their own sauctum, the sisters hugged one another and laughed aloud. That heaven should have sent them an American farmingwoman to pay them the rent of Shanganagh and make them independent of Flora, seemed too delightful to be true. On the eventful even ing of her expected visit they dressed early, even though Major Batt was in the drawing room, and hurried into his presence, eager to get a word with Alister about the heroine of their Well, what is she like?" asked

Rosheen, sidling up to her brother as soon as he appeared. Allister's face was twitching all over with fun.

'As like a backwoodsman in petticoats as anything you can imagine,' he said. "Big, brown, and bony Swings her arms as if she was accus tomed to carry a hatchet, and walks like a dragoon.

Exactly what I pictured her. said Rosheen, triumphantly.
"I did not think she would be quite so bad as that," protested Shana: "I fancied her a short, thickset person with a knowing expres-

sion and a nasal accent." "Add the knowing expression and the nasal accent to my first sketch, said Alister, " and you will have her to the life."

'I don's think you need have brought her here," complained Lady Flora. "A person like that ought to be dealt with in an attorney's office." 'I am not an attorney and I have not got an office, and you know never take more trouble than I can help. It is easiest to do the business in my own way. It she bullies us too much Major Batt and I will be able to manage her. Eh, Major?'

"Oh! certainly; anything you please," said the major, nervously, Though in the case of a woman-American females from the back woods hardly count as women, major, do they ?" said Alister, "Oh! by the

way, girls, I told her you could put her up for the night." "For the night!" A look of blank dismay overspread the faces of the three ladies, dismay developing quickly into indignation on Lady

Flora's countenance.
"Most inconsiderate," she pro Where do you think we nounced. could put such a person ?-unless she will go among the servants."

"There is the brown room," sug-sted Shana. "If she has been in gested Shana. vited we must welcome her.' Lady Flora turned her bracelets on her white wrists, which, with her was a sign that all the family knew What the savage man means when

he dances his war-dance, that Lady Flora meant when she turned he bracelets. She would not have that American farmeress sleeping in her If you are afraid," said Alister

"we can lock her in and put a couple of the dogs outside her door."

A peal of the bell was heard, and everybody started. By Jove! there she is," said the master of The Rath. "I begin to feel

nervous. Only that Major Batt is here-

Only please send her word that the here for the night." It's Miss Ingram, sir. Wants to see you, sir," said the butler confi-

dently in his master's ear.

"Will you receive her in the drawing rcom, Flora?' asked her hus hand : and then, seeing the bracelets turning, he said to the servant ; Show her into the library. I will be with her immediately."

TO BE CONTINUED

THE CALL OF DUTY

Doctor Carney put the latch key into his front door and wearily entered his home. It had been a most exacting day, and he was mentally and physically exhausted. The physician was blessed with the frame a giant and the patience of Job. but he was only a man, after all, and the strain was beginning to tell on him. He had been working from 5 o'clock in the morning and it was now almost midnight. He walked into the cozy sitting room and threw himself into the comfortably padded eclining chair for a few minutes' rest before retiring for the night.

Doctor Carney loved his work, and

took an earnest man's enthusiasm in handling difficult cases. Naturally, he had a keen sense of professional pride, and sometimes he carried this o such an extreme as to win the dislike of those with whom he came in contact. One event of the day had disturbed him profoundly. For many years he had been the consulting physician at the Good Samaritan ospital. The post meant little or nothing in a financial sense, but it gave him a standing with his brothers in medicine which was worth more than gold. He filled the place ac ceptably, and had won the good will "Come good or come ill, I am yours," she went on steadily, whether you can claim me or not. If you were to die to went on the sister in law would say or do if the she went on steadily, whether you can claim me or not. If you were to die to weaks before he had had a conflict with John Edward Levering, the "whether you can claim me or not. day. But Shana was not much afraid president of the board of trustees, If you were to die to-morrow, and I of Flora. And the letting of Shang and he carried his point, much to

the discomfiture of that gentleman who was one of the richest and most important men in the community He was not accustomed to having his will thwarted in any way, and Dr. Carney felt confident that Levering would strike back at him. He was not mistaken. The blow had fallen that day. The doctor had been informed, courteously enough, that his resignation as the consulting physician of the hospital would be cheer fully accepted by the board of

Doctor Carney loved his work, and nursed a feeling of resentment at the meanness of the wealthy one. He felt that if Levering had hap pened to be in the room at moment he would have gladly chastized him with his brawny fist, and anyone knowing the doctor's reputation for thoroughness could have felt certain that he would have made a good job of it. He arose finally and started for his bedroom with a heavy sigh at the vanity of life. had barely taken off his outer garnents when the electric bell from the front door began an interminable uzzing. He picked up the receiving tube and gruffly inquired what was the matter.

"Doctor," pleaded a voice anxiously, "you are wanted at once. It is a matter of life and death."

"Who is it?" "It's the young son of John Edward Levering. He has had a fall, and they are afraid it's meningitis or something of that kind.

The doctor frowned. He had re-solved not to leave the house again under any circumstances, and now a call had come from the man who had done him a rank injustice. Why should he go? He was not even the family physician of John Edward Levering. Besides, there were four or five physicians in the same block who could, no doubt, take care of the case as well as he could. He picked up the receiving tube again.

Who are you?" he asked. "I am the nephew of Mr. Levering, and I have a motor car waiting for you.'

"All right," said the doctor wearily. "I will be with you in a few minutes. He had just finished dressing again when his wife entered the room, anxiety pictured upon her face.

"Why, John," she cried, "you are surely not going out again ? He made a wry face. "I'm s don't want to, Mary," he said, "I'm sure I I've got an argent call and I don't see how I can refuse."
"Who is it-from?" she asked.

"John Edward Levering," he replied. But you've never waited on any

of his people before?"
"No," he admitted, "I never have.
"Well then" she said in a deter "Well, then," she said in a deter-mined voice, "if I were in your place simply wouldn't go. I'd let him

get another doctor. The physician halted for a moment irresolute. His wife's argument chimed in with his own desires. He was sorely tempted to refuse the call but the voice of conscience arose and chided him, saying, "The good doctor must be like Caesar's wife-above

suspicion.' When he looked up into his wife's face again his resolution had been reached. He would go at all hazards. She kissed him good-bye with tear

"I don't see," she complained, why you should kill yourself just for the sake of keeping other people alive."

The motor car made good time

and it was but half an hour before midnight when he was ushered into the handsome home of the Leverings. He was so tired and worn that he had to shake himself to keep from going to sleep on his feet. He found the boy in a critical condition. hasty examination proved that he had not been summoned any too soon. An operation was necessary that, and that alone, offered th only possible method of saving the life of John Edward Levering's son and heir. Curiously enough, it happened to be one of those strange cases which the doctor had made his specialty. All of his professional pride arose within him, and with it the always present desire to save human life. He went at his work swiftly, skilfully, and with the steadtastness of hand and eye, which were winning him a place among the great physicians of his day. The operation completed, it was necessary that he should remain at the badside of his patient until the result of his work had become manifest. The boy had been unconscious for many hours

and Doctor Carney said : "The crisis will come at 5 o'clock in the morning. One of two things will happen—he will become cond speak, or he will pass into a state of insensibility, which means

The doctor, the father and mother and several relatives clustered about the little cot. The clock ticked its seconds with painful slowness Time seemed to pass with leader Two o'clock struck, then and 4 and finally 5. The last echo had scarcely died out when the child on the bed tossed restlessly, and then sat upright and looked at the circle of faces around him.

"What's the matter?" he asked in his boyish voice. "Why are you all

here? The crisis was over. The patient was saved. Cries of joy came from all sides. In the midst of it the doctor quietly slipped on his coat and hurried out of the house. It was Sunday morning and Doctor Carney resolved to hear Mass before return ing home. It was only a few weeks after the festival of Christmas, and echoes of yuletide music seemed to haunt the Sunday morning service.

Why They're Sold

WINNIPEG, May 19th, 1912.

"In the autumn of 1911, I suffered with a continual pain in the back. As a druggist, I tried various remedies without any apparent results. Having sold GIN PILLS for a number of years, I thought there must be good in them, otherwise the sales would not increase so fast. I gave them a fair trial and the results I find to be good."

GEO. E. ROGERS.

50c. a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all drug stores. Free sample sent if you write the

National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto.



ABSORBINE TRADE MARK REG.U.S. PAT. OFF.

Removes Bursal Enlargements, Thickened, Swollen Tissues, Curbs, Filled Tendons, Soreness from any Bruise or Strain: Stops Spavin Lameness. Allays pain.
Does not Blister, remove the hair or lay up the horse. \$2.00 a bottle, elivered. Book I K free.

ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic lini-

ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for mankind. For Synovitis, Strains, Gouty or Rheumatic deposits, Swollen, Painful Varicose Veins. Will tell you more if you write. \$1 and \$2 per bottle at dealers or delivered. Manufactured only by W.F. YOUNG, P.D.F. 299 Lymans Bidg., Montreal, Can. Absorbine and Absorbine, Jr., are made in Canada.



C. M. B. A. Branch No. 4, London Meets on the and and 4th Thursday of every month at eight o'clock, at their Rooms, St. Peter's Parisl Hall. Richmond Street. Frank Smith, President.

AUTOMOBILES, LIVERY, GARAGE

R. HUESTON & SONS Livery and Garage. Open Day and Night.
479 to 483 Richmond St.
Phone 423
Phone 441

FINANCIAL THE ONTARIO LOAN & DEBENTURE CO'Y

Capital Paid Up, \$1,750,000. Reserve \$1,450,000 beposits received, Debentures issued, Real Estate coans made. John McClary, Pres.; A. M. Smart, Mgr. Offices: Dundas St., Cor. Market Lane, London. FOY, KNOX & MONAHAN Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, &c.

Hon. J. J. Foy, K.C. A. E. Knox, T. Louis Monahan E. L. Middleton Cable Address: "Foy" Telephones { Main 794 Main 795 Offices: Continental Life Building Offices: Continental Life Building
CORNER BAY AND RICHMOND STREETS TORONTO P O. Box 2003 Phone M4116 H. L. O'ROURKE, B. A. (Also of Ontario Bar)
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY

Money to Loan
Suite 5, Board of Trade Building,
231 Eighth Avenue West,
CALGARY, ALBERTA JOHN T. LOFTUS, Barrister, Solicitor, Notary, Etc. 712 TEMPLE BUILDING

Telephone Main 632 FRANK J. FOLEY, LL. B. BARRISTER, SOLICITOR The Kent Building
Corner Yonge and Richmond Streets

TORONTO ONT.

TORONTO

St. Jerome's College Founded 1864 BERLIN, ONTARIO

Excellent Business College Department. Excellent ligh School or Academic Department. Excellent College and Philosophical Department.

Address:

REV. A. L. ZINGER, C.R., Ph. D., PRES Phone 5241 599 Adelaide St. FINNEY & SHANNON'S COAL The Coal of Quality

nestic Soft—Canvel, Pochahontas, Lump. um Coal—Lump, Run of Mine, Slack. Best Grades of Hard Wood

Funeral Directors

John Ferguson & Sons 180 King Street The Leading Undertakers and Emba

Open Night and Day

Telephone-House 373 Factory-548

E. C. Killingsworth **Funeral Director**

Open Day and Night 491 Richmond St. Phone 3971