

AMBITION'S CONTEST

BY CHRISTINE FABER

CHAPTER XXVI

HOME AT LAST

Very different was this return voyage to the journey abroad made by the brother and sister, nearly ten years before. Then, Howard's unbroken ambition would listen to no truth which did not advocate its own headlong course; now, his humility craved nothing but to do his Master's will. Then, his intellect would suffer no restraint; now, his faith burned but to submit to the decrees of a Divine Authority. Then, his impatience, and his proud bearing, were alike conspicuous; now, his gentleness, and the winning sweetness of his manner touched and charmed all with whom he came in contact. Then, he would listen to no moralizing, no religious topic; now, of his own accord, he paced the deck on long, bright evenings with Ellen, he poured forth the beautiful sentiments of a heart which had pledged itself to Heaven. His sister felt her secret sorrow soothed while she listened, and she would willingly have borne a far greater grief for such a reward as this. Howard had not once, after her refusal to see Malverton, on the day of sailing, referred to that unhappy subject. Evidently, he deemed her resolution unalterable, and he would not again pain her by an allusion which could effect little good; perchance, too, he was content to leave the affair to time, that unraveller of most mysteries.

Anne Flanagan, also, was actuated by very different feelings on this return voyage. Under the magic power of Dick's tender attentions—when he could bestow such without attracting observation—every vestige of unholy and unhappy sentiments were fast disappearing. She could even think of Mrs. Courtney with a feeling akin to the real affection which Ellen had long ago won from her—the vacuum in her heart was filled, and the womanly traits in her character came out as they had never done before, till, even in her very appearance, the change was visible; the harsh lines in her countenance seemed to have softened—the expression of her face to have become less repellent.

Vivid, warm sunshine welcomed the return of the brother and sister to the shores of home—rain and gloom, as if to prognosticate the agitation and trouble which should mark their tour abroad, had been accompaniments of their departure—but an unclouded sky looked down upon their arrival.

Some one of the annoying circumstances which occur to stay the steps of travellers, prevented Howard and Ellen from landing as immediately as they could wish, and the Courtney carriage was obliged to wait for hours. Mrs. Courtney was not within it. Severe as was the trial of her impatience, her solicitude, her burning affection, she would not main to receive her children's first embrace in her own home, rather than expose a meeting, which to her, at least, would have so sacred a character, to the public gaze. During the long hours of suspense she feverishly alternated from one window to the other, as if the very intensity of her desire must make the welcome sight appear.

The carriage rolled up the street at last. It stopped before the door, and Mrs. Courtney rushed into the hall; but her trembling feet would not bear her further, and, faint and dizzy, she grasped the balustrade for support. The massive door opened; her vision was too blurred to discern more than the outlines of forms coming quickly in, but in another instant there was a sharp, sudden cry:

"Mother! mother!" and her son—her returned prodigal—was in her arms. Closely, closely she folded him; the dignity of his manhood, the sacredness of his profession, were forgotten; the lapse of those long, horrible years—beaten over her head, was her boy, her delicate darling, as he used to be in the long ago, and her very heart seemed to gush forth in the sob in which her pant-up feelings at last gave way. No eyes of the little group that looked upon the scene were dry. Howard's tears mingled with his mother's; Ellen, waiting the embrace for which her heart panted, sobbed in the plenitude of her exquisite joy; while Anne Flanagan was crying vigorously, and even Dick, not ashamed of the unmanly emotion, his handkerchief pressed to his eyes.

Maternal instinct reminded Mrs. Courtney of the other dear one; and she released Howard, to fold to her breast patient, faithful, heroic Ellen.

"Nobly, nobly, my darling, you have done your work," she murmured. "Never has pledge been more sacredly fulfilled—never reward been more nobly won."

When she turned to Anne Flanagan, instead of the mere warm clasp of hands, which the latter had alone expected, Mrs. Courtney bestowed a warm and lingering embrace.

"You have been as a mother to Ellen, Anne," she said, "and I have loved you for it."

The very last trace of aught approaching to the old hate and rancor for Mary Ashland died then out of Anne Flanagan's heart. At last, she loved Allen Courtney's wife.

Then Howard presented Dick to his mother. She warmly greeted the faithful fellow—in whom she no more recognized Owen Renshaw, one of her father's servants, than Anne her-

self had formerly done. After that, Anne and Dick retired below, where a fresh welcome awaited the former, and Mrs. Courtney turned, with her children, to the parlor, where she might note more fondly and lingeringly the changes which time had effected in Howard and Ellen. When her fond solicitude had quite satisfied itself, and her equally fond pride was gratified by the handsome, manly appearance of her son, the delicate and graceful beauty of her daughter, she consented to Howard's request to receive, without further delay, the welcome of the servants, going herself below to ascertain if all the domestics were in the servant's hall. They were all there, flushed with the happy excitement of Anne Flanagan's return, and with the novelty of making a "greenhorn," as Dick was considered, cordially as home among them.

A respectful silence took the place of their joyful clamor, when they learned that the young master of the house was coming to receive their welcome, and they hastened to obey O'Connor's directions. The old man's notion of the reception which should be accorded Howard, was the old-fashioned one of having the servants drawn up in line, in such a manner as Mrs. Courtney, when a bride, had been received by her husband's domestics, and, trembling with the excitement and joy of so soon meeting his young master, he proceeded to arrange his fellow help.

"Did I ever think I'd live to see this day?" he said, as he placed himself at the head of the line. Swiftly Howard came down the stairs followed by the equally swift steps of his sister and mother. He paused when he saw the line of domestics.

O'Connor advanced, trying to speak the words of welcome he had hastily conned, but ere he could open his lips, the young priest threw his arms around his neck.

"My dear old friend! Once I dared to raise my hand to you—once I dared to give you the first insult you had ever received from the Courtneys—thus I atone for it; thus I beg your forgiveness."

He pressed his lips long and tenderly to the old man's cheek.

Astounded, delighted O'Connor! To be thus publicly honored—to have the arms of a priest about him, was all too much for his overflowing heart, and his happy tears gushed forth. There were few of the servants who were not affected, and tears mingled with the smiles which they received his cordial replies to their own warm salutations when, having released O'Connor, Howard shook hands with and addressed each in turn. Then followed Ellen's warm greeting, and rarely did an evening close on happier hearts than those which beat in that old homestead on the Battery.

The first night at home—that first night amid scenes which seemed to the returned wanderer so old, yet so singularly new; so strange, yet so fondly familiar—with what memories, what emotions were not its hours filled. Howard, in the room of his boyhood, to which his mother and sister had fondly accompanied him, felt a rush of emotion which he could scarcely control. The surroundings were the same as when his eyes last rested upon them; the orreries, the mounted stands, the cabinet of minerals, the crayon drawings, all were in their old positions, all were aglow with the old, old thoughts. Vividly he saw himself, the ambitions boy whose mind would comprehend all truths, rejecting those his reason could not grasp; but it was in the softened lights of his own changed heart, of his sacred profession, that he beheld the regretted and he turned, when his agitated soul would fain have poured itself out in new thankfulness for having been saved from the ruin of such a course, to press, as he used in his boyish days, the hands of his mother and sister, and to look, with glances of a love that could scarcely satisfy itself, into the dear faces of both.

They left him, when Mrs. Courtney's maternal solicitude was satisfied that every arrangement for his comfort had been made, and even then mother and son were loath to part—lingering over their good night caresses as if both feared the vanishing of a happiness which seemed too perfect to last.

Then the mother's fond anxiety could not content itself without being as affectionately busy in Ellen's room as it had been in Howard's—her loving fingers found so many little last touches to give, for her joy was restless from its very intensity. With fond consideration, fearing the result of over-fatigue for her daughter, she urged the latter to retire, but she slumber was far from Ellen's eyes. She sought her mother to remain and Mrs. Courtney, only too eager to prolong the sweet converse, granted the request, so mother and daughter continued the loving interchange of all that concerned them so dearly.

Mrs. Courtney drew much from the gentle girl of the troubles which had marked the latter's life abroad, but there was one thing she failed to discover in the place which Malverton Grosvenor occupied in Ellen's affections, and the cruel pledge which she had been forced to give his father. Though Ellen answered all her mother's questions pertaining to the kindness of Malverton, and his wonderful conversion, she betrayed neither by sign nor word her own burning, unhappy secret.

"The dear, kind boy!" Mrs. Courtney murmured, forgetting that Malverton, like Howard, had left his boyhood forever. "When Howard and you write to him, as of course you will do frequently, you will press him to come over that I may also

have an opportunity of thanking him."

Ellen bowed her head; she could not trust the expression of her face then.

Mrs. Courtney seemed agitated by some singular emotion. One moment she looked into her daughter's face with an expression which seemed to bespeak the forthcoming of some strange communication; and the next she withdrew her gaze, and even dropped her eyes, as if to discountenance the idea, if any such had been entertained.

Two or three times she had acted in this manner, and Ellen showed by the look in her eyes that she wondered a little at the strange proceeding. Then Mrs. Courtney, as if some impulse stronger than the others had conquered, threw her arms around her daughter's neck, and cried:

"O Ellen! I cannot wait longer. I must tell you, now, my unhappy story."

CHAPTER XXVII

THE MYSTERY UNRAVELLED

Mrs. Courtney withdrew her arms from her daughter's neck, and pushed her chair slightly back, as if her self-imposed task was one which could not be performed amid the soft blandishments of affection.

"Long since," she began, "you have heard me tell sufficient about my early girlhood to know that it was a peculiarly bright and happy one. The only child of a widowed father, I was surrounded by every indulgence which his affection could suggest, and his wealth procure. He enriched my mind from his own varied store of learning; he placed the advantages and the delights of travel at my disposal, and he surrounded me with select and charming society. Judge how intense, how wild, must have been my affection for such a father. When I was in my eighteenth year, some young friends came over from England to spend the summer at Ashland Manor. Lady Grosvenor, then unmarried and simply the honorable Miss Dudley, was one of the party. There was an American gentleman among them whom I had never met. He was a relative of one of my father's best friends, which was sufficient to make him cordially welcome. Handsome, courteous, possessing remarkable mental endowments, and having the rare faculty of causing his society to impart a charm to any assembly, he soon became the sought for and idolized of our party.

"He paid me the most delicate and flattering attentions, and I, whose heart had never before held any image save my father's, was powerless to resist the attraction of this graceful and fascinating man. Almost before I was aware how deeply my affections were involved, I was receiving from him a declaration of love. I urged him to inform my father of his regard for me, but he craved a longer delay, saying a proposal for my hand at such a time would be unseemly and abrupt. I accepted his excuse, but afterwards I knew the true reasons; he had read what I had failed to perceive—that my father, while he would not commit the slightest violation of the rules of hospitality, while he would not, fearing to be guilty of such, even prohibit my cordiality of manner to the stranger, had conceived some peculiar dislike or distrust of him, and for that reason my lover feared his suit would meet little favor. So our regard for each other was maintained a profound secret.

"One day this gentleman to whom I had pledged my girlish affections announced his intended departure. He was going to England, where he had left his brother, whom he described as a reserved, taciturn man, whose chief delight consisted in travel, and poring over Latin works relative to some dreamy notion which he had of some time entering the Church, and who, because of that same taciturnity and distaste for gay society, had refused the invitation which had been equally extended to him to visit Ashland Manor. I besought my lover to defer his departure and to urge his brother to accept our invitations, my father's and mine, to visit Ireland. He yielded to my entreaties, and his brother consented to come, writing that, sending his baggage ahead, he would take a circuitous route and travel slowly in order to see the country. Some of the gay party, with whom my lover was already on terms of warm friendship, urged him, as his brother intended to make so long a delay, to accompany them on a shooting expedition into Scotland. I did not seek to dissuade him from that journey, knowing that he would speedily return to us, and he took his departure with a promise of frequent correspondence. His brother arrived at the Manor after a delay longer than even we had anticipated, but the delay had been occasioned by illness. He was, as he had been described, grave and reserved—almost too grave at first; but soon his society exerted such a charm as even my lover's had never done. There was an irresistible attraction about his manner, and even his voice, while the very dignity of his appearance, so unusual to one of his age—he was but twenty-three—seemed to enhance his remarkable personal beauty. My father was charmed with him, and he frequently spoke of him to me as an extraordinary young man, and one of whom any parent might be proud.

"Our gay company had all gone, and there was ample opportunity in which to note the character of our guest. His courtesy to me was more delicate than his brother's had been, while it was equally flattering,

and, alas for the honor of the mother whom you so highly esteem, my Ellen, I felt myself a second time yielding my heart to another. I struggled against the feeling; I wrote more passionate and more tender letters to my own plighted lover, and I shut myself away from this second attraction till my father reproached my want of courtesy. One day he called me to his room and told me, with every evidence of joy and satisfaction, that our guest had sought from him permission to endeavor to win my heart. I grew cold and hot in the same moment; my soul thrilled with delight at the announcement, but my heart sank at the thought of the pledge I had already given. I dared not tell my father—it was the first secret I had ever kept from him; the first thing I had ever done without his permission, and I shrank sickeningly from the keen and bitter reproach which the telling of it now would entail. I remained silent, trusting that my lover would soon return, when his clear vision would assist me out of my difficulty, and in my next letter I urged him to come back. I did not tell him the cause of my sudden anxiety for his return, for it seemed if I mentioned it at all that honor would demand of me to tell the whole truth—how my affections were a second time involved. Deeming it but the impatience of affection, he answered playfully that he could not come just yet; not till the sport was over.

"My father became suddenly ill—we thought him dying. He himself supposed such to be the case, and he placed my hand in that of our guest, requesting that as soon after his death as possible our marriage should take place; and I did not withdraw my hand—I did not tell of my former pledge. O Ellen! your pure soul can have no conception of what I suffered then, for I, wildly, madly loved Allan Courtney—I, who was already betrothed to his brother. But my father rallied, and, fearing another attack which would probably prove fatal, and leave me sadly unprotected, he urged that preparations should be begun for the wedding. Allan warmly seconded the request, and I, alas! I—sacrificing my honor and my truth—consented. The anguish I suffered made it difficult for me to maintain a cheerful manner—to assume in my new lover's presence the demeanor he would naturally wish to see, and so at times, though my heart yearned to be otherwise, I was distant and almost cold. I received news that my first lover was returning. In my desperation I could think of one course to pursue—to meet him upon his arrival, and before he could learn anything from other lips, tell him what occurred, and throw myself on his generosity. If he should insist on the fulfillment of the troth I had pledged him, then would I make it his task to break to my father and his brother the true state of affairs. If, on the contrary, he should not insist upon such a fulfillment, but, through revenge or any other feeling, he would inform his brother of the wretched course I had pursued, then I would brave it all, and afterwards I would myself inform my father, and oh how I hoped, how I prayed that he would be generous enough not to mar my happiness.

"I met him when he came, and in tears and anguish I confessed my miserable state—never shall I forget the expression of his face when he comprehended it all—the tones of his voice as he said: 'So my saint-like brother has robbed me to enrich himself. Fear not, Mary Ashland, no word of mine shall prevent your marriage to this model brother. Oh, no! I shall be more honorable than you have been.'

"I was stung by the taunt in the last part of the remark; but since I had his word not to interfere, I was satisfied, and I tried to stifle every other feeling save that of joy at my approaching nuptials. One day, Allan hearing me regret the departure of a favorite maid, spoke to me of a girl who had been singularly kind to him in some illness with which he had been attacked when on his way to the Manor, and requested me to give her the vacant place. I consented, and there came in response to his letter, she who has been with us so long—Anne Flanagan."

Ellen gave an involuntary start—remembering distinctly every word of the secret confidence which Anne had once poured into her ears, she knew now that it was her father to whom the woman had been so unhappily attached, her mother for whom she had entertained so protracted and so bitter a dislike—but Mrs. Courtney, having her gaze directed towards the floor did not perceive the motion, and she rapidly continued:

"Because of the kindness which he said this girl had rendered him, because of the very gratitude he bore her, I was disposed to advance her almost to the footing of a companion. She was intelligent, better educated than most of her class, and I pitied her for the seeming desolation of her life. My marriage took place—but to whom I had been so false, witnessing it with a better grace than I expected; and my gratitude to him, for having so nobly refrained from doing aught to mar my happiness, knew no bounds. When I gave him the sister's salute which he demanded, it was with my whole grateful heart I threw my arms around his neck and kissed him."

TO BE CONTINUED

Though you think all the world's a stage, learn to act well your part.

PEGGY OF THE MODELS

By Eileen Moore

When Ann of the notion counter was promoted to be a clerk in the office of the great dry goods emporium she was justly elated. She had worked hard to attain this eminence. After long days of work in her department she had taken a course in stenography and typewriting at a business school. In six months she had become fairly proficient, and now the opportunity had arrived. It meant more salary, a more dignified position and shorter hours. It was quite by accident that she got the position. Another girl had been engaged, but had been taken ill. Ann had offered to fill her place temporarily and had done her work so well that when the girl returned Ann was kept on in the office.

It was characteristic of Ann that she should drop into a church that same evening and there before the Blessed Sacrament return thanks for her promotion. As she was leaving she saw a young girl, in tears, kneeling before the altar. There was a despairing look on her face and her hands were tightly clasped. Ann noticed that they were white and delicately formed. The girl had beauty of a refined type; her eyes were blue, and her hair had a golden glint. She was neatly clad in a white vandyke collar, with a white Vandyke collar. All this Ann took in at a glance. She felt a strong impulse to speak, to whisper a word of comfort, and only the natural reticence which forbids intrusion on the private grief of another restrained her. She lingered in the vestibule until the girl came out, hoping for a chance to draw her into conversation. What she saw there she could help her in any way. She had not long to wait. Soon the girl appeared, making no effort to hide her tear-stained face as she dipped her hand in the holy water font and made the sign of the cross. Ann could restrain herself no longer. "Can you tell me," she asked, "whether confessions will be heard tonight?" It was an innocent device to draw the stranger into conversation—one that Ann had successfully practised many times.

The girl raised her swimming eyes to Ann's face. What she saw there reassured her. "I don't know," she faltered. "I am a stranger here. I only dropped in for a moment in passing."

"That is a habit of mine," said Ann briskly. "I never can pass a church; something seems to pull me in. I always feel better afterwards. It was a visit of thanksgiving this time. I got good news today and it made me so happy I simply had to return thanks."

"And I," said the young girl sadly, "had bad news, and I came in here to ask strength to bear it. I lost my position today, and I feel that there is not much chance of getting another for some time, and—and—" she burst into tears. "I haven't a penny in the world, and this week's salary is gone. I owe half of it already. I am alone here—a stranger in New York."

"Poor kid," said Ann sympathetically. "It seems as if I were sent to help you out. Let us walk home together. What's your name?"

"Margaret O'Donnell; but my friends call me Peggy, for short. The ghost of a smile played round her pretty lips.

"And mine," said Ann, "is Ann Tumulty. I work in Price and Walker's, the big emporium. What is your line? Perhaps I may be able to help you to get a job."

"Oh, if you would!" said the young girl, her eyes beginning to sparkle. "I would call it an answer to my prayer. I am a model for cloaks and suits. I was discharged yesterday from L. C. Goodbody's for being late for work. I had a fainting spell in the morning—it happened—so I guess they wouldn't stand for it again."

"Guess you hadn't had any breakfast," said Ann laconically—"waiting on your pay envelope. I have been through it, I know the ropes. Fainting spells can always be accounted for. You were saving the money for something else."

"Yes," said the young girl, "that's it! I buried my aunt five weeks ago, and there were some debts to be paid off. She was the only relative I had in New York. I came from Connecticut six months ago. I had always longed to live in New York. My mother didn't want me to come here—I am too proud to let her know the straits I am in. Besides, she is not well off. I thought to send money home, but have not yet been able to send a cent."

"Cheer up, kid," cried Ann, as she noticed the blue eyes suffuse with tears. "They employ models in our firm and I'll see if I can't smuggle you in. But I don't like the model business," she added thoughtfully. "You meet a funny lot in that department."

"I know it," said Peggy, "but there is good money in it. I am a perfect model for a sixteen-year-old girl. I never learned any other business—it was my first job."

"Poor kid," again said Ann, squeezing the arm of the young girl affectionately. "I see we are going to be friends. Come and share the luxury of my palatial bed room and I'll make you a cup of tea and some toast, and then, if you wish, you can tell me all your troubles."

"Oh, Miss Tumulty," cried the girl her pretty face aglow with renewed hope, "it's very, very kind of you—but remember I am a stranger."

"Shut up!" said Ann, and the "shut up" sounded like a blessing—"and

say, kid, I feel it in my bones that we are going to be friends, so call me Ann—Miss sounds so stiff and stand offish. Here we are now at my castle. My 'boudoir' is up in the tower next the roof."

Ann put her key in the door and the two girls entered. It was a rooming-house, a respectable but shabby sort. Dingy red carpeting covered the hall and stairs. The wall-paper was of a nondescript color not calculated to enliven the spirits. Altogether it was a distressingly gloomy atmosphere which the dimly lighted gas did not help to mitigate. But in Ann's room it was different. In a twinkling Ann had a lamp lighted, showing a nine by twelve bedroom. It had a folding couch, a lounge by day, a bed by night, covered with gaily colored chintz and cushions. The walls were hung with photographs of Ann's friends. A rocker and a small table completed the furniture. From a clothes closet Ann took a small gas stove and attached it to a gas jet. A kettle was filled with water and boiled. Then a toaster took its place, two cups and saucers were set on the table, and in a short time Anne and Peggy were drinking tea and chatting as if they were old friends.

Ann was in her element; she was helping a sister in distress. During their modest meal she gleaned a lot from her guest. She was a shrewd reader of character. She saw that Peggy was of the yielding kind, lovable but not a fighter. Ann sighed mentally, for she knew that girls in business to succeed must have a little of the fighting instinct. Ann decided that the Lord had given her something to do—to act a big sister's part to this young stranger who was so distressingly pretty.

"Have you advertised for a position yet?" she asked Peggy, as she washed the teacups and placed them carefully back in the closet.

"No," said Peggy, "I never thought of it. I intended to make a round of the stores instead."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Ann. "I'll see whether there is an opening in our firm and you can call here tomorrow night and hear the news."

The next day Ann inquired whether there were any vacancies in the emporium. To her chagrin she found but one—and that in the model department. She would have preferred something else for Peggy. She felt inclined to wait a few days for some other opening. Then she remembered how terribly long the time would hang on Peggy's hands, waiting in her lonely room and her money gradually getting less. She found to her surprise and gratification that her good word for Peggy was sufficient to get her the place, provided she had the correct measurements. When Peggy heard the news she flung her arms impetuously round her new friend's neck and fairly cried with joy. Ann thought it a good opportunity to give her a little wholesome advice. "You will meet some very silly girls in your department," she said.

"Oh, I know," cried Peggy eagerly. "But I am not of that class. I can take care of myself, I assure you. You needn't be the least alarmed about me. My aunt was always impressing me with the idea that I didn't know the world. She wouldn't allow me to have beaux. All the girls had beaux in Goodbody's, and they had such good times—theatre parties, joy-rides, and such presents!" Peggy's face lighted up with animation—"American Beauty roses, boxes of gloves! But I never had a beau," she added sadly, "I would like to have a fella dying about me."

"You will, some day," said Ann, smiling. "I shouldn't wonder but that I'd be at your wedding. But the beaux that take the girls out for joy-rides have little notion of matrimony. They are no good. Beware of them."

"Oh, I am wise," said Peggy, screwing up her pretty nose in disdain. "But I would like to marry a rich fella and not have to work any more."

"Them kind don't grow on bushes," said Ann sagely if not grammatically. "Cut it out, kid, about the rich guy. You won't find many of 'em in the market. Can't I slang when I want to?" she asked, laughing.

"To beat the band!" cried Peggy, falling in with her mood. "I guess you have a friend."

"Yes," admitted Ann with a soft blush which glorified her face, mak-

Phone Main 6249. After Hours: Hillcrest 9318
Society of St. Vincent de Paul
Bureau of Information
 Special Attention Given to Employment
 Cast off Clothes Always in Demand
 25 Shuter St.
 TORONTO

Office Hours 9 to 4
AUTOMOBILES, LIVERY, GARAGE
R. HUESTON & SONS
 Livery and Garage Open Day and Night
 479 to 483 Richmond St. 580 Wellington St.
 Phone 423 Phone 441

FINANCIAL
THE ONTARIO LOAN & DEBENTURE COY
 Capital Paid Up, \$1,750,000. Reserves \$1,450,000
 Deposits received, Debitors' interest, Real Estate Loans made, etc.
 W. Smart, Mgr., Offices: Dundas St., Corner Street Lane, London

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 Keogh
 Cable Address: "Foy"
 Telephone (Main 794) Main 138
 Offices: Continental Life Building
 CORNER BAY AND RICHMOND STREETS
 TORONTO

P. O. Box 2905 Phone Main 6115
H. L. O'ROURKE, B.A.
 (Also of Ontario Bar)
 BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY
 Money to Loan
 Suite 8, Board of Trade Building
 231 Eighth Avenue West
 CALGARY, ALBERTA

JOHN T. LOFTUS
 Barrister, Solicitor, Notary, Etc.
 712 TEMPLE BUILDING
 TORONTO
 Telephone Main 623

REILLY, LUNNEY & LANNAN
 Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries
 Money to Loan
 Clifford B. Reilly, B.A., LL.B.
 Harry W. Lunney, B.A., B.C.L.
 Alphonus Lannan, LL.B.
 Bama Block, Phone M-2430
 CALGARY, ALBERTA. P. O. Drawer 1869
 Special facilities for correspondence in French.

DENTISTS
DR. BRUCE E. KAID
 Room 8, Dominion Bank Chambers
 Cor. Richmond and Dundas Sts. Phone 8889

Hotel St. Charles
 Along ocean front, with a superb view of famous strand and Boardwalk, the St. Charles occupies an unique position among resort hotels. It has an enviable reputation for cuisine and unobtrusive service. 12 stories of solid comfort (fireproof); ocean porch and sun parlors; sea water in all baths; orchestra of violists. Week-end dances. Golf privileges. Booklet mailed gratis.
 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. G. Killingsworth
FUNERAL DIRECTOR
 Open Day and Night
 583 Richmond St. Phone 3971

Hotel Lenox
 NORTH ST., AT DELAWARE AVE., BUFFALO, N.Y.
 A modern, fireproof and distinctive hotel of 250 all outside rooms. Ideally located. Excess in equipment, cuisine and service.
 Operated on the European Plan
TARIFF:
 Room with en-suite of Bath \$1.50 per day
 Room with Private Bath \$2.00 per day and upward
 Two Rooms with Private Bath \$4.00 per day and upward
 C. A. MINER
 Managing Director
 Write for complimentary Guide of Buffalo & Niagara Falls

Bells, Peals, Chimes
 Bell's pealing. Our bells made of selected Copper and Brass India Tin. Famous for tone and durability.
 W. WANDERER CO. Peal & Bells, Bull Ferry, (Main, 1887) 212 E. Second St., CINCINNATI

THICK, SWOLLEN GLANDS
 that make horse Wheeze, Roar, have Thick Wind or Choke-down, can be reduced with
ABSORBINE

also any Bunch or Swelling. No blister, no hair gone, and horse kept at work. Concentrated—only a few drops required at an application. 5¢ per bottle delivered.
 "Oh, Miss Tumulty," cried the girl her pretty face aglow with renewed hope, "it's very, very kind of you—but remember I am a stranger."
 "Shut up!" said Ann, and the "shut up" sounded like a blessing—"and

HOTEL CUMBERLAND
 NEW YORK, Broadway at 54th Street
 Broadway cars from Grand Central Depot
 7th Avenue cars from Penn's Station
New and Fireproof
 Strictly First-Class—Rates Reasonable
 Rooms with Adjoining Bath \$1.50 up
 Rooms with Private Bath \$2.00 up
 Suites \$4.00 up
 10 Minutes Walk to 40 Theatres
 Send for Booklet
HARRY P. STIMSON
 Only New York Hotel Windows Screened Throughout