THE WATERS OF CONTRADICTION

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE Author of " Cardome," " Borrowed From the Night"

CHAPTER XIII-CONTINUED

With such thoughts, leading up to such conclusions, Arthur wandered farther down the brook-way, until the white walls of the Hall were before him in the star-light. paused a moment and asked himself how it were possible to live there and maintain those resolutions? If he walked this way, would not the memory of the intoxicating sweetness of their brief love-time prove If he went in the too alluring? opposite direction, he would meet the school-house with its more compelling remembrances. Lucy, woman, might be withstood, but Lucy the child, the Lucy he had quarreled with and protected, loved and hated, she would conquer,

though he wore a suit of steel. He knew his love had in it a power which he had learned to fear even in the brief period it had held sway over him, and unless some unsurmountable barrier were set around it, it would carry him, in spite of himself, into the union which he held would be fatal for both. And where was such a barrier to be found in his limited existence? His work, he realized then, was not the work of his life, else in it he would have found the aid he sought. He might go away-thousands had done that in like circumstances, and in a new world not only had found security, but more than they had forsaken. But where could he go?

He had crossed the orchard wall and was walking down its path under the drooping branches of the fruitful trees. Emerging from their shadow, he saw the Hall looming white and still before him, and beneath it, the log cabin, with Milly seated on its

He could take Milly home!

As if a voice spake them, the words came to his conscious mind, and they stopped him in his tracks. Take Milly home—and then—what? Return?—Nay!—Remain there? How?—As Milly's husband! Swifter than a lightning flash, questions were asked and answered, and Arthur Stanton read in them his destiny.

This was to be! For this strang

family had come to his door, and lingered when so many others had gone their way. For this Milly had waited on, serving the man and woman who were not her parents, when deserted by their own children. For this had the repentant woman poured into his ears the girl's story with her dying breath. Milly had been fitting herself, in the preservation of inherited refinements. amid conditions the most disastrous to them. For this she had secured an education and continued to advance in mental culture in the face of the most discouraging hardships. this she had elevated herself in the minds of those who beheld in her only the daughter of Arthur Stanton's tenant, so that, when the hour of revelation came, she would not have its means out of the present con-

should it, in that moment, assert itself and wrench victory from defeat, the had no love for her—no—but believe was at his side? the love he had anchored his life to? | ity Where was his soul? that Arthur not hurl that Stanton moment's hesitation from him with the strength of man, born to rule, endowed with the power of knowing his good and turning aside from his Where were the intuitions of the spirit-nay, the very instincts of nature, that he should stand there for that moment, and then go forward, and stopping where the girl

Milly, I will take you home !" Alas, and still alas, that we are so soulless! Alas that we yield to a cowardly fate, and open our breasts for the undirected sorrow of disaster! But greatest cause for our bewailing, that we fail in our trust of love. Never did love come more truly than to the hearts of Arthur and Lucy Frazier, never was it more deeply avenge itself than on this man and woman whose story is here recorded. And though those who read may not heed it, according it no more than the fancies another's brain, still is its truth the truth proclaimed from old, that the voice of love should be heeded no matter from what neighborhood it calls, and followed no matter how When he heard what Arthur had

long and dangerous the way. At the words of Arthur, Milly rose and stood before him, looking at him with eyes that seemed to comprehend all the things of life, as the seemed to read the secrets of his soul, fail, and the story of Arthur's engage and the scales dropped from his own stayed on. It was not fate, nor circumstance, nor affection for her foster-parents, but love for him that had kept her at his door; and he recalled the expression of pity for his shown on the face of the dying The knowledge staggered mother. him. He had not expected this-did

He looked down into her dusk face and gloomy eyes, more mysterious than ever in the starlight, and the

ever inspired, appeared to fold itself around him to draw him down into the unfathomed depths of the soul in which it had its dwelling-place; and Arthur Stanton knew that he shook that sense off with sudden alarm.

Though he would not permit himself to yield to it completely, he did not turn entirely from the influence, and under it all the emotions that had racked his being, grew still. Fatal this influence might ultimately prove, as the narcotic to which the but he had not strength to withdraw from it because of the release it brought from the stinging whips of the hour.

For another while the silence hung between them, then he said:

"It is as your husband I wish to take you home, Milly-will you let

He knew her answer before she gave it, for when had Milly said "No" to a request of his? But he did not take her in his arms and kiss her-Lucy had stolen all love's caressesand yet he did not want to go away. The only place for him, beyond this spot with her, was the uninhabited louse, with its memories too many and too strong for bim to venture there alone. Their conversation was fragmentary, the words trailing off into long silences. Only once was

"You are certain you will not regret it, Arthur, no matter what shall come ?"

His mind swept the past at her words, and he knew, come what might no future could be worse. "I shall not regret it, Milly," he

answered, "nor shall you." Midnight was in the sky before they separated. But when Arthur was alone in the Hall, singularly enough it was not of the tragedy of the evening he thought, but of Milly. How could he have been so blind to the fact of her love, when it was made patent by the most com-monplace things of his life? How could he have been so dull when her presence pervaded the place, and the work of her hands-work for him!was everywhere present? He could not say he was unconscious of this and why had he not sought for the cause? And she had done this all this time, without any hope of reward-and could he say the reward for such devotion and love had come in the mere asking her to be wife? Rather had it not opened for her world of even greater service, as barren of results as the past had

Her love had enfolded his life for years and only God could determine how much of the uprightness which he prided himself on were due to that enfolding love, for if strong enough to sustain the hungry woman-heart, it were surely powerful enough to drive off all dangers that might threaten him. Was it not the sense of Milly's nearness that had made it possible for him to venture home, night after night, when the death of his grandmother, his one friend, the inspiring influence of his life, had

en taken from him? Was it not the feeling of Milly's to experience the humiliation of a change from a lowly position to one more exalted. For this all things sentiments and beliefs to their e exalted. For this all things sentiments and beliefs to their worked, and he saw it was for anchorage? Was it not the unconhim to acknowledge this, and pass, scious thought of Milly that had made him not wholly desperate under flict into a future of peace.

For one solemn moment he stood, was it not Milly who was now leading the calamity of the night? And and Fate, as if fearful of the soul, him out of a present that was un-

shrank away, and his destiny was he had something deeper, something powerless before him. Where was for which there was no expression, the angel he had been taught to but which manifested itself in this Where was deep serenity and feeling of secur-

> And while Lucy tossed on the pillow, wet with her passionate and repentant tears, Arthur sank into a dreamless slumber, with the thought of Milly dominating his soul.

But never does morning show the events of the previous day in the colors they wore at night, and on waking and realizing what had happened, what he had done, Arthur Stanton knew that he had acted the part of a madman, for love came in at day break, wild and surging love for the woman who was not to be his wife.

Soon afterward Joe brought him a pitiful, tearblotted note from Lucy pleading forgiveness, the first such cry she had made in her proud young life; for the little sister had told her of Arthur's visit and her heart ached more for him than for herself.

He read it, clutching to the table basely foresworn; and never did love for support, while the negro watched nim, with alarm in his round eyes. Then, mechanically, he drew to him pen and paper, and wrote: "Last night I asked Milly to be my

It was noon before he appeared in Milly's home. He found the old man alone, for Milly's duties at the school

come to say, the old man cried : 'Now I can go in peace, knowing my little girl has found the reward

for her goodness. From that hour he began visibly to ped from his own ment to Milly, whose history out-why Milly had rivaled the wildest romance, was not a week old, until the old man was laid beside his wife. A few later Arthur and his bride left for West Virginia to claim her inheri tance and begin their new life, while ignorance of her husband that had Lucy Frazier lay on a bed of fever, from which the physician feared she

end, life triumphed, and Lucy was led back to the world she would gladly have quitted.

"Let me die, God! Let me die!" she prayed, after reading the line Arthur had written, and still was that her prayer when the doctor said to the grief-stricken parents, will live!" But afterward knew it was only the body that lived, and as day succeeded day, and weeks slipped into weeks, they asked them selves if it were not better that Lucy's sufferer turns for relief from pain, prayer, instead of theirs, had been but he had not strength to withdraw granted. Vainly her young friends strove to win her back to the pleasures she once had held dear, for she knew she would only be the skeleton at the feast. Her heart was as dead as last year's leaves, and it were folly to hope to resurrect it. When her parents would have forced her out of her seclusion, she turned upon them like a wounded tigress, and hurling at them the terrible truth that they were the prime cause of what had come to her, and now they as well as she must bear the conse-quences, she silenced them effective We may sit by the wayside and ake our moan if we will, but we need not expect the world will pause forever to listen to our outcry After the novelty of Lucy's romance wore off, or the sympathy of her friends was exhausted, her little into long silences. Only once was the silence broken by Milly, who situation, and turned to their younger children for what she had denied

There were then only left to Lucy, the two old negroes in the log house and Miss Cora. Little could former, dependents upon her feeble strength, do for her, but bewail the misfortune of their idol, heap malediction upon the stranger who had helped to bring it about, the blame the dead, savage and civilized, for their primal part in the misery they their primal part in the lines. Miss had been forced to witness. Miss had been forced helpful. To her, Cora was more helpful. To her, afterward, Lucy had confided the secret which the community had partly surmised, but the woman, whose affections served only as the oil for the lamp of the intellect, wept tears of deepest sorrow as she held the heartbroken girl to her bosom. But after that first moment, weakness no more marked the conduct of Miss Sympathy is good, but succor is better, and this she would bring to What had made up the happi-Lucy. ness of life was forever lost to but life still remained, and why not make it a blessing to others instead of a curse to herself? When Lucy asked how this could be done, Miss Cora pointed to the little schoolroom across the road.

And thus was Miss Cora's early wish that Lucy might be associated houses with her in the work of Stanton down. School, accomplished. A year passed and then the end came for Aunt Jenny. As she lay a corpse, the neighborhood was shocked by the intelligence that Stanton Hall had been sold, and Arthur had returned to close, up the transfer of the The funeral of Aunt Jenny was

history of the community, for never had one so splendid been witnessed. In the fine garments for which she had ever had so true a feminine regard, the poor old black body, that the funeral at his church. had encased a heart so white, was robed, and the narrow couch that was to be hers for all time might have served for her masters in the palm- who was devoted to the doctor. iest days of their house, while the the town afforded. The Frazier family were present at the services, and Lucy and Miss Cora followed the remains to the graveyard. As the mourners entered the burial ground, a thrill of surprise was felt, on be-holding Arthur Stanton standing by the open grave. As he descended from the carriage, leaning heavily on the arm of the faithful Joe, and saw before him the sole survivor of the family she had loved with the depth and fidelity of the Southern slave, Uncle Major's feeble strength forsook im, and he fell to his knees, crying : "Marse! Marse! Dey's only us

Arthur stooped and raised the trembling form.

'And it won't be for long, Uncle Major, till we join the others," he said, the tears he could not shed blistering his eyelids.

An' I'se gwine to my da'tah's—I'se got to leave the log-house—an' Lil'l Miss!" cried the old man, in a voice only the ear close to him could hear. 'An' who's now lef' foh Lil'l Miss! "God, Uncle Major! Remember that, and don't worry! There's

God for you and me and Lil'l Miss-

and such unhappy ones as we are." Lucy, not knowing what was trans-piring, had been coming forward hrough the passage the respectful crowd had made for her; then seeing Uncle Major's companion, she stopped short, with a cry on her lips. Miss Cora, who was at her side, took her arm, and led her onward; for, brought there from curiosity or other motive, she had caught sight of many white faces among the dark hued ones. Trembling, white as the handkerchief she clutched in her hand, Lucy crept up and took her place on the other side of the grave. Then feeling his eyes, she lifted hers, and for a moment, long as eternity, the man and woman looked at each other

that his marriage had ruined Arthur.
"Had it only been Sylva," she had
often cried, when her own grief, hav-

across the open grave. And Lucy saw, what she had known it would do,

strange sense of quietude she had and ever ready Death lasted. In the The deeps of her nature are the deeps of a cavern, no life, no light, no hope, and the farther he sinks into it, the closer does the death of all, but animal existence, draw near.'

TO BE CONTINUED

THE STORY OF 'JINNY

months a bride that there came to her house as cook a bright young One of my cousins who saw what colored girl, Jane Goldsmith, who was then, I think, about twenty-eight years old. In a few months she left year she returned to my grand. Madame Defarges of the French remother's house, her husband having volution, pillaged and fired the buildsmall river steamboat plying the Hudson—which occurrence led my father in later years to illustrate the story of Jane's short period of wedded bliss by telling of a colored man who said: "If you get blowed up on land dar you are! But if you get blowed up on water, ware are you?" Be that as it may, Jane's husband dis appeared forever; and henceforth she lived with my grandmother, spending over fifty years in our household. She was known to four generations of our large family as Jinny,' and I think she loved us as much as we loved her. In her extreme old age she became totally blind.

When the civil war broke out my father realized that Jinny would require extra care. At that time his house was on E. Forty-second street, etween Fifth and Madison avenues, New York-a block that both then and for years after was one of the most attractive in the city. My grandfather's house was the first one from Fifth avenue, on the south side of the street; and running along the west side of the house was a narrow alley that gave entrance to the rear of a row of houses on Fifth avenue extending from Forty-second to Forty first streets, known as "The Duke of Devonshire Row." Externally they were built to look like a single house, and I well remember their quaint and charming appear-The stone used was of buff ance. color; the windows were long and narrow, having the appearance of lancet windows, and filled in with small panes of glass. On the second floor were bay windows of a rather unusual shape. The houses, English basement, stood back from the avenue, with grass-plots in front that were finished by a long iron railing which ran the length of the block. The whole row was said to represent his grace's palace in London, hence the name. It is a pity that these and other quaint old houses in New York were ever pulled

A certain actor had died and his relaties called on the pastor of a church on the corner of Madison avenue and Twenty-ninth street to arrange for the funeral. The rector declined, saying he did not care to have a member of the theatrical profession buried from his church; "but," he added, "there's a little something to go down in the negro church around the corner where Dr. Houghton, they will do it.' whose large hearted love and generosity made no distinction of race or profession, at once agreed to have also a warm friend of the colored race, and many of them attended his church. Among others was Jinny

I was particularly fond of her, and relatives rode in the best carriages she of me. She never could or would pronounce my name, and she did not want to call me by my nickname. Instead, she always called me "Missy and regularly once a week George;" Jinny, attired in the black silk dress she always wore on Sundays, would escort little "Missy George" to church. If I became sleepy during the sermon-which frequently happened, as sermons in those days were no twenty-minute affairs Jinny's ample shoulder made a soft cushion to lean on. She was very short and fat, and, with the addition of the wide hoops that were worn at the time, she took up so much roo in the pew, especially when she stood up to sing, that I, in the corner, was almost lost to sight. Like so many of the colored race, she possessed sweet voice, and her singing was always an event for me.

It was on the 13th of July, 1863 that the greatest drama in Jinny's life occurred. There had been a call for 300,000 enlisted men for the war. New York was filled with southern sympathizers and half-hearted adnerents to the federal cause; and my grandfather, although a northerner, was accused of being in sympathy with the south because he kept

a colored servant. On the 3rd of March Congress had passed a conscription act, whereby men between the ages of twenty and forty-five years could be drafted for service. Aman, however, could procure exemption from service by the payment of \$300. This led to draft riots, which began Saturday, July 11, when an enrollment office was opened in the city. Not only the governor of the state, but also a number of prominent men in New York were very justly opposed to the \$300 clause in the conscription; and it did not take the lower classes long to find out that this clause enabled all the rich men to evade service, leaving the real drafting among the poor.

What was the cause of it all? Why, the negro, of course! So on Sunday, July 12, the workingmen, CHAPTER XIV

Long the fight between the life held in the frail body of Lucy Frazier

Ing been put away, she could think of him, "had it only been Sylva, he might not have been any happier, but at least he would not have been held in the frail body of Lucy Frazier

Ing been put away, she could think of him, "had it only been Sylva, he might not have been any happier, but at least he would not have been wholly lost. Milly will be his ruin.

Ing been put away, she could think of a political admost to a man. From the balcony of his house the great Archbishop, whose fearlessness and love of justice to organize an opposition to enroll whose fearlessness and love of justice were well known, addressed the men, will forever make these pages the

By Monday the anger of the population was extreme, and bands of rioters began to march through the city, fighting the police and com mitting numberless outrages. Their first act was to burn the colored orphan asylum, on the northwest corner of Fifth avenue and Forty It was in the autumn of 1826 when my grandmother had been only a few green lawn, shaded by some old trees, and occupied about half the block. burning and sacking of the asylum. Not only men, but half-grown boys, to be married; but in less than a and women who equaled in fury the been blown up in an accident to a ing, carried out mattresses, chairs, anything they could lay hands on Previously to this the poor little children had been hurried out through a rear entrance to places of

temporary safety.

called Jinny to him and gave her strict orders to keep away from the windows. It was thought that this would be precaution enough but the next day a story reached us that every house where there was a negro would be mobbed; and private information was conveyed to my grandfather that the my grandfather that the ters knew he was harboring a colored servant, and that hence his ouse was no longer a safe asylum for any one. The militia had been called out to aid the police. But, in New York. He was as la nevertheless, negroes had been killed hearted and as cosmopolitan in all over the city; and at any moment our house might be entered, poor bishop himself. poor Jinny dragged out and murdered, and the whole place wrecked. The fears of the family were augmented by the arrival at my grandfather's louse of his sister in law and her family. That very morning two soldiers, who had become separated from their regiment, had been pursued by the rioters and killed right at my aunt's door. So the next morning (Tuesday) it was decided that for her own sake and ours, Jinny must be sent away until order was restored.

Dreadful stories reached my grandfather of how the unfortunate negroes who fell into the rioters' hands were tortured and killed; so all the family felt that no time was to be lost in getting our faithful Jinny to the safest place to which we were able to send her. self, although naturally a brave soul, was by that time thoroughly frightened, and perfectly passive in the hands of my grandmother and aunts. The whole household gathered in my grandmother's room, while Jinny was attired in a black taffeta ilk dress, a Paisley shawl belonging to my grandmother, and also her connet-fortunately, one of the im mense bonnets of the period, covering all the head and hair. she was enveloped in a thick green barege veil that completely conceale her features. A pair of my grandfather's kid gloves were brought into requisition to hide her hands, and then she was ready to go.

About dusk my grandfather opened the front door and Jinny passed out, father on one side of her, my uncle on the other. Jinny his arm and called her "auntie." In fact, being of a lively disposition and scorning any danger to himself, he tried to make her think it was a very easy matter to get her safely transferred from one place to another. It had been decided that to walk was safer than to drive; so they turned down Fifth avenue, my uncle on other side, carrying a carpetbag in which was my grandmother's silver tea set, a family heirloom which had been entrusted to Jinny's It was thirteen blocks from Forty-second street to Twenty-ninth, but the trip was made in safety although they met bands of shouting stragglers, and the noise of firing could be heard constantly. All three men were prepared to sell their lives, if need be, to protect their charge But, through the mercy of God, the party at last reached Twenty-ninth street, and a few minutes later Jinny was locked in the church, under Dr Houghton's sheltering care.

As soon as Jinny was safely started with my father and uncle the rest of the family prepared to leave the house, as it was decided they would he much safer at the home of my greatuncle on Twenty third street, at the foot of Madison avenue; some of the available troops being gathered in Madison square, directly opposite. So the family set off in twos and threes, in order not to attract atten-They took with them money and jewels. One boy of the family. then just grown up, was the proud possessor of three white duck waist coats and these he crowded into his bag, to the exclusion of more valuable things. No one was sure the party would ever reach my greatuncle's house safely. But, fortunately, all arrived there unharmed and for three days my uncle entertained practically all his relatives who were in the city, the younger ones being obliged to sleep on the floor.

On July 15 Archbishop Hughes, who lived on the northwest corner of Madison avenue and Thirty-fifth street, decided that something must be done to end the trouble. He was loved and revered by all classes, and had unbounded influence over the working men, whether they were of his religion or not. So he sent out a call for rioters to come up to his house a command that they obeyed

Niggers!" and they quickly acquired the name of "The Left Wing of Lee's return peaceably to their homes, and return peaceably to their homes, and telling them that, unjust as the conscription act might be, their present lawless behavior was no way to obtain redress. His impassioned appeal had a marked effect, and by ones and twos or in groups the men began

quietly to disperse.

The Archbishop's timely interven tion was reinforced that afternoon by another Catholic, the gallant General Kilpatrick, who had been hurriedly sent for from Virginia. the head of several hundred cavalry, he occurred, has vividly described the took charge of the city, and his regiment was bivouacked in Madison square. These were not dress parade soldiers, but the real thing-the norses skinny, worn and muddy; the soldiers and officers travel-stained, shabby, and showing the effects of hard fighting with Lee's army. But they could ride splendidly, and under their spirited leadership the dis-turbers of the peace, who had been emporary safety.

As soon as my grandfather learned deeply impressed by Archbishop Hughes's command to cease rioting, were quickly overcome. This was on Wednesday, and by Friday the upthe serious nature of the trouble, he rising was ended. During the five days that it lasted more than one thousand men were killed and property valued at \$1,500,000 was de

The colored people were kept by Dr. Houghton, I think, a week longer, until it was deemed perfectly safe to let them return to their homes. this and many other deeds of kind ness Dr. Houghton to the end of his life was beloved by the colored race in New York. He was as large-

Our Jinny, faithfully guarding the family silver, was joyfully received when she came home again. She lived to a green old age, dying in As our lot in Trinity cemetery was by that time rather crowded, she was buried in St. Michael's cemetery on Long Island, in a plot reserved by Dr. Houghton for his colored people And here, after half a century loving and faithful service given to us and our house, all that is mortal of her rests in peace.—Georgina Pell Curtis, in the Ave Maria.

> "A RETROSPECT OF FIFTY YEARS"

CARDINAL GIBBONS IN TWO INTERESTING VOLUMES OF REMINISCENCES TELLS OF GREAT GATHERING OF CHURCH

EXPRESSES GREAT CONFIDENCE IN THE GLORIOUS FUTURE OF AMERICA

"There are few Americans living now who can remember the things which I can. I followed Mr. Lin-coln's dead body in procession when was brought to this city; I have seen every president since his death, and knew most of them personally. I was a grown man and a priest during the Civil War, when it seemed as if our country were to be permanently divided. Very few people now living have seen the country in such dis tress as I have seen it. But I have lived, thank God, to see it in wonder ful prosperity and to behold it grown into one of the great powers of the earth.

With these words Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore introduces his latest work. "A Retrospect of Fifty Years," just off the press of the John Murphy Company, and consisting of two very interesting volumes of And followin statement of the wealth of experiences of his career, he continues with a statement which is a word of encour agement to those who in this hour are fearful of the country's future:

Younger men may tremble for the future of this country, but I can have nothing but hope when I think of what we have already passed through, for I can see no troubles in the future which could equal, much less surpass, those which have afflicted us in by gone years. If only the American people will hold fast to that instrument which has bequeathed to them as the palladium of their liberties—the Constitution of the United States-and fear and distrust the man who would touch that ark with profane hands, the permanence of our institutions is assured."

THE VATICAN COUNCIL

We quote His Eminence's own words upon this collection of essays and sermons which he has gathered together, and which he thinks may be valuable for the history of many years through which it has pleased God to spare his life. He writes:

have lived a long time, and I have lived through a very critical time. Not only have I held office many years, but I have held office during a time of transition, when the old order was changed.

"The few survivors among my colleagues in the Episcopate can remember these strenuous times; but in some of the articles, notably the two on" The Vatican Council." I am speaking for a generation

which, with the exception of myself, has passed away. I am the last living Father of the Vatican Council. Now alone upon the earth. "I can report what happened within

those sacred walls-not by hearsay nor from books, but from what I actually saw and heard. This statement of itself gives to these chapters on "Personal Reminis-

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