

A FAIR EMIGRANT

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND

AUTHOR OF "MARCELLA GRACE: A NOVEL"

CHAPTER XII—CONTINUED

"Guard me!"

"Save you, may be, from the consequences of your own innocent rashness and romantic daring."

Here he had hit home. The romantic daring was truly hers, and only Heaven could know what the consequences of it yet might be. As Dr. Ackroyd had warned her of trouble as the issue of her wilfulness, so now was this other man threatening her with the dangers of that future to which she was obstinately consigning herself. Yet as she had resisted the lawful authority of the old friend, so much the more would she refuse to yield to the un-asked counsel of the new one. Her father and his good name and his fair memory were and should be more to her than the approval of either—more than her own happiness, or her own liberty, or her own ease.

But an overwhelming sense of the responsibility she had taken upon herself pressed on her suddenly, and made her feel more ill in body and mind than she had felt since first setting out upon this path of her own seeking, which already she began to travel with so much pain. Why she should be so shaken at this moment she could not tell. Dr. Ackroyd was now more to her than any other person in the world, and yet his representations had not moved her as the entreaties and reproaches of this audacious stranger were moving her. She drew her hand quickly away as he sought to replace it on his arm, and stood aloof by the side of the vessel, looking intently down to the flowing of the water.

He saw that she suffered, and thought she was giving way before the urgency and honesty of his desires. She was acknowledging him in the right, and searching for a path by which she might allow him to approach her. He saw her firmly closed hand relax and drop by her side, and that stern knitting of the soft, white brows, which at times gave her the look of an angel of justice rather than of tenderness, gradually smoothed itself away. Tears gathered under her eyelids.

He drew a step nearer to her.

"What are you thinking of now, Bawn—my Bawn?"

"Not yours, nor any other's," she said, shaking her head sadly. "I belong, I can belong, to no one."

"Not even in that far-off future which you blurted at once?"

"I ought not to have spoken of any future of my own. My future is in bondage to another."

He drew a long, hard breath. He felt impatient and sick at heart.

"Then you have not always told me the truth."

"Always."

"You were engaged to no other man, you preferred no other man, you had no parents or relations who could control you—have not these statements all been made by you?"

"Did you not tell me you were your own mistress, free as air, unfettered by any other will than your own?"

"I told you all that, and it was true."

"And yet your future is in bondage to another?"

"I cannot explain these things without telling you of matters of which I have bound myself not to speak."

"You are a riddle and a mystery, and you have broken my heart!" he cried with sudden passion. "I wish to Heaven I had never seen you!"

"That is what I have been wishing every day since you first spoke to me," said Bawn, in a low, trembling voice, while she threw back her head with dismay in her eyes and defiance in her gesture. "It is what from the first I have wished to make you feel."

"Good Lord! do you, then, hate me?"

"No; I wish I did."

"O, my dear! do you know what you imply by those words?"

"I do not know, and I do not want to know."

"I am going to tell you."

"You must not; you shall not, for I will not hear you!" cried Bawn, and with a little wall of pain she dropped her face upon her hands, leaning over the vessel's side. Then he turned away and left her, and walked about by himself at the other side of the ship, gazing over the admission which her words had again made to him.

He remembered with satisfaction that he had yet some time before him in which to overcome her resolution to work upon that growing inclination towards himself which he thought he saw in her, and which she feared and strove against. Who could this person or those persons be to whom she was so bound, to whom the disloyalty that bought her own happiness would be a crime? It could not be a right or just bondage with so much mystery attached to it; for he was now convinced of the existence of some serious reasons for her silence as to all her circumstances, future and past. He was sure that she trusted him enough to be willing to confide in him, if betrayal of others were not involved in her confidence. That she was going upon the stage he hardly doubted now. She had not denied it. Poor, and anxious to earn money, what as likely as that she, being young and beautiful, should hope to make a fortune by that adventure? He was sure that she was clever, ready to believe she would be able to carry the world before her, and he chafed with impatience as he thought that

the next time he saw her she might stand behind footlights, and under the eyes of a too critical or of a delighted crowd.

The bell rang for breakfast, and Bawn moved away and disappeared. When he next saw her she was seated by the captain's side, as was usual at meal times, and chatting to him pleasantly. But her face was unusually pale.

"We are going to have a return of fine weather," said the captain. We shall probably be in Queenstown in the morning."

"Do many of your passengers land at Queenstown?" asked Somerled, reflecting with satisfaction that Bawn was not one of the number.

"A good many," said the captain, and Bawn held her breath, expecting he would say something polite to the effect that he was sorry that she was one of those to whom he should have to say adieu on the morrow. But someone addressed him on the moment, and the opportunity passed.

"After breakfast she asked herself if it could not be better were she to stay in the ladies' quarters for the whole of this long day, only going on deck for a few minutes in the evening to bid a final farewell to her friend. But no, she could not see that she was called upon to act so harshly, now that the very hours of their friendship were numbered. She would enjoy this one day of companionship. The future would be long enough for separation and silence.

He met her as usual as she appeared and led her to a retired seat.

"That young pair only met first when they came on board, and I am sure they are engaged," said a girl to her mother.

"They seem to differ a good deal while they talk," said her sister, "and the man often looks disturbed, if not angry."

"She plagues him a good deal I fancy, though she looks so sweet and smooth," said the first girl.

"She has some trouble, I think," said their mother. "I have seen tears in her eyes when she thought nobody was looking."

"That must be very seldom, for the man is always looking."

"He is a distinguished-looking fellow, and I hope he is not getting himself into any foolish entanglement," said another lady sitting by.

"He is old enough to take care of himself. The girl may be in more danger," said the mother.

"You need not be uneasy about her. She is a young lady who can carry her point, equal to the management of more than a flirtation, and able to carry it to a satisfactory conclusion."

"Perhaps all the more to be pitied on that account. If a girl of that stamp takes her own affairs in her hands too early she sometimes makes a wreck of her life."

"She seems to be quite her own mistress, at all events, travelling from America all alone. For my part, I am fond of girls who try to get under somebody's wing," said the other lady, who meant no unkindness, but who suffered from overmuch conscientiousness, and was accordingly inclined to be censorious.

That Bawn at present felt her own wings strong enough to carry her there was no doubt, and it was for this reason that she had consented to spend her last day on board in company with the man who had declared her to be so necessary to his life, and yet whom she was quite resolved never to see again. And in the meantime the man, resting on the admissions she had already made him, had begun to hope in earnest, and relied on the many hours that were yet before them to break down at last the barriers she had built up between their future lives.

"Bawn," he said, "I want to say several things to you." He paused, and she did not check him for calling her by her Christian name, though he gave her time to do so. He thought this a sign of relenting, but in reality she was only thinking that he might call her what he pleased today. The wind was carrying the sound away from her ears even as it was spoken, and would never return to her bearing his voice. Once she was buried in the mountains, this man, who led a busy life out in the world, a dweller in London, a frequenter of Paris, would certainly never stumble upon the paths of her retirement.

"I have been thinking deeply all night about the mystery that surrounds you."

"How greatly you exaggerate! Surely a little reticence need not be magnified into mystery."

"I do not think I exaggerate. I believe you trust in me, which you have avowed, would have overcome your reticence before now if something more than mere personal reserve were not included in your silence."

"What, then, do you think of me?"

"That you are cruelly bound to some other person or persons, and that generosity to them, to him, or to her, whom you believe to have the prior claim upon you is the cause of your reticence. I am sure that loyalty to some one has sealed your lips and fettered your movements."

"Should I not be unworthy their regard did I forget such prior claims—granted that they exist?"

"Bawn, give up this lonely enterprise."

She started visibly, and looked at him with wide-open eyes. The words struck her like a blow, and it was some moments before she could reassure herself with the remembrance that she knew nothing of her intentions and alluded to a fancied scheme which had originated in his own brain. Her eyes fell, and she

was silent. Neither did he speak, being occupied in adding this look which he had surprised from her to the other scraps of evidence he had gathered as to her lot.

"I cannot give it up," she said at last, feeling a certain relief in talking of her own affairs, under cover of a misunderstanding, with this friend of today, who yesterday was not, and tomorrow would not be. "I am bound by loyalty, by love, by pity, by the energy and fidelity of my own character. My motive is strong enough and sound enough to bear me through what I have undertaken. It is an older acquaintance than you. God grant it may prove as good a friend!"

"Believe me, it will not," he urged, looking at her expectantly, as if he thought the longest for confidence was coming at last. "Happiness is not to be looked for from it, comfort it will have none, difficulty and disappointment will follow persistently in its train."

"Ah, you evil prophet!" she cried, with something between a laugh and a sob. "It may be that you are right," she added. "My enterprise, however, my life; and with it my life shall be overthrown."

A red spot burnt on her cheek, and the look on her face smote him with remorse.

"I would not forecast evil for you," he said, "even if you persist in putting me out of your future. No matter to what shadows you may have devoted yourself, there will still be an escape for you somewhere into the light."

"I shall not be easily crushed, I can tell you. So long as the sun shines and the breeze blows there will always be a certain vigour and gladness in my veins," she answered, smiling one of her sunniest smiles upon him.

"It is getting cold, I think," he said, as a chill from the heart ran through his stalwart frame. It was hardly easier to him to picture her in a future of sunshine which he could never share than to imagine her fall away from all the promises of her young life for need of the protection that he could give her.

"I think it is turning cold," he said abruptly. "Have you any objection to walk a little?"

CHAPTER XIII
TREACHERY

During all the rest of that day Somerled endeavored to amuse and entertain his companion. That was his job in his voice, that flash under his eye, when he had predicted evil for her, had frightened him, and he sought to banish unpleasant recollections. He was a man who hitherto had not needed to make much effort in order to be beloved. Now that he was deliberately and earnestly trying to be lovable, he felt some hope that he might not ultimately fail.

Assuming coldly that they were to meet again some day in Paris, he chatted pleasantly of the delightful hours they might spend together there. They could go to the old churches in the mornings and to the theatres in the evenings; in the daytime explore the quaint old quarters so full of interest. How the bells on the horses' neck would ring, and how the animals' hoofs would click on the asphalt pavement! What visits they would pay to the shops, the picture galleries, the old museums and palaces! Bawn laughed and asked a hundred questions, and as they day went past it seemed as if they had been riding and driving, seeing sights and making purchases together, instead of walking up and down the deck of a steamer all the time, or sitting upon two camp stools facing each other. By evening it seemed to her as if she must have spent a week in Paris, and she could hardly persuade herself she had never been there. This day seemed to have added a year to their acquaintance, so much pleasure, so many experiences had they shared between them.

It was not until the dusk began to fall that Somerled ceased talking and allowed her to think again in the stateroom, with the waves running beside them, and another day of their companionship fled, bringing them so much the nearer to their final separation. Of how near it had actually brought them he did not dream.

It was an unusually clear, starry night, every one on deck and in the highest spirits. Our two friends sat in a quiet corner facing the breeze. Bawn's hat had fallen back on her shoulders, and her face looked pale and grave under a cloud of ruffled golden hair—not the same eyes and mouth that had been laughing so gaily all day. She was asking herself whether the moment had come for telling him that they must part to-morrow morning.

"You are looking now," he said, "like that statue of Diana in the Louvre. All this day you have had quite a different face. But now you laugh and dandle up, the likeness to the Diana is gone."

"I have always been so very much alive I cannot imagine myself like a statue."

"Bawn, at what hour am I to knock when I go—say a fortnight hence—to look for you in Paris?"

"At no door," said Bawn, all the laughter and dimples gone. "Then I am to give up my business and accompany you to Paris now?"

"Is that the alternative?"

"I think it is. Look at the matter as I will, I can come to no other conclusion."

She shook her head.

"It simply comes to this: I cannot make up my mind to lose you out of my life."

A week ago you had never heard of me. A fortnight hence your business will fill your mind and I shall be forgotten."

"You do not think so. Your heart must tell you the reverse. A week has done for me what the rest of the years of my life cannot undo."

"What can I say to you that I have not already said?"

"Half a dozen words—the number of a door, the name of a street, the name of a person, all of which you have kept carefully locked up behind your lips."

Bawn turned pale. "If you knew all I could tell you, you would turn your back upon me at once and go your way. But I will not allow you to say this, and I had not meant to say it. I had, and have, good reasons and to spare to give you without this one; but perhaps it will satisfy you more than all the rest."

"It does not satisfy me, simply because I cannot accept what you have said as the truth. I must judge of your obstacle with my masculine brain before allowing it to stand. I can imagine no barrier between you and me except such as cannot possibly exist."

"I assure you again, that if you knew my story you would part with me willingly. I would spare you a great deal of pain. More I cannot say."

"Then I repeat that I will not be frightened away by something of which I know not the form nor the meaning—a nursery bogie moping in a dark corner. I refuse to believe that an obstacle is insurmountable unless I have touched and examined it, and measured my strength with it. Bawn, listen to me once for all. I am a man who does not make up his mind on a subject without having thought it out. I have made up my mind about you. My judgment approved of you even before my heart desired you. You cannot shake my faith in yourself, and nothing that is not yourself, nothing that does not destroy my belief in you, can influence me to withdraw the claim that I have laid upon you. In addition to this I may say that I am a man who desires only a few things in this world, but that I want you quickly—that is, I know very soon when an object has become necessary to my existence. Yours are the first eyes of woman that ever assured me their light was necessary to my life. Because I am threatened with some mysterious shadow behind your back, shall I weakly consent to extinguish such a light?"

He broke off abruptly, and Bawn was silent.

"Unless," he went on, "you tell me that you hate me, that under no circumstances could you think of being my wife, I will exert every faculty I possess to make your future one with mine."

She wrung her hands together, and still said nothing.

"Bawn, you do not tell me that you hate me."

"I cannot tell you that, for it would not be true."

"Then you are going to tell me where we may meet?"

"No."

"I will not ask you to betray any one. I will not intrude on your privacy or seek to alter your plans. Only let me know where and at what time I may see or even hear from you. The moment may come when you will be glad to call on me for help."

He took out his pocket-book. "My address is written here—two addresses, in fact, one of which will find me at my club in London and the other at my home. I will give them to you in exchange for a couple of words from you—a number and a street in Paris."

Bawn suddenly felt all her resolution giving away, and a desire to have that letter from his pocket-book take possession of her. But her will was not yet overcome. She clung on to her preconceived intention of keeping her own counsel, even while at the moment she could see the force of none of her reasons for so doing.

"How do you know," she said lightly, "that I shall be in Paris at all? It is as likely that I shall go to London or Vienna."

Her words and tone jarred upon her own overwrought feeling as she spoke, and nervousness made them seem even more heartless than they were. They had the effect she intended them to have, that of startling her companion and breaking up the dangerous earnestness and persuasiveness of his mood.

He flushed as if he had been struck. "Ah!" he said, "I have misunderstood you, after all. You are a heartless coquette, and your reticence is a mere trick to torment me."

"Why did you not perceive that before?" said she, "I have not tried to impress you with a high opinion of my character."

"No, you have not tried, but you did it without trying. The fault was in myself. During the past few days I have forgotten that some time ago I found you an empty-headed and disappointing woman. The idea returns to me."

"Perhaps in time to save you."

"As you say, perhaps in time to save me."

"If so, I shall rejoice to have freed you from delusion. I shall have done you one good turn, at least, before we part," said Bawn, smiling, though with strained lips.

"Doubtless you know how to rejoice over the follies of men who are deceived by the beautiful mask that Nature has given to your ungenerous soul!" he cried angrily. "I—"

A little gasp from Bawn checked the rush of his words. A bolt had fallen suddenly on her heart, her head. She threw out her hands blindly and fell stiffly back in her seat.

"Good God! she has swooned," he exclaimed in amazement and dismay. He laid her flat upon the bench and flew for an old lady who had shown her some kindness before.

"I thought she would be ill before all was over," said the old lady, bathing her forehead and chafing her hands. "Very few escape. It is nice to be ill at first and enjoy yourself afterwards. There, she is better. She must get down stairs at once."

"Will you lean upon my arm?" said Somerled penitently.

"Yes," she said. And together they made their way below.

She turned to him at the cabin-door and put her hand in his.

"After this," she said, "I will promise to think no farther ill of me."

He answered by silently raising her fingers to his lips.

"Never any more?"

"Never."

"Thank you, my good friend. Good-night."

As Bawn slipped into her berth and laid her head on her pillow, she told herself that the struggle was over, that this startling episode in her life was finally closed. But the man, who returned to the deck and paced there under the dark heavens till the small hours of the morning, told the wind and the stars jubilantly that this golden haired, grave eyed, sweet mouthed woman was his own, that she loved him in spite of the shackles that bound her, and through the cloud that hung around her, and that, with youth and love on his side, he would baffle the whole world to make her queen of his heart and of his home.

The stars paled, the breeze grew colder, the dawn broke and showed the green coast of Ireland lying between sky and sea. The passengers were all asleep; no one on deck was much excited by the sight of the grey and green, hazy shore except a home-sick sailor lad who was hoping soon to feel his mother's arms about his shoulders. The man Somerled had flung himself on his berth an hour before, and was sound asleep in the expectation of a happier morning than had ever yet dawned for him.

The stopping of the steamer did not wake him, neither did Bawn's light feet as she passed up the stairs and crossed the deck, selected her luggage from the pile that had been hoisted from the hold, and inquired at what hour the earliest train would leave Queenstown for Dublin. As she walked about, waiting for the necessary arrangements to be made before she could touch land, her eyes turned anxiously towards the stair, as she hoped or feared, she scarce knew which, to see the well known dark head appear above the rail. Surely the noise, the tramping overhead, the shouting by him to him, would awake him and he would come on deck to see what was going on. If he were to come to her at this last moment what foolish thing might she not possibly say or do? Never before had she found herself so near the undoing in a moment of all that her deliberate judgment had accomplished with so much forethought and pains.

A few words of thanks to the captain and of good wishes from him, a vain effort to frame a kindly message of farewell to be delivered by him to her friend, and then, with the unspoken words still choking her, Bawn was hurried into the tender. She arrived at the railway station just in time to catch the earliest train, and was soon flying with the birds away across Irish pastures.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE GREATER OPPORTUNITY

By Julia C. Cox in Extension

"Of course you'll make the mission, Agnes Carl, and be there every time." Stacia Halligan's pleasant voice held no shadow of questioning.

"I don't know what could prevent me," Agnes said in a comfortable, assured tone, as Agnes said that seemed part of her comfortable, reliant self.

"You're mighty independent, with your folks all away. Ain't you lone some?"

"Oh, I miss 'em, but my cousin's staying with me, and they are having a good time, and so we are."

"It's too bad, though, they won't be here," Stacia went back to the subject of the mission; "bring your cousin over to breakfast tomorrow after first Mass and we'll go to the opening together."

"Thank you; that'll be fine. Indeed, I wouldn't miss the opening for anything. Father Forest is going to speak, and I am so glad he's coming—he's so splendid!"

"He is that, and they say Father McGuire's great, too."

"There's my neighbor waiting for me; guess I better get a ride when I can, it is such a long way."

"Good-bye till tomorrow," Stacia called after her.

"Good-bye," Agnes' farewells were made as she climbed into the buggy. "This is good luck for me, Mr. Moore."

"I saw you comin' and thought you might like a lift. Been to church?"

"Yes; Stacia and I are looking after the Sanctuary this week and we wanted everything pretty for to-morrow."

"You been workin' hard, then."

"I love to do it. We swept and dusted the whole church and made it all fresh as possible."

"And you still look fresh yourself, Agnes! I reckon you did a good morning's work before you started over, and walked at that!"

"I don't mind the walk."

"You always look so happy, Agnes; I guess you don't mind much of anything."

"I don't believe I do."

"And now I suppose you'll be at 5 o'clock Mass every morning and everything else that's going on, and walk every time."

"I hope so, Mr. Moore, that's what I've planned. I'm sorry Mrs. Moore is so miserable; I wish she could go."

"I wish she could," Mr. Moore's general air of discouragement deepened with the fervor of desire; she's so poorly and so lame she can't do anything for herself, even, and the baby ain't much better. Ma wants the boys to make the mission, but they say they won't unless I do; and that little high flier of a girl we got helpin' certainly needs it as much as anybody—she's got no notion of her duty and I can't leave Ma alone."

"What a pity!" was all Agnes could offer. "Can't you get some woman to come in for a week?"

"I been traipsin' all over town and country, and every woman I hear of is either going to the mission or has house cleanin' on hand."

"It certainly is a pity," Agnes could only repeat.

"Certainly was. Agnes told Cousin Lucy about it as they put away the supper dishes, and Lucy agreed with her, 'I can't think of anybody they might get.'"

"I can't either, and I don't know who'd want to go there anyway. Those three boys are as wild as they can be; I had to order two of them off the place this afternoon, and they're that impudent! And that poor woman with that miserable, sickly baby, and her not able to lift a hand to it. It's no wonder Mr. Moore looks about heart; I've heard he's just about lost his faith."

"I don't believe that," Agnes put in quickly.

"Well, you know he never goes to the Sacraments, and they do say that girl, Etta, they got from the poor house is hard as nails and going to the bad fast as she can, and she'll take that oldest boy along with her if they don't look out."

"If it weren't this mission"—Agnes began.

"You'd go help them, I presume," Cousin Lucy gave her no chance to go on, "but it is this mission, and your first duty is to your own soul, Agnes Carl, and you can't do anything for those Moores but pray for them."

"If I could think of some way," Agnes ventured.

"Don't bother," was the practical Miss Lucy's advice, "they've got to work out their own salvation like the rest of us."

But Agnes was still thinking when she went to bed, and Mr. Moore's problem was yet hers when she started for the early Mass at St. Monica's. She took it to Holy Communion with her unsolved and as she received the Sacred Host she prayed that the Moores might be enabled to make the mission and that it should be blessed to them.

While the mission was not to be formally opened till the last Mass, one of the missionaries was already on hand to greet the parishioners and urge them to their duty in attending the various services.

"Remember," he said, "it is not necessarily a sin to fail to make the mission, but a mission is a God given opportunity and we shall have to answer to God for these we make of it. Only the gravest reasons should keep us away."

Agnes knelt as others were leaving the church. She did want to make the mission; she had given up a trip with her father and mother to be home for it. It was Father Forrest who had first shown her something of the magnitude of the treasures that were here in the Church, and he had so much inspiration to give; the pastor of St. Monica's, a good and earnest man, was sadly lacking in the spiritual understanding of those things which meant so much to Agnes. Surely the mission was her opportunity; she had no right to put it aside—save for the gravest reasons.

What if Mr. Moore should lose his faith?

"What if pretty, clever little Etta should go wrong, as Cousin Lucy said?"

What of Billy, just coming into manhood, uncontrolled by respect for authority, either parental or spiritual? And Tom and little Bob growing wilder every day? And Father Forrest had such wonderful influence with boys.

Cousin Lucy and Stacia Halligan were waiting outside for Agnes to end her devotions.

"Whatever is keeping her?" Patience was not one of Cousin Lucy's many virtues.

"She's so pious, I wish I loved to pray as she does," Stacia was quick to defend her friend.

Agnes came down the steps toward them. "Why Agnes," Stacia exclaimed, "what alls you, are you sick?"

"No," Agnes answered miserably, "but I've got to go home, I can't stay for the opening. Not one of the Moores was here, and they'll never get here if some one doesn't start 'em."

"You just let those good-for-nothing Moores alone"—Cousin Lucy was nothing if not emphatic. "Didn't you hear what the priest said about making the mission?"

"Yes I did, and I must go."

"Are you sure you've got 'grave reasons'?" Stacia asked.

"Five of them," Agnes assured her. Stacia kissed her. "I hope you can come back," she whispered.

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