## GERALD DE LACEY'S DAUGHTER

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF COLONIAL DAYS

> BY ANNA T. SADLIER BOOK II CHAPTER XIV AN ALLIANCE OF HATE

On the afternoon of toat memor able day a carious conversation tool place between Mynheer de Vries and the newly-wedded husband of Polly Van Cortlandt. The two had met on the covered bridge in front of the Huys, where merchants were in the habit of congregating of a orning to barter goods, and where by order of the Governor, a formal eeting was held every Friday after eleven of the clock. But there were no mercantile men on the premises just then, and no hint of traffic, as the pair stopped for a moment to chat, leaning on the wooden railing down into the waters of the Graft or Pond, as it took its slow way through Broad Street. When they had conversed a little on current topics, and the young husband had responded indifferently to the com-pliments which the elder man paid him on the subject of his bride; young Laurens broke out hotly on the matter of Nicholas Bayard's arrest, which he declared had been only too long delayed. His listener was by no ans averse to hearing the young man's views, adroitly leading him or by questions which conveyed nothing of his own opinion. Also, Henricus was induced by the same skilful process to air his discontent with the which the Van Cortlandts had played from the first in political affairs, aligning themselves, so to speak, with the people's enemies.

Mynheer heard all this, while maintaining with dignity and resolutely his own cautious position upon the fence. He committed himself neither nor to any deprecation of their oppon He prided himself on having the right word for every emergency and he had long ago taken the measure of this fanatic, whose narrow and puritancal nature was accentuated the training of a Calvinistic mother, and who was also anxious to ingratiate himself with John Nanfan through him with Lord Bello ment. In such company it behooved Mynheer to be cautious, and cautious

he accordingly was. "I have a sore grievance even against my newly wed wife," Laurens said petulantly.

With a wife so charming," interposed Mynheer suavely, "grievances must fly like thisledown before the

Strong measures will be necessary with this one," said the young man with a disagreeable laugh. "I may tell you that the grievance is good flesh and blood, bone and

Mynheer became instantly aware that his companion was alluding to Evelyn.

The baggage has established herself in the Van Cortlandt homestead," said the younger man, sourly and I have told Polly that I hold it the height of impudence.

Remember," said Mynheer, shak ing a reproving and very waggish at him, "you are speaking of tho, by a popular decree, has been declared altogether charming. The beaux hereabouts credit her with the inspection of his premises." both beauty and parts.'

"She has the art to perfection of ceiving ordinary men," said Henri- which he would have liked to allay: deceiving ordinary men," said Henri-cus, with an air which plainly said he considered himself extraordinary. She has never drawn the wool over my eyes, and never will.'

would, there suddenly means diminished by the thought that now and henceforward it was for him to command and Polly to obey. His will must henceforth be dominant. He was jubilant at the reflection, which in turn had led to If it pleased him immensely to recall | invent for her. another. He remembered how his enmity to Evelyn dated from the time when the latter had outrivalled mined, in so far as his own personal Polly, as a child at first and later as security and convenience permitted. a woman. He had bitterly resented to befriend both the girl and her her beauty and her charm, which had led to the defection even of Pieter eyes glowed and who had so evident. Schuyler and others of the Manhattan youth, who were bound by every conventional law to remain staunch to Polly. For every bit of social or personal success that had been hers, he hated Evelyn in almost greater sure than for her personal dislike measure than for her personal dislike of himself, which she had never been at pains to conceal. He was quite aware that, if Evelyn had had her way, there would have been no Polly waiting for him at home in that pretty house overlooking the Forta and the Bowling Green. All these

—a triumph the greater for the slow persistence by which she had been won; and he promised himself a fresh triumph over Evelyn, when he show compel Polly to keep her at a distance, if not to break off all relations with her. He had heard some rumors which filled him with a vague hope that Evelyn might be disposed of so effectually as never again to come between him and his wife.

Mynheer had meanwhile been waiting patiently until his companion should speak again. He saw the alternate softness and harshness of his face, and that dreamy look fixed upon the hill, which gave him a cue to th other's thoughts. When young Laurens spoke it was to disavow any other otive for his depreciation of Evelyn than that he was unusally clear sighted.

Too clear-sighted by half," said Mynheer, pleasantly. "Believe the word of one who is nigh double your age that it is better to go through life with eyes half shut."

He was thinking at the same time, as he regarded the dark and narrow face before him, what a mixture of fool and prig, and possibly knave, this young man had turned out. Aloud he spoke cheerily, inviting his companion to come up to the house and have a pipe of choice tobacce and a glass of Madeira, which had come straight from overseas.
"Through the Customs I will hope

said Henricus, but his laugh this time was more genial, for the after-noon was wearing chilland Mynheer's

wine was notably good.

Mynheer waved aside the subject after his graceful fashion, on they went until, at the gate of the now leserted cottage, the younger man stopped suddenly. The profusion of flowers in their very luxuriance suggested some neglect, and Mynheer who felt uneasy, was fearful lest his companion would guess the secret that he himself had been at pains to

I wonder where this de Lacey keeps himself hidden," Laurens said suspiciously.
"Buried in his books they tell me."

exclaimed Mynheer, with a careless wave of his hand.

You are his nearest neighbor and should know," said Laurens, "but he must be lost in contemplation at the present moment, for he has no

He is an odd fish," conceded Mynheer, "a far other sort of person than you and I, whe value most the society

His kind," said Laurens, slowly and venomously, "would be danger In quality, perchance, but not in

nantity," said Mynheer, lightly, aking a move onwards. "I mean naking a move onwards. that there are not many of his like."
"So much the better for these colonies," cried Laurens, still vindic "I would like passing well tively. to have a peep at him and his books just now. What say you, Myn-

He laid his hand on the gate, but Mynheer, taking him by the arm, led him away.

"That may not be thought of. Laurens," he said, persuasively. "As you know, he is my neighbor, and a touchy fellow at that. I should not, for a bag of golden guilders, let him find me in his garden, or engaged in

Laurens unwillingly abandoned his thought there was something unusual eyes, and never will."

Yours," said Mynheer, indulgently,

The tobacco and the wine, produced were engaged with one so surpass- with unwonted alacrity, changed his ingly fair—"

His companion waved an impatient
He even exchanged a few civil words hand as if scornful of the suggestion, with the good Vrow de Vries, whom he usually ignored. She had earned rose before him a vision of Polly as his approval by a sentence or two he had first known her. Boy and which she had let drop when the he had first known her. Boy and which she had let drop when the girl together, they had belonged to the same Company. As children, to the surface, and which were the they had picked berries together, skated on the pond, or coasted down of smothered hatred. Though Myn where the men now stood. Later thus expressed, together with the they had continued that good com- two or three glasses of Madeira that radeship, which, in the case of young Laurens had drunk, loosened Laurens, had ripened into warmer the latter's tongue, and Vrow de Vries sentiments. Laurens forgot for a heard and never forgot many things moment Mynheer, who was watching which had been before unknown to him intently, and his own grievances. her, and which showed that the girl, He seemed to see Polly the leader of whom she had so much hated, was in their Company, bright, gay and viva- danger of disgrace, of punishment, cious, imposing her views upon them all. On that very hill she had stood thing were far worse than the toras a queen, and he an abject slave. ments which she had been wont to

eyes glowed and who had so evidently enjoyed to the full young Laurens'

recollections passed through his mind in swift succession as his eyes rested on that hill of old memories. He smiled at the thought of the triumph that had been his in marrying Polly—a triumph the greater for the slow persistence by which she had been his in second as the second agitated, as if the while he cast furious glances at them, rolling his eyes so that little except the whites showed; but he knew that any attempt at resistance would be worse than useless.

The first accrifice by any means, nor yet the first dream which she had lost the first dream which she had lost. The first dream which she had lost the first dream which she had lost. The first dream which she had lost the first dream which she had lost. The first dream which she had lost the first dream which she had lost. The first dream which she had lost. The first dream which she had lost. The first dream which s ing her self possession, sat helpless and trembling. Then the elder woman, who had known in her time outcome of that search, which was of

will await the visitors.

Rallying her forces. Evelyn protested that she would not leave her hostess alone. Madam was imperative, even angry, and the girl, realiz ing that argument was futile, hurried up the stairs leading to Madam Van Cortlandt's sleeping apartment. There stood the bed, stately and imosing as its habitual occupant; two teps led up, on either side, to the feather mattress, piled high and cov ered with a quilted satin coverlet. Above was the canopy, whence de-scended curtains of finest damask, still drawn back for the daytime. was not to that bed, however, that the fugitive made her way. In the wall, just behind the handsome bedstead, was something that seemed like a cupboard. Happily, there was a small space between the wall and the massive bed, which it would have been impossible for the girl to move. Evelyn, who, as a child had often played here with Polly, stooped down hastily and, creeping under the bedstead, found sufficient room for her slender figure to stand erect near the cupboard while she partly pened one of the doors. She then slipped quickly into one of the shelves, or bunks, which had served as a sleeping-place for preceding generations. A couple of feather mattresses and a paillasse of straw were still left there, and the girl enscon ced herself between them, leaving her head out so that she could breathe. Thus she remained listen. ing eagerly for sounds from below

Madam Van Cortlandt hastily espatched her trusty old negro maid to remove from Evelyn's sleep and then calmly awaited the invaders. In her mien was something more than her usual stateliness — a sternness which fully matched that of the men, whom she immediately recognized as amongst the grimmest and most hostile members of the Leislerian faction. She knew that they would revel in their present which would give an outlet at once for their political hatred and their insensate rage against Popery. They would consider themselves as servants of the Lord whilst thus hunting down an innocent young

I would fain be informed, Cap tain Tobias Ransom," she said coldwhat it is that has brought you

into my house."
"The business of the Lord," answered the leader, who was a New Englander and a Puritan, "as well as that of the King's Majesty, and of His Excellency, our good Governor."
"If you will name that business, I may be enabled to understand the motive for this unseasonable intru-

sion.' "A warrant has beeen issued on complaint of divers persons against a member of the accursed Popish sect, whom you are said to harbor under this roof-one Mistress de Lacey, who has made herself amena-ble to the law by consorting with Jesuits and the enemies of the King's Government, and has striven to draw savages from their allegiance by teaching them pernicious and abhor-

she had heard much of their general tenor from Mr. de Lacey. The matter, as now stated, seemed to her very serious, and for an instant she did not know what reply to make.

There is no one under the roof of a Van Cortlandt," she answered, who is a traitor to the King's Government.

"Can you deny, at least," cried the leader, "that there is here one Evelyn de Lacey, a Papist, professing -yea, practising, in so far as she may-the abhorrent doctrines of The religion of my guests," said

the stout old lady, "is a matter be-tween their Creator and themselves. I neither know nor seek to know how they worship God. Nor will I how they give you information of any sort to help in your nefarious task."
"Do you, then, obstruct the officers

of the law, who, by the King's warrant, seek a prisoner?

In no way do I obstruct you." responded Madam. "You are free to search this house from the garret to the cellar, though I warn you that I shall protest against the outrage in stool and moved away while she the proper quarters."

"Protest as you will," retorted the leader, "my duty is clear."

But his men, exchanging glances, conjure with in these colonies, and the English Governors had oftenthe English Governors had oftentimes changed with portentous suddeness from one faction to another.

However, they had no resource but
to follow their leader, who, after
dividing his men so that some should

Tell in the song was a success, for she surprised an unaccustomed moisture in
the dark eyes regarding her so
the last words there was none to see.

I was only a dream, she remindde herself bravely, "a long beautiful
dream . . but it is over now—
I must forget it—I can. . . I
will!" If her lips quivered a little on
the last words there was none to see.

The song was a success, for she surprised an unaccustomed moisture in
the dark eyes regarding her so
the song was a success, for she surprised an unaccustomed moisture in
the last words there was none to see.

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alarms from the Indians and from a foreign foe, roused herself and gave the order in short, sharp tones, though the aged voice was tremulabove her head the heavy tread of ous:

"Quick to the bedste. Conceal yourself there as best you may, I proached her bedstead, which in its solemn dignity might have seemed sufficient to over-awe any less fanatical folk than those who had come. When they had gone thus far, she leaned back in her chair and, closing

er eyes, waited breathlessly.

To Evelyn these moments seemed like hours. She had drawn in her usual. The pupil was either ill or her eyes, waited breathlessly. head, so as to be completely hidden between the two mattresses, at the moment when she heard the searchthe room, poking under the bed, moving aside some heavy pieces of recklessly, as if to show their conappointments. They prodded the today that quenched their lamb bed and, raising the linen valance, joyous light. He stifled a sigh ooked underneath. Then someone said something about the bedste, and an argument ensued. During its continuance the blood throbbed in Evelyn's ears, and her heart beat so painfully that she could scarcely at her gravely, "a little earlier, perthat surely there would not be a bedste in this luxuriously furnished and Anglified dwelling. Evèlyn was beginning to breathe more freely, face was quite pale. when one fellow, who had been espe-cially persistent in maintaining that no Dutch house -and particularly one which had been begun in pion-eer times—could be complete without a sleeping cupboard, suddenly thrust his hand between its doors and the great bedstead.

"It is there," he cried with tri-umph, and he strove to open the umph, and he strove to open the doors in so far as was possible.

"If it be so," argued Captain Ransom, angered at the obstinacy of his doors in so far as was possible.

"Nothing—nothing—can help it. It is a situation—" Her lips quivered, and she stopped.

subordinate, "how could anyone have reached there without moving that weighty piece of furniture, a thing manifestly impossible for a young and slender woman? For it must be remembered that the occuof this dwelling, whither the the utmost secrecy."

## URSULA'S EASTER LILIES

By Helen Moriarty

It was a big, untidy room into which the girl came—a room which breathed music in its every aspect. Tables and chairs were covered with Tables and chairs were covered sheet music and an old-fashioned wall cabinet held several violins Under a skylight at the end of the room stood a grand piano, littered also with music, and over against the wall a violincello rested in solitary grandeur. The withdrawin light of a late spring evening clothed the room with a fitful splendor. picking out stray glints of gold in the flowered wallpaper, relic of a former day and lending a curious whiteness to the vellow keys of the old piano.

Upon entering, Ursula cast a strange look about the room as though seeing it for the first time. rent doctrines, and bringing them under the dominion of foreign Mass-priests and the French of Canada."

In reality she was trying to impress every bit of it on her memory—the dear disorderly old room—for she happy—
"Maestro! Maestro!" she called.

slipping out of her coat and proceeding to open her violin case.

"Coming!" a deep, pleasant voice replied from an inner room. "Com-ing, my lady!" The opening door revealed the tall, stooped figure of an old man with a leonine gray head and sombre dark eyes, now with a smile in their depths for the young girl before him. 'Always on the good time! Always

on the good time," he murmured, as he bustled about, turning on lights here and there, for dusk would soon be stealing into the big room. "Now! We are ready to begin, is it not so? Why, what is this?" at the sight of a strange piece of music she was holding out to him. "Not-the

The girl nodded, her hands loosely clasped before her, as she stood smiling rather shyly. "Finished," she said at last, lacon

ically. "I await the verdict of the Maestro.

"Sing!" He motioned her to the played the opening bars with hands that trembled a little. Then she sang. It was not a great voice which filled the studio, but it was low, rich, expressive. And the song, betrayed some uneasiness. Van low, rich, expressive. And the song, Cortlandt had long been a name to her own composition, fitted the plaintive beauty of the voice to perfection. As the player's hands fell

And as he scanned over the words hastily, he gave the girl a quizzical

"To meet again-to meet again

In lands beyond recall.' he quoted. "A little sad, my lady, a -bit-sad," pursing up his lips

and shaking his head. "I tried—but I couldn't seem to ake it glad," the girl said simply. "I don't," with a curious introspective look, I don't like sad things

The Maestro gave her a searching "Come, to our lesson!" he

abstracted, the teacher could not tell which, and more than once his sombre eyes sought the equally som-bre face of the girl whose hand party mounting the stairs. She bre face of the girl whose hand could hear them tramping around swept the bow across the strings of her violin with the touch of a real musician. He could not fathom the furniture and tossing things about look in her eyes, dark like his own, but bright and burning with youth's empt for the very richness of the high fire, and with something else He stifled a sigh as she prepared to go. "Hah! These They ought to be, so happy-but

ear. The contention seemed to be haps? I like to think of you getting home earlier.

The girl did not answer at once and when she looked up at him her

"I am not coming back, Maestro dear," she said very softly. "Not any more. This—this is my last

The Maestro stared at her. "Your last lesson? What is this? I don't

"And I can't explain" harriedly 'Only that I can't help it," she went

"My child !" the old man said tenderly, perplexed and pained at the sight of her tears. "And your old Maestro cannot help?" She shook her head. "There is no

help." Tears were on her cheeks, but her voice was firm again. "I Lord has sent us, could have no have loved my music—and the room knowledge of our coming, since all —and you, dear Maestro. But it's our proceedings were attended with the utmost secrecy."

TO BE CONTINUED | have played on it for the last time.

And the song—I shall lay it away with my treasures—" "My child!" the Maestro could only murmur again helplessly. Against the finality of her tone, no

pleadingly.
"Yes." One word. Then, "Thank
"Yes." you, dear Maestro, a thousand times, for everything—your kindness—the happy hours—everything !" A quick handclasp and she was gone. He followed her to the door and watched her down the long dusky hall, a strange pain at his heart. Then the darkness enfolded her and

the could see her no more.

The big room looked curiously

empty and garish as the old man

turned away from the door. He never knew until this, his favorite ely old full of memories, and the beautiful young girl with her life all before herfriends, by reason of a certain sympathetic understanding on her part. and on his, a curious response to her girlish friendly interest. Across the dull fabric of his monotonous exist.

So she laid away her violin, and dull fabric of his monotonous exist-ence her presence was like a bit of Tartan plaid, touching it to moments of gayety and brightness, how rarely bright he had not known until he realized that she was gone. Ah, well! Other presences had gone

from him too, never to return--presences still dearer and closer. And the new pain of the new loss brought back again in full tide the older, never forgotten pain. He seated himself at the piano in an effort to chase away this access of unwelcome gloom, and his fingers, straying idly over the keys, found selves dropping unconsciously into the refrain of "Easter Lilies."

"Too sad," he muttered aloud, "too sad—" The melody ceased suddenly, and the yellow keys received a new baptism-the slow and bitter tears of lonely age.

In the meantime Ursula. vay home, was not without shedding a few tears also, but they were soo quenched in a certain resolute brightness which she called to her "It was only a dream," she remind

Ursula Lee's father had been a

musician, a master violinist of his day, and her mother an Italian singer with a beautiful voice and a charming personality. Ursula, their one child, at fourteen showed un-doubted signs of the talent by which her father was distinguishing him self, and in her quiet convent school was studying earnestly that she might please her beloved parents who were working so hard out in the big world of artistic endeavor. one day she was called to a distant city. There had been a terrible holocaust in a big music hall, and in a vain attempt to save his wife from the flames Gregory Lee, or Leo Gregorio as he was known in the musical world, had almost perished himself. From her mother's grave Ursula went to the bedside of a disfigured, maimed and broken father who from that day forward could never bear the sight or sound of a musical instrument. Ursula ofte wept in secret over the poor dis-figured hands which had been wont to coax such magic strains from his beloved violin, and the mournful eyes, never freed from the vision of his wife's tragic death.

It was a depressing atmosphere for young girl to grow up in, but for tunately both for Ursula and her father her spirit was fledged with bright wings. With a sympathy and understanding far beyond her years she bad at once devoted herself to his care, with a passionate desire to make up to him in some way for the sad blight to his life and to all his hopes. Even her music—she laid that on the altar of sacrifice, hoping that as the years went on his grief would soften and his heart quicken again to the call of the art to which he had given the richest efforts of his life. But the day was long in coming, and the girl's life as she grew up was somewhat barren of th enjoyments due to her age. And because her life was circumscribed turned with increasing eagerness to thoughts of her violin and in her mind a fanciful dream took shape. She would take up again the study of music, in secret and some day it might be given to her—who could tell?—to charm her father from one of his gloomy moods by the sweet strains of the instrument which he used to love so well How perfect life would be for her if by this means she could shake of this grisly shadow which darkened all her father's days, and see him once again basking in the sunlight of sane and sweet enjoyments!

It was then, heart aflame with a

new hope, that she sought the studio less than its despair, there was no appeal with idle words. "But if you ever can do so, you will return?" were spent. Then came death to her hopes. An old friend of her father's, whom he had not seen since the days of his artistic triumphs, sought him out in his retirement, and, over flowing with the superabundance of his own happiness and prosperity and plainly shocked by Mr. Lee's statement that Ursula had not re ceived a musical education, offered himself to defray her expenses at a famous conservatory. The painful scene which followed, when high words were exchanged and Mr. Lee was caustically told how selfish he was, showed Ursula plainly that her pupil, was gone, what a large part dream of helping her father by this she had taken in brightening his means, was at an end. And her life. She had come to him six years study, too-that was over! For who before in the dusk of a spring evening, and into the same dusk she had vanished from him again, never perhaps to return. Of all his pupils grief to his already over-burdened rent doctrines, and bringing them under the dominion of foreign Mass-priests and the French of Canada."

The charges, thus formulated against Evelyn and put in concrete again. And she had heritance and her delight. ing else was he selfish, her beloved father—courteous, careful of her indulgent, even, and trying so bravely always to respond to the uplift of

the little song, child of so many happy dreams. She was young ; for him, it was little enough. And though the Maestro watched and hoped, she did not come back

It was Easter Monday, Father Ahern, for fifty years pastor of the Church of the Assumption, was retiring to a less arduous life, rich in Church of the years and holiness, and this after noon his people were to meet in the parish hall to say farewell to the loved shepherd of so many decades and to present him with a testi-monial in the shape of a well-filled purse. It was to be a very formal gathering, as the venerable priest was averse to any display, a was only at the last moment that a member of the committee conceived the idea that it would be a good plan to have a little music to break the first awkward moment after the presentation. The retiring pastor was not as he said himself, "much good at speechifying;" and indeed the people knew him too well to expect or desire a set speech

"Signor Gannata will be just the e," some one suggested. "Tell

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