

GERALD DE LACEY'S DAUGHTER

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF COLONIAL DAYS

BY ANNA T. HADLIER

BOOK II

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED

"To show you that all is well," said Evelyn, "I will go myself up to the attic."

The Abigail implored her to stop, but Evelyn persisted in her intention, taking with her a light from the chimney place. Joy waited below with her eyes starting from their sockets, but with a tinge of pleasant excitement now that she herself was free from peril.

"Thou needst not," said the girl, with solemnity; "I will go there no more."

And she went on her way, muttering: "For the Arch-enemy was in the attic, and he said 'Amen.'"

It was many days, in fact, before Evelyn could get out of her hand-maiden's hand the terror thus occasioned, or bring her back to a normal frame of mind.

"Even if the prohibition were required," said the priest, with a humorous twinkle in his eyes, as he recalled the expression of the girl's face when she had first caught sight of him.

"Still," he added, "so singular a thing without is human nature that there might be a fascination strong enough to bring her back thither—not for herbs this time, but for information."

"Had you not said 'Amen,' Father," laughed Gerald de Lacey, "she might have been tempted to return. But that utterance brought her terror to a climax."

"I could not resist it," said the priest, with the touch of school-boy shrewdness that came from under his gravity.

He presently added penitently: "Though, after I had followed that foolish impulse, I feared much that such a bit of folly might have evil consequences. For there is an irresistible conviction about the sound of the human voice, and spirits are not wont to talk, when the feminine ones. Eh, Mistress Evelyn?"

"But Evelyn would not accept the challenge, to which she responded only by a shake of the head."

"Is it not strange," the priest continued, "how, even in moments of grave stress or peril, there is often an inclination to discover the ridiculous? Though I was sorry for her plight too, I laughed when I saw the departure of that poor girl that I was compelled to hold my sides. Only I would find hope that her discovery of me may not compromise my kind hosts. This was a thought sufficient to sober me and put a stop to my untimely merriment."

Having assured him that he did not apprehend any special danger from the venture in the attic, since she believed the apparition to have been supernatural, Mr. de Lacey presently remarked:

"Humor is most certainly a gift of the gods, Father, and I marvel how you have retained that gift, which I so well remember, during all those years of trials and vicissitudes."

"Paradoxical as it may appear," replied the priest, "there is nothing which does so heighten one's sense of humor as the thought of eternity. With that broad outlook before us, how trivial, how whimsical, and how mirth-provoking seem the happenings of time!"

They fell to talking then of various colonial matters, and especially of Lord Bellomont and the laws which he had made.

"These Coates," declared the priest, "were ever a pestiferous race in Ireland, as I have heard from people of that country. Their chief aim has always been to destroy the Church of God."

"Those laws he has made bear hard upon your Order," observed Mr. de Lacey.

"All penal laws that persecute men for conscience's sake bear hard upon our Order," answered Father Harvey. "But our founder has provided it with a pair of broad shoulders to bear such mishaps, when he prayed that we should be persecuted everywhere."

"To human nature," said Evelyn, "it seems an awful prayer."

"Sublime rather," responded Father Harvey, "and it has been fully

answered. It keeps us in training, you see, Mistress Evelyn. Otherwise we Jesuits might become the terrible fellows our enemies represent us to be."

Evelyn could not help regarding the speaker with awe. That fine, strong face, alight with humor, would have borne, she knew, the same calm and cheerful aspect at the stake or on the gallows. The talk between him and her had turned reminiscently upon the times of Governor Dongan.

"Some complaints, I know," said the priest, "have been made against him by the French of Canada for his anxiety to keep the Indians apart from them and so hinder their evangelization. But it is most certain, too, that he had a strong desire to promote missionary work, and sought English-speaking Fathers for that purpose. I have read a letter of his to the Viceroy, Dononville, wherein he declares that the King—"

Here Father Harvey paused to add: "King James, God bless him!" to which Mr. de Lacey and Evelyn answered a fervent "Amen."

"He declared that the King had as much zeal as any prince living to propagate the Christian faith, and that he had asked him to send some Fathers to preach the Gospel to the natives."

"If only that good Governor had stayed with us!" cried Evelyn impetuously.

"Yes," the priest assented, "the designs of God are mysterious, but I opine that it is His will to found His infant Church here, like St. Ignatius founded our Order, on the safe basis of persecution. Dongan also relates in that same letter how careful he had been to preserve the French missionaries from harm, ordering his Indians not to exercise any cruelty or insolence towards them."

"Was it not part of his scheme," inquired Mr. de Lacey, "to bring the Irish in some numbers to New York, both for the good of those colonies and of the Church?"

"In truth it was," replied Father Harvey, "and I would to God he had succeeded therein, for the efforts of the enemy have at the moment prevailed in driving hence all but the merest handful of true believers."

The priest then went on to give Governor Dongan's lively account of the diversity of religions in the colonies under his control, for all of which he had obtained a charter of liberties.

"There were," he wrote, "Calvinism in four languages, Lutheranism in German, Quakers with abundance of preachers, especially women, singing Quakers, ranting Quakers, Sabbatarian, anti-Sabbatarian, Jews—in short some of all sorts of opinion and for the most part of none at all. But, as for the natural-born subjects of His Majesty, they were of other parts of the Government, I find it a hard task to make them pay for their ministers."

"He was a wonderful man, that Irish Catholic Governor," said Mr. de Lacey thoughtfully, "as we who know him best can testify. Had he but been allowed a free hand, what wonders, even in the temporal order, he would have accomplished for these colonies, and with what leaps and bounds would they have progressed! In my opinion there is no other who can stand beside him."

"Not even the 'hurricane Reform Governor,' as men have entitled Lord Bellomont," smiled the priest. "But in truth you are right, de Lacey. For, though some others have had their qualities, it seems to me that what Peter Schuyler was for the Dutch, the present Earl of Limerick was for the British."

After a brief pause in which he appeared to be thinking the matter over after his deliberate fashion, he resumed:

"For besides his devotion to true liberty and his respect for the rights of all men, he showed a strong hand to the enemies of the country and strove hard to promote immigration. He oftentimes reminded the Home Government that there were not more than twenty British families in the Colony of New York, though in Long Island and elsewhere both English and Dutch were increasing."

"There has been a most singular blindness in it all," commented Mr. de Lacey, "and intolerance has been the fatal keynote of nearly all the establishments in the New World, except of course Maryland."

"Williams and especially Penn made efforts in the direction of tolerance," conceded the priest, "but, with those exceptions, intolerance has indeed prevailed to the detriment, political as well as religious, of those foundations. To Maryland people of all sorts flock to enroll themselves under the banner of freedom. So would it have been in New York, had the policy of Dongan been continued. And as for the colonies of Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island," the priest held up his hands with a gesture, half-whimsical and half-despairing, "it has been a reign of butchery. They offered huge rewards for the slaughter of savages, who might have been civilized and gained to Jesus Christ."

"There was an accent of deep pain in the speaker's voice, and emotion seemed to impede his utterance as he thus spoke, for, like his brethren of Maryland, and together with the devoted sons of St. Francis, he had labored in season and out of season for the work of evangelizing the red-men."

"And furthermore," he said, "see what they have made Quakers, Anabaptists and other dissenters suffer, and of a surety Catholics, when they can catch one, though the number of those latter is pitifully small. For

them all there has been the scourge, the whipping-post, the pillory, the branding-iron. For us priests perpetual imprisonment or, should we escape from our dungeon, death upon the gallows. The which, in truth, by the grace of Our Lord, we would gladly endure."

His listeners sat in awed silence, for they saw that for the moment he had forgotten them. He presently resumed more lightly:

"Were we Jesuits not as slippery as eels, Mistress Evelyn, they would have had a fine row of us upon the gibbets. Lord Bellomont offered one hundred pieces of eight to the Iroquois who should capture one of us. But, even amongst the pagan or Protestant Indians, the wild sachems begged to be excused, declaring that any 'rudeness' to the missionaries might lead the distant tribes to make war upon them."

He laughed joyfully at the recollection.

"They were rude enough themselves sometimes, those same Iroquois," he continued, "but they could not stomach the politeness which their Brother Corlear, as they named His Excellency, meant to show us in making us dance to the hangman's tune."

"Here in New England, too, it is not religion at all," Father Harvey went on after a pause, "that is practiced by these people. It is Matherism. In that blasphemous farrago of nonsense, 'The Prevalency of Prayer,' Cotton Mather enunciates all those principles of intolerance and the persecuting fanaticism which has made New England a by-word, and which Bellomont in New York has emulated. At the same time, all innocent enjoyments are condemned, all rational liberty abrogated. In what can it end save atheism and despair?"

"The same story everywhere," added Mr. de Lacey. "Leisler in New York and Coode in Maryland, raving like maniacs against Papists, seemed to be haunted by visions in all the four elements. Leisler openly stimulated the pagan Indians against the French, and even congratulated them on the terrible massacre of Lachine, which led in its turn to other tragic occurrences. And as for Coode in Maryland, we know how he has prevailed to make persecution the law in that once free state, and to repeal the good and just laws made by us Catholics by which all were free to worship God as they chose."

"This very Salem," put in Evelyn, "where the Pilgrim Fathers came for sanctuary, had added its share of horrors to the rest."

"Yes, with that madness against witchcraft," assented Father Harvey, "which would almost seem to have been a diabolical hallucination, clouding the mind no less than the moral sense. Those innocent victims—fishbrides of land, they called them—paid the price of that folly. Think of fully a score having perished on yonder hill!"

"It is grievous," said Evelyn. "The very air seems full of their sighs and tears."

She shuddered, which the priest observed and cried:

"Oh, Mistress Evelyn, this has been but grim talk for you."

"But Evelyn interposed quickly: "You are mistaken, Father, for why should I be so delicate as not to be able to hear of those things which you and many others are ready to endure?"

Seeing that her eyes were full of tears, Father Harvey resolutely changed the subject. That evening their conversation, as they sat over their supper, had been unwontedly prolonged. For not often did Father Harvey discourse thus at length on the few and scattered Catholics throughout the country. He began next to speak of New York and of many of the Dutch families which he had intimately known, and especially the Van Cortlandts. He knew and appreciated old Madam Van Cortlandt, who had been such a kind presence, and to the de Laceys, and even remembered Polly as a child, a sparkling little brunette, who had run to show him the new pair of skates which she had firmly believed were the gift of good St. Nicholas. It was keen enjoyment to both father and daughter to hear him discourse of all those places and but lately near and familiar, as also to listen to the most pleasant anecdotes which he had to tell.

He gave an amusing account of a ludicrous mistake by which Manhattan was once thrown into consternation, and which might have had serious consequences. There was a certain Indian chief, named Brant, who had for a considerable time spread terror through the colonies. One night when the alarm went forth of "Brant, Brant" (which in Dutch meant fire) so full were the people's minds of that redoubtable warrior that they made sure it was he who was threatening the town. Practically the whole population fled forth pell-mell from their dwellings, mothers clasping their infants, and cripples hobbling along on crutches. Bald old men without their wigs showed shiny pates that were believed by some to be gleaming tomahawks; portly and infirm tilters, but partially dressed, filled the streets; hats were clapped on top of night caps, and breeches were drawn on inside out. Men, stumbling about in the uncertain light of the lanterns, fell into each other's arms, giving a push here and a haphazard blow there, dodging the shadows of trees which they believed to be lurking fiends, flying from high shrubs which they mistook for tall Indians. Fat men ran with a speed long unknown, outdistancing

his thinner brethren. Blind men blinked, timorous old folk, children whimpered, and all with one voice cried, as they sped towards the Fort, hoping for shelter: "Brant, Brant is upon us!"

Now, all this time the fire which had broken out in the Fort burned steadily. The sight of the smoke and flame increased the panic, for it was presumed that Brant was applying the torch to the town. The men who at the cry of fire should have seized the fire-bucket which hung on the back porch of every dwelling and assisted in controlling the conflagration, were so seared by the imaginary Indian raid that, but for the soldiers of the garrison and the sailors hastily summoned from the warship in the Bay, the Fort itself would have been consumed and the fire have spread through the town.

With such light and pleasant converse did the good priest dispel the gloom of the previous discourse, which he feared had been too painful. It was a distinct loss to both father and daughter when their guest left them to go into Maine on missionary work amongst the tribes there. They missed his interesting talk and cheery ways, which had lightened the loneliness of their evenings and made his visit appear as an oasis in the surrounding dreariness. But most of all, they missed the Mass, which he so often said in the attic, where the Divine Mysteries were celebrated at sunrise before the servant came to begin her daily task.

CHAPTER IV A NEW CONFEDERATE

Time passed after that in the same monotonous fashion as before, broken only by an occasional letter from Madam Van Cortlandt, Pieter Schuyler or Captain Ferrers, which came by the Boston Weekly Post. They dared not make these communications frequent, since Captain Prosser Williams, as they learned, was still on the alert and still determined to discover the whereabouts of Mistress Evelyn de Lacey. He had varied his sleuth-hounds on the track, and Captain Ferrers knew that he still kept up communication with Great-batch. Williams had other and more mercenary reasons for this intimacy with the smuggler, of which his fellow-officers were unaware, though also he hoped, as Evelyn's friends surmised, to obtain through the smuggler some clue to Evelyn's disappearance. They did not, however, know that Captain Williams was on the wrong scent. He trusted that the skipper of "The Hesperia" might find tidings of her at the Barbadoes, whither he was obstinate in believing the de Laceys had gone.

Curiously enough, the information which Prosser Williams so eagerly sought was to come to him from another and totally unexpected quarter. In the interval elapsed since Evelyn's disappearance he had entered into the most friendly relations with Henricus Laurens. And Polly, who was unaware of the active hostility which that young officer of the Household had shown towards her early friend, was quite willing to accept him as a guest at the high teas or evening parties which, in her character of young matron, she gave from time to time. Captain Williams had early discovered that Mynheer Laurens was inimical both to Evelyn and her father, and he was most anxious to increase the number of their enemies and to promote hostility towards them. Therefore, he most sedulously cultivated this new intimacy. Laurens, in her enthusiastic and warm-hearted fashion, had spoken of Evelyn, whom she called her dearest friend. She had given unqualified praise to her beauty, her charm, her exquisite taste in dress and her many other accomplishments.

Every word of Polly's had been mentally and unreservedly endorsed by at least one of her listeners, and noted his desire to find himself once more in that captivating presence, and to hear that voice which always thrilled him with the deepest emotion. For Captain Prosser Williams never disguised from himself that he was hopelessly in love with Mistress Evelyn. In fact, had it been possible for her to reciprocate the affection he had to offer, as many an exemplary woman has done for a worthless man, there might have been a chance to redeem him, or at least to throw into abeyance his worst qualities. But even his overweening vanity and egotism did not blind him to the fact that Evelyn regarded him with thinly veiled aversion. However, seated at the Laurens' hospitable board and at one of those high teas, which the solid and substantial meal was the most pleasant and informal meal in Dutch New York, Captain Williams gave no outward token of the tumult which had been awakened within him by the mention of Evelyn de Lacey's name. He cast down his eyes as if in displeasure, while he slowly sipped the spiced wine with which the guests were regaled, as though he desired to take no part in that conversation. Henricus Laurens, from the other end of the table, frowned angrily at his wife's words of praise for the fugitive.

"Polly," he said warningly, "do you not remember that this whilom friend of yours, whom I have requested of you to drop from your list of acquaintances, is under the ban of the law, and should not be so much as mentioned before a member of His Excellency's Household?"

Polly's eyes flashed fire. She glanced at Captain Williams, whose eyes were still cast down and whose whole aspect declared that, though

he would not give expression to his sentiments out of deference to his hostess, he fully coincided in that opinion.

"Your commands in that matter, Henricus," Polly said, "must go for naught, since Mistress Evelyn de Lacey has been, and is now, my dearest friend. Those who do not wish to hear her name must absent themselves from my presence."

Captain Prosser Williams bent his head, while a faint, ironical smile played about the corners of his mouth. Also it occurred to him that this anger of hers was most becoming, giving an additional sparkle to her eyes and increased animation to her features. A possibility likewise came into his mind that, in her indignation, she might be indiscreet. Therefore, he said suavely:

"Though it be with regret that I must agree with Mynheer Laurens, would remark that, if you chance to know of this young lady's whereabouts, a word of warning—"

"I know nothing of her whereabouts," interrupted Polly. "To my sorrow, I must confess that I have not had the merest hint of her present place of abode, her refuge from tyranny."

There was a thunderclap on her husband's brow and a very real disappointment in the mind of Captain Williams, for the sincerity in his hostess's voice was unmistakable. There was a sneer upon his lips as he said:

"You are a loyal friend indeed. But I would fain have given you a warning from one who was somewhat in the secrets of the Government."

At that instant the young Vrow Laurens distrusted the honesty of her guest, though it would have been impossible for her to have explained why or wherefore, and at that same instant also Henricus Laurens was aware as never before that he would be rendering a service to the man before him, as well as to the law, if it were possible for him to discover the place of Evelyn's retreat. Just then he had not the slightest clue, nor, as he believed, had Polly, but he was of the opinion that Madam Van Cortlandt was fully cognizant of the girl's movements, and he resolved then and there to obtain through Polly the desired information. He reflected that, while satisfying his own private spite against the girl, such a move on his part would give him rank as a true patriot, zealous for the Protestant religion, and devotedly loyal to the reigning Sovereign, while placing in his debt the influential young man who now sat at his table. He was quite convinced that he could never make Polly a deliberate accomplice in such a scheme, nor would he have been altogether willing so to debase her kindly and generous nature. But he did hope that, were she once aware of the place of Evelyn's concealment, she might reveal it to himself through a certain lack of prudence or of suspicion in her temperament. Sooner or later he would discover Evelyn's secret, and then the old score would be paid off a hundredfold, and his own interests meanwhile furthered.

In the course of the evening Laurens put his chief guest upon another scent. They were smoking together and examining some curious spoons of odd workmanship, which had been bestowed by Mynheer de Vries upon Polly as a wedding gift. The two men spoke for a few minutes of Mynheer, his manners, his wife and the had chosen. While discussing this latter, Henricus Laurens said:

"That dull, slow wife of his has one merit. She is a good hater."

The remark in itself would scarcely have aroused the curiosity of most of the Colonials. But he was struck by a certain significance in his host's manner.

"Good hater? echoed he. "One might have as well expected to find so vital a quality in a jelly-fish."

Henricus laughed. "It is jealousy or I know not what," he said, "but no enemy of the much-talked-of Mistress de Lacey could exceed Vrow de Vries in bitterness against her."

This piece of information, which he affected to deride, was carefully noted by the guest, and inspired him with a sudden interest in that shapeless mass of humanity which hitherto he had regarded with disgust or aversion. He even determined to make an early call upon her. For hate and jealousy in women he knew to be far more potent than the generous and disinterested friendship of any present hostess. Aloud he only remarked:

"This jealousy is a pestiferous weed, and one never knows in what garden bed it will crop up."

Then he inquired as an afterthought:

"Has Mynheer himself by chance fallen a victim to this charmer?"

Mynheer Laurens shook his head. "Not he, in truth. A more cautious fellow has never lived. No woman that was ever born could make him lose his head. It is, I make no doubt, some chance words of admiration he has let fall which, coupled with the praises of this girl which it is the fashion to pour forth, has incited her to anger."

"It is an amusing comedy," said Captain Williams, "which might justly be entitled 'Beauty and the Beast.'"

But he said no more, dismissing the topic as indifferently as though the affairs of Mistress de Lacey, and still more those of good Vrow de Vries, could not possibly be of moment to one of his rank and station. He took his leave early, with a kindling resentment against the mistress

of the house in whom he discerned an opponent. He was resolved, if occasion offered, to make use of the thick-witted Colonial, Laurens, whom he despised, and likewise of Vrow de Vries, though he had but little hope from that quarter. There was indeed a chance that, living near, she might have picked up some bit of information, or that her cautious husband, who seemed possessed of universal knowledge concerning the doings in that and other colonies, might have let drop some valuable clue to the mystery of Evelyn's disappearance.

TO BE CONTINUED

"McDERMOTT"

A TRUE STORY

Track B was alive with the pleasant bustle and confusion of the last moments before train time. Dark, smooth-faced porters stood with exemplary dignity by the doors of the Pullman cars. Fussy old ladies, desperately out of breath and laden with grips innumerable, persistently refused all proffered aid, and trotted on toward the forewings cars, their steps quickening with every snort of the engine.

A bride and groom, very conscious, and very happy, stood by the gates surrounded by a bevy of young people. A traveling salesman, with the inevitable valise, made himself comfortable with the ease of one long accustomed to the road, and there were the usual rushing, good-natured last minute arrivals, who pushed everyone else, and expected to be pushed in return. The engineer leaned out of the cab window, smiling easily down the vista of excited travelers.

"Dan," he drawled, "the only ones that have any dignity left are the porters; they only stoop when they are tipped."

The fireman grunted and McDermott chuckled over his own joke. He took out his watch and ran his heavy and none too clean forefinger around the dial. Four fifty-five, one minute before leaving time. Slowly he drew his big form erect, and slouched over to the machinery.

At the first long whistle of steam, his signal from the guard, all inertness vanished. In a matter of fact way he made the sign of the Cross, and then moved the throttle.

Dan did not look up, but he was aware of the engineer's gesture. For years it had been so in the past. He remembered the sneer with which he had first greeted it. And he remembered, he could not forget the simple dignity of the answer that had been given. "The souls on this train belong to God."

The great wheels moved slowly, quickening gradually with the lengthened and more regular puffs of the engine. Mechanically, he wielded the shovel, his thoughts far away. They were passing through the freight yards now, and McDermott's face showed only a sharp profile by the cab window.

A strange sense of some impending danger seemed to haunt the fireman. He could not account for it. Not once in the six years he had fired for McDermott had there been an accident. The big engineer had held an enviable record. What unreasonable freak of imagination was it that made him weak as a nervous woman? Impatiently he brushed his hand across his forehead. He fell to thinking of McDermott. Big, loosely-built, gaunt-faced, with lack-lustre eyes, his personality was not attractive in repose. His speech was slow, but to the point, only lightened by a flash of humor. He seemed not to know the meaning of nerves. Religion was a part of his everyday business and, as such, he professed it.

It is a law that opposites attract. Two characters could scarcely have been more unlike than those of the engineer and the fireman. Dan was sullen and gruff, misunderstood by many, yet hiding under a forbidding exterior, a nature finely strung and sensitive to a degree.

His religion was an episode of the past, which he professed to sneer upon; but which he covertly craved. Born a Catholic, he had been ordinarily devout, until his pride was touched by a necessary rebuke, given in the confessional. The incident, magnified by repeated bitter comment, had assumed heroic proportions and was made more dangerous by a proud subtlety of reasoning by which he argued that the Church had cast him off, and he was without blame. He had told the story to McDermott, hoping for sympathy, but he had been met by a rather grim silence.

The train had cleared the yards and was bowling through the open country. Wide, smiling valleys, sunny hills, and stretches of cool woodland were passed in quick succession. There was a little red-thatched cottage, nestling at the foot of a steep slope. On the threshold stood a mother, holding her child. A bit beyond lay a ruined cabin, from which the spirit of home had fled.

Dan looked away. Something in the desolation of that small building gripped his heart. It had been put up with so much love and care. The door now wrenched from its hinges, had been opened wide to laughing children, lights had gleamed from the windows, and the falling walls and roof had sheltered the joys and sorrows of many a year. Half unconsciously he felt it to be a picture of his own soul in its broken life of grace. The spirit of peace had fled, and left but tumbled ruins where once had stood a house of prayer.

What was the matter with him today? He was not wont to be

Society of St. Vincent de Paul Bureau of Information Special Attention Given to Employment Cost of Clothes Always in Demand 25 Shuter St. TORONTO

St. Jerome's College Founded 1864 KITCHENER, ONT. Excellent Business College Department Excellent High School of Academic Department Excellent College and Philosophical Department Address: REV. A. L. ZINGER, C. R., Ph. D., PRESIDENT PROFESSIONAL CARDS

FOY, KNOX & MONAHAN BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, Etc. Hon. J. J. Foy, K. C., A. E. Knox, T. Louis Monahan E. L. Middleton George Keough Cable Address: "Foy" Telephone (Main 784) (Main 798)

JOHN T. LOFTUS Barrister, Solicitor, Notary, Etc. 712 TEMPLE BUILDING TORONTO Telephone Main 632

Reilly, Lunney & Lannan BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES CALGARY, ALBERTA DENTISTS DR. BRUCE E. RAID Room 5, Dominion Bank Chambers Cor. Richmond and Dundas Sts. Phone 5668

Hotel St. Charles SPEND a few days, a week or a week-end at this popular Resort Hotel, noted for Service, Cuisine and Apartments. ON THE OCEAN FRONT Hot and Cold Salt Water in all baths. Orchestra, Golf privileges. Special Spring Rates. Booklet. NEWLIN HAINES CO. Atlantic City, N. J.

Funeral Directors John Ferguson & Sons 180 KING ST. The Leading Undertakers & Embalmers. Open Night and Day Telephone—House 373 Factory 548

E. C. Killingsworth FUNERAL DIRECTOR Open Day and Night 533 Richmond St. Phone 3971

The Safest Matches in the World ALSO THE CHEAPEST, ARE Eddy's Silent 500's SAFEST, because they are impregnated with a chemical solution which renders the stick "dead" immediately the Match is extinguished. CHEAPEST, because there are more perfect matches to the sized box than in any other box on the market. WAR TIME ECONOMY and your own good sense will urge the necessity of buying none but Eddy's Matches

REAL HELP FOR TIRED FEET A busy day and on your feet most of the time—a long tiresome trip or a hike in the country—new shoes to break in—all these mean tired feet. Soothe and rest them by applying a few drops of Absorbine, Jr. Or, if you are very tired and your feet burn, ache or swell, soak them in a solution of Absorbine, Jr., and water. Relief will be prompt and lasting. You will like the "feel" of this clean, fragrant and antiseptic liniment. It penetrates quickly, leaves no greasy residue, and is intensely refreshing. Only a few drops needed to do the work as Absorbine, Jr., is highly concentrated. You will find dozens of uses for Absorbine, Jr., as a dependable first-aid remedy and regular toilet adjunct; to reduce inflammatory conditions sprains, wrenches, painful, swollen veins. To relieve any sore or infection. To heal cuts, bruises, lacerations and sores. Absorbine, Jr., \$1.25 a bottle at druggists or postpaid. Liberal trial bottle mailed for 10c. in stamps. W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F. 239 Lyman Bldg. Montreal, Can.