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HAWTHORNDEN

A STORY OF EVERY DAY LIFE

BY MRS. CLARA M. THOMPSON

CHAPTER XXIII.—CONTINUED

Rosine was willing to do any thing but do wrong to soothe her sister, and she commenced slowly, without looking up:

"Navy Yard, December, 18—

"My Sweet Young Friend:

"I must congratulate you on your reunion with your sister, of which I heard today from Sister Agnes. I hope I may yet have a little place in your thoughts. Come and see me with your sister, you know you are always welcome. Mrs. Laura Hartland was with me yesterday, she misses you constantly, but your friends are right, your young fresh heart should not be made the recipient of sorrows like hers. I wish I could comfort her, but naturally she is very anxious about the Lieutenant just now," she hesitated.

"Go on," said Marion eagerly, "I have been wishing to ask an explanation of some expressions I heard the Doctor use yesterday; it seems that she had desired to go to her husband, and the Colonel prevented it."

"I knew nothing of it," replied Rosine with surprise. "Well, I picked it up from the end of a conversation; but go on," she added impatiently.

"There is nothing more of Laura here," said Rosine, and continued her reading—"We hear from Harry almost every steamer; he is getting on finely, is at present at Strasburg, working hard at his profession."

"Profession?" cried Marion, looking around from the glass, "I thought he was in the Navy!"

"He was in the service," replied Rosine, "but resigned on account of the war with Mexico, which he could not justify to his conscience."

"Very foolish of him!" said the sister, in a tone slightly contemptuous. "What had he to do with the right or wrong of the matter? If he obeyed orders, the responsibility rested with the government."

"You reason like the Commodore," said Rosine, laughing. "He was mortally angry with his son."

"I don't wonder," replied the sister; "it is a great hindrance to the rise of a man to change his profession after being established. Does he live on his father in the meantime?"

Rosine's face flushed with indignation as she replied, "You don't know Harry Greenwood. He is above all meanness."

"He has a warm advocate in you, at least," said Marion, looking keenly at Rosine, who blushed painfully; "but go on, let's hear what his sister says of him."

More reluctantly than ever, Rosine continued her reading, still loath to offend her sister by seeming to want confidence—"He thinks to stay in Europe two or three years. Father is a shade more reconciled, at least he does not speak of my brother with the severity that so distressed me. Come to me soon, my dear one, and I will tell you more of his daily life. You will find a loving welcome from your attached—

DORA GREENWOOD."

It was true, as Marion had surmised from what she had overheard, that Laura had desired to go to her husband. Since Le Comte's departure, her anxieties for Aleck had redoubled, and she had even gone so far as to secure passage in a steamer bound for the Gulf of Mexico.

Sister Agnes could not persuade her to the contrary; with all the energy of her former days, she was determined; there was but one thing to be done, Colonel Hartland must be informed of her intentions. The good Sister performed the painful task as a matter of plain duty. No sooner was she aware of her plan, than he called upon her, and used every argument to dissuade her from her purpose, begged her to consider that Aleck was in the midst of preparations for carnage and blood. Finding that he made no impression, he changed his tactics, and told her plainly that under the circumstances the world would say, and not without reason, that she followed Le Comte. This was "the unkindest cut of all," but it kept her where she was.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BEFORE THE CASTLE OF VERA CRUZ

We must carry our readers to the Gulf of Mexico, where, before the Castle of Vera Cruz, the X— was anchored, preparing for the siege that was to make so many bleeding hearts. The spirit of conquest of people and territory was the spirit of the Mexican war; not to subdue enemies, or to defend one's own, but to attack a harmless population. Of course there could be but little true patriotism in such a war; there was but small heart in it, as many of the officers themselves acknowledged. We can compare it to nothing but a fight between a bull-dog and a small terrier; but with the moral or political aspects of the war our narrative has but little to do. Lieutenant Alexander Hartland was at Vera Cruz, foremost in that terrible siege of five days, and bore his part so well that he was promoted to the "captaincy," with the addition of a ball in his thigh, which threatened to lame him for life. Either care, or the sickly climate, or some nameless wear of the soul, had told on his

lithic and vigorous frame, and he litly prepared to bear his wound. It was at this juncture that the new surgeon arrived. From that time Captain Hartland grew almost dumb, and the lines about his mouth and chin deepened daily; he became stern with his men, and reticent with his brother officers, treating Le Comte with chilling coldness, cutting off every effort of the surgeon to draw him into conversation, repelling all inquiries as to the condition of his wound, and savagely hoping Le Comte might become amenable, by some infringement of rule, to a court-martial. But the surgeon was too wise for him; through all his icy coldness he was as courteous to the Captain as possible, always saluting him in a deferential and kindly way, returning his gruffness with forbearance, and a certain kind of humility which said, "I know I have injured you, and I will do all I can to repair it in your person."

There were times when the Captain was almost frantic, so exasperating were his thoughts, and nothing but the strict discipline of a man-of-war could have prevented a violent outbreak. It was specially galling to Aleck to feel that he was coming there and not being within the power of the man he had come to hate; his wound was growing day by day more troublesome for the want of proper treatment, and the fever of the climate had made its appearance on ship-board—either might bring him into the Doctor's hands any day. And they came at last, both together; the wound broke out afresh, and delirium and fever came upon him; his heart had been taxed too far. After he was transferred to the ship's hospital the fever ran higher, the bounding pulse became sharper each day, till two of his brother officers twice stood over him watching for the last breath. But Le Comte, who had tended him faithfully, assured them that the worst was yet to come—when the raging fever had burned out, and he should come to himself; and his words proved true. That night was the turning point; three times the nurse said he was gone, but Le Comte plied him with stimulants, and to his unwearied efforts he owed his life. The first gleam of returning reason was shown in the averted face, when the surgeon stooped over him with this necessary draught. The Doctor saw this, and withdrew at once, leaving the close care with the nurse, and only appearing when the Captain was sleeping, and withdrawing altogether as soon as he was able to speak. The first word was "letters," but when the package was given him, he could only hopelessly touch them. The alcove where his cot was placed was in a dim and darkened corner, and he held the letters near him many days, till he was able to ask for more light. As his brain began to act, a restlessness which retarded his recovery manifested itself, and the surgeon gave permission for more light. A mirror hung opposite, and the reflection of his unshorn, emaciated face amazed him; he hardly knew himself. To recall his identity he raised his hand to stroke his unclipped beard, when he started as if a serpent had stung him, though the creature were down, and no human eye was on him; for there, on the fourth finger on his left hand, above the seal ring which he always wore, was a plain gold ring; there could be no mistake, for in spite of the tremor which seized him, he drew it from his finger, and read, *Vincit omnia, vincit amor*. He ground his teeth with rage, not against Le Comte, but against the false, degraded, worthless woman who could part with that ring; it was burning, searing proof of her infidelity. Her whom he had trusted through all, had restored to his shaken confidence when all but he frowned upon her; he needed no further proof, his decision was made.

The disclosure carried him into a relapse, and for many days he lay speechless, taking no notice of any one. Captain Jones came to him again, when Le Comte had by assiduity brought Hartland where he could think and speak. With a worn heart, he felt no gratitude for his recovery, he wished he had been carried out with the dead. "Read these for me," he said to Captain Jones, pointing to a package of home letters, and put these into an envelope, and return them unopened to Mrs. Laura Hartland," he added sternly; they had come from his wife during his illness. The letters from his father's hand, full of paternal love and solicitude, were evidently written with a perfect knowledge of the most minute circumstances of his son's position. "Thank that friend" (he wrote more than once) "whoever he is, who writes so particularly to relieve our anxiety."

"Le Comte," said Aleck very decidedly, when Captain Jones looked up from the sheet, as if he would inquire who was this friend. "Impossible!" replied the Captain, equally decided in his tone. "I feel it, I see it," said Hartland; "I am under infinite obligations to him, Jones; obligations I can never repay; he has not only saved my life, for that I almost hate him, but he has opened my eyes, and for that I cannot be too grateful."

"And you believe the rascal?" questioned his friend with surprise. "The proof is unquestionable, not a word has passed between us, but he—say no more," he added, feeling he was taxing himself too far. His decision was irrevocable, his tone so frigid, so severe, that his friend did not argue. From that day

the relation between the surgeon and his Captain was an amicable one. Although Aleck Hartland was quiet and cold, there was nothing of hauteur or revenge in his manner toward Le Comte. He even talked with him sometimes when there were many listeners, on the common topics of the day, but he carefully avoided meeting him alone.

"The Captain's fever and his still open wound had left him unfit for duty, and he only waited orders from the Department for a furlough, and looked forward ultimately to a discharge from the service, with a feeble body and blighted hopes."

CHAPTER XXV.

COURT-TOM

The winter of Marion's sojourn in Colonel Hartland's family was not as gay as it would have been, but for the anxiety that brooded over the society in which they mixed; anxiety for sons, husbands, fathers, and brothers, preparing for battle; war might commence at any moment where Aleck was, although as yet all was quiet. Mrs. Colonel Hartland prepared to give a small but brilliant party, especially, as she said, for bringing out Rosine, there were to be but few invitations and those very select; she felt that it was due to Rosine and to society that she should make this exertion now, as circumstances might hereafter prevent her doing it at all, in her secret heart she desired that Marion and Rosa should make the acquaintance of some other marriageable gentlemen besides her son. Dr. Hartland frowned upon the whole plan, laughed at his mother's idea of bringing out Rosine, whom he had himself escorted to the naval ball; but consented in the end to be consulted about the invitations. Mrs. Hartland, seated at the writing table in the library, had called to him as he came into the hall. "Where are the girls?" he inquired, as he entered, equipped in furs and coats. "Gone sleigh-riding with your father, more than two hours since."

"Just like father!" rejoined Ned, in an injured tone. He had come from his office after a hard day's work, promising himself a drive with the young ladies, and had been forestalled by his paternal relative, his reply to his mother's request for help in the invitations to the party was not very cordial. "I suppose you will insist upon having Laura here," he said, pettishly, "and Tom Stapleton has just arrived in the Belvidere from India, and will be down upon us today; of course he must come. A precious couple to begin with!"

"How surly you are, Ned," said his mother, quietly, her calm self-assurance unruined by her son's remark; "of course we must ask Laura, the world will expect it, and Tom will come whether we ask him or not. When did he arrive? he has been away two years."

"Yes, it is a pity the good-for-nothing old fellow hadn't staid where he was appreciated."

"Ned, you talk shamefully," replied his mother in the same unruined tone of voice; "he is your papa's only near relative, and you and Aleck will be his heirs, in all probability."

"He better not leave any of his tin to me, I should pass it over to Sister Agnes at once. Did you hear the Asylum was completely riddled by fire last night, the children all huddled into the new wing, but all saved by the superhuman exertions of the Sisters, some of whom are dreadfully burned; I have been there most of the day, dressing wounds."

"Was Miss Greenwood there?" inquired Mrs. Hartland, without looking up from her writing. "I hear she spends all her leisure with the orphans."

"Of course, she'll make a splendid Sister of Charity herself, by and by," said the Doctor, bitterly. "We ought to ask her to the party," said Mrs. Hartland, "she is so very fond of Rosine."

"She won't come, even for her love for Rosa. She might, without any fear of me," he added, with a slight curl of the lip. Mrs. Hartland sighed as much as she ever permitted herself to sigh. "I wish Lieutenant Greenwood were here," she said, after a pause. "Mr. Greenwood, if you please, mother; there is no Lieutenant Greenwood now."

"Don't you think he was quite charmed with Rosine?" inquired Mrs. Hartland, dipping her pen into the ink for the twentieth time. The Doctor turned sharply around, and gazed at his mother a little fiercely for a moment, then suffering his countenance to relax into a smile, he said, "Women are forever making or breaking matches for themselves or other people; let Rosa alone in that way, I beg of you. She is the only young girl I meet who is not sure that every man she sees is wishing to be a lover; but this sister of hers—what a contrast! She'll put some new ideas into Rosa's head before spring. She were better in Illinois, if they expect her to marry her affianced; she is a *la Laura* with the devilry left out."

"Hush!" said his mother, laying her hand on his arm. At that instant the door opened, and the two girls bounded in with rosy cheeks and animated step, the Colonel following. Dr. Hartland moved one side, but did not greet them as usual; his bad humor did not leave him till he saw Rosine pulling away at her gloves. "Here, let me help you," he said, somewhat gruffly, taking her small hands in his; "these things have nearly

grown to your fingers."

"She has been holding the ribbons," said the Colonel; "I offered her my furs, but she declined."

Ned held her hands, chafing and squeezing them alternately, till all at once the thought Marion had suggested to Rosine the previous night rushed into her head causing her to cast down her eyes, blush painfully, and attempt to disengage her hands. A flash like an electric battery shot across the Doctor's mind, and his first impulse was to loose the hands he held, the next to retain them, and if possible, fathom the meaning of that blush. Her feeble resistance was in vain, and she was almost ready to drop tears of vexation with herself, not unmingled with anger against Marion, for the suggestions.

"We came across Cousin Tom in the Park," said the Colonel, who was gradually thawing out; "he had the most splendid turnout in the crowd, and insisted upon my sparing one of my ladies."

"You didn't do it?" exclaimed Dr. Hartland, his countenance changing, and turning quickly to his father without releasing Rosine. TO BE CONTINUED

BENEATH THE ASHES

It was after supper in Camp No. 4 of the North Shore Lumber Company, and we sat around the great square stove that panted and roared and grew red at its task of heating the wide, low room. Two or three bright lamps with green tin shades hung from the rafters above the long supper table, at which the "cookee" worked while gathering up the dishes.

Father John Coughlan was with us, as many of his parishioners belonged to No. 4. He had come on his annual winter trip to hear the confessions of the men, and he was to say Mass on his little portable altar for them the following morning.

The crew consisted of about thirty men, as No. 4 was not then a very large camp. All had discarded the thick red mackinaws they usually wore at their work, and they now sat about the fire clothed in grey or dark blue flannel shirts, and grey homespun trousers tucked inside of different colored overcoats. They wore low cut, oiled moccasins on their feet. The majority were seated on benches though two or three sat on chairs or an upturned box.

I can not remember how it came about, but presently all the men were looking eagerly at Father John, who had moved his chair a little back from the stove which was now giving forth intense heat from the burning rock maple and beech wood. He was about to begin a story—some personal experience—so I stopped talking to the man nearest me, with whom I had just entered into conversation. And there was silence all round, save for the crackling of the fire. Then the priest began:

"It is a long time since it all happened, yet it is very easy for me to recall the different little incidents in the event that I am going to relate. Shortly after my ordination to the priesthood I was sent to Australia, where I remained a few years before coming to America. I had not been long at my new mission when one night at about 9 o'clock, the prison doctor came to tell me that a prisoner, a poor fellow-countryman of my own, was very sick; his condition was very serious, and all the symptoms seemed to say that he had not long to live. The man had not sent for me, but the doctor thought perhaps I should like to visit the poor fellow. I thanked the doctor, and I promised to go to see the man the next day."

"It was late in the afternoon the following day before I was free to visit the prison. As I walked down the long whitewashed stone corridor, past cell after cell, with now and then a face peering out at me through the small square grill in the black iron barred door, there came over me a strange depression which I found hard to shake off."

"When I came to my sick man's cell the warden unlocked the heavy door and let me go in. The sick man could not have been more than forty-five years old yet his beard was plentifully streaked with white. He was seated in a chair, and he had on a rough, grey greatcoat over his prison garb. His head was resting on his chest, and he did not raise it as I entered. Only his eyes moved upwards, and the way in which they did so gave him a very sinister expression."

"I bowed to him and said 'Good-day!' He looked at me strangely as he replied, and something in his look reminded me of an animal rather than a man; yet it was a subdued expression. His eyes rested on me for a few seconds, then they looked at the rough stone floor again."

"I felt a great pity for this poor fellow, as I looked around on the cold, bare, whitewashed walls; and I thought of the great depression that must come to a man living day after day in such surroundings. 'God help him!' I said quietly to myself; then I spoke aloud: 'I suppose you come from the old country—from Ireland?' " "He showed no animation whatsoever save a slight raising of the eyes as he regarded me in silence for a few seconds, with the same animal expression which I had noticed. After some time, however,

he said, 'Yes, very slowly, his voice sounding thin and weak. "I'm an Irishman, too.' I went on; but he did not give the slightest sign that he heard me."

"I felt strangely embarrassed as I sat there in the little cell, on the edge of the hard bed. I was a very young priest. I remember that the man was very ill, and I knew that he must be prepared for death as soon as possible. Again I spoke, as gently as I could: "I suppose you know that the end is not far off; and you are a Catholic, of course, you want to receive the Last Sacraments and make your peace with God."

"I shall never forget the shock of surprise his words caused me as he replied: "I don't want the Last Sacraments of the Church, I tell you."

"There was a ring of finality in his voice. He looked at me for a little while, then his eyes sought the door again. After some time, I stood up and moved toward the door. My departure was evidently expected. I had just sufficient presence of mind to say:

"I'll come to see you again, and I hope to find you in different dispositions."

"I went along the cold, white, bare corridor, scarcely noticing the drawn faces that peered out at me through the black bars. Only one thought was in my mind, and that I heard a Catholic refuse the Last Sacraments of the Church."

"As I left the prison the atmosphere grew suddenly warmer, and that peace which often comes with the setting sun seemed to be over all things. A few children were playing not far away, and singing merrily as they ran about; but I could not stamp from my mind the image of that poor dying Irishman who seemed to have lost the faith."

"I awoke that night two or three times thinking of the prisoner, and blaming myself for not having stayed longer with him. In the morning I offered Mass for him, and after breakfast I went to the school and asked all the little children to pray for my intention."

"All that morning as I went about my work the thought of the poor fellow was continuously in my mind. I began to recall certain impressions I had received on my first visit to the Tower of London a few years before. As I noted the different points of interest, the thought that so many had passed long terms of imprisonment caused me to wonder how they had borne the terrible seclusion, until I came to one part of the Tower where a prisoner had a life sentence. On the stone wall of his cell he had carved the words, 'He that endureth unto the end shall be saved.' The words are still there. On the wall of another cell I read: 'Be thou faithful until death, and I will give thee the crown of life.' And as I thought of the living faith that must have inspired those men to write those words, hundreds of years ago, in the stone, and then of the poor fellow who had refused the Sacraments, I could not but judge that his faith was dead, and the thought of 'white ashes' came to my mind."

"When I came back that afternoon to see him he seemed more inclined to speak to me. After we had talked for a little while I remarked very gently:

"In Ireland I have often heard the people say that an Irishman never loses the faith of St. Patrick."

"He raised his eyes quickly, though his chin still rested on his chest, and he looked at me strangely as I continued: "But I am sorry to say that you seem to have lost it."

"He remained silent for a little while. Finally he raised his head for the first time since I had met him, and, if I am not mistaken, there were tears in his eyes. I noticed quickly that all that was like an animal in the expression of his face had vanished."

"So you think I have lost the faith of St. Patrick?" he said at last.

"It seems to me," I replied; "for you have refused the Sacraments of God's Church."

"He said nothing but sat up straight very slowly, for he was extremely weak. Then he raised his right hand and drew back his thick coat collar and his shirt, which was opened at the front; bending his head forward at the same time, so that his shoulders were partly exposed. His back was terribly scarred with long welts, some of them not entirely healed. I stood there, looking at the poor fellow's shoulders, and I could not say a word."

spoke what I thought were hard words to me, and since then I have not gone to the Sacraments. That was why I refused them so abruptly yesterday. In my heart I didn't mean it. After you went I began to think I had been in the wrong; and I have no longer any hard feelings. And now, Father, if you will hear me, I will go to confession."

The priest stopped speaking, and there was no sound for a little while save the steady purr of the fire in the large square stove.—B. J. Murdoch, in Ave Maria.

THE MATERNITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

MARY IS THE MOTHER OF GOD

The Church gives official sanction and assurance that: "The Blessed Virgin Mary is truly the Mother of God." In the year 431 at the City of Ephesus, the Father of the Third General Council of the Church, to offset the errors that some were holding in regard to this matter, solemnly defined that Mary is the Mother of God. Against those who persisted in believing that she was not the mother of God, the Church formulated a condemnation. "Should anyone refuse to admit that the Emmanuel is truly God, and that in consequence the Holy Virgin is Mother of God, since she gave birth according to the flesh to the Word of God made flesh, let him be anathema." These sentiments are uttered by Elizabeth, who, inspired by the Holy Ghost, asks when Mary visited her, "Whence it is to me that the Mother of my Lord should come to me?" (Luke 1, 43.)

This is understood, however, not that she is the mother of His Divinity. This has come from error. A mother is truly called a mother of her child even though it is true that the babe receives from her only its material substance, and not its spiritual soul, which is a result of God's exclusive and direct creation. In a somewhat similar way, the Person who was born of Mary is the Word made flesh. From her He received His humanity, His divinity is from eternity, but the Person in whom these two natures are combined, is God, and He was born of her, and she only true way to express this fact, is to say that she is the mother of God according to the flesh, as the Eternal Father is His Father, according to the Godhead.

HER IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

Because of this fact, that she was to be the mother of God, Heaven itself prepared her in a special manner for this great honor. To do this properly God did not wait until she arrived upon this earth, but carefully selected for her, human beings of no ordinary merit to be her parents. The honor fell to a devout couple, Joachim and Ann. Since Mary, their child, was to be so signally adorned by Heaven, it was fitting that her soul would not be even for a moment under the domination of the demons by the stain of Original Sin, hence at the very first moment of her conception she was preserved from that sin to which we fall heir. This is called her Immaculate Conception, and will form the subject of an entire instruction next week.

HER VIRGIN MOTHERHOOD

Another privilege of Mary which marks her out as the holiest amongst the holy is the Virginity of Christ and the Virginity of her Mother. In all the symbols, creeds and professions of faith, from the Apostles Creed to the Nicene Creed, as well as in the general Councils of Nice, Constantinople, Ephesus, Calcedon, Mary is called "Virgin," and her Son not only to have been conceived, but also to have been born of the Virgin Mary. She is again proclaimed by the Council of Lateran in 649 to be "Ever Virgin."

The explanation of this double mystery, the Virginity of Conception and the Virginity of Birth of Christ is given by the Angel Gabriel. "Behold," Gabriel announced, "thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and thou shalt bring forth a Son; thou shalt call His name Jesus." Then Mary asks how can this be since she is and remains ever virgin. Gabriel answers, "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee; and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee; with God no word shall be impossible. It is the result of God's Omnipotent will. Wherefore as in the beginning God said, "Let there be light and there was light," or as when man was first made, the obedient clay gathered at its Master's word, and stood erect a perfect body, so when Mary said, "Be it done unto me according to Thy word," there budded forth within her, virgin life at God's command the living fruit of a human babe. And again, as when the disciples were gathered together within solid and barred doors, Christ in His actual reality and physical presence, entered and stood in their midst, so when the time came at Bethlehem, one moment the Divine Babe is by itself unborn, a moment more and by miracle her child is resting in His mother's arm. Wherefore it is that there was no pain or pang of childbirth, as St. Gregory puts it, "Alone amongst the daughters of Adam who were mothers, Mary was free from the curse of labor which weighs upon every woman giving a child to the world."

ABSOLUTE SINLESSNESS

A third privilege of Mary, accorded because of her being the Mother of God, is her absolute sinlessness. On

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