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HAWTHORNDEN

A STORY OF EVERY DAY LIFE

BY MRS. CLARA M. THOMPSON

CHAPTER XXIX.—CONTINUED

"Here we are, together again," exclaimed Harry Greenwood, as he threw himself into his berth that night, "and for nearly two weeks probably. Well, it is not of my seeking this time; I accept it as clearly providential; even Ned can't get over that. Lovely young creature! so changed in this short time! O, that man should put an enemy in their muffs to steal away their brains. O, it is wonderful that we should transform ourselves into brutes! To think of this blithe, pretty creature tied for life to this sort; if men are brutes, certainly girls are fools!" and with this comforting reflection he composed himself to sleep.

For a day or two Mrs. Stapleton was too ill to appear at meals or in the saloon; during this time Mr. Greenwood made the acquaintance of the priest, and found to his astonishment one who knew Marion well; it was good Father Sheridan, who had been to his native land to bid adieu to his aged mother, and was now returning to his field of labor; he was evidently glad to hear of Marion that she was homeward bound. Mr. Greenwood expressed the hope that the presence of her former friend and pastor would prove a comfort to her and do her good.

"Ah! she will hardly see her old padre," he replied. "Who would have thought my pet Marion," he said, as if speaking to himself, "would have done as she has?"

"She has repented long ago, in dust and ashes," said Greenwood. "Repented! What do you know of her repentance?" Father Sheridan looked sharply at his young friend as he spoke. The crimson blood suffused his face as he hesitatingly answered, in a low tone, "I have already been called to protect her from her husband's violence."

"You are young, my son, for the position of protector to a married woman against her husband," replied the priest, with a grave smile. "Yes, Father, but I was the only person near with whom she had sufficient acquaintance to ask help in such an emergency." Father Sheridan made no reply, and Harry felt that he had more to say, but deferred it for the present.

In time Marion appeared at the table, pale, dispirited and anxious; seeing from symptoms which she had learned to know and feel keenly, that her husband's daily potations were getting deeper and deeper; what should she do if there were to come a crisis here?

The intimacies of steamboat life in a voyage of any length are proverbial, and Mr. Stapleton had no difficulty in finding several of the half-fellow fraternity, who drank and gambled with him from morning till night. He had wit and good breeding enough to keep these companions from his wife, but he left her to her own way. She evidently avoided Father Sheridan, taking a place at table far removed from his vicinity, neither did he apparently seek her. In the cold days, when the warmth was necessary for his work, Mr. Greenwood would take his portico into the public saloon. Marion would bring her work or a book and sit beside him; these were all the interviews the young people sought with each other, certainly innocent and public enough to satisfy the most exact; but Father Sheridan was not satisfied. On Sunday Mass was said on the forward deck, for the steerage passengers, who were mostly Irish and Germans. Mr. Greenwood urged upon Marion the duty of going forward with him; but she declined, and he went alone. After the Holy Sacrifice, the priest sent for Mr. Greenwood to his stateroom.

"Are you very busy?" he said. "My son, I have a good deed for you to do, if you have the disposition." Harry assured him he was ready for any good work. "Come here, then, tomorrow, bring your tools; they tell me you are a famous architect; why didn't you tell me yourself? I want you to give me a plan of my poor little church of the Good Shepherd, which I mean to have built as soon as I reach Atlabaca, in place of the log house where we now worship; you must come here to sketch it, that I may tell you what I want."

Thus the daily meetings in the saloon were broken up, and Marion was left to herself. The second day Greenwood worked away at his plan, while Father Sheridan said his office; when the priest had laid by his breviary, he came and looked over the work, laying his hand affectionately on the shoulder of the young man. "I have heard your name coupled with Mrs. Stapleton," he said, speaking very low, "banded about in the drinking saloon over their cups, and it must not be. I trust you entirely; you are both innocent in this matter, but Marion's name for her mother's as well as her own sake, must not be spoken lightly. Do you understand me, my son?"

"Perfectly," replied the young man; "I will do your bidding. Give me your blessing, father."

Mr. Stapleton had again succumbed to the influence of his pet vice, and was a terror to all who came near him; and Harry Greenwood, with the approbation of Father Sheridan, watched with him night after night, his wife having been forbidden by the ship's surgeon to come near him. It was in the midst of one of his most fearful nights, when the sick man raved with delirium, that the cry of "icebergs" came from the lookout, and was reverberated through the ship. They were approaching the coast of Newfoundland, the weather had grown intensely cold, and the captain had prophesied the vicinity of these dangerous neighbors; only a moment passed after the cry when the vessel struck, and rebounded like a cork. The night was fearfully thick and dark, and pitiless hail was spreading its chilly covering over every rope and shroud. The first blow had brought the passengers out of their berths; the second brought all who were able to the deck. The madman over whom Mr. Greenwood watched had been wild with terror; two stout men besides himself were required to hold him, but they fled at the first crash, Harry still keeping guard. In the midst of this dreadful consternation above and below, Marion rushed into the state-room where her husband, exhausted by his own violence, was at length prostrate. She was but half-dressed; her hair hanging wildly about, while a cloak had been hastily thrown over her shoulders.

"O, Mr. Greenwood," she cried in terror, "we are lost; the steamer will be crushed, she will go to pieces here, in this wild sea, and I—where shall I go?" She sunk on the floor in utter despair.

"You will seek Father Sheridan," he replied, endeavoring to control his own emotion, "or shall I bring him here?"

"He will not come to me; he knows how I have avoided him. O, will he?" she exclaimed, raising her eyes imploringly.

Mr. Greenwood waited only to assure himself that the opiates he had been all night administering to the brutalized husband had taken effect, before he went out to seek comfort and help for the wife, who seemed almost frantic with mental anguish. He found the priest in the least frequented corner of the forward deck, vested in his priestly stole, calmly listening to the confessions of the terror-stricken emigrants, who crowded about him as their protector. Till now Harry had not realized the extent of their danger; but before him, around him, and above him, were mountains of ice, whose frowning towers and battlements ranged far above the ship on every side. The large steamer, with its ribs of iron, was like an egg-shell in the grasp of a giant; only one tight clasp of those terrific fingers was necessary to crush her to atoms. Prayers and oaths, cries and groans were all about him, but he was calm with an unnatural calmness; he thought of his brother Ernest, and the sea where his bones lay hidden, and then his own past life stood out before him, not by act, in letters of fire. Father Sheridan beckoned to him, and he knelt to his confessor; never before had life seemed to him worth half so much, when a few moments were so precious in his preparation for eternity. When he rose from his knees, he whispered his message to the priest.

"I will go, my son; I have done what I can for these poor children; stay with them and comfort them," at the same time putting the beads which he held into his hand. Harry understood his mission, and as he led the devotees of those simple, earnest souls, they certainly did not doubt that the dear Jesus whose holy name was so often on their lips was near to help them, and that the Blessed Mother, in her love and pity, was praying for them. In the course of an hour Father Sheridan came again among his poor people, supporting Marion, who was deeply veiled; there he instructed his little flock with thoughts that came home to their needy souls, and manifested their effect in the growing calmness and quiet which prevailed amongst them. Wearisome were the night hours, the more wearisome that there was nothing to do; no earthly power could help them, no effort of their own could make or mar their fate. Bonds were useless, no completely were they enveloped in the ice, but every boat belonging to the steamer was unshackled and ready for use. The gray of morning came at last; the first light displayed the rugged peaks of bare blue ice jutting high in the air; the wheels of the steamer were immovable, and the only motion was to toss about and float along with these terrific companions; any moment they might turn over by their own weight, and engulf all the human lives and hopes with which that proud vessel was freighted. The sun rose bright and clear, defining imaginary castles, parapets and forts among the glistening peaks; at that hour Father Sheridan offered the Holy Sacrifice for himself and his faithful company, and Marion for the first time since her unprincipled marriage, received the Bread of Life. The continued sight of danger which at first vivified the soul with horror, by familiarity becomes less and less fearful, till hope, the last thing to die from the human heart, revives, takes courage and drives out despair. All day those floating glaciers held them as with grappling hooks; the men sauntered down to the cabin where the women and children had been driven by the extreme cold; another night of dread suspense and

little rest, but toward the dawning of the next day the fearful suspense gave way to sudden relief; the paddle wheels began to move slowly and with the first glimmer of light came the passengers to the deck; there was no ice to be seen except on the borders of the horizon; God had sent His angel and delivered them. How many of the yows made in those hours of panic were remembrance and paid, when the sun of life again shone brightly and the waves ran smoothly? The vessel had been somewhat damaged, but not so as to impede her progress, and the remaining days went by without adventure. The remembrance of that horrible night had so wrought upon Marion, that she was not able again to assemble with the ship's company, but she was not neglected. Father Sheridan, with his inextinguishable fund of kindness and good sense, cheered her lonely hours, rousing her by his counsel, to look at her future calmly, patiently, and with hope.

CHAPTER XXX THE QUEEN OF HEARTS

Mr. Stapleton had given his agent warning of his return, and a fine house elegantly furnished, in the most eligible part of the city, had been made ready for the reception of himself and wife. To Father Sheridan and Mr. Greenwood he urged the acceptance of his invitation to make his house their headquarters, but both the gentlemen had made other arrangements.

Mr. Greenwood was bound first of all to his sister; death had broken up all his home, and Dora had been for two years in a religious house, but he had determined to see her at once. He chided himself that between this determination came a desire not to leave the city without going to Colonel Hartland's. His correspondence with the Doctor had been quite regular, but he had not answered his last letter or announced his probable arrival, an opportunity to be the architect of one of the finest Catholic Churches in the country, commencing to him through Father Roberts had brought him home six months sooner than he expected; his three years wanted that time to their expiration, but he was glad to return—"we cannot say that the splendid opening for his business alone attracted him."

The soil of travel removed, he made his way at once to Colonel Hartland's. The servant looked blank as he inquired at the door for the ladies, and replied very gravely, that "Miss Benton was within." He was startled when a slight figure appeared in the drawing-room, dressed in deep black, and for a moment he was unable to speak. What might have happened to his dear friends even in the short time he had not heard from them! A few words, however, served to relieve his suspense, for Rosine seeing his embarrassment, explained that Mrs. Hartland had passed away very suddenly, leaving the household without a head. Two years had not changed Rosine materially, and young Greenwood found his early predilections returning in full force; he had seen nothing like her in his absence, and he knew now, what he had felt before, acknowledged even to himself, that here was the pole-star that had guided him in his wanderings, and made him so unimpressible by all the style and beauty he had met abroad. They had many subjects of mutual interest—Dora and her chosen path, and Marion and her choice. Rosine's feelings were a mingling of shame, sorrow, and somewhat of a sister's tenderness, when she learned that Mrs. Stapleton had really returned; so many times had she sent her prayers for her coming, without fulfilling the promise, that she had learned to think she would never revisit her native land. The conversation did not once flag during that long afternoon; Harry seemed to have forgotten that there was any other world than that contained between those four walls. He had proposed to himself to take the evening train to Philadelphia, and from thence south, to the city where he hoped to find his sister; but the angel was on him, and the evening shades gathered as Rosine listened while he told his adventures, his trials and pleasures, with the many thoughts of fatherland, that sweetened his sometimes arduous labors. She seemed to have forgotten her position as housekeeper, forgotten the last look at the dining-table before the coming of the Colonel and Ned, and had given no orders about the dessert. Dr. Hartland's step in the hall aroused them, and Mr. Greenwood arose to go, while Rosine urged his remaining to dinner; thus they stood when Ned entered. Having seen the arrival in the paper, he had hastened home, eager to be the first to bring the news to Rosine.

"So you've forestalled me again, Harry," he exclaimed; "and finished all the matters, and told the whole story," he added, taking the young man cordially by the hand. "Rosine, that gentleman, I see, is bound to get the better of me. Going? no, not yet; don't talk of such a thing. Philadelphia!" he continued, pointing to the clock, "there is no other train, and we have you for the night. So you came over with Tom Stapleton and his wife. Why did you put yourself in such a mess?"

"The company was not particularly of my seeking," replied the young man; "I had not seen them for several months until I met them on board the steamer very unexpectedly."

"Another Kennington tradition was that the men always married money. Old Augustus had sloped with the heiress to miles of rich Virginia land. His descendants—those who married—had to a man taken brides of wealth. Hilary's mother had been the daughter of a famous Chicago millionaire. No one could say that his own wife was a poor woman. However, she had brought him much less than a million, which, for the times, was a bit below the family standard. It was also a tradition that a Kennington invariably married a convert. Again, this began with the original member, for Augustus had converted his Huguenot sweetheart to the true Faith before their marriage. Her guardian violently objecting, she had run away to be united to the man and the religion of her choice. So, likewise, when any succeeding Kennington became engaged to a Protestant girl—there were no Catholics of wealth or position for them to associate with—that young woman was straightway received into the Church. Belinda Rhea was a Protestant when first she met Hilary Kennington. She joined the Church just before their marriage. But you'll know in a moment that this tradition, also, was modified. The heir to all these traditions, little Sixtus Kennington, was listening to a story of St. Xavier which his mother was reading to him, when his father entered the room. Hilary sat down and watched his son. The boy, capt of face, was drinking in the sweetly pious legend, Hilary frowned. He glanced at the library's walls, where in their mahogany frames his oil-dome ancestors looked down on the room, toward the splendor of which each had contributed his share. As his wife continued the story, her voice, low and soft, thrilling approvingly, he coughed and interrupted.

"And so you've come home," continued the Doctor, "to take the responsibility of the splendid church that is to be on—Street. I saw Father Roberts yesterday; he told me of this piece of your good luck, and I asked him of another piece of news I heard in my travels, but one might as well sound the ocean. I heard Laura was thinking of taking the veil; it is a pity she hadn't taken it long ago."

"There can be no truth in that story," replied Rosine, in a very dignified manner. "You see how she shuts me up, Harry. Well, here's the Colonel, and now we'll go to dinner."

Colonel Hartland received Mr. Greenwood in his old, cordial, kindly manner, but the more than two years had not passed as lightly over him as the others; his hair and beard were silver, he was graver and more quiet, just as tender and fatherly towards Rosine, but not so full of life and vivacity. The conversation turned on Captain Hartland.

"Ah, you'll hardly know Aleck," said the father, shaking his head sadly; "he lives between here and Hawthorndean, restless, unsettled, unhappy; there are only two people who give him any comfort—Rosa and her mother."

"It all comes of marriage," said the Doctor, savagely; "cursed marriage—don't you have any thing to do with it, Harry?"

"Indeed, Ned, I don't agree with you," replied Greenwood; "I don't call that a true marriage." "True marriage—fudge!" retorted the Doctor, pettishly. "Show me one thoroughly happy couple; now I pin you down to it, show me this *para avis*."

TO BE CONTINUED

A CONVERT'S FAITH

By Francis Nessey in Rosary Magazine

I should advise you not to read this story if you aren't a fervent Christian. If you look a real, thorough, genuine faith in the power of prayer my tale will probably only bore you. You will doubtless shake your head disgustedly and cry out—if you read and are lukewarm—"Why in the world does a Catholic magazine always have to drag this impossible religious element into its fiction?"

On the other hand, if you really believe what you profess, what is here related must strike you as true to life and, mayhap, interesting. It might have been said of Hilary Kennington that he fulfilled the traditions of his family in a modified way. Though the House of Kennington was an old and distinguished one—indeed, one of the most distinguished in the nation and among the oldest in the State—and so had a great variety of traditions, Hilary, the present reigning head, kept them all—in an attenuated form, as I have stated.

The first and most honored tradition was that of loyalty and devotion to the Church. Augustus Kennington, the family's founder, had brought this love out of that sanctuary of Catholicity—Ireland—when as a mercenary he had left to fight under Jack Barry for the struggling Colonies. When the War had ended and he had become a trader and a settler, ranging far out into the wilds, away for months from priest and church and all his kind, his love for the Faith had burned undimmed.

Among the family's most treasured possessions is the letter he wrote describing his trip of a thousand miles to make his Easter duty. After he had tired of his roving life and had set up a tenancy in the newly-formed territory beyond the Ohio, and a little town had sprung up around it, he had named the place St. Blaise—for on the third of February he had turned the initial spade of earth.

He had donated the land for the now thriving city's first church. Two of the sons entered the priesthood, one to become the diocese's first bishop. Each of his children was named after the saint on whose feast day he was born. His eldest son, Basil Kennington, had furnished the funds for the erection of the State's first Catholic college—to which the men of each succeeding generation of the family had gone. And all had come out and remained model exemplars of their religion.

Hilary Kennington was a Catholic. Nobody could deny it. He attended Mass every Sunday, received Communion each Christmas and Easter. He contributed to the support of his parish and to Catholic charities, too. But the pastor could not get him to join the Holy Name Society; he never was present at Benediction; he would not fast during Lent; he—well, you shall see how much he modified his fulfillment of this tradition.

The second great family tradition was leadership in public affairs. Augustus Kennington had been St. Blaise's first mayor and a representative in the State's first legislature. His son, Basil had sat in Congress for six terms. The latter's son, Vincent, had also been sent to Washington. Hilary's father had been a general, a congressman and a United States ambassador.

Hilary himself was the acknowledged leader of his party in the county; but he had been twice defeated for Congress and had announced that he would not again be a candidate for office. He followed the tradition of leadership; but he did not lead very far. Another Kennington tradition was

that the men always married money. Old Augustus had sloped with the heiress to miles of rich Virginia land. His descendants—those who married—had to a man taken brides of wealth. Hilary's mother had been the daughter of a famous Chicago millionaire. No one could say that his own wife was a poor woman. However, she had brought him much less than a million, which, for the times, was a bit below the family standard. It was also a tradition that a Kennington invariably married a convert. Again, this began with the original member, for Augustus had converted his Huguenot sweetheart to the true Faith before their marriage. Her guardian violently objecting, she had run away to be united to the man and the religion of her choice. So, likewise, when any succeeding Kennington became engaged to a Protestant girl—there were no Catholics of wealth or position for them to associate with—that young woman was straightway received into the Church. Belinda Rhea was a Protestant when first she met Hilary Kennington. She joined the Church just before their marriage. But you'll know in a moment that this tradition, also, was modified.

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"I beg your pardon, Linda, but I wish to speak to you. Please call Miss Kernan."

When the governess had taken Sixtus away, Hilary turned on his wife, putting down the cigarette he had just lighted.

"Really, my dear, I wish you'd stop reading that kind of stuff to the boy. You're shaping him straight for the cloister."

His wife looked at him in amazement. "Other Kenningtons have become monks," was all she could think to say.

"Never the hair; never the only son." Balinda recovered from her surprise.

"Why, Hilary Kennington! In the name of all that is sane, what possesses you? Do you mean to say you protest against your son hearing little stories about the saints? Tell me, what kind of a Catholic are you?"

"A born one," he answered quickly, maliciously. "There was nothing famous about his wife. She blazed at him now."

"You think I joined the Church just so I could marry you, don't you? Well, you're mistaken. I had resolved to become a Catholic before I ever met you." Woman-like, she rushed back to her grievance before he could make a comment.

"What do you want your boy to read? You, who call yourself a born Catholic—imagine, you keeping the stories of the saints away from your son. You, who boast of your family's devotion to the Church—think of it! Reading the thought of your son entering its priesthood! What do you want the child to become?"

"I should like him to develop into a better business man than his father is," was Hilary's response, so bitter and full of meaning that Balinda started, her face paling.

"Hil!" she cried. "You haven't had reverses again?"

"Again, and worse than before," he returned. "I came in to suggest that we plan retrenchments."

"But I can't believe you are forced into such straits! I thought your mother left you millions?"

"Just four. You must remember she was only one of seven heirs and she gave away a lot of what she did inherit."

"Four millions," said Hilary, don't carry you very far if you get them tied up in big investments which fail. I dropped one cool one in that Mexican oil fizzle. Half of another got away when Bender's new silica process proved itself impracticable. He was a St. Blaise man, Bender was, and I felt compelled to back him. I believed in his process, besides. I thought it was going to be a big thing for the town—and, you know, with my traditions I ought to have the welfare of St. Blaise at heart more than any one else."

"Yes, Hil," Balinda said; "I know." Her resentment had vanished; gravely sympathetic, she took a chair by her husband's side. He continued. "It was with this same feeling that I got behind the movement to bring the Levisthan Motor Truck company here. It's here, thanks to my money—and the trucks aren't selling." He stopped abruptly, lit a fresh cigarette, then gazed up at the serene countenance of his great-grandfather.

half easily," said Belinda, quick to acquiesce.

"That wouldn't help much; you were never extravagant about your clothes. We might, however, cut in half what we've been giving to the Church. Our gifts amounted to over \$10,000 last year."

"No," rejoined Belinda in a decided voice. "No, Hil! that is no way to retrench—to start with God's money. Let us give more to the Church than ever, and perhaps God will reward us so all our worries will end. Sixtus and I will make a novena to St. Xavier that the motor company may find itself."

"Oh, you make me sick!" exclaimed Hilary, the born Catholic; and he left the room in high ducegnon.

One month later the Levisthan Motor Truck company secured a \$3,000,000 war contract. Hilary scoffed at his convert wife's contention that prayer had anything to do with it. Nevertheless, he did not object when she doubled their yearly gifts to the Church.

HOW TO BE HAPPY

Austin O'Malley, M. D., in America

If we do not aspire to happiness in the reality of good, we wallow in it in the sham of evil. The acquisition of happiness causes joy and peace, the failure to gain it brings sadness. Gladness and peace are good, sadness is evil, except in honorable regret, or in the charitable sadness of sympathy. Order, virtue, grace, sanctity, and heaven are glad and peaceful, as God is; hell is sad and disturbed. Paganism and heresy finally sink into confirmed sadness. Christianity is glad and peaceful. After the winter of paganism and heresy comes death, after the winter of Christianity comes the spring when God writes anew His Book of Genesis. Gladness and peace are duties; irrational sadness is sin.

The Church is never sad. The introits of every Mass from Advent to Advent are invariably expressions of serene confidence, joy, or even exultation. Only a generation ago, however, there was a taint of sadness in the sermons and prayers of English-speaking Catholics. They received their religion from Ireland, and not a few Irish priests at that time were purlined with a Jansenistic ophthalmia caught in French seminaries, or from teachers like De la Hogue in Maynooth. They whined perpetually about "this vale of tears." The children they taught to read books like Furness' "Tracts," and as a result these innocents at night saw damned souls searing startling confessions into bedroom furniture with hot index fingers. The liturgy went to Communion once or twice a year because they were "so unworthy"; as if anyone, even the Blessed Virgin, could be really worthy. They gave first Communion to boys with their first razors, and to girls when their warts about to put up their hair. Women were an invention of the devil, anyhow, like physical science. The mission bands always had a man who was a specialist in raising hell to our imaginations, and he had much to say about a steel ball the size of the earth which an ant had to wear into buck shot by pedalic attrition before hell even started broiling in your case. Religion and salvation were largely a matter of sitting on the chimney of Topknot. The only attribute God had in those absurd, tedious days was justice. They mentioned His mercy through more politeness. Even the literature we read was either thoughtless or sad. As we no longer read the old literature we escape much of the melancholy that came from that phase of human activity. We confine our reading now to newspaper, which are filled with the north wind, and they cause only mental colic.

We must seek happiness. Happiness is the satisfying of our desires, but the sufficient good that saves human longing is the Infinite Good. To be happy we must be united with God. Obviously the only method of possessing the Infinite God is through mental union in undisturbable contemplation of His necessary being, truth, goodness, beauty and other attributes. If perfect happiness is not in that possession, in what can it be? Is it in human fame, honor, riches, science, art, man, woman, child? None of these can give lasting happiness, and no other happiness is genuine. Secure permanence is essential to happiness.

Natural glory is Pantagruel's *Chimera bombinans in vacuo*. Run through the instances: every successful general from Cyrus to Poch has been vilified by his own people before the peace treaty had been put into effect; the abject poverty in riches is shown by the puff balls about which fortune shovels the mulch of money; social prominence is a success of snobbery; crowning a lifetime of toil the university makes you a Doctor of Laws, commonly with your own connivance, tops your hollow resonance with a sheepskin as a savage covers his tomboy, and your own family forgets this decoration in a month. After you have licked absurd pomp with candied tongue, and crooked the pregnant hinges of the knee where thrift may follow fawning, you are dubbed a Knight. This ascent gives you the privilege on rare occasions of decking your old legs in incandescent pantaloons, like a meditative flamingo, but there is scant consolation in that when you have paid for the trousers in these days. Multiply these examples as you will, they all shake down to the childish flummery of a Pythian parade. As a matter of commonsense, then, it is better to seek happi-

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