## A DAUGHTER OF THE SIERRA

BY CHRISTIAN REID

Published by permission of the B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mc CHAPTER II.

IN THE QUEBRADA The tourist who enters Mexico in a Pullman car and rolls luxuriously ong the great plateau, gazing rough plate-glass windows at vast haciendas, with leagues of fer-tile plain and the distant Sierra thrusting its violet peaks into a sky of dazzling sapphire, obtains many rich with dim splendors. He does not dream that the blue rim of the distant mountain range at which he For to say that Isabel Rivers posgazes—that range which stretches its mighty length along the western side of Mexico and bears alone the doubtedly is-would be to state inadname of Sierra Madra-marks the outline of a world so different from that which surrounds him that it might well belong to another hemisphere. It is a great world of towering where for hundreds of miles the only roads are trails; where since the foundation of the earth no wheel has ever rolled: where even the passes are ten thousand feet above the sea, and where in all the wide solitudes Nature reigns supreme, with a wild beauty, a charm of infinite freshness such as can be found but seldom now on this old, man trodden globe.

In this region the traveller journeys on horseback or muleback, instead of in Pallman cars; and if he approaches it from the western coast, he soon finds himself among heights broken into deep chasms or gorges, down which the rivers rush from their birthplace in the clouds to their grave in the vast Pacific. It is by these tremendous clefts, well named in the Spanish tongue que ulas (broken,) that those who s the upper world of the great Sierra journey, and, once entered between their walls, the wild, almost terrible grandeur, of the way increases with every onward league. But although the mountains are riven apart, as if by some awful convulsion of Nature. majesty above the narrow pass, filled with the sound of roaring, tumbling waters, as the stream which holds sovereignty there pours its torrents over, under and around the rocks of every conceivable form and color which lie piled in fantastic masses in the bottom of the gorge, there is no desolation in this strange, beautiful quebrada world. On the contrary, the moisture of the river pouring downward, and of the clouds sailing in from the ocean creates a wealth of verdure, as delightful as it is rare trees spread their wide green boughs over flashing water; the great shoul-ders of the hills are clothed with luxuriant woods, and the small dwellings of primitive construction which now and again stand on sufficiently elevated to be knolls. secure from rising water, are com-pletely embowered in shade, generally that of magnificent orange trees.

The inhabitants of these dwellings are much in evidence, passing up and down the quebrada, the men with white cotton calsones rolled to their hips, leaving their brown, sin-ewy legs entirely bare; and the ewy legs with skirts kilted above their slender ankles and feet, for the purpose of wading across the tumultuous, but in the dry season mostly shallow water. These pedestrians alternate with long trains of pack mules, bearing burdens of all kinds, from bales of merchandise to bars of silver buillion from the mines in the mountains above, or sacks filled with freshly coined dollars from the mint of Culiacan; with trains of diminutive burres, also pack-laden, and with horsemen who seem to have ridden booted and spurred out of

another and more picturesque age. It was high in the quebrada of the Tamezula River that a party of travellers journeying upward halted one knows the day for the noon rest. There were and -er -in the party as many mules and men as usually accompany persons of importance in these regions, but several features of the outfit would have struck the native eye as unusual and significant of gringos, that is to say, of foreigners. For one thing, three or four of the mules carried on their aparejos large, square modern trunks, such as are seldom used by Mexicans; others were loaded with boxes bearing signs of ocean freight, and to complete the note of strangeness one pack consisted of a tent. which is an article almost unknown in Mexico, even in the army.

This tent was not erected at present, however. It lay on the ground with the rest of the packs, while the animals took their feed by the side of the stream, just here swirling over its rocks with some approach to tranquility and the mozos lay near various recumbent tudes, their zerapes making bright interest. bits of color against the gray rocks and amid the varied greens of the abounding verdure. A few yards

younger men and a lady, the latter youthful and extremely pretty, with an indefinable air of the world in her appearance which contrasted piquantly with the wild picturesque-ness of her surroundings.

Not that it should be suppo that she was not attired with perfect appropriateness to these surroundings. It was the very perfection of her costume with regard to time and place, of the well-cut habit, fitted as if moulded to the lines of her slender figure, with its skirt short enough to show the trimly-booted foot, and the strange Oriental looking cities, at practical simplicity of the hat of soft, vast haciendas, with leagues of fer- gray felt and veil of silvery tissue, which marked her difference from the women to be met now and then on the road wrapped to the eyes in wonderful and beautiful pictures to their rebozos sitting in saddles like hang in the chambers of memory; arm chairs; helpless, ungraceful but he knows little, after all, of this masses of drapery, strikingly sug old land, strange as India and fascinating as Spain. To him Mexico is a countries. This was a type of the panorama of brilliant sunshine, modes white dusty roads, walled towns, pic turesque campaniles, shadowy arcades filled with the varying tide of cades filled with the varying tide of turbes and great old churches taste how to carry the charm of her with her even into the ways of

sessed the poise of the ordinary American girl—great as that unequately the fact that she was a subtle combination of girl and woman of the world, which is a combination as unusual as it is attractive. Youth, even when most careheights and majestic torests, of rushing fully trained and passed through the streams and stupendous gorges. best moulds is generally crude, but best moulds is generally crude, but there had never been any crudeness about Miss Rivers. Those who remembered her as a slim, brillianteyed child, with even then a remarkable charm of intelligence and distinction, were not surprised that education, travel and life, she had become one of those exceptional women whose power of attraction is not limited to men, but whom all classes of humanity find fascinating.

That the two young men now lying at her feet as she sat enthroned between the gnarled roots of the tree -Thornton, a graduate of Columbia, sighing for the flesh-pots of New York, and Mackenzie, a young Mexicanized Scotchman-found her so was patent to the most superficial observation. It is likely that under any circumstances this would have been the case; but when, after long social exile in the wilds of the Sierra Madre, they met their chief in Culiacan, on his return from the States accompanied by this captivating daughter, there was only one result possible; and that result achieved itself, to employ a French idiom, in the shortest possible time. It was a result which surprised no one. Mr. Rivers, accustomed to seeing men bowled over like nine pins by daughter's charms, regarded daughter's speedy and complete subjugation of his staff with the indifference with which we regard the usual and the expected; while to Isabel Rivers herself homage had long since become merely the atmosphere in which she was accustomed to live and move. Regarded superficially at least, this had not spoiled her. In manner, she was delightfully simple; with an exquisite quality of human sympathy, to which was owing a large part of her charm.

At present it was evident that she was less interested in her two admirors than in the surpassing pic turesqueness of the scenes her. For two days she had been riding in a state of constantly in-creasing admiration through the deep gorge, her eyes shining with delight behind the silvery folds of her veil, as the wild loveliness of the

way opened before her.
"I could never have imagined beautiful, which was not also famous," she was saying now, as she glanced from towering rock to flashing water. People cross oceans and continent to see things less wonderful; but I doubt if any one, outside of the people who live here, ever heard of this."

You may be quite sure," said ornton, "that no ever did. And Thornton, we who live here don't, as a rule go into raptures over the quebrada; eh. Mackenzie?'

Mackenzie shook his head. Our sentiments concerning it can oking around dispassionately, knows that it is very picturesque,

Sublime, grand, wildly beautiful, -those are the adjectives appropriate to the quebrada," Thornton prompted patronizingly.

"There's another still more appropriate, and that is rough—in the superlative degree," said Mr. Rivers.

"If we could only get a railroad."

Papa, the suggestion is a sac-

Sacrilege or not, my dear, it is a thing I should like amazingly to see; and so would everyone else, except the freighters who are making fortunes out of our necessities. Think of the increased profits in here?

How ?"

the Puget Sound Reduction Company lacked the perfect adaptability to its want ores, and that they are coming purpose of that of her male company purpose of that of her male company purpose of the perfect adaptability to its

Guaymas, and he told me he expected to see me in Topia. Now, if those people come into these mountains and buy mines they will build a railroad at once-no freighting with mules for eight months, and being tied up by high water in the quebrada

during four, for them !"
"Not much!" Thornton agreed.
"Armistead!" he added. reminiscently. "It's astonishing how that fellow has succeeded. We were in the same class in the Mining School, and I don't remember that he dis-played any particular talent. It's all a matter of getting the confidence of the capitalists and syndicates

but how did he manage it? "Generally managed through personal influence and connection," said Mr. Rivers, who knew whereof he spoke. "Lloyd is with him," he added carelessly.

Mackenzie, in the tone of one disgusted by the ways of an unsatisactory world. Miss Rivers regarded the speakers

and singularly expressive. "I remember those men — we Mariano replied;" and I am return-talked with them one evoning in the ing now with the conducta." patio of the hotel," she said. They

"They couldn't possibly have struck you otherwise" said Thornton. They are very different; so different that their conjunction is rather odd. I like Lloyd."

Miss Rivers smiled. "The inference is plain. Well, I too liked Lloyd—if he was the tall, sunburnt one; but if they are on their way to bring a railrod into this marvellous quebrada, I hope they will both be lost.

It's possible that they may bethey were going to visit some mines in the mountains of Sonora, where the Yaquis are pretty troublesome just now," said Mr. Rivers. "But if they aren't lost, they were to follow us by the next steamer."

If they leave Culiacan promptly and ride fast they may overtake us,"

"I call it perfect," said his daugh-Nothing could be more charm ing than such loitering along such a way. I am so glad I came with you, papa! I have never enjoyed

anything more in my life."
"I hope you will remain in that frame of mind, my dear," remarked Mr. Rivers, a little sceptically. "But it is barely possible that six months in Topia may prove something of a strain even to your love of novelty and the picturesque: and since the quebrada becomes impassible when the rains begin, it will be at least

that long before you can get away."
"I shall not want to get away,"
she declared. "I feel as if I were going into some wild and wonderful fastness of Nature, far and high in the hills, with the gateway closing

doing," said Mackenzie, practically: "for when the river rises the gate is certainly closed. Nobody goes up and down the quebrada then. But

lunch is ready."
"Ya esta la comida, Senorita." sald Lucio—who was a slim young mexican, attired in the national costume,—approaching the group.

Stooning, she picked up a little.

They gathered around the provis-ion chest, on the flat top of which a rather elaborate repast, considering It was all delightfully gypsy-like and as Isabel Rivers sat on a great stone, while she ate her chicken and tongue and drank her California claret, with a canopy of green leaves rustling overhead and the cyrstal river swirling by over its stones, her face expressed her delight in the eloquent fashion some faces have.

Like a picnic ?" she said in reply to a suggestion of Thornton's.
"Not in the least. A picnic is merely playing at what we are doing. This is the real thing—the thing for be pretty much summed up in the which I have longed—to go away opinion of the arrieros—muy mala and live for a time remote from what la quebrada!" he said. "Of course," we call civilization, in the heart of Nature. And hear we have not only Arabian-Nights-like charm in all our surroundings. Look at that now!" she lifted her hand and pointed.

following with their glances the direction of the pointing hand, just as a train of horsemen and packmules came splashing across the ford below them. They made, as Miss Rivers said, a strikingly picturesque effect, and one altogether in keeping with the wild scenery of the quebrada. At the head of the train rode a group consisting of three men, dressed as Mexican caballeros re?" sunlight, and a woman, who sat her hors!" said Thornton, with quick horse in better fashion than most of

an Eastern yashmak around her the post-office through a driving head and neck and partly covering her face, a sombrero of rough straw. For ten years after that Miss

and there's the Gerente, Don Mar-iano Vallejo himself." He arose as he spoke and went quickly forward as, with jingling spurs, the cavalcade came riding to-

ward them.

'Don Mariano!" he cried. "Como A-h, Don Roberto! exclaimed Don Mariano, in a high key of pleasure and surprise.

He sprang from his horse, and threw his arm around Mr. Rivers, who promptly returned the embrace. They patted each other cordially on the shoulder: and then the Mexican, drawing back, regarded the other with a smile. He was a bronze-faced, 

Rivers answered (also in Spanish) and I am on my way up to Topia, with my daughter. And you?"
"I have been down to Culiacan

meditatively with her beautiful eyes, which were of a golden brown tint, which were of a golden brown tint, and leave been down to currently to lay in supplies for the mine and mill before the rainy season," Don mill before the rainy season," Don mill before the rainy season, and I am return-What is the amount of your con-

ducta this month ?" Thirty thousand dollars. It is

"It is very good. I wish the Caridad would do as well. But whom have you with you—your daughter?"
"No." Don Mariano turned toward the feminine figure in the shroud-ing repozo. "This is Dona Victoria Calderon, the daughter of the owner of the Santa Cruz Mine.'

Mr. Rivers acknowledged the introduction in a manner which gratified his own daughter's sense of the suggested appropriate, and then that the party should halt and take

Generally speaking, Mexicans are as ready to accept as to offer hospitality, so Don Mariano immediately "In that case they'll be along soon," observed Mackenzie; "for I heard the day we left Culiacan that the mazatlan had arrived at Altata."

"Mean and highly esteemed friend. Was a general dismounting, and the mazatlan had arrived at Altata." replied that they would be happy to accept the invitation of his gracious was a general dismounting, and while one of the group communicated the order to the rest of the train behind for our progress them, the others advanced to the said Mr. Rivers; "for our progress since we entered the quebrada has been more loitering than travelling." her companions rose to receive them.

TO BE CONTINUED

## THE LOST ROSARY

Mass was over and the well-dressed summer congregation had poured out of the church. People were standing in little groups, gaily talking and laughing, or were already speeding homeward in automobiles. Only Miss Mary O'Boyle remained near the altar; a sweet faced, simply-dressed woman, no longer young and no longer very strong, the house-keeper in one of the palatial country houses on the hill. For a quarter of an bour she lingered, saying her beads and afterward making a little That's exactly what you are visit to St. Joseph's altar; then, as she passed down the aisle, her was caught by something white which lay on the floor close to one of the confessionals. It is strange that here comes Lucio at last to say that she saw it for she was the most unobserving as well as the most near sighted of women, and seldom found

Stooping, she picked up a little, glistening bit of white and found that it was a Rosary of glass bands, with a silver cross; a simple, ordinnot very fine rosary, almost exactly duplicated in every Catholic book-store and in every congregation in the land. On the back of the cross was engraved one word, "Maggie;" commonplace, too, in the extreme. But Miss O'Boyle examined beads and cross and reexamined them : and her hands began to tremble, and her eyes to fill with tears. She kissed the Figure on the cross, and the name on the reverse side, and pressed the heads close to her heart: she looked at them again, more lov-ingly and with more evident agita-

Thinking suddenly that perhaps their owner was still nearby, she hurried—indeed, she almost ran—to the door, through the vestibule, and down the steps, only to find the churchyard deserted. The last automobile was just disappearing in a cloud of dust, and the most talkative idlers were turning down the road. Miss O'Boyle could only stand, pantng, in the gravel path and examine

She knew them well, although it was long years since she had seen them. To other eyes they might have been ordinary, but to her they were unlike all others; besides, there self, had had that word engraved there and remembered perfectly how the letters had looked, even to the

crowding of the E at the end. Thirty years before she had sent those beads to her little sister Maggie for her First Communion Day. She had bought them with the first money she had been able to save in the feminine equestrians who travel America, and -- though she had forthe feminine equestrians who travel and the feminine equestrians who travel and the feminine equestrians who travel and the feminine equestrians who travel acted the part long before—their price had meant two supperless days and many long walks home after

"By Jove!" said Mr. Rivers, "that's the conducta of the Santa Cruz Mine: she could save, lovingly determined and there's the Gerente, Don Martion denied her, and the old people a taste of comfort after the long toil of their younger days. But there came a sad and terrible year. Miss O Boyle stood motionless as she looked at the bads and thought of it. She lost Mercy, if I remember." beads and thought of it. She lost her position and could find no other, and at the same time her father and mother fell ill. Longing to help them, she could do nothing, she was hungry, and cold, and half-clad her-self. Utterly discouraged, she left her boarding place in Albany and Father Quinlan was puzzled. He went to New York in search of embad known Miss O'Boyle for several went to New York in search of employment, where she found it only after other weary weeks. When she land she got word that her parents were dead. Nearly frantic with grief and anxiety, she dictated a fifteenth of July, Mrs. Madison is days and inquiring for Maggie. The story of the happy death of her parents came in time, but of Maggie told her story, with Maggie somehous she could learn only that the girl had written to her sister in America, and getting no response had gone in search of her. All this had happened long, long years before, and Miss O'Boyle had heard nothing since; light until she found the white beads | heard good things of her. on the church floor. Presently her first bewildered ex-

citement changed to joy. "Maggie is at White Springs! Maggie is here!" she thought exultantly. "These are her beads. She must be here, and she must have been at You're sure there's a Mary? She is faithful! Thank God she is faithful!"

How she got home Miss O'Boyle never knew. Trembling from head to foot and blinded by happy tears, she stumbled up the road and into her mistress' grounds, unconscious that the people whom she passed turned to look after her wonderingly. Reaching the house, she went direct. ly to the servants' quarters, and meeting one of the maids in the hall asked excitedly

Jane, do you know a girl named Maggie O'Boyle who works somewhere in White Springs? No, not exactly a girl, either; she must be forty years old by this time—a pretty little thing, with a roguish laugh, and dimples, and pink cheeks-but awkward, angular figure and plain that was thirty years ago! I mean, do you know any one at all named Maggie O'Boyle'?"

Jane shook a bewildered head.
'No, ma'am, I don't; but you know this is my first year here. I don't know anybody but the girls here and at Warner's and at Keith's."
"That's true. I had forgotten

Jennie and to Grace-or perhaps Katie would know her.'

At once Miss O'Boyle went in search of Jennie and Grace and Katie and questioned one after another, not much more coherently than she had questioned Jane; but none of them had ever met a Maggie O'Boyle at any of the nearby summer places, or had ever heard of her.

Disappointed but not discouraged, Miss O Boyle went to both Masses on the following Sunday and at each the last to leave it. Just inside the door did she take her station that she might scan the face of every woman who came; but she saw no one bearing even a slight resem-blance to her Maggie, although she tried to make every allowance for the passing of the years. The following Sunday found her in the same place near the church door; all to no purpose. Reluctantly she was baning convinced that her sister had been in White Springs for only a day or two and was there no longer; so it was with a heavy heart that she went to the parish house after the late Mass to arrange to have a Mass said for her mother on July fifteenth,

the anniversary of her death.
When she told Father Quinlan what she wanted he took a memorandum book from a pigeon-hole in his desk and looked to see if he had already promised his Mass for that

day. Yes, I have, Miss O'Boyle; I am sorry," he said. And then he frowned and looked more closely at the note which he had made, before adding in a puzzled way: "Why, what I have already written here, under July fifteenth, is, 'Mrs. Honora O'Boyle, anniversary.' You must have asked me before, and have forgotten."

"No, father, I did not! I know that I did not!" Miss O'Boyle contradicted emphatically and excitedly. "Was it—oh, was it some one named Maggie O'Boyle who gave you the offering for that Mass? Was it Maggie ?

Maggie O'Boyle," he repeated, surprised at her agitation. "No, there is no one of that name in White Springs, as far as I know. Let me see—when was it? I believe—oh, ves. I remember now! It was Mrs. andolph Madison who asked me for that Mass. She came two weeks ago was the name on the cross. It is to arrange for it because she was go-true she could not read, but she hering away. I had quite forgotten." Miss O'Boyle's face was a study : it

was grieved, and puzzled, and hopeful, and disappointed all at once. "Mrs. Randolph Madison," she echoed. "It may be another Honora O'Boyle—it must be; and still—"

are usual Irish names. The Mass is for her mother, Mrs. Madison said." "You mean the Madisons who live in the big house on Forest Hill?" Miss O'Boyle asked.

"Yes. Mr. Madison is dead. He distant a different group reclined under the shade of one of the great mile country after them. I am under the shade of one of the great inclined to believe there is truth trees which abound here—a group consisting of a middle-aged man, two distant a different group reclined into this country after them. I am ungraceful; for she wore simply a long wants from a work which abound here was a splendid man; married rather was a splendid

heartily at his little joke, and added, She was a school teacher, I am told. Mr. Madison met her somewhere, fell married her six months later.

"She was born in Ireland, wasn't she Father?" Miss O'Boyle asked, in a tone that pleaded for an affirmative

'And she's rosy and pretty, with curly hair, and the merriest laugh that ever came out of Ireland? It's so, isn't it, Father?"

"You think that you used to know her; you think that perhapsyears as a quiet, reserved, shy, wellbred woman, a servant with no bitions beyond her station.

"Father, if Mrs. Madison's mother was Honora O'Boyle who died on the letter asking particulars of their last she must be—my Maggie—though it's days and inquiring for Maggie. The strange; it's so strange I hardly believe it." And in a few words she made its heroine and herself quite hidden in the background. When she had finished, not giving Father Quinlan time to say a word, she be gan to question him about Mrs. Madison's appearance and her ways; she had never had a clue or a ray of and her face grew radiant when she And children, Father? Has she

any children?"
"Oh, yes, three little girls; Mary, is and Henrietta, and Josephine. "Mary?" Miss O'Boyle repeated agerly. "That's my name: Mary. eagerly.

Yes, quite certain," Father Quir lan assured her, smiling kindly; add-

"It doesn't matter when she comes. I'm not going to trouble her. It would be embarrassing for her to have me around. I'm poor and ignorant; I'm a servant, and not fit to be any-thing else. I'm happy now just to know she's kept the Faith-and she's rich, too, the little rascal, and high and mighty.'

Father Quinlan thought of the stately Mrs. Madison, and smiled to hear her called a little rascal; and then he looked at her sister's rather face, and thought of her brogu her colloquialisms, and still doubted whether she was wise, or even kind, in her unselfishness.

Miss O'Boyle gave Father Quinlan the rosary which she had found, beg-ging him to see that Mrs. Madison got it some day; and she trudged homeward, all the way protesting to about your being new. I'll speak to herself that she was very, very happy, and crying all the way.

Two weeks later Miss O'Boyle was leaving the church after every one else, as was her way, when she was stopped by a tall, distinguished lookinge woman in light mourning, who had been waiting for her. woman put her hands on O'Boyle's stooped shoulders. looking down into her face said one word, and said it very softly Mary

And Miss O'Boyle looked up into the face above her, and she tried to

speak but could not.

"Father Quinlan gave me the beads yesterday," the woman said.
"He did not seem to have a clear idea where they came from, but I Hotel knew—I knew—that only one person in the world would recognize them as mine, and I watched for you today Mary, and-and it might have been mother herself who went to Our Lady's altar after Mass and began to say her beads. Mary, weren't you willing to let me find you?

At first Miss O'Boyle could not say a word; she could only cling to her | Father Finn's Latest Book strong, younger sister and try to se her through her tears. "I—I—" she stammered at length, "I don't want to disgrace you, Maggie dear—and you so rich, and I only some one's usekeeper."
'Diegrace me! Why, Mary I've

looked for you for years. I came to America to join you and you had left Albany and no one could tell me where you had gone. But for you Mary, what should I be? An ignor ant peasant, that is all."

Still Miss O'Boyle shook her head but taking her by band Mrs. Madison led her to her automobile and took her home. "I'll explain to Mrs. her home. "I'll explain to Mrs. Hoover. She must get another housekeeper," Mrs. Madison said, with a laugh so like the old one that her sister smiled through her tears.
You're as self-willed as ever Maggie dear," she whispered happily

A NEW CANON OF WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL

(By Catholic Press Association Cable)

London, Oct. 17.—A new Canon has been appointed to Westminster to fill the vacancy caused by thedeath of the late Bishop Fenton who retained his seat in the chapter to the last. A well known London Irish priest has received the honor in the person of Dean Ring of the Church of SS, Mary and Michael, Commercial road, com-monly known as the East End Cathedral. Dean Ring, who is a native of Kerry, came to the English mission "Of course Honora and O'Boyle in Cardinal Manning's time. He was sent to Silvertown, a poor and populous district on an island in the Thames near Woolwich, where there his first Mass there in a stable and slept in the loft overhead for several weeks, both on account of the con-

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