THE WATERS OF CONTRADICTION

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

CHAPTER XIII-CONTINUED And what did life portend, as it, pened for him? He had made a tanding place for himself, but it had alone and likely to remain so, for he could ask no woman to share his home, until it were free from debt, and placed beyond the chance of repeated poverty, were he ever so illing to marry. But he was not. He was too young to burden himself

with the cares of marriage-and-

His heart seemed to grow sore at thoughts, and he hurried onward, until the privet bush stopped him. the Indian watchman had fallen. Did his forefather's wife know of the cruel death of the Indian, and in her woman's love and pity, set this everliving monument above his grave? If that were so, would not the tenderness of the act have softened the to her descendants? Would not her at least have escaped? daughters Because of it, was no woman spared? Would none be, not even the innocent behind her as she said : stranger who had come to inherit it -not even Lil'l Miss ?

He stretched out his hands. 'God," he cried, "spare her, at

Driven back upon himself by the prayer he had made, here where he had sworn his unhallowed vow, he stood trembling in the stillness. Then over, or through the odor of the valley, he caught the faint scent of the perfume of the sweet verbena, blown, he thought, to him from her He turned his eyes to the hill and beheld the white robed figure coming straight to him, the red flower showing like a star in the soft coils

Through all his after life, Arthur had only to close his eyes to see the darkling hill and the white-robed girl with the flower in her hair; but never could he feel again the rapture that flooded his heart as thus she came straight to him, not knowing he waited for When a movement of his attracted her attention, she gave a little startled scream, then laughed nervously, as she said: O. Arthur! How you frightened

Did I?" he said, striving for control of his voice and possessing himself of her hands.

I thought you were the Indian ghost," she said lightly, but her voice was tremulous.
"Why should you? Don't you

know it is only us it haunts? . . Lucy!"
Both her hands were held closely

in his, and as, after the pause, following his question, he breathed her name, she vainly tried to fling off his

'Don't!" he commanded. "I can't stand it, Lucy-this way we are It might be different. Can't it be, Lucy ?" The hands he held were trembling.

but by a supreme effort of will, she answered calmly enough: I am not the whole cause of the

Yes, you are!" he contradicted. "If you were only—" then he stopped short, under the tumult of his young

"Only what?" she asked, knowing, in a blind way, silence must not be.
"Nothing! If you were anything more, anything less, you would not be—Lucy—my Lucy!" and he drew her hands close to him until they

almost rested on his breast. 'Let go my hands!" she pleaded. 'No," he said, holding them firmly and looking down on her with the boldness of one who knows his "no, not until you have asked my forgiveness for all the misery you have caused me these past few days-yes, all the days of my life, since the one that brought you to Stanton School in the white apron and blue sunbonnet. You've been the torture of my life, Lucy, and you'll make amends now, do you Say 'Forgive me, Arthur !

or I'll keep you prisoner forever."

Amid the wild emotions of her heart, Lucy well knew she had only to speak one word of command, lift one glance of stern reproof, and Arthur Stanton would have obeyed, but to her own undoing and his, she found the new world they plunged into too sweet to battle a way therefrom.

I never learned such words," she retorted, defiantly.

Then I'll teach you!" he cried. laughing down into her alarmed "Those sweet rebel

Arthur," but his arms were around her, and the kiss, given and fore. Never did she look fairer than returned, joined their souls in an everlasting marriage, however wide frames.

Then they were standing apart, looking at each other through the night that had swiftly descended upon them and the great still land. It rushed over him like the swirl of

and more familiar light was begin ning to show, held him with hooks of steel, and he could more easily tear the wildly throbbing heart from his body and fling it into the stream before them than leave her side.

I hate you, Arthur Stanton! then Lucy cried, the words seeming to burn a pathway through the cool air.

"Lucy!" he pleaded, holding out been done by a struggle, and to advance meant a greater. He was you don't—and come to me. sweetyou don't-and come to me, sweetheart!

That was the one moment when their destiny was powerless before the effort of nature for her children, the moment when happ stretched forth her hand to happiness them down her way, the moment for their choosing, and the woman turned blindly from it. Her love bade her to bestow herself upon the the thought of the wife that was to life that called for her, and her pride come. He would have no such held her back. "Let him woo, not held her back. "Let him woo, not command," it counseled. She turned find the white path leading up It stood, so the negroes said, where the hill, when his hand fell heavily on her shoulder.

"Lucy," he said roughly, "what do What I said," she answered : but

he felt her droop under his hand.
"How can you, Lucy—call your soul a liar-as you do, after that !' punishment that had been meted out he cried, passionately, striving once more to clasp her to him.

But she stepped just beyond him, and clutched her hands fiercely "But I do-and myself, too."

"Why?" he asked, helplessly; but Lucy had turned once more, and her swift feet had carried her out into the gloom before he could again intercept her flight. He followed quickly, fearful of the dangers the darkness might hold, and as he went there came back upon him the bitter recollection of all the times he had let her go home alone in the twilight because of his stiff-necked pride. He seemed again to see the lonely little figure of those long-gone evenings, as now he followed white gleam of her dress on this, should have been which

betrothal night. Why had she left him, he questioned, long afterward, as leaning on her garden gate, he kept watch, knowing she was alone in the house. Why-after her kiss-how could she go after that-with the word of hate on her lips, that had told her love to his? Once those lips had liedthen, or after? Not then, never then, unless her soul itself were a Why afterward, when truth were so sweet, so desirable, and untruth this; she there alone in the dark house, he here alone in the

dark night? He pondered on the question until the opening of the road gate announced the return of the family, and still thinking on it, he started for home. But not by the way he came would he return, for uncon-sciously there lingered on his mind the memory of Milly, whom he must pass in taking the other path; so he struck across Mr. Frazier's land, until he reached the road. When he came to the gate opening to the he paused to regard lane. schoolhouse and playground, plainly seen by the light of the rising moon. Before him went the long procession of the days spent there and always was it Lucy who looked out from them, Lucy whom he had held arms that night. in his lover's Lucy, who had taken his first lover's kiss. It was inevitable this love, after that youth—but why had she turned from it after acknowledging

home, and there sat with him throughout the night. It came to him at sometime during its passage, that the old doubt of him had been powerful enough to overcome the combined forces of their love, and he asked himself if he might expect ever to see it disarmed, when these had failed? Why should she doubt him, if she loved him—rather, how could she? Had she not knowledge sufficient to understand that, once love comes into the heart, it must cleanse it of every sentiment that does not reverence to the object of that love? Could she believe that Arthur Stanton could hold one thought of scorn for the girl he loyed, daughter though she were of his most detested foe? Or did doubt of him extend to doubt of his love? Might she have thought he was only feigning his to win hers? What was that but the fulfilling of his vow to humiliate her?—But what knew she of that vow, spoken to no mortal ear? But why, if none of these reasons held good, why had she cast him off?

All the following day the baffling question assailed him, and, when evening once more drove him to the sympathetic heart of the fields, they went with him, a troop of destroying fiends. He wandered on until reached the privet bush, and there on the scene of it, reviewed the meeting and parting of the night bethen in his memory of her, and the remembered abandon of her kiss ly fate should separate their mortal strengthened his conviction that, whatever forbade her acknowledging then Lucy said, lifting her head from

it, Lucy's heart was all his own. If he could only see her - Why should he not see her? Instantly he started up the hill, but he was met at the door by Lucy's little sister, a tempest, the memory of the vow who told him Lucy had had a headhe had uttered in that place, to make ache all day, and was asleep now. her pay in her dearest coin for the Should she wake her? asked the humiliation she had put upon him in child, lifting eyes so like Lucy's to leaving him for Jasper Long, and he him that he found his love for one knew he had only to turn in that daughter of the Yankee reaching out

paled face and eyes in which another disturb her, but as he turned back to his lonely home, he wondered if Lucy had suffered, too, and if the ache were more of the heart than of the head.

"Was there ever anything more foolish than this?" he exclaimed. Here are we, a sensible man and woman, suffering all this misery when we might instead be the happiest mortals. I shall write her letter this night that will end it

It was Arthur's first love letter and his last. As she read it in the seclusion of the orchard, where Joe, their ebonyhued Mercury, had found her when he came to deliver it, so great a joy caught Lucy's soul she seemed to swoon before it. As pride demanded, he had wooed, and as love would have it, he commanded. On one page he was the suppliant, on the next the conquerer, and, through all, Arthur, wilful, exasperating, but always tender-hearted.

"What right had you to cause me all this misery, and give yourself a headache?—and I could bear the misery better than the thought of the headache.

'Was it because I was rough, you flew from me, my little wild bird? That's the way of a man's love, I suppose, and I don't want to go that way, for the thought of pain for you racks my soul. To my dying day I shall pray 'God, keep Lucy from pain!

Don't go to Aunt Jenny's so late, Lucy! You know you were always afraid in the dark—O! can you forgive me that I so often let home alone? Always I shall have this to reproach myself with—I let Lucy go home alone in the dark when I knew she was afraid."

Such passages as these from his letter filled her eyes with a rain of tears and brought her fond kisses to the words. But when for the twentieth time she reread it, and grasped the full significance of its last postscript, the beautiful world faded, and grayfaced fear took its place before her.

Arthur's last lines read: "I shall be up this evening at half past seven and I want to find my sweetheart waiting for me at the door," and Jasper was to take tea with them that evening, and afterwards they were to go driving together. He was bringing home his span of horses from the fair at which they had won the blue ribbon, and her mother had arranged the little entertainment in honor of the event. At this late hour Lucy could not alter the plan and fear of her mother made shrink from any attempt in that direction.

And what would Arthur think? informed of whom he should meet, and she went to the house to write an explanatory note. But when written the words looked so cold and heartless she tore up the pages and decided to let matters take their own course. As evening drew near, howver, and she pictured the coming of Arthur upon the festive scene, knew the sense of intrusion that would be prevent it. She would see him, asking him to meet her at the privet He chose to find a different mean-

ing in the nervously penned line, and it sent him to the brookway as It was to one who treads on air. their secret for a little while. There should be no suspicions awakened, and their stolen meetings would be all the sweeter. It was quite possible that her parents did not want any lover as yet for their daughter, and thev if they would forbid her to see him. perhaps they had other plans for the future of this beautiful child of Perhaps there was some one theirs. else they had in view for a husband for her—the rich son of an old Yankee friend, perchance, and they, as prejudiced against him as he was against them, would scorn to see her wedded to the descendant of the despised slaveholders. He would defeat them there. There was one victory for the rebel to wrest from the Yankee, and he laughed aloud in

Thus he came to her, standing in the gown he liked best, by the brook, and though her heart went to meet him, she moved never a pace forward. He went swiftly to her side and took her in his arms. Her head sank on his breast, and her complex emotions gained ascendency and Lucy began to cry.

Lucy!" he cried to her in a smothered voice, holding her more closely to him, and then he grew strangely still before the solemnity of her tears. God, prayed his soul, may they be the last she shall shed with me! A moment of tumultuous joy succeeded, and half roughly he lifted her face and rained on it the

passion of his kisses. You do love me!" he cried trium-'Why did you deny the phantly. "Why did you deny the truth that other night? Don't you know the fate of Sapphira, Lil'l Miss? O, my Li'l Miss, forever

eternity of happiness, swept past; its new resting place

"Love made you," he answered drinking deeply of the wondrous "I don't know but that is beauty of her eyes.

She shook her head saying : Guess again. Several answers he made and then

she said, innocently: " Jasper is coming to take tea with moment and go from her and the vow was fulfilled. But the slim girl standing there, with the suddenly in her power to give him would he standing there, with the suddenly in her power to give him would he standing there, with the suddenly in her power to give him would he standing there, with the suddenly in her power to give him would he standing there, with the suddenly in her power to give him would he standing to take the work work work and it is to be disappointed—"

It was the match to the gunpowder and in the explosion that followed love and joy lay as the dead. It must have been the evil genius of the spot, for surely no two hearts that loved as they did could so suddenly thrust themselves apart for a cause so slight. When Lucy sought to explain, Arthur silenced her words; when he cried for pardon, she taunted him as only an angry woman can do. Then a boy's voice on the hill above them called

'Lucy, come home ! She moved a step forward, groping like the blind, when he caught her roughly and demanded:
"Will you obey me?"

"Never," she cried, wrenching her self free. "Then go!" he cried, in wild rage.

'And don't let me ever see your face again!" He turned and strode away for a paces; then the demon that d him in that hour, flung before him the remembrance of the vow made there. He would not suffer humiliation and defeat a second time. He stopped and looking back at the

girl, laughed lightly. "Don't take it to heart, Lil'1 Miss!" he said, deliberately. only fooling from the first. The Rebel wanted to get even with the The Rebel wanted to get even with the Should command it? To trust a is always like that, Yankee—that's all!" and again he whole future of married life to a love so full of sympathy." laughed and continued his way.

Half down the brook-path, his feet stumbled, and he fell forward, and for a long time lay motionless on the When at length he rose, wet grass. When at length he rose, age seemed to have laid its cruel hand on mind and body. One thing only was plain for him-one thing that must be done that night-see Lucy. Wearily he groped his way back to the bush, and not finding her there, for he knew nothing of the flight of time, he climbed the hill. The little sister met him again at the door.

"Where's Lucy?" he said. must see Lucy !

'You can't, Mr. Stanton, just now. said the child, wondering at the strange look on the face of her unexpected visitor. "She's gone out driving with Mr. Long, and I don't know when they'll be back."

He gazed at her for a moment, not seeing her surprised face, nor the eyes so like the ones he loved. Then, without another word, he quitted the place. By the way he came he went back, but when he reached the brook he paused, and like a madman shook his c enched fist in the empty air.

"You've won, curse you!" he shrieked to the invisible enemy in whom he at that moment believed. You hunted us from the first to the last. Now that you have sunk my soul into the deepest hell of torture, He must not come without being are you satisfied, you Indian devil are you satisfied?"

As he was staring into the void, he felt his eye drawn earthward, and even in such a moment, when complete possession by the fiercest hate felt, it would seem, no room for other emotion, he knew a shaking fear, on beholding a dark figure, with supplicating hands raised heavenward, kneeling on the knoll sloping down his, his embarrassment and hers, she decided she must do something to ished, however, as this cry fell on his ears :

Gord save me! Gord save me! O Gord save me! Oh, save me dis time frum de ole Injun, an' I won't evah stay out late ag'in! O Gord keeper. Please, Gord, save dis po'r nigger boy!'

Arthur broke into a loud laugh. "Tisn't an Indian ghost, Joe!" he ed. "Only a white fool!" and he sprang across the brook, while the youth, struggling to his feet, hastened down to meet him.

My Gord, Mistah Arthur evah got seech a skeer in my life as you give me!" he exclaimed. "Foh what evah wus yoh standin' dah, shoutin' like dat an' shakin' yoh fist at dis po'r nigger, what's be'n yoh frien' al yoh life? 'Tain't faih, Mistah Ahthuh, 'tain't faih! I won't git ovah dis while I lib."

"You don't deserve to, you hum-ag!" said Arthur. "Didn't you tell said Arthur. bug!" Aunt Jenny you were going to prayer-meeting? And haven't you been over at Mr. Dalton's courting that saddle-colored girl again? Don't you deserve to be attacked by a sure enough Indian and killed outright for such wicked deception? I wanted to give you a fright. I supposed you would run home, but when you began to pray in that fashion, I thought you might awaken your grandmother. But if you don't mend y ur ways, you will run into the Indian sometime, and it will not be good for you, if you

"I know it, an' I'se mighty keerful to keep out'n his ha'nt, what yoh an' Lil'l Miss ain't evah done in all yoh lives. Yoh bofe wasn't sat'sfied less'n yoh was plain' hyah, whar de ole Injun's berried, what yoh great-great-gran'pap killed wif his gun, an' yoh ain't got no right to play on nobody's grabe. Granny, she allers said so, an' she said dah ain't no luck gwian to come from it, foh yoh an Lil'l Miss sepurated, foh she allers said dah ain't no good gwian to come uv yoh bein' frien's, an' it's all de workin The moments, freighted with an uv de Injuns what yoh great greatgran'-pap runned outer dah meetin' house, an' dat dey ain't gwian to stop dah workin' tell dey brung yoh Do you know why I sent for you, to grief, as dey's done brung all de res' uv de fambly. Granny knows,

"I don't know but that is a fact, Joe," said Arthur. "Tonight I feel that all Aunt Jenny's prophecies are fulfilled. Tell her tomorrow, Joe, that you met me tonight by the white privet bush, and I sent her word: The Indians have had their last revenge. Don't forget the words. You will not carry another message for me, boy."

So Arthur passed on. The meeting and conversation with the negro had settled the great tumult in his mind. He began to think more clearly and serenely. The idea of an occult in-terference in his destiny, he dismissed. If his family were followed by the results of an evil perpetrated by its founder, he neither nor denied in that moment; he only saw what should have been apparent from the first; that, in the very things, good could not nature of come from the love between him and Lucy Frazier. Heat and cold, light and darkness, earth and water, could as readily meet and commingle as they to live in peace and amity. Circumstances of birth and position, difference in belief and training, yea, nature herself, had joined hand keep them apart; and that they had not heeded these unmistakable warnings was the cause of all their misery.

He loved her. But had that love been strong enough to prevent his becoming savagely angry with her because she saw fit to refuse some-thing which he regarded as his right? safe, quite safe," she went on, as agitated exclamations broke from the She loved him. Yet had her love been powerful enough to cause her person was kil refuse the pleasure offered by Jasper Long, eyen though her mother so weak before the trivial demands of courtship, were like facing the depending on fate and fair weather crimson and emerald from the Lucy might become his tyrant, or he hers; and knowing himself, he felt the latter might befall, for what he never wanted to see Lucy's high himself to accept the place of the defeated.

In her was bound up all his soul's happiness-that he did not deny, and briefest storm tossed life with her were more to be desired than one think of us-standing here and star of many years spent tranquilly without her. She held his life and his happiness, and throughout his future it would be to her he would turn in his thoughts, if he could not in reality, in all his aspirations for souljoy and completion. Lucy was his, but as the water is the sun's, not to hold and have lest one or both should be destroyed.

TO BE CONTINUED

WHEN THE BRIDE CAME HOME

The avenue of lofty elms was veiled in a white fog; upon the lowlying parklands, cropped meadows, and sere stubble fields, the same vapor lay dankly. But the square windows of the fine old Tudor manor house flashed with ruddy light, and the hospitable hearth fires of the hall diffused glow and radiance through open doors. Sir Vivian and Lady Huth were coming home for Christmas after a honey-moon of eight months' duration, spent in scampering over the face of the habitable 'A sweet, pretty creature, I hear!

said Mrs. Ansdey, the white-haired, handsome, black-silk-clau handsome, "She wrote me from Men-She produced from a morocco pocketbook, of solid and responsible appearance, a letter written with violet ink on thin foreign paper, in journey I have ever taken—or ever delicate upright characters. husband has told me of all your faithful service, and true devotion to him and his," she read, " and I hope before long to take your kind hand in mine and thank you for him and the sweet shining eyes travel about

only listener.

And she looks forward to seeing her husband's dear old home," went on the housekeeper, "and prays God to give them many days in it together -and I trust He will !"

Though in this family it's been like a fate, or a doom, or whatever you might please to term it," went on battle. That must be the Vandyck Mrs. Ansdey, "that the course of true of Lady Marjorie with the deerhound love, the deeper it was and the truer it was, was always to be broken—not picture of Vivian's young mother by change or faithlessness, but by the hand of death. There was Sir Geoffrey and Lady Euphrasia-hundreds of years back-that were drowned crossing the ford on the ride home from their baby's christening, and the baby lived to be Sir Launcelot, whose bride was carried off by the Black Death before the roses on her wedding garland were withered.

And then there was Sir Alan and Sir Guy, who were both killed in battle within a year of their weddings, and Sir Vivian's great grandfather, old Sir Vivian, found his young wife dead at her tapestry frame when he'd crept up quiet to surprise her with his unexpected return from the Embassy to Rome. And Sir Vivian's own dear mother lived but a very little while after the dear child came to comfort her for her father's early loss. But time goes by, and the curse—if it be a curse—may have passed over, or worn itself out. But what's that?"

What's what, ma'am?" asked the butler, as Mrs. Ansdey rose in her rustling silks and made a sign for I fancied I heard a timid kind of

tap on the hall-door," said the housekeeper. a robin blew against it, perhaps, They're stupid said the butler.

with the frost." "There was a footstep, too," said Mrs. Ansdey, holding up her hand. We'll see, we'll see!" said Cra the dell, moving to the great oaken door.

"It may be a tramp." The handle turned, the massive oak door moved

inwards. The fog had thinned, it had grown clearer beyond doors

"You see there's not a living soul about, unless it's skulking in the shadow of the trees," said Cradell, as he shut the door. It swung backward from his grasp, however, and h uttered an exclamation of astonishment.

A woman was standing in moonlight outside. She was of slight form, and wore a large picture hat. and the heavy shadow of the portico fell blackly over her, so that she seemed no more than a silhouette with a pale glimmering background.

" Madam !" the butler began. "I came on before," a sweet plain tive voice said—a voice that was viola-like in its rather thin, but sweet, and vibrating quality.

must he Cradell.' "I am Lady Huth," went on the lear vibrating tones. "I came on clear vibrating tones. before. . . . it does not matter why. There was a slight accident. Do not be alarmed. Sir Vivian is safe, quite safe," she went on, "Indeed, only one person was killed, though two or three are injured, and he band-is helping the sufferers. To trust a is always like that, so ready to help,

She was now standing in the firelight, whose ruddy glow illumined untraversed ocean in a shallow boat, the slight figure and drew gleams of to sail in safety. Married to him, at her throat, and shone in the depths of her great dark eyes. Her face was of delicate, pearly paleness, her hair had the tints of autumn leaves, and cannot conquer by love, a man usual-ly crushes by hate. He knew he of autumn. She drew off a glove, and her wedding ring, with its diamond spirit broken neither could he bring keeper, showed upon the slight and pretty hand, as her traveling mantle of velvet trimmed with costly sables fell to the floor.

"Oh, your ladyship!" cried the house-keeper. "What must you But as goodness sees us-what ing? with your sudden coming, and the news about the accident and allwe've lost our heads, me and Mr Cradell !' "I should have given warning of

my coming," said the viola voice, "but it was not to be. Oh! the dear She looked with shining house !" eyes upon the panelled walls, the trophied arms, the noble pictures, and the quaint, antique furniture, and between her lips, of the faintest rose, her delicate teeth gleamed like pearls, as her breath came quick and eager. "Vivian's old home. . . . Vivian's home, and mine!" she whispered to herself, and laid a hand upon her heart, as though to check

its beating. The two old servants exchanged a glance as the slight figure of their mistress moved across the polished floor, strewn with Oriental rugs and skins of wild bests.

Would my lady wish to go to her room or to have refreshment in the dining-room?" the housekeeper asked. My lady declined.

Thave no need of anything. I only wish to rest a little and see my husband's home before starting upon a journey," she explained. A journey! Dear, gracious me! And your ladyship just fresh from travel, and shaken by an accident

and all !" cried Mrs. Ansdey. "I am used to travel," said her lady shall take." She smiled upon the two old people, and settled herself in the seat she had chosen, and resting her elbow upon the arm of it, and her for myself!" There, now!" the place. "All as he described it," she whispered to herself. "The mulold Cradell, the butler, who was her lioned windows with the coats of arms, the carved and painted ceiling, the hooded fireplaces, the arms and the pictures. That is the great Gainsborough portrait of Sir Alan's young wife, the girl who died of grief when they brought her husband's baton of Field Marshal to her-won

> playing ball with her boy.' The plaintive voice thrilled and trembled. Tears might not have been far from the shadowy dark eyes as Lady Huth rose and moved to the foot of the great staircase attended by the housekeeper. 'Shall I show you your rooms, my

by her side, and there is the Watts

lady?" Mrs. Ansdey began. fires are burning beautifully, everything is quite ready, and I feel

sure you must need rest after—"
"I will rest presently. But what I wish now is to be shown the house, if you are not too tired. Lady Marjorie's turret, and the panelled chamber where Sir Guy fought the duel with the Spanish cavalier, and the bacqueting hall, and the chapel where the Templar's heart is buried under the altar, and the gallery where Lady Euphrasia danced, and the whispering corridor, and the painted room-

"And the ghost chamber, my lady Oddly enough, that's the first room that American ladies ask to see. But maybe your ladyship doesn't b lieve in ghosts, or the fact of its being late, and getting dark.

Lady Huth laughed, quietly and weetly. "Do you believe that ghosts sweetly. "Do you believe that ghosts can only appear in the dark, dear Mrs. Ansdey?"
The houskeeper rustled her stiff

silken skirts as she followed her ne mistress up the broad staircase with its carven balusters and mossy carpets. I don't believe in ghosts, at all

my lady.

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