

GERALD DE LACEY'S DAUGHTER

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF COLONIAL DAYS

BY ANNA T. SADDLER

BOOK II
CHAPTER IX
AN UNWELCOME MEETING

While the wedding festivities were still at their height, the tall figure of a man might be seen descending with rapid steps the path which led to the Water-Gate. As he passed the tavern of *Der Halle* and glanced through the open window, he saw that the brightly lighted room was almost devoid of company. Many of those who gathered there of an evening for a pipe and a social glass, were above at the mansion where the gentility of the town were celebrating the union of two of its most prominent families. Only a few scattered groups of two or three, mostly of the seafaring class, were assembled. Gerald de Lacey paused and, out of the dreariness of his approaching exile, regarded wistfully that homely, familiar place, whence light and comfort seemed to irradiate. Even the broad and genial countenance of mine host, as he sat behind the bar, was suggestive of good cheer. So suddenly that he had not time to take any precautions, the door opened and Mr. de Lacey found himself confronted by Captain Greatch, that notorious smuggler to whose name so many people were ready to affix a harsher epithet. The fugitive would have passed on quickly, but the other halted him:

"May I beg to know your errand, comrade, that you go so fast?"

The man so addressed slackened his pace and waited for nothing could have been worse for his desire of secrecy than that he should excite suspicion, even in the mind of this sea-rover. Greatch, having caught up with him, laid a detaining hand on his shoulder, from which Mr. de Lacey impatiently freed himself, while the other peered at him a moment in the deep gloom.

"Ho! is it you, Master de Lacey?" he cried.

The fugitive, who had hoped that he might escape recognition, made no further attempt at concealment, but answered carelessly:

"Aye, Captain Greatch, it is I."

"I should ha' thought," said Greatch, with a cunning glance out of the corner of his eye, "that you would ha' been up at the great house with all the gentles for the marrying."

"And so I have been," replied Mr. de Lacey, "though such merry-makings are but little to my taste. I am a man of books."

"Which makes you so pale and pasty," said Greatch, aware of the contrast between his own ruddy countenance and that of his companion.

"Moreover," added Mr. de Lacey, "I am somewhat inwardly fuming at the necessity for such an explanation, as well as at the insolent familiarity of the other, 'I am leaving Manhattan for a brief period, and as the weather is fair and the wind favorable, I sail tonight.'"

"For Barbadoes, mayhap," queried Greatch, inquisitively, "with Rogers Master on 'The Mermaid.' He sails for Madeira, St. Thomas and Barbadoes."

There was more than a note of suspicion in the fellow's voice, and in the look that, turning round, he fixed upon the fugitive. Mr. de Lacey, making no direct answer, said:

"In the last place I have acquired interests that demand some looking after. And it is a fair wind for sailing and good weather."

"Better'n we are like to have in these colonies," he exclaimed, "Greatch, swearing a great oath, 'as you may know, Master, if you be, as I might say, of the trade.'"

He gave his listener a poke in the ribs to emphasize his words. Mr. de Lacey, puzzled for a moment, was presently relieved, for he saw how far off the scent was the seaman, to whom matters maritime were of paramount interest. His laugh, therefore, seemed to Greatch a confirmation of his suspicions.

"And mighty close you have been about it, Master," he added with something of admiration, "but none so quiet as will not be found out in the long run. And wise you are to run away, if trouble is brewing, though my plan is to brave it out. My Lord Bellmont '— curse him! '— is hard on the traders, harder than ever since he got bit by Cap'n Kidd, whom he had set to lord it over all of us and do the pirating for the Governor and for the King's Majesty, as I make no doubt, and as folks say. Only that Kidd gave them the slip and cried 'By your leave, gentles, I'll do the pirating for myself.' Oh Lud! when I think on it. He stopped to give a roar of laughter and to slap his knee with his great red hand."

"To think how he was cotched!" Looking around to be sure that they were alone, and lowering his voice, he continued:

"Though there be some that say the Governor was deep in it as another man, and, if all had gone well with Kidd and he had played fair with his mates, he would ha' had his profit out of the Quiddor Merchant, and a deal besides. What think you, Master?"

"'Tis a wise man that puts not his thoughts into words these days," answered Mr. de Lacey, guardedly, "and, in truth, my own opinion

would be that all that relates to His Excellency must be but idle gossip."

Greatch snorted his disbelief. "You are close as an oyster," he said, "and right you may be, but Tom Greatch's way is to speak his mind fair and open."

"Well, each to his own fashion," Mr. de Lacey responded lightly, "only beware that one of these days you do not run your neck into a halter."

Capt. Greatch scowled, whether at the warning itself or at the picture thus conjured up. But he said no more just then, and the two walked on in silence. They were upon the wharf now, which lay cold and pale in the dim starlight. To Mr. de Lacey the scene was one of consummate dreariness, so strongly does the temper of the mind color even inanimate nature. The river spread out black before them; there was an odor of salt water, wet wood and tar intermingled. Save for an occasional light gleaming out from a vessel at anchor, that vast sheet of water might have been a desert plain.

"There's the greasine, yonder," said Greatch, pointing with one thick and grimy finger: "The Mermaid, Rogers Master. A rough voyage he had of it last time. He was chased by a French privateer. He struck a great gale of wind off Sandy Hook, which carried away his boom and washed three able-bodied men overboard."

He still assumed that his companion was about to embark on "The Mermaid," and turned in that direction. In fact, Mr. de Lacey's destination was far other. He was going to board a small sloop, which lay quietly at anchor at the foot of the Smith's Vly, and which was to take him to the Colony of Massachusetts. It was highly important that his place of refuge should be secret from all but his two or three staunch friends, and for this tavern brawler, this smuggler, to gain any knowledge whatsoever of his movements, was something to be prevented at all hazards. He might, he feared, even be obliged on some pretence or another to abandon for the nonce his plan of escape. As it seemed likely that Greatch, who did not appear to be going anywhere in particular and was full of curiosity, might insist on seeing him aboard ship, Mr. de Lacey suddenly stopped:

"Captain Greatch," he said, "I will be frank with you. As I am leaving Manhattan with no charge against me, nor even a suspicion of being involved in smuggling operations, it is of the greatest moment to me that I should not appear in your company."

For an instant the coarse face of Greatch grew purple with indignation, and his bristling eyebrows were drawn down in a scowl. But whether from policy or because the words tickled his sense of humor, he burst into a laugh. Giving Mr. de Lacey a push, which at another time would have been highly resented by that gentleman, he cried:

"Go your way, the company on no man. No, by the Lord Harry he don't. Nor is Rogers Master overfond of me, though he might want me yet to get his chestnuts out of the fire."

"Good-bye, then," said Mr. de Lacey gaily, adding, though he well knew the uselessness of such counsel: "Mum's the word!" "Mum's the word!" repeated Greatch. Greatch looked after the retreating figure apparently heading for "The Mermaid."

"Mum's the word, till it suits Tom Greatch to open his lips. There's your canting Christian for you and, as some folks say, a pestilent Papist. Thick as thieves he used to be up yonder at the Fort with Dongan and the Mass priests, when I was shipping for my first cruise. And now doin' his bit o' tradin' on the quiet, I make no doubt like the rest of the gentles: keepin' the broad out of his poor men's mouths and sneakin' away when the chase grows hot."

He would like to have gone down and interviewed the skipper of that vessel by which he supposed Mr. de Lacey to be about to sail. But he had his own reasons, growing out of various practices, for giving Rogers Master and other honest seamen a wide berth. The brigantine consequently weighed anchor without Greatch being any the wiser and without having on board one Gerald de Lacey, Gentleman, late Major of Hussars. And a few moments later, in a spanking breeze and headed for Long Island Sound, sailed the sloop, "Anna Maria," Jenkins Master, upon which had really embarked a fugitive from persecuting laws.

CHAPTER X
HUSBAND AND WIFE

Sitting on the porch before his house and smoking an evening pipe in tolerably close proximity to the de Lacey's dwelling, Mynheer de Vries was the first to notice that it was unattended. He rose from his chair and, still smoking, strolled down the street for a cautious survey of his neighbor's premises. He stood outside the gate, and allowed his eyes to wander over the lovely profusion of the garden. They noted that the study window was closed, and that no gleam of light came through crack or cranny. Though the observer was not readily susceptible to outward impressions, he was conscious of that indescribable sense of blankness, of loneliness, that belongs to a habitation whence human presence has been withdrawn. Mynheer wanted to be certain of the fact, and softly unclasped the garden gate and entered. He walked from path to path, unmindful of the sweet fragrance

of the flowers. He drew close to the house, and peered in through the smallest crack that the closed shutters afforded. The aspect of the study proved convincingly to his mind that Gerald de Lacey's absence was more than temporary.

"He was at the wedding," mused the inquisitor. "I saw and spoke to him, but I have not seen him since, and here is the house closed up. Now, why this sudden departure?"

He looked carefully all over the exterior of the house, as though he expected that an answer might be forthcoming from the walls. He knew that Mistress Evelyn de Lacey had been visiting the Van Cortlandts for some days previous to the wedding, and would probably remain for a few days afterwards with the grandmother. This was quite natural and to be expected. But where were the father and the servants? The two negroes, mother and daughter, who did the work of the cottage, were not slaves. The younger, Elia, had long been Mistress Evelyn's maid and personal attendant, as the mother had been her nurse. By a sudden inspiration, Mynheer de Vries returned to the kitchen door; it was locked. He looked in the kitchen window; all was dark and still. That settled the matter to the mind of the inquirer. If the master of the house were expected back shortly, the servants would not have gone. For the elder woman in particular rarely stirred from her comfortable quarters.

Mynheer de Vries returned thoughtfully along the darkening street to his own mansion. Through the window he could see his wife, who was fat and went seldom abroad, knitting near a marble-topped table. In the ordinary course of events," reflected Mynheer, as he ascended the steps to the porch, "de Lacey would have notified me, as his nearest neighbor, of his departure and have asked, in my good offices for the protection of his property, and even perchance of his daughter, though that would be the affair of the Van Cortlandt family."

He tried to solve the problem, and, in his impatient curiosity, felt resentful towards his wife because she sat so placidly in her chair. He had an angry feeling that he would like to drag her thence into the swift current of public affairs. The feeling was but momentary. She was better as she was, and infinitely less trouble to him, than if she were one of these meddling women, who, from the first days of the Colony, had taken a leading part in Colonial affairs and had pulled many a political string. Mynheer stroked his chin, as he often did when troubled, and thus cogitated:

"How has de Lacey got himself involved, and in what? If it be in trading operations, what does he know and how much might he tell, if his whereabouts were to be discovered?"

The true reason for Mr. de Lacey's departure did not occur to him. He had not been in the colony in Dongan's time, and had never chanced to hear much of his neighbor's personal history or of his close connection with the Catholic Governor. He himself was very moderately interested in religious affairs, and was ready to "sneez with the Dominies" only in so far as that nasal exercise was expedient. He had no fear of Popery. He never thought of it at all, and so had never imagined the de Lacey's or any others of his own circle as coming under the anti-Popery laws.

The only possible alternative to complicity in smuggling operations was a too pronounced activity on the anti-Leislerian side of the great controversy, though, in truth, he could not recall a single instance where his neighbor had meddled with present-day politics, or taken any public part in the troubles that marked the whole course of Lord Bellomont's administration. Still, he thought, an might be quite possible that, though living a quiet life, he had made himself in some way obnoxious to the Governor and his chief advisers, who were frankly Leislerian, because of his and his daughter's intimacy with the Van Cortlandts and others of the aristocratic party.

This supposition was more agreeable to Mynheer than the other. He himself had maintained a very safe attitude of neutrality between the parties. He was as friendly with an Samuel Staats or Abraham de Byster as with Nicholas Bayard, Pieter Schuyler or Stephen Van Cortlandt. But, in so far as illicit trading with Greatch or others of his kidney was concerned, things were very different. Mynheer was very deeply involved. He had allowed his habitual caution to fly to the winds in his passion for gain. He was fairly consumed by the desire to make money, for acquisitiveness was the dominant note of his character. He had, therefore, good reason to feel uneasy. If Mr. de Lacey had really been obliged to leave Manhattan for reasons connected with illicit traffic, it might very well become necessary for Mynheer also to take the road. For it was likely from all the circumstances, that his own operations had been on a far larger scale than anything that could have been attempted by de Lacey. Also, the fugitive might very well have been informed by Greatch and others of the wary merchant's connection with smugglers and their doings. If then it chanced that he were recaptured, might he not be tempted to make revelations which, incriminating others, would save himself? Mynheer, smoking vigorously, pondered on what kind of man de Lacey really was, but could not come to any

decision, so apart were the two men in character as in standards of conduct. One thing alone became clear to his mind, and that was that the secret of his neighbor's absence must be kept as long as possible. He himself would do all in his power to maintain such secrecy, and thus lessen the chances of his capture and the possible revelations that might follow. And this determination on his part was the easier inasmuch as he had a certain amount of friendly feeling towards the late inhabitants of the cottage and a profound admiration for Mistress Evelyn and for the social success which she had attained. In any case, the attitude that he took was a providential circumstance for the de Lacey's. Otherwise Mynheer, who was no little of a gossip and usually well-informed as to what was passing in the town, might very well have thrown out hints in the taverns, or whispered in the drawing-rooms that a prominent resident of Manhattan had disappeared.

Mynheer further resolved to find out what he could of the causes that led to such disappearance. He promised himself to sound Greatch, who could be brutally frank at times, and to listen to the talk of the seafaring frequenters of *Der Halle*. He even determined to address a few discreet lines to Mistress Evelyn de Lacey, whom he had long regarded approvingly as a distinct asset to their neighborhood, by volunteering his assistance in case of need. This he considered not an ornamental character. Mynheer could scarcely conceal from himself the conviction that she was a blot on the landscape. Hence he had permitted himself, always within the bounds of discretion, to find a refreshment to the eye and a solace to the spirit in observing their fair neighbor.

He went into the house after this exhaustive review of the subject, and carefully inspected the rich furnishings of the place, as if he had never seen them before; the silk damask curtains, the rich carpets, the flowered tabby chimney-cloth, the velvet arm-chairs with trimmings of silver lace. And, though he did not go upstairs to inspect his own and his wife's wardrobe, where his eyes, matins and brocades abounded; though he did not descend into the cellar to visit the ample store of wines, he mentally appraised all these things, and knew how much he was indebted to Greatch and his like for such luxuries. As an embargo was laid on nearly all foreign goods by the home government, his mansion, and many a mansion in Manhattan would otherwise have been bare indeed. For even the wealth he had acquired would not have been sufficient to provide so many luxuries by legitimate means.

Vrouw de Vries watched her husband, in placid wonderment, as he made the tour of the room. She sincerely hoped he would find there no speck of dust, which would be sure to annoy him exceedingly. For she was not the housekeeper that she had been, and even the best of slaves were not always to be trusted. On this occasion, however, either the slaves had done their work efficiently, or Mynheer was too preoccupied to notice.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE CARTHUSIAN

"I protest, captain, against the orders which you gave us. We are citizens of France. We have broken no law. We have wronged no man, and the people here will give testimony that we have helped many."

A low murmur of approval went through the assembled throng, and many heads nodded approval.

"Now see here, Father, you must not address the people," interposed the captain hazily. "If there is any trouble, you will be charged with having incited a riot and the charge will be serious if there are any soldiers killed or wounded."

"It was far from my intention, captain, to rouse the people. In fact, we found them roused over the passage of these iniquitous and unjust laws and we have preached and urged the futility of resistance to the powers that rule France today. You need not fear any trouble, I assure you, captain. The people will obey the orders and will follow the advice which the Father has so steadily given them. But I will not leave the monastery without at least a protest. Here for hundreds of years our Fathers have dwelt peacefully, injuring no man and helping many. Look about you at the country round! Do you know that the prosperity, nay the wealth of the country people here, had its source in this monastery. We have taught them how to plant the vines and to care for them so that they have flourished and borne rich fruit. We have provided the knowledge and meaning for warding off the diseases to which the vines are subject. We have shown them how to enrich the soil. We have fed the hungry and clothed the naked; we have cared for the sick and buried the dead. We have built schools and churches to lift the French people from the grounds, and what is our

reward—exile—which to a Frenchman is death."

The captain flushed red. He was a little angry and a little ashamed. His task was not a pleasing one to a soldier. He was to evict the Carthusians from the monastery of Grenoble and he did not like the work, but it was his duty and he proposed to do it. He wished to avoid trouble with the people who had gathered about, for he knew that a word from the Superior of the monastery would precipitate a pitched battle. The people would get the worst of it, but his orders were strict. He was to carry out the commands he had with as little excitement and strife as possible. It would not do for the republic to appear to be carrying out high-handed measures of robbery and confiscation without the consent of the people. He allowed his tongue to get the better of him for the moment.

"There are too many priests in France," he said; "you are the drones in the hive. You have done much, but you have received much," and he pointed to the splendid monastery and noble church.

The Superior smiled a little bitterly. "This represents in its lives and labors of monks for hundreds of years. Here they came and prayed and toiled, asking nothing and receiving nothing for themselves. They had a cot to sleep on which, you, captain, would despise, and a narrow cell to sleep in, which you would find very uncomfortable, though you are a soldier and supposed to be inured to hardships. They gave up their life and liberty, and in subjection to the will of others they lived here. What did they receive for this, captain? Let us hope, a heavenly crown, for certainly this world did little for them, though they did much for the world by their study, and toil. Today the French people—the peasants are the richest in Europe, if not the will of the world. Yet the government must drive us forth in its insatiable greed for wealth. Are we not Frenchmen? Are we not citizens? I myself have served France in Africa."

"I regret," answered the captain, "that it is my unpleasant duty to carry out the will of my superior officers. We have been ordered to close this monastery and expel the monks, as I have told you before, and a prolongation of the discussion is not of any avail. Even if I recognize that there is much truth and justice in what you say, it is beyond my power to change the laws which Paris makes for France."

"That is the difficulty, that Paris makes the laws for France," cried the Superior. "These laws are not the will of the French people."

"It is useless to argue," cried the captain, "and I must ask you now for the third time to open the door."

"And I," answered the Superior, calmly, "for the third time refuse. We will not surrender our monastery willingly. We shall not resist, but you must expel us if we are to leave the place where we have hoped and prayed to be permitted to spend the rest of our lives."

The captain gave a word of command and some of the soldiers armed with axes attacked the door. It was made of heavy oak, but the axes made short work of it. When the doors were battered down the captain stepped inside. "Permit me, Monsieur," he said politely to the Superior, taking him by the arm.

The Superior, thus escorted, passed over the ruins of the door onto the street. One by one the religious were thus escorted from the monastery. The people began to hoot and hiss at the soldiers as they saw the monks ejected, but the Superior held up his hand authoritatively and the clamor ceased.

"Let us pray," he said. The people and the monks knelt while the Superior recited the Rosary, the people answering. Some of them were sobbing and crying and the farewell that followed was touching. The captain and his soldiers escorted the monks to the railroad station and again the captain politely excused himself.

The whole thing, he said, had been painful to him, but what could he do?

The Superior answered that he understood. He bore no grudge against the captain or against France. In fact, he promised he would pray for both, for which the captain again politely thanked him, though he shrugged his shoulders as if he did not feel that he needed prayers. When the Paris-Rome express arrived, for the monks were going into exile in Italy, the captain saw to it that all were placed safely aboard and then, heartily glad this disagreeable task was over, he said with just the faintest shade of irony: "Good-by, Fathers."

"We shall be back," smiled the Superior, detecting the ironic tone. "None of us, perhaps—but the French Carthusians will return. France needs us and France will some day call us. We are Frenchmen and when we hear the call we shall return."

The men of the Seventy-first regiment thought they had been forgotten, left to die that is, those of them who were still alive. They had been isolated from the main line for three days and the Germans closing in about Verdun were pressing them hard.

After they had taken their position in the front trench their communicating lines had been destroyed by the terrific bombardment of enemy artillery. Further and further the main body of the French had been

swept back by the devastating fire of the Germans and one by one the trenches had been destroyed and abandoned, so that, by day, not a living being could cross the shell swept plateau which stretched gray and blasted between the main line of the army or the French army. Under cover of night volunteer heroes kept them supplied with food and water and ammunition, running the gauntlet of fire between the main line of the army and the decimated regiment. Night by night the men of the Seventy-first had dragged their wounded eyes and bravely returned to almost certain death with their regiment. There had been many killed on these dangerous expeditions, but volunteers never failed when the major (who had been in command since the colonel was killed) called for them. Each night, too, the word came from the general staff—hold on!—the trench must be held at all costs. You will be relieved as soon as possible. You will be relieved as soon as possible.

Each time the major received the message, he smiled grimly. Hold on! Yes, they would hold on—till every one of them died—but relief, that was impossible while the Germans maintained their present position. No regiment could cross the open ground between the isolated trench and main line, even by night, and survive. Even the small parties of volunteers got through with the greatest difficulty, and a large body of troops would be discovered at once by trench rockets, constantly fired from the German line. The major knew that the line of communication was being re-established, that the destroyed trenches were being rebuilt, but before they would be completed the major knew that every man in his regiment would be killed or taken prisoner.

The Germans had gathered in about them so closely that they could throw bombs from their trenches with deadly effects, and the French could not look for an instant at the enemy's trenches except through skillfully concealed periscopes. Nearly all the officers of the regiment had been killed or wounded and fully half the men. The rest were so demoralized by the incessant bombardment to which they had been subjected that if the Germans rushed the trench the major felt that his men could not longer put up a successful resistance. He had seen some of them, strong men, collapse in the trench, broken and trembling, crying with sheer fright, nervous wrecks.

It was useless to hold out any longer. On the third night the major sent back word by one of his volunteers: "We cannot hold out more than one day. The spirit of the survivors is broken. There are not enough now to man the trench. Send help at once or the trench must be abandoned. If the Germans knew our weakness, they could take the trench easily."

Towards morning, the messenger crept back with the answer: "Hold out for the day; during the night a regiment will be sent to relieve you. The major did not give this news to the discouraged remnant of the Seventy-first, but somehow or other the word was passed that on the following night a regiment would come through to relieve them, and the exhausted men stuck to their task manfully during the horrors of the day following.

The next night a regiment did come through, a volunteer regiment, volunteers for almost certain death. They were nearly all Bretons, and instead of coming in large bodies, left the main lines and crossed the shell plateau of death in small groups. Toward midnight they began to arrive, and as they came the weary men who were relieved adopted the same strategy, and made their way to the rear trenches. The last to leave was the major and he had not left before he greeted the colonel of the volunteer regiment, who relieved the major of his arduous and dangerous duty. To the major's surprise, the commander of the new regiment addressed him as colonel.

"Major," he corrected. "Colonel," insisted the other. "Promoted for heroic defense of this trench. They have also awarded you the cross. I congratulate you."

"Thank you, colonel," answered the newly promoted officer, who was unable to restrain the tears which flowed down his face, "but your task is harder than mine. Tomorrow they will probably attack in force."

"My Bretons will hold the trench," said the colonel, cheerfully. "They would follow me to death. Many of them I knew years ago at Grenoble."

"At Grenoble!" cried the other. "At Grenoble! Why I was once stationed there and now I recognize your voice. You were a Carthusian—and now you are a colonel in the army of France."

"I am still a Carthusian," answered the colonel, gravely. "And now I recall you. You are the captain who had the unpleasant duty of expelling us. Do you remember that I said that France would call us back? France called, and here we are, God grant, to stay. And now, colonel, it is time for you to get back to the lines, and I wish you a safe journey."

"Father will you hear my confession?" asked the other. "It is many years since I have received the Sacraments, but the trenches have taught me much. I am glad to kneel at your feet, in reparation for the wrong I did you."

"Not for the wrong you did me," said the colonel of the Bretons gently, but for the good of your soul."

From his pocket he drew forth the purple stole and the colonel of

Phone Main 6249. After Hours: Hillcrest 5313
Society of St. Vincent de Paul
Bureau of Information
Special Attention Given to Employment
Cost of Clothes Always in Demand
25 Shuter St.
Office Hours 9 to 4
TORONTO

St. Jerome's College
FOUNDED 1864 KITCHENER, ONT.
Excellent Business College Department
Excellent High School or Academic Department
Excellent College and Philosophical Department
Address: REV. A. L. ZINGER, C. R., Ph. D., PRESIDENT

PROFESSIONAL CARDS
FOY, KNOX & MONAHAN
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, Etc.
Hon. J. J. Foy, K. C., A. E. Knox, T. Louis Monahan
E. L. Middleton George Keough
Cable Adress: "Foy"
Telephones Main 78
Main 798
Office: Continental Life Building
CORNER BAY AND RICHMOND STREETS
(TORONTO)

P. O. Box 2003 Phone M4116
H. L. O'ROURKE, B. A.
(Also of Ontario Bar)
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR & NOTARY
Money to Loan
Suite 5, Board of Trade Building
251 Eighth Avenue West
— CALGARY, ALBERTA

JOHN T. LOFTUS
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary, Etc.
713 TEMPLE BUILDING
TORONTO
Telephone Main 612

Reilly, Lunney & Lannan
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES
CALGARY, ALBERTA

DR. BRUCE E. RAID
Room 5, Dominion Bank Chambers
Cor. Richmond and Dundas Sts. Phone 8660

Hotel St. Charles
(FIRE-PROOF)
Atlantic City, N. J.
Entire Block on the Ocean Front
St. Charles Place to New Jersey Ave.
Always open. Capacity 500 with 12-story
fireproof building. San parlors and enclosed
porches. Hot and cold sea water in all baths.
Orchestra of soloists. Special winter rates.
Golf and tennis. Bus meets all
trains. Booklet upon request.
NEWLIN-HAINE CO.

Funeral Directors
John Ferguson & Sons
100 KING ST.
The Leading Undertakers & Embalmers
Open Night and Day
Telephone—House 373 Factory 543

E. C. Killingsworth
FUNERAL DIRECTOR
Open Day and Night
553 Richmond St. Phone 3971

Hotel Lenox
NORTH ST., AT DELAWARE AVE.,
BUFFALO, N. Y.
A modern, fireproof and distinctive hotel
of 250 all outside rooms. Ideally located.
Excellence in equipment, cuisine and service.
Operated on the European Plan

TARIFF:
Room with
privilege of Bath \$1.50 per day
Room with
Private Bath \$2.00 per day and
upward
Two Rooms
with Private Bath \$4.00 per day and
upward
C. A. MINER
Managing Director
Write for complete
Circulars to Buffalo
& Niagara Falls

WHOOPIING COUGH
SPASMODIC CROUP
ASTHMA
BRONCHITIS
CATARRH
COUGHS
COLDS
Vapo-resolene
Est. 1879
A simple, safe and effective treatment avoiding
drugs. Vapo-resolene stops the ravages of
Whooping Cough and relieves Spasmodic
Croup. It is a boon to sufferers from
Asthma. The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, in-
sulates with every breath,
makes breathing easy,
soothes the sore throat
and stops the cough,
ensuring restful nights.
It is invaluable to mothers
with young children.
Send us postal for
descriptive booklet
WOLFF DRUGGISTS
VAPOR-CRESCOLENE CO.
Vapo-Resolene, "Mentol"

McShane Bell Foundry Co.
BALTIMORE, MD.
CHURCH, CRIME and PEAL
BELLS a Specialty