

## AMBITION'S CONTEST

BY CHRISTINE FABER

## CHAPTER XXVII. CONTINUED

"The attack which had threatened my father brought on probably by the excitement attendant upon the wedding seized him almost immediately after the ceremony, and he died in a few hours; so there was mourning in the midst of my rejoicing. Prior to this sad event my father had consented to accompany my husband and me to New York, which was to be our future home, and a disposal had been accordingly made of Ashland Manor, so that there was nothing after the interment to detain us in Ireland. We sailed for America, my brother-in-law accompanying us. A little after we arrived at my husband's home, my brother-in-law announced his intention of leaving us. I have already spoken of my gratitude for the noble manner in which he had acted; that gratitude made me watchful to render him such attentions as a genuine kindness might bestow, to take every opportunity of showing that I gave him all a sister's affection; and when he announced his intended departure I strove to make for him such preparations as might show him my anxiety for his comfort. I was the more earnest in acting thus for I fancied that he was unhappy, and that I was the cause. He embraced me at parting; my husband was present. After the sad and lingering pressure of his arms, I could only throw myself on my husband's breast and sob out my grief for the poor fellow who was going away in loneliness, and, I felt, in sorrow. He wrote to us regularly letters that, while they told of the charm and incident of travel, still breathed, at least to my perhaps too ardent imagination, unrest and unhappiness, and I bade Allan insert warm and loving messages in his replies, for my whole soul ached for this generous and unhappy man. Marriage seemed not to have weaned my husband from his old ardent desire for study, and after his brother's departure he closeted himself still more with his books. I was not troubled at this seclusion, for his affectionate demeanor at other times convinced me that his regard for me had lost none of its ardor. When we were two years married Howard was born, and that event seemed to draw Allan away from his books, but only for a little while; he returned to them with apparently greater zest than ever. A year after that my brother-in-law suddenly ceased to write to us. I wondered, as the weeks and months went by and no letter came; and Allan wondered too, and he seemed to grow anxious and sad. I also was anxious and sad, and I often spoke of him, for I knew not what fate might have happened the poor, unhappy young man."

"When Howard was two years old you were born, and a year after came the cruel blow which blighted my life"—tears were coursing down her cheeks, and Ellen, pale and silent, wept in sympathy. "My husband told me the trouble which was preying in secret upon his soul, and which had been the real cause of his shutting himself up with his books. From early boyhood, and until he met me, he had always imagined that his work would one day be in the Church. He could hardly tell himself why, when the death of his parents left him free to assume any choice, he delayed beginning his sacred studies, and when he accepted the invitation to come to Ashland Manor, it was with the half-formed resolution that immediately after that visit he would turn his thoughts seriously to becoming a candidate for Holy Orders. When he met me, the current of his thoughts completely changed, and he no longer aspired to a sacred vocation. But since our marriage he had been haunted by the feeling that he had done wrong—that he had stepped out of the sphere which Heaven had chosen for him, and that his soul's salvation was in danger unless he should sever himself from wife and children. He had combated the feeling as long as he could; he had kept it secret as something that must wear away in time; but instead, it had grown, he said, until now it almost threatened his reason. I was frantic. I knew that husbands did sometimes leave their homes to give their service to Almighty God, and that heroic virtues bravely yielded them; but there was no such heroism in my nature—I could not give my husband up; I loved him too madly, too wildly, to endure the thought for a moment. He said he was not going to enter the Church; he did not even intend to become an inmate of a religious house; that he was simply going to bury himself in a distant solitude. I frantically protested, asking if religion, which commanded such strict attention to the duties of our state, could sanction such a wrong as this would be? I implored him to reflect if it would not be manlier, nobler, more pious, more in accordance with God's own will, since he had assumed the responsibility of the married state, to remain and fulfill its duties. He granted the truth of what I said, but he declared if he acted as I desired that total aberration of mind, with perhaps even a decay of physical health, would be the inevitable result. I seized upon another plea; for him to remain, and by superintending the education of his son, endeavor to shape the course of the latter so that his life might flow in the channel from which his father's had strayed—that Howard might become

a priest. Even that plea was vain. All the passionate entreaties that I uttered, every burning tear that I shed, while they affected him, were powerless to alter his determination—with, or without my consent, he was resolved to leave me, he said then, forever." Mrs. Courtney was obliged to pause. The recital had harrowed her feelings till they were wrought to that pitch of anguish to which they had been strung at the time of which she spoke, and her sobs broke forth, while Ellen, almost equally affected, cried in unison.

When, at length, the mother resumed, more than one gasping breath told how she was still far from being calm.

"When I knew that it would be useless to attempt further to change his resolution, I sought to know how often I might hear from him. He never intended to write to me, he said; with his departure he would sever; at once and for all time, every domestic tie. My heart seemed to freeze. I had not thought that he would proceed to such lengths, and my agony broke forth afresh. I besought him if he would not write, at least to invent some means by which I might know that he was still living, even though I should not learn whether he were well or ill. I promised, if he would only send me one whom I should know to come from him, that I would be content—that I would not ask a single question of the messenger; I would not seek, even should opportunity present, to discover his own whereabouts, until he himself should inform me; I would give the messenger no communication from myself, other than a verbal statement of our health, and such circumstances as might immediately concern my children. He consented to that appeal, and taking one of the cards of which his tablets were composed, he wrote upon it the words 'Morte—Death—to signify that I must consider him dead to all affections of the past—and he gave it to me saying, that whoever should bring me a similar card, I might receive as a messenger to let me know that my husband was living. Having won so much, hope made me bold to plead for more. I asked, if in the future Howard should, through the worst of good-nature of God, become a priest, would he not then return—would not all the years of estrangement which he must pass ere that event could take place be sufficient atonement for the wrong he fancied he had committed, and would he not then come back to his wife and his home? That appeal also seemed to move him; he answered as I desired, and then I solemnly promised to pray fervently that Heaven would give my boy a vocation for the priesthood, and to watch every bent, every thought of his mind that might be early and constantly directed toward the Church. I promised further that no circumstances, no suffering, physical or mental, should ever induce me to pass a night from this, my husband's home—that I would make myself a prisoner, as it were, for his sake, until my hope should be fulfilled or every chance of fulfillment be lost either by the death of Howard, or otherwise. Alas! I knew not then the anguish which in the future that vow would cost me. He seemed to accept my pledge, and then he named a day in the coming week as the time of his departure. Satisfied that there was still some days before that on which he would so cruelly leave me, I sought to restore myself to quiet and to silent joy in my brave endurance of my approaching trial. Exhausted and ill from the emotions which I had undergone on the afternoon that he announced his cruel determination, I retired, early, but it was to sleep only when the night was far advanced. I was awakened by frightful dreams, and, what was worse, a terrible presentment that my husband had already gone. The gray dawn was glimmering through the windows. Allan was not in the room, nor had his place in the bed been occupied. I rushed frantically into his dressing-room. He was not there; and, scarcely conscious of what I was doing, I hurried down through the silent house to the library, thinking that he might not yet have left that apartment, owing to the business he had been transacting there the evening before; but it was alike empty, and faint and dizzy, I sought to return. I fell exhausted at the door of Anne Flanagan's apartment, which I was obliged to pass to reach my own. The noise of my fall awoke her, and she came hastily out. I was still conscious, and she assisted me into her room, where I had strength enough to tell her to summon no one, before I became utterly unconscious. When I recovered, I found myself uttering wild words. I jumped up in terror, for I suddenly remembered all the anguish of the past hour, and I felt I had been raving of that which I had meant to maintain so profoundly secret. Anne's face told me that she had learned something from my incoherent sentences. She questioned her. My borne was correct; and, finding that she knew so much, I told her all that had happened. I was glad to have some confidante in such an hour, and she promised the secrecy I desired. Afterwards I found on my own dressing-table the note which Allan had left for me, and which stated that he had gone thus secretly, and in advance of the time he had mentioned, in order to spare himself and me the trial of parting, and it further stated, that I might

explain his mysterious absence in any manner I chose. Of course there was but one explanation which I could or would give of his absence: I was virtually a widow, and I donned a widow's costume and replied to all the inquiries, which curiosity or other motives prompted, that my husband was dead to me for a time.

"Oh! bitter, bitter was the separation! I used frequently to think it was heaven's own retribution for the broken pledge of my youth, and then I used to fancy that I had really wronged the noble heart of my husband by giving to him affections which of right had belonged to another—that I had no right to his love or confidence, and heaven itself had deprived me of them. With such remorse was I constantly tormented, and the only drop of comfort in my cup of woe was the thought that by faithfully endeavoring to fulfill every iota of the pledge I had given Allan, I might become worthy of his regard, and by patiently enduring all the agony of my enforced widowhood I might atone to heaven for my early sin."

"When a little over a year had elapsed a strange foreign looking man came, bearing the card Allan had promised to send. I cried with joy over the bit of pasteboard. I knew the inscription on it so well, it was almost as if I was clasping my husband's hand. I bade the messenger tell that we were well; and true to my promise I refrained from asking a single question, though my lips quivered to do so. But even had I yielded to my impulses and inquired for my husband, I would not have been answered, for while the stranger man signified that he would bear my message, he at the same time made signs that he could not speak."

"I pressed the stranger to accept my hospitality. He only shook his head, and evinced that he desired to depart as speedily as possible. Once in every year he came after that, always maintaining the same silence, and though I poured forth the cry of my heart to him, that he might bear it to Allan, I refrained from asking a single question. All my energies were devoted to the care of Howard and you. My heart used to sink when I saw the delicacy of Howard's constitution, for he seemed so often, in his very early boyhood, near to death's portals. When I consented to permit him to attend school, and accompanied him to procure his admission, what was my surprise and my delight to behold my brother-in-law in the person of the religious to whom I addressed myself. Francis Courtney had become Brother Fabian."

There was a slight scream and a start from Ellen.

"Brother Fabian my uncle?" she cried, her whole face lighting up with the joy occasioned by the strange disclosure.

"Yes, your uncle," repeated Mrs. Courtney, and then mother and daughter were silent for a few minutes, as if both required time to recover from their agitation.

"We had a long interview," Mrs. Courtney at length resumed, "where Howard's childish ears could not listen to what we said, for Brother Fabian, having died to all ties of kindred, did not wish the child to look upon him as a relative, and I, having long before taught your Brother and you to regard your father as dead, did not wish my boy, who was intelligent beyond his years, to bear the confidence I was now imparting. I told my brother-in-law all my pledge to Allan—the hope on which I built his return, and how I regarded my suffering as retribution for my broken troth to him. He made scarcely any reply, and he was cold and strange, I thought—but then I deemed that the result, perhaps, of his ascetic vows. However, he promised that all care should be bestowed upon Howard, and I thanked God that my boy had fallen into such careful hands. Eagerly I watched the bent of my son's mind, delighted when I saw its greed for learning. He seemed to be piously inclined, and were it not for the anxiety which his health still occasionally caused, my hope would have been buoyant indeed. When I attempted to seek consolation from Brother Fabian, when I would have him say that Howard promised fair to one day enter the Church, his stern manner repelled me. I felt always as if his religious life caused him to view my broken troth as being more base than it had appeared even to his worldly eyes, and that he was constantly remembering that fact against me—that it even militated against the affection he might have had for Howard."

"Now you will be able to judge of my sorrow and well-nigh despair, when Howard was attacked by that illness which resulted in his going to Europe. The end seemed so nearly accomplished he had already expressed a desire to enter college, in order to begin his sacred studies—that I could not be resigned to his death. Did he but live to be ordained, I felt I could willingly yield him; but oh! not before. In the extremity of my grief I ventured to appeal to Brother Fabian, that he might give me hope of my boy's recovery; but his answer was only a reproach to me for having supposed him capable of entertaining a remembrance of the past. It was heaven's will to spare Howard; but his very convalescence dashed my hopes. His conversations with you were not such as would indicate that his mind still turned to the priesthood, and fervently I prayed that any suffering might be sent upon me, only that Howard might become

that which was to bring his father back. And his conversations with you inspired me with new alarm. The opinions he advanced were not such as a young neophyte of the Church should entertain, but those of one who was imbued with but worldly ambition; whose faith would yield rather than his life should be deprived of its object. He was not himself aware that he was advancing theories inconsistent with the principles he had been taught—it was simply the ambition of his clever mind which was clamoring; but I saw and knew the danger in which he stood, and my heart sank indeed. I had refused to give him to God through death, but the world would claim him, and, perhaps, ruin him."

TO BE CONTINUED

## PATRICK CASSIDY'S NATAL DAYS

By Teresa Brayton

As Patrick Cassidy, seventy years old, or young rather, limped down the steps of St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York City after high Mass on the seventeenth of March, it was no easy thing to keep one's footing on the icy sidewalk. Buttoning up his great coat tightly about his chin the old man, however, stepped out bravely, trusting to his big blackthorn stick to hold him up in any immediate disaster. He evaded the more treacherous places as best he might amidst the throngs of people who like him, had been to honor Ireland's patron saint at the great celebration just concluded in the famous Church which the Irish have raised to the honor of his name in Manhattan.

A smile like the morning sun in Mangerton Mountain in his own Kerry, lit up the old man's face. Why, there was Officer Tim O'Sullivan on duty at the crossing and that meant a "top o' the mornin'" and "My Patrick's pot on you," and a "come over and throw your shamrock soon as you can, boy," to the pair of them.

Now it may be stated here that "Dhrowin' the shamrock" to either old Patrick Cassidy or the son of his life-long friend, Jerry O'Sullivan, meant nothing of a more intoxicating nature than the strongest cup of real Irish tea that Mrs. Norah Cassidy could brew in the brown teapot that always stood, as a kind of family institution, at the back of the kitchen range.

Hurrying up to have the first word with the big "cop" whose uplifted hand flung Fifth Avenue's traffic back and forth like an ebbing and flowing tide, old Patrick met with the fate that waits on all rashly impulsive folks. He stumbled on a jagged spar of ice, tried to regain his balance and then pitched, headlong, almost under the wheels of a big limousine.

Stopping all traffic both ways with a wave of his hand, as imperious as any ever used by a Czar of old, Tim O'Sullivan lifted the old man in his arms and carried him to the other side of the street. A whistle call brought four officers to the spot.

"Hennessy," said Tim to one of the four about him, "this is my father's old friend, Patrick Cassidy; you know where he lives on Seventh avenue. Send a man up to Billy Hughes at the hotel on the corner to have a taxi take him home and take care of him. Then I want you to go to Mike Doolin at this near drug-store and say that I said he was to bring some handgases down with him and go home with old Patrick in the taxi." Then turning to another officer he gave the crisp command: "Jim, telephone my father and say he is to spend the whole day with Mr. Cassidy to keep his mind off the parade, for I know his wife won't let him out again this afternoon. I'll be over as soon as I can."

In the meantime Patrick Cassidy had come to his senses again in the taxi that was whisking him up to his Seventh avenue home. Looking around him Patrick found Billy Hughes and Mike Doolin supporting him on either side and felt a great stiffness all over his aching body.

"Is it killed and dead entirely I am?" asked the old man. "Boys, what's happened to me, at all, at all?"

On hearing that he was still in the land of the living, Patrick drew a long breath of relief and declared that not an inch beyond the next corner would he go in any cab so long as he could put a foot under him. "Sure the life would be frightened out of Norah," he said, "and this bein' St. Patrick's Day, when something strange always happens to me. Wasn't I born on St. Patrick's Day, and married on that day, too? Aye, and I have a feelin' in my bones that it will be on a St. Patrick's Day I'll die."

Finding the old man was only a bit shaken up after his fall the two men left him at his own door and went back to report to Officer O'Sullivan. In the meantime Mrs. Cassidy was bustling around getting a hot cup of tea for her lord and master after his morning's outing, and it was in full enjoyment of this "Patrick's pot," that old Jerry O'Sullivan found his friend when he called after a short time. With many winks and hand-shakes and putting of fingers to lips behind his wife's back Patrick made Jerry understand that not a word of his accident was to be repeated. "She'll be packing me off to bed with as many blankets on me as there's skin on an onion, if she hears the least hint," he whispered, "so aisy, Jerry, aisy, my boy."

Jerry winked back in sympathetic approval and the talk ran awhile along natural channels. The Euro-

pean war and the latest news from "the cold part," were thrashed out to a finish, then, with a little insinuating cough, Patrick asked: "Are you goin' to see the parade this afternoon, Jerry?"

"Indeed, and the man has more sense than to be outbravag along the cold streets such a day as this," struck in Mrs. Cassidy, "you're not goin' to expose yourself to your death in such weather, Jerry, and himself there is leavin' out of his skin to be out cheerin' and yellin' like a gossoon."

"You're right, Norah," answered Jerry soothingly, "I am goin' to spend the whole day here with yourself and Patrick, talkin' about old times, and, maybe, along in the evening, Tim and a couple of the boys and girls will come up and bring my fiddle, and we'll have a real St. Patrick's party for ourselves."

Old Patrick Cassidy's face beamed again like the sun on his own beloved Kerry hills, and Norah jumped out of her chair like a colleen of sixteen, "to be goin' and gettin' the dinner ready and a few things for the children when they'd com."

"Make one of your current cakes, Norah, alanna," said Patrick, "and don't be too light with the currants."

Left by themselves, the two old cronies lit their pipes and drew up close to the warm stove, in happy anticipation of a long day's shannachus.

"Jerry, I was dhreadin' you were goin' to tell Norah about my fall this mornin'," said Patrick, looking around first to make sure he was not overheard. "God knows there are no secrets between us but herself and the childer are killin' me with kindness and if something out of the way didn't happen to me once in a while I would feel like I was bein' smothered in cotton wool."

"Musha, amn't I the same myself," said Jerry. "Between Mary and the boys, I'm bein' hit with kindness, too. Sure not a hand's turn do they let me do and myself one of the hardest workmen that ever earned a dollar. Patrick, avic, the worst thing about growin' old is to be coddled to death when you were never used to such treatment in your young days."

"Oh, well, Jerry," said Patrick sagely, "there's many a man at our age tryin' to make a livin' for himself and maybe family, too. Thanks be to God we have good childer that took that load off our back many a year ago and that are only too glad and ready to make the end of our lives as happy as our hearts can want. If you haven't love in this world, Jerry, you have nothing—now that's what I say."

"How was it up at the Cathedral this mornin'?" asked Jerry. "I went to St. Brigid's myself, and we had a grand sermon and the crowds of the world were in it. I could hardly get a seat, at all, at all."

"Oh, it was grand in St. Patrick's too," answered Patrick, "but some how all through Mass I kept thinkin' of the old chapel at home in Kilglen and the neighbors comin' in on a St. Patrick's Day with their little sprigs of shamrock. Arrah, Jerry, do you remember old Mike Monahan that used to give out the Rosary before Mass on Sundays? Well, it ran into my head this mornin' about how he called down a man from another parish one time for darin' to take up a Mystery that he had no right to, and, bedad, I nearly laughed in church thinkin' of it."

"I don't remember the happenin'," Patrick said Jerry, "tell me about it."

"Well, this man was travellin' to Killarney and stopped at Kilglen to get Mass. When he heard the Rosary bein' given out he thought it no harm to take up the third Mystery, but up jumped old Mike, and turnin' a look on the poor stranger that put the heart crossways in him, says he: 'What part of Ireland do you come from, or is it ignorant you are that you don't know that this is Peter Lynch's Mystery?'"

The old men were cackling over Patrick's story when Mrs. Cassidy came in from the kitchen bringing a spicy smell of cake-baking with her. "Jerry," she said, "so long as myself there is in the humor of talking about old times get him to tell you of the night before the Fenian risin' when Sergeant Kelly took him for a ghost."

"Yerra, woman, hold your tongue," muttered Patrick as if the reminiscence was little to his liking, "the sergeant wouldn't have taken me for any ghost if you hadn't put it in his head."

"Well, tell us the story anyhow," urged the other two old folks. "It was just before the '67 risin'," began Patrick, "I was courtin' Norah there at the time and there was more divilment in her head than any other colleen in all Kerry. You remember her father had a carpenter shop on the Killarney road, and through them troubled times he was preachin' against the Fenians night, noon and mornin', moryah! Sure his cabbage garden was the hidin' place we had for the guns, and it was himself used to make the pike handles for the boys for miles around. There were two potato pits at the back of the house full of guns with the spuds packed in as nice as you please on top of them, and the middle of the haystack was full of pikeheads. Why, Norah's old mother lay in bed, a dying woman, by the way, for a whole month with Dr. Murphy pourin' physic into her and six bran-new rifles between the feather ticks under her. Norah herself there was under a hater of Fenianism that there was no one at all for her but the police. You were gone out of Kilglen then, Jerry, so you don't remember Sergeant Kelly. He was a widower and took a shine to

Norah, and the young devil promised to marry him as soon as the country was settled. Many a time she kept him beside her by the kitchen fire while her father and the rest of us were either fixin' pikes or hidin' them away in the garden. Well, on the night I want to be tellin' you about I was comin' over from Dan McGrath's forge with an armful of pike-heads and two guns to hide with others in Norah's garden. When I got to the middle of the Lynch's pasture, at the back of Norah's house I tripped and fell over something soft and hairy and with two big eyes shinin' like balls of fire. No sooner had I got to my feet again, runnin' like my life depended on it, than something hit me from behind and sent me sprawlin' into the ditch behind Norah's house. On account of the darkness I did not know what I fell over or I did not know what I was in the middle of, but that field of Lynch's having a bad name as bein' haunted, I thought it was the spirit of old Tom Lynch, who gave information in '98, was ather me. I don't know how many jumps I made between the middle of the field and the ditch where I landed, but they were good jumps, if I do say it myself. When I got to the top of the ditch and looked over the other side what should I see but herself there and Sergeant Kelly confabbing outside the back door. As luck would have it I had no sooner lain down at the top of the ditch than the moon came out between the clouds and shone like silver on my armful of steel, that had broken through its covers. I tried to pull the tails of my coat over them, but that only made things worse for the lights kept coming out in glints where the wind flapped my old cotton-wool up and down. It wasn't long before the sergeant's eagle eye spotted me, for I saw him pointing his finger my way, and that was when Norah, there, came to the rescue. Giving a shriek out of her throat that would raise the dead she flung her arms around the sergeant's neck and held him back against the wall. At the same time, whatever it was chased me over the field began to make a low shivery kind of a sound out of it that would freeze your heart and gizzard. I could hear Norah yellin' at the top of her lungs. 'Oh, James, dear, for my sake, don't go near it. Don't you know it is the ghost of the '98 traitor that is in it and it will mean your death to cross its path. James, James, come into the house and get myself and father to see you home. I won't let you go near it, James, I won't let you go near it.'"

"By this time I was aware of what Norah was trying to do to save me and I began wavin' the tails of my old coat up and down to make it look more and more like a ghost with a flashlight attachment, until after awhile I saw her pull the sergeant inside the back door and, flinging my load into a lilac bush in the corner of the garden, I ran for home like the devil was after me. Of course I may tell you, I didn't take the short cut over Lynch's field, either. The next St. Patrick's Day, Norah and myself were married in Kilglen and came out to this country, so that's the end of my story."

"No, it isn't, Patrick," Norah said, "you didn't tell us what it was that frightened you in Lynch's field." Patrick Cassidy laughed sheepishly. "Sure, it was Lynch's donkey I fell over, and Mike Monahan's old goat, somehow got into Lynch's fields, and butted me across the rest of the way. That darned animal used to cry like a banshee whenever he felt like it anyhow."

Jerry O'Sullivan laughed long and loudly when Patrick finished his story.

"Do you know, Patrick," he said, "that James Kelly's son is runnin' a motor truck here in New York, and I met him a week ago at Daniel Flynn's wake? We were all sittin' around tryin' to pass the time tellin' stories, and he told us about the night his father had seen the lantern of old Lynch, the informer of '98, shinin' on the top of a ditch in Kerry."

Here Mrs. Cassidy came bustling in from the kitchen:

"Come on, now," she said, "it is time the two of you stopped palaverin'. I've the finest piece of corned beef out there that ever ended its days in a bed of cabbage, and, Patrick, avic, you can have all the current cake you're wantin' with your tea."

The two old men needed no second invitation, and, sitting at the head of his plentifully spread table, Patrick Cassidy lifted up his hands in grateful prayer "to the Giver of all good things." "Holy St. Patrick," he prayed in conclusion, "I was born on your day and married on your day and many more throubles has happened to me on the same day that Ireland honors ye, but holy Saint let me die on your own day, too, and I'll be satisfied."

Patrick Cassidy's prayer was granted. Last St. Patrick's Day, as he knelt at High Mass with a sprig of shamrock in his coat—a sprig of shamrock that came from Kerry and was pinned in its place by his devoted old wife, Norah, before he left home—and with his Rosary beads in his fingers, he slipped off his seat and only lived long enough to receive the last rites of the Church. A kindly worshipper beside him, who held the told man's grey head on his knees to be dead, said he babbled of "Kerry," and "Norah," and "the boys," before he died, but his last words were: "O, Jesus and Patrick, into your hands—"

And so an exile of Erin went to rest.

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