AMBITION'S CONTEST

BY CHRISTINE FABER

CHAPTER XXXII.

ANOTHER PHASE OF MAN'S HEART On the evening of the day which witnessed her husband's return, Mrs Courtney heard the strange and cruel story of his long absence. In her own dressing-room—to which, to bestow a confidence apart even from the hearing of his children, Mr. Courtney had early in the evening repaired—the devoted wife sat, drinking in the voice which was at once so sweet, because of her own wild love for the owner, and so harrowing, because of the cruel tale

"The first month of your residence here," Mr. Courtney had begun, "my brother told me the story of your broken troth to him, allowing me to tale. draw, as he described below, the most unfavorable inferences to yourself. He obtained from me a sole promise never to divulge what he had told me; and in that promise, Mary, lay all the misery. If I could but have told you — if I could but have heard your story, then would not this cruel separation have When I read your passionate letters to him, I imagined that never had you used such tender language to me. And then I reviewed, with all the over care of a jealous man, your manner during our courtship. I knew that at times it had been marked by an evidence attachment, but oftener it was shy, and as if it were constrained to warm. Then your father's eager desire to have you wed me, your own kind attentions to Francis, all convinced me that you had given me your hand in obedience to your father's will, and that, while you would not swerve from your your heart was still my brother's. I saw the agony of Francis—in a moment of frenzy he bared it all to me-and I accused myself of being the wretched cause of his unhappiness. I imagined that I had been grossly deceived, and I said to myself that I deserved it for having renounced my intention of studying for the Church. In the parting embrace you gave to Francis when he left us, I fancied I read more proofs to confirm my fears that your heart was not mine. I was maddened. I termed you false in my heart, and I flung your picture from my breast. I trampled on it, only the next moment to gather the fragments carefully up, and remorsefully kiss them-for I could not put you out of my heart. My brother's letters came, and the loving messages you bade me insert in my replies added fuel to the fire of my jealousy. I shut myself up with my books, not to study, as you supposed but to brood over my unhappiness, till it sometimes seemed as if I was going mad; then I would come forth, resolved to endure it, and to force myself to be satisfied with the semblance of your love, since I could not have the reality. But in the very midst of the affection I would fain lavish upon you, my miserable thoughts would rise anew, and send me back, cowed and despairing, to my solitude. Such was my life till Francis' letters ceased, and I was spared the pain of penning him kind messages from you. Howard was born. I fancied that event must help me to regain my peace of mind; but you so constantly spoke of my brother, wondering at his mysterious silence, and seeming so anxious lest some ill had befallen stifle every cry of affection. him, that my wound was kept constantly opened. Still I struggled on, little after the birth of Ellen, I con cluded to put your affection for me to a test. I determined to separate from you a few months, possibly a year, leaving with you the impression that the parting was to be final, and that I would neither hear from nor transmit to you any tidings whatever

produced it, but the thought of your approaching loneliness. You begged so piteously for the cause which led to so cruel a purpose that I gave the only one at my command—expiation for my broken re-solve to enter the Church. You know too well what passed in that interview for me to harrow you again by recounting it. I deemed what you uttered about Howard becoming a priest but wild, incoherent words, though I seemed to listen and approve, and I regarded the sole promise you made as something the fulfilment of which would never be required. I consented to your appeal to appoint a means of communication by which you might know that I still lived, simply to allay the wildness of your sorrow. and not because I intended to employ such a medium of communication as I then devised, and I wrote the word Morte, rather than any other, With all the straining of my fancy to believe that it was not for love of suffering with which I felt you

I was not prepared for the anguish which greeted that announcement,

but I steeled my heart to it by imag-

ining that it was not affection which

one of the streets a pitiable object, a swept by the waters of a more bitter poor wretched-looking foreigner, anguish than any I had yet endured.

following a corpse that was on its Howard hating me, of their turning way for interment. only mourner, and his singular their whereabouts, proclaim my garb, and his still more singular identity, till I grew morbid. I used demonstrations of sorrow had attracted a crowd of curious followers. That fact seemed to enrage the foreigner, and in the midst of the foreigner, and in the midst of the foreigner. his expressive and pathetic signs of that they might result in some des bereavement he would turn and denounce the crowd in mingled side. Though he had never asked a English and Hindoostanee. His single question, and I had volun-English and Hindoostanee. His single question, and I had volun-evident grief, the apparent friendlessness of his position, attracted my sympathies-I used my efforts to deter the irritating curiosity of the crowd, and I accompanied the poor foreigner to ensure him in some sense protection. Never was mortal wildly, so extravagantly grateful as was the poor Hindoo, and when. the interment having been per-formed, I brought him home to my odgings, he told me his pathetic "The corpse, which had been in-

terred, had been his wife, and the only relative, or even friend, the poor creature had possessed in all London. Some years before an English gentleman, residing for a time in Hindostan, had brought the couple home with him, having beed attracted to them by some signal service which Cawnor had performed for him; but the benevolent gentleman shortly after his return to London, and the poor Hindoo was thrown upon his own exertions for the support of his wife and himself. Having dexterous enough to do a little in the way of peddling. But his wife had suddenly died, and poor Cawnor was left as miserable as man could well He willingly accepted service with me, and never was a more docile, faithful, or affectionate servant. But no inducement could make him abandon his peculiar style of costume; he readily replaced the tinsel and the tawdriness by brighter, newer garment; but tawdriness and tinsel he would have. I turned my attention in earnest to searching for my brother; travelling from country to country of Europe, till nearly a year had elapsed. The excitement of constant change, the intensity of the desire to find Francis, whetted because of repeated failure, kept me from reflection on the injustice of my conduct to you, and lulled me into a sort of rest which I mistook I determined to stay for peace. I determined to stay abroad still longer, but I could not repress my anxiety to know how you were bearing my absence, and, remembering my promise to send a might serve the purpose. He undersufficient intelligence, to make the saw. I gave him his instructions, and he departed to fulfil them. When he returned, he bore the you had asked no questions of him, though you had cried, and received him with every evidence of great joy. My jealousy was in wilder sway than ever. I imagined, from the very fact of your being well, that you were happier without me. was nothing that you had cried, and received my messenger with joythat you were dressed in mourning, as he reported-you had not even asked a question concerning me. I knew you had pledged yourself not to make a single argued with myself that no true wifely love could keep such a prom-

into travel and study, in order to kill the gnawing unrest of my soul. obtaining access to archives which in my boyhood I had passionately desired to reach, I endeavored to die to everything but the all absorbing work of research. I sent Cawnor to he might some time bring me news which would more surely verify my jealous fears and justify me in thus remaining from you. That he would tell me he had discerned in your appearance or your demeanor, or the which would assure me that you rejoiced more than mourned at my absence; and the very fact that he always forebore to make inquiries about me, nerved me to continue my stay abroad. Fourteen years passed. I had become a miserable misanthrope, fancying that if I was not happy, I was, at least, at peace with myself, and that I was acting with a noble generosity in remaining away from a wife whose heart was not I imagined that my books filled the vacuum in my heart; but it was all a miserable sham, for when Cawnor, having returned from his annual visit to you, informed me that my children were in Europe my heart panted to find them, to look upon them in secret, even though I because it was in keeping with the and to England-remembering you suffering which I sought to inflict. had many friends there-Cawnor and I turned our faces. The faith ful fellow had told me that you had me you grieved, I shrank from the forborne to go yourself abroad, because of the pledge you had given would receive my farewell, and evade that I departed secretly, and in advance of the time I had men that you were wanting in motherly affection as well as wifely love; I I had some vague idea of searching promise which I fancied no true for my brother, and without any mother could have kept, and, more very defined aim I took passage for cruelly still, I imagined that you had Europe. In London, where I so perhaps even taught my children to journed for a time, I encountered in detest my memory. My soul was

He was the from me should I, having ascertained beyond that which was necessary for the execution of my commissions, he seemed to comprehend the unhappiness of my life, and to have some singular sympathy with you, for he was always anxious to pay his visits to New York, and would frequently ask me if the time for paying those visits had not arrived.

"One day I entered a gallery, more to seek relief from my thoughts than to view the paintings on exhibition. My attention was attracted to a lady attended by a young girl and two youths. One of the latter was animatedly talking to some gentle men, and a singular feeling induced me to draw within hearing distance. I was surprised at the lad's remarks, as were those to whom they were addressed. They displayed such singular ability, and when he had departed with his companions, one gentleman asked the name of the able youth. I heard the answer. was enough to make me know that I had seen and listened to my own learned a little of the language, he begged first; afterwards he grew the young girl, detecting resemthe young girl, detecting resem-blances to you which I had failed to discern when I was in her presence, and I knew also that I had seen my daughter. "Love for my children-such wild,

passionate love as I did not think I could be capable of—then absorbed every other feeling. It had been urged into being by that sight of Howard and Ellen, and it burned thus fiercely because it had been so long repressed; but I was rendered miserable by the horrible fear that they had been prejudiced against me. I ascertained their whereabouts, and maintained a secret watch upon their movements; but I would not discover myself till, by some means, I could be assured of the reception they would accord me. When they went with the Grosvenors to Italy, followed. To Italy I again pursued, Cawnor proving invaluable in learning for me when and where they were going to make their transits. How the faithful fellow did it I know not, unless he ingratiated himself with the servants of the mansion, messenger, I thought that Cawnor and obtained the news from them. I made him aware, the first opporstood enough of the language, and tunity I had of pointing out Howard and Ellen to him, that they were my journey, and bring me word of all he children—and it was enough to arouse all his solicitude to obey my wishes with regard to them. was careful to conceal himself from that you were all well. He said that all observation, lest it might possibly Rome, not with the expectation of lead to a discovery of my identity; but once in the streets of Florence, he encountered Anne Flannagan.
He had seen her sometimes when he visited you, and he never forgot a never can I forget the transport of face; but even if he bad not remembered her, her singular conduct as a woman. when she saw him, her endeavor to months of his ordination. As the pursue him, were enough to make priest, I knew he could not repulse him elude her. By the constant watch which Cawnor maintained I was enabled to know when Howard charity must make him tender to a entered the Propaganda, and I, too, father who so loved him, and I deentered the Propaganda, and I, too, made my residence in Rome. It was exquisite bliss to be thus near till he had taken Holy where my son was pursuing his was present at his ordination, and ise. I said in my heart you desired studies. I fancied I opportunities of secretly learning audience of him, something still remy absence, and I endeavored to his character-of ascertaining how strained me. In the flush of his joy-"Turning aside, even from the de- he had been taught to regard me; sire to find my brother, I plunged but, believing that I had no place in my claim the consideration—the kill the gnawing unrest of my soul.

We went to the East, and there

Howard's sacred vocation. But my wish his joy disturbed by such a preyour affections, I regarded own hopes were doomed to disappointment. I was prostrated find that Cawnor had never left my bedside; and when I sent him you as regularly as I did, only that abroad, to again maintain his watch, Howard had left the Propaganda and, there was no trace of his whereabouts, other than he was presumed to have returned to New York. disappointment was bitter. a pitch had my love for Howard risen, that I felt I could not exist own house, in your presence, ascerunless I was near him and I too, tain the regard which my children changes in your surroundings, traces risen, that I felt I could not exist determined to return to New York not to repair to you, but again to never found you ill, and that you look upon my boy in secret. But when we reached France I was too ill to travel farther. I could not re strain my impatience, and I insisted upon Cawnor hurrying forward, and leaving me to be tended by strange hands. The poor fellow was loath to deprive me of his own care, but my determination was not to be altered, and he obeyed. He returned to tell me that my children were not

home, but in Paris, where Howard was pursuing his wild career. Again was animated—again I impelled to exertion which my still feeble state would not warrant, and I bent every power of my soul to was distracted with mental agony. It told upon my health, and I was torn from the pursuit of my one wild desire. My illness was renewed, more severe and more dangerous than it had first been. Thanks to the unremitting care of the faithful Hindoo, I recovered, but while I every trace of my boy had vanished. Sobered, saddened, but not de-

clad in tawdry, tinselled garments, I dwelt on the thought of Ellen and I knew his disposition now; that it so I deferred my return home until iv a shell hole and he helped me in was of the ardent, ambitious kind, to-day. But when I came, when you till the shelter and gives me a drink which is constantly plunging into sprang to meet me, when you lay iv water. And the bullets were foment, and I fancied that he was only concealing himself somewhere. to escape the consequences of his fortified myself, all the feelings of hair about them. Ugh! last rash enterprise. I lingered in the unhappy past, seemed to vanish. is a fine man, one iv' the Paris for months, trusting to the Hindoo's singular sagacity to discover love that I thought had been long where else." him; but every effort failed, and my dead; the first touch of your fingers "So would I," said Sam Young anxiety became unendurable. I deanxiety became unendurable. I despatched Cawnor once more to thought your love my own. And he took my spectacles from me America, to learn if the chilthat happy state of mind continued And this was the way iv it: I got hit dren were with you. You returned till you spoke of my brother; the the message that one of them was in very sound of his name recalled all I Ashland Manor, the other you knew not where. To Dublin then I directed my steps, and the Hindoo But when he came, when he told his prowled secretly about Ashland story, I saw in its true light my Manor, to obtain what information he might of my children. There he have now, as I did below, to crave again encountered Anne Flanagan, but, as before, he deterred her from pursuing him. My own cautious inquiries soon elicited that the shall in some measure atone for the brother of the young lady who resided in the Manor had been compelled to fly the country, and that even she did not know his whereabouts. I did not believe that state ment. I imagined she well knew, but that she had made that assert on in order to cover her unwillingness to accompany him into exile, and I deemed her-as my insane mind had already painted you - heartless, for not having, since you knew not your son's whereabouts, come abroad, or in some manner used exertion to find him. I determined to go on the continent again to seek him, but some singular longing me to wander about the grounds of Ashland Manor, ere I

finally left Ireland. There I met Ellen. She has probably told you." Mrs. Courtney bowed her head. "I forgot, when I looked at her, all my previous harsh reflections upon her conduct-everything but and the Pomern Redcubt, and now that she was my child-and my feared the very abruptness of the statement would ensure for a cold reception, and then I was not with what feelings she had taught to regard me. I determined to wait until I had looked into the face of my son-till I had sounded his heart-and through him I would win his sister; for it always seemed as if I could more easily gain Howard's affections than Ellen's

"I resumed my maniacal search on the continent. From his previous connection with political movements, I deemed that Howard's rest less spirit would break forth in such organizations again; so, accordingly my efforts were directed mostly among secret political societies. never dreamed of his having re entered college, and I continued to send Cawnor to you simply that I might know whenever you tidings of my boy. But my efforts were fruitless, and weary and despondent, I turned my course to Rome, not with the expectation of and tried to sit up. Two brilliant finding there what I sought, but eyes stared from a blood stained face myself in the sacred city. There I myself in the sacred city. Oh! Mary from some strange longing to rest that moment. It made me as weak He was within a few me when I should proclaim my identity; as the priest, his very termined to restrain my impatience must have when I then would have sought ful excitement, how could he give to posterous statement as mine must Thus my moody mind conillness, from which I recovered to jured up fresh ghosts to still appall me from my purpose. He had been ordained for the New York diocese, and thither it was presumed he would immediately depart; and once more I determined to restrain my impatience. I was not unmindful that the conditions of my prom ise bound me now to return to you. I determined to do so, and in my entertained for me. If they should accord to me a tender reception, love forget that I had not yours;

then would I remain and in their they should be reluctant to yield their affection, I would depart once more, and forever.' "Cawnor and I turned our faces to New York. The excitement I had undergone, my burning impatience I was beside him when the C. O. was to reach home, the wild unrest under which I labored, all conspired to throw me into an illness which behind here and ye'll have enough again retarded my progress; but to do when the wounded come in and only for a short time—the tender care not to be goin' out into the open and was of the Hindoo once more effected my riskin' yer life. D'ye know what I'll recovery and we resumed our do to ye if I find ye out there?' the journey. We arrived in the city C. O. goes on to say, 'I'll send ye back yesterday, and I at once dispatched under arrest and I'll get ye tried be finding my son. One day I heard my faithful messenger to be sure that courtmartial when the job is finished. his name mentioned, but in connection with an agitatory movement He brought me word that my wife the same, for, as he said to the which could bode only disaster to and children waited to receive me, Colonel, his job was not so much those concerned in it. My fears were and that my boy was to preach his with the men who were carried in as first sermon on this morning in the the arm of authority ere my arms Cathedral. You wonder why I did out. But to take your spectacles, could enfold him, and once more I not then repair to receive my was distracted with mental agony.

It told upon my health, and I was member that my heart was still

the abundance of your love, and, while I panted to meet my children, I shrank from meet my

and I was lyin' down on the ground lookin' up at the sky and feelin' as sorry as anything for myself. All at were, my newly springing affection. once I heard a voice behind my head and who was it but the padre. "'My poor boy ye've got hit,' he

"'I have Father,' says I."
"'And ye haven't much shelter
there,' says he."

'That I haven't, Father,' I says. "Then he comes up till me and bends down and gets his arms round me shoulders and drags me into a

shell-hole." forgotten. Promise again to forgive 'Lie here till I looks round for a From his breast, to which she was clasped, she strove to utter her reply, but her heart was too full, and she could only look the answer he He pressed her to him, and mur-

'Ye're not hit. Father,' says I, and "Oh, woman, great is thy worth!" Her happiness was no longer overaway. As he did that, the spectacles 'They're broken,' says he, 'and

in front iv me.

I, for the blood was runnin' down his face. The Illster men and the men of the 'Ah! that's nothin,' says he, 'it's South of Ireland had made a great

not givin' me any pain. But my spectacles,' he goes on. 'I'm as helpless as a blind man now.' 'Try mine,' says I, and he tried them on."

at me through them. 'Ye're not din' them much now,' he says, 'and if ye give them till me, I'll get ye a new pair when I get in. I'd give ye the price iv them if it

that he gave all his money to the boys last night afore they came up to the trenches.

says I. 'If my specs is all I lose in this scrap it doesn't matter much.

me, and after a while the stretcher-bearers come along and sets about known before, Ballymena exchanged takin' me in. But he took the spectacles all the same," said Sam Young who had a sense of the dramatic, looking round at the soldiers in the

> came in with a bandage round his forehead. He sat down on the chair The poor padre!" he said.

and looked round the room. 'Who are ye on the look-out for enquired a man, who, with his arm in a sling, was leaning against the

"And is it you that's here, Eamon?" asked the man on the stretcher, fixing his eyes on the soldier with the wounded arm. "It's me," was the reply. "And ye

would forget, and froze again, as it

your forgiveness, my true and faithful wife, and to promise

neglect of the past. You have already said that the past should be

TO BE CONTINUED

A PAIR OF SPECTACLES

By Rifleman Patrick MacGill

fight of it by the Zonnebeke River

that a day's hard effort was at an

home, was crowded with those who

from all parts of Ireland were there,

farmers from the North and Midlands,

fisherman from the rugged West, and

cattle dealers from the South. The

Ireland of the dressing station was

an Ireland purged of rival party and

friction; an Ireland united in a great

battle against a common enemy. Here in the little ruined French

home blossomed a spirit of comrade-

pleasantries with Ballinasloe; Cush-

endall limped in from the conflict

leaning on the arm of Corrymeela;

Ireland was united again. Brotherly

lished in the furnace of battle.

Near the door, a bundle of khaki

which lay on a stretcher stirred itself

love between all parties was estab

Long may such a love endure!

ship such as Ireland had

Men

had been stricken in the fight.

that my love in the

and forget.

mured softly:

cast by a single cloud.

yerself, look to be in a fix, Sam Young. What have you got?" Sam Young, the man on the stretcher, lay down again.

I got a splinter full pelt across the back," he said, "and I lost my spectacles.' 'Knocked off iv ye?" enquired Eamon.

"They were taken off from me," said Sam Young. "Twas when I was lyin' wounded.' Be one iv of the Jerrys?" asked

Eamon. "If they did that I wouldn't put it past them, for they've got the dhirty dhrop in them." The spectacles were taken off me

by one o' our own men, be an officer, and that officer was the padre, the Catholic priest. Sam Young, an Orangeman, kept

quiet for a moment, as if waiting for the disclosure to sink into the mind of Eamon, a staunch Catholic, who happened to belong to the same battalion as Young. "It's not a thing that I'd believe

iv Father," said Eamon. "It goes against the grain in me to belie ye, Sam, but maybe its yer mind that wanderin'. But to think that that would be done be the priest and him one iv the first to get his feet over the bags when the whistle was Nothin' could keep him I was beside him when the C. O. was speakin' to him. 'Now, Father,' says the C.O., 'ye've got to stay Sam Young! Ah! no, he wouldn't

descend to that." member that my heart was still filled with its old jealous distrust of you, that I fancied the very welcome to that.

A third man spoke. He had a hole as big as a fist in his shoulder, and the doctor was dressing it. He was you would give me would spring from lying face down on the rude dressing

children, I shrank from meeting you.

Then there was an indescribable feeling of pleasure in thinking to listen

"but fer all that I'm not goin' to hear him run down. Ugh!... finding Howard abroad. I imagined to my son unknown, as it were, and He found me lyin' me lone on the lip

upon my breast, all the pride, all the skelpin' the ground all roun' him, sternness, with which I fancied I had but he didn't seem to care a hilt or

"So would I," said Sam Young.

says till me."

stretcher bearer, and then maybe we'll get ye into our own trenches,' he says, and just at that moment a shell burst very near and sends the dirt iv the field flyin all over his face.

as I spoke he rub; his hand over his face and tries to clear the clabber that he was wearin' comes off in his hand and he looks at them."

without them I can't see me fingers 'But ye're bleeding as well,' says

"'They're all right,' he says, lookin

Then he stops and I remembered

''Don't trouble at all about them,'

Then he goes away and leaves

At that moment a wounded man

"Not dead!" exclaimed Sam Young sitting up and looking at the new-

'Dead, God rest him!" said the wcomer. "It was him that put this bandage on my head, and as he turned to go away to attend a young fellow next me he got hit. He without a word at all. And there was no one like him. One iv the hest men that ever I've met. I was goin' to say a prayer for him, but then I thought that he is a man that's not in need iv our prayers, so I prayed to him to look down on us and For I know that he's watchin us still."—The Derry Journal.

BROKEN LILIES

Although it belonged to an en closed order you could peep into the garden by craning over a wooden gate that admitted the outside world to services in the chapel, and which was carefully relocked after wor-shippers had departed. Somewhere in the enclosure rushed a rivulet although it was invisible you could hear its mysterious, alluring laughter, and hearken to a silken rustle as it swept over stones and water weeds Within the garden birds sang lustily for them it was a sylvan paradise guarded from interlopers by angels armed, not with flaming swords, but Rosaries. The trees therein many of them, bearers of fruitful promise, and, in the wilderness, were sighing beaded larches and wayward hazels. Roses and lilies within parterres; Dolly scented the

perfume and longed to gather. She was an elfin maid, a tiny townbred mite, all frills and flounces And her mother was gowned as daintily as the elf in sprigged white muslin that blushed in vivid patches beneath the warm shadow of a

scarlet sunshade.
"Hold me up!" commanded the imperious Dolly. Leaning her folded parasol against the gate, mother obediently did as she was told. "Let us go in!" was demanded

next. "We cannot, dear, because the gat is locked.'

Bother!" the child drummed with her boots upon the barrier. nurse were only here she'd get in somehow. She'd put me over the top, and let me play about among those pretty daisies for a little while.

"Very likely: Nurse does things wouldn't dare to do; there may be dog about which would come and

bite you." "Only a very bad dog would bite nice little girl like me," objected the sage Dolly, whereat her mother

The lady's laughter was as melodious as was her voice, soft, and yet ringing. So, at least, thought Sister

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