A DAUGHTER OF THE SIERRA

BY CHRISTIAN BEID

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CHAPTER XXVII DONA BEATRIZ GIVES HER ORDERS It was a scene Isabel Rivers never forgot—that which awaited them when they entered the great court of the house. Here deeper shadows than those outside had gathered; and the lamps hanging at intervals in the corridors had been lighted, bringing out the massive walls, the forms of the arches, the dim distances where silent draped figures passed to protesting. and fro,-the whole atmosphere of almost Oriental strangeness, mystery and picturesqueness which always Beatriz; the folds of the rebozo which covered her head and draped her shoulders lending a statuesque ing for herself. What she says, grace to her aspect; while her finely cut face and deep, dark eyes were full of expression of some strong Near her, leaning against one of the pillars which supported the arcnes, was Arturo, his whole attitude, as well as the look of his

into the mingled radiance and shadow of the lamplight. Dona Beatriz held out her hand to Lloyd with a gesture of cordial greet-

handsome countenance, eloquent of

wills and vital issues: but, with the

ing.
"Senor," she said in her full, sweet voice, "you are always welcome at Las Joyas, but never more welcome than when you come as a true friend

to bring us a warning."

"I am happy, senor, if my warning has come in time to be of service," Lloyd answered, with a deference and grace of manner which the spectator thought altogether worthy of the occasion. "But I would suggest that Don Arturo should lose no time in going to the mine-"

now," Arturo interposed abruptly, "if Dona Beatriz had not interfered and said—said—oh, I cannot repeat it! fend the mine in the only way in It is past patience!" the young man which it can be defended, they will oried, with all the indignation which | throw down their arms and leave it, clearly possessed him finding expres-

on his arm.

sion in his voice.

"Be quiet, Arturo!" she said. Then
she looked at Lloyd. "He is not
willing to go," she explained,
"because he does not wish to carry
"because he does not wish to carry my orders to the mine.

will not carry such orders! If we are forbidden to defend the mine, I for asked. one, will not go near it!'

"Forbidden to defend the mine!" blood? Ab, you do not know," she Lloyd repeated with astonishment. He glanced from Dona Beatriz to the fear of this! It has deprived me Victoria. The girl had stepped to her of peace by day and sleep by night; mother's side, as if to support her in but I have hoped and prayed that it whatever she might say; but her eyes | might not come, -that, knowing we were downcast, so that she did not meet his glance; and it was plain who thought to surprise the mine from her compressed lips that she would not make the attempt. And I found it difficult not to echo Arturo's had begun to think that my prayers indignant protest. Lloyd looked were answered and to have a little again at Dona Beatriz. "That surely peace of mind and soul; and now can not be your order, senora?" he now-"It is impossible!"
My order," Dona Beatriz replied,

defend my property. If those who come to take the mine can be re Lloyd and Vict pulsed without bloodshed, let it be done; but I will not incur the rethe world for such a cause.

sors in the matter."

would be theirs chiefly,-I know that." she answered. "But it so much?" Victoria's gaze asked will be mine also, if I suffer myself with a mute passion which, together to be forced into deeds of violence. with the sobs of the woman whose I have thought much of this senor: have suffered much and prayed much and it is very clear to me: I Lloyd's chivalry to its depths. And can not allow blood to be shed in the girl, whose eves were fastened this struggle.'

"Do you, then, intend to give up your mine to those who are probably now on their way to surprise and magnetic current of comfort seize it ?" Lloyd asked.

"I would rather give it up than that any one should be killed either in its defence or among those who come to take it," she replied firmly.

"But they come knowing the risk he would say they run; and they come, senora—do Dona Beatriz. not forget this .- with arms in there

Dona Beatriz' eyes were full of a strange, lovely light as she looked at

him.
"Even if so," she said, "it is not for me to deal justice to them. That I leave to God. Let him judge over her. between me and those who come to "Senor, injure me. My cause is in His hands, and I desire nothing—nothing—but that His will may be done."

pray for you always."

"Then it is settled," he returned

You cannot think," Lloyd urged, "that it is the will of God that you should be robbed.'

That senor, she returned quietly, "I do not know, and neither do you. It is often the will of God that we should suffer loss of many things.
He has already permitted me to lose much, to which the Santa Cruz, with me to the mine?

all its wealth, is as nothing, but, while he permits this, I am sure there is one thing He does not permit, and that is that I shall defend myself or my property by any act of wrong doing."

There was a moment's pause. Every one of those present shared more or less in the indignant anger and protest which Arturo had so openly and vehemently expressed; yet every one was touched, almost awed into silence, by the attitude of this woman, by the lottiness of the spirit with which she met the culminating injury which confronted her. Lloyd, conscious of admiration and exasperation in equal proportion, turned to the silent girl, who stood by the side of the noble figure, mutely supporting even while mutely

"Done Victoria" he said "can you not persuade your mother that there is no wrongdoing in defending appealed to her so strongly. And her just rights?" In response to under one of the swinging iron lamps this appeal, Victoria litted her eyes stood a figure which seemed to embody every suggestion of the back head a little as she did so. Here systems and met his gaze, throwing back here as the did so. pression was sad but proud.

"Senor," she answered, "my mother has spoken for me in speakmust say also."
"Ah!" It w

It was Isabel Rivers who uttered this quick, irrepressible clamation, which conveyed to one ear at least the passionate admira-tion it expressed. For who knew so well as she what those words meant. —she who had won her way deep into the heart of the Mexican girl; anger, protest, indignation. The scene appeared to Isabel's quick who had seen its flery passion, its strength of flerce determination laid imaginative sense as if set for a drama, alive with the strife of strong bare? And having seen, having sympathized with all which was in consciousness of having herself no other part to play than that of that heart, she now felt herself thrilled, as we can be thrilled only by that which touches upon the spectator, she sank down on one of the benches ranged against the wall, heroic, by this brief utterance, which expressed such intense loyalty of affection, such difficult submission, while her companions went forward such hard self-conquest.

Lloyd, on his part, quietly bowed 'In that case," he said. " I can

offer no further advice."
"But my mother does not mean," Victoria went on eagerly, "that we are ungrateful for your warning, or that we mean to disregard it. has asked Arturo to go to the mine, to see that the men are in readiness for an attack-

"But to forbid them to use their weapons-to request them to permit themselves to be shot down without "But I would suggest resistance!" Arturo interrupted bitterly. "I refuse to carry such an You understand, senor, that should have been on the road it is absurd—that the men will never submit—it is asking too much of them. If they are forbidden to deand no one could blame them

It is true," Lloyd said, addressing Dona Beatriz. If you want to gentle command and laid her hand do so, but you have not the right to

Dona Beatriz looked at him with a Arturo said violently. "I sudden passion of appeal in her gaze What am I to do, senor?" she sed. "How can I endure to bring upon my soul the guilt of shedding peace of mind and soul; and now she suddenly broke down and flung herself weeping into a chair near by. "God has not heard "My order," Dona Beatriz replied, chair near by. "God has not heard is that no blood shall be shed to my prayer," she said, "and I know

Lloyd and Victoria looked at each other across her bowed head. If there had been appeal in the mother's sponsibility of sending any soul out eyes a moment before, there was the world for such a cause."

"But the responsibility will not be yours," Lloyd said. "It will belong to those who are the aggressions in the matter."

"But the responsibility will not daughter's—an appeal now in the daughter's—an appeal which Lloyd read clearly: "Is there no way to help her?—no way to lift this burden of frightful responsibility which is crushing her who has already borne self-control had so suddenly yielded under the strain laid upon it, stirred the girl, whose eyes were fastened upon his, was conscious of this. conscious that her appeal was understood and answered; conscious of a sympathy; an assurance of the help she asked-a sense of reliance a conviction that he would relieve this senitive soul of the fears which tor tured it. She seemed to know what he would say when he bent down to tured it.

"Don't be so much distressed, senor, hands. They are ready to kill, and therefore if they should be killed it would be more than justice."

Don't be said gently. "There is—there must be a way out of this difficulty without the bloodshed which you without the bloodshed which you without the bloodshed which you fear. Will you trust me to find it for

> Dona Beatriz looked at him, and words ever after failed her to say all present students who have served in that she read in the face bending the great war. The proposed mem-

Senor," she replied, " if you can

smiling — "especially about prayers." He turned around. prayers." He turned around. "Don of sons or dependents of past stu-Arturo," he said, Dona Beatriz is dents, who have fallen; and (3) the good enough to entrust me with the management of this matter. Will you order another horse for me-I fund of £20,000 (\$100,000) is to be and prepare yourself to accompany

"And order my mule, Arturo. will go also," Victoria said

Lloyd turned to her quickly.
"Let me beg that you will do nothing of the kind," he said. "The mine—to-night—is no place for you."

"You are mistaken," she answered quietly. "It is the place for me, not only because it is right to be there, but also because the men obey Nevertheless," he urged earnestly, "there is no need—"
"There is need," she interrupted,

drawing her dark brows together with the expression of determination he knew so well. "And even if there were not, nothing could prevent me from going, Arturo, order my mule. Half an hour later-for Done Rea.

triz insisted that Lloyd should take some supper before leaving the house gain—the saddled animals were efore the door; and he came out to them, carrying with him a sense of disappointment and pain; for he had looked around the corridors for Miss Rivers in order to say a farewell word, and had failed to find her. Putting this avoidance—for he was sure it could be nothing else—together with the new coldness which he had heard in her voice and felt in her manner when they met at the time of his arrival, he felt a conviction that something had occurred to change her feelings toward him—that frank, delightful friendly feeling which had been to him like water in the desert to the thirsty,-and to make her withhold even a word of interest and Godspeed when he was leaving on an errand which at another time have commanded her keenest sympathy.

Many men would have found sol ace for disappointment in recalling time worn and not wholly unjusti fied sayings about feminine variable. ness and caprice; but Lloyd knew Isabel Rivers better than to think, or even pretend to think, that such sayings could be applicable to her Neither variableness nor caprice had place or part in her, he was sure: so it followed that she must have a reason for this great change, and that reason he instinctively knew to be a serious one. It was, therefore, with a keen consciousness of the disapointment and pain already mentioned that, having shaken hands with Dona Beatriz, and assured her again that he would do everything in his power to fulfil her wishes, he walked out to the corridor where the horses waited-and there found two feminine figures already mount

He paused for an instant, amazed and startled. Then he walked up to the side of the one whom even obscurity of night there was no mistak

ing.
"Miss Rivers," he said gravely, Pardon me for telling you that this is, a great mistake. You should not think of going to the mine tonight 'I supposed you would probably so," Miss Rivers replied calmly; say so. nd so I took care to be mounted and ready to start when you came

out. Since Victoria goes, I am going 'I must remind you that the cases very different. I disapprove of Dona Victoria's going, but she has the right, of the owner to be there."
"And I have the right of the friend of the owner," Isabel returned lightly "Please don't delay us by arguing the matter, Mr. Lloyd. I

going."
I am sure that your father would never permit-My father, unfortunately, is in Topia," the young lady interrupted, and I am not aware that he has delegated his power to-any one. Frankly, I would not miss this for

anything; so it is really quite useless for you to say another word.' Still Lloyd persevered in saying another word. Don't you understand-have you no idea-what may take place there tonight, in spite of anything I can

do?" he urged in a low tone. "I beg that you will stay! I beg that you keep Dona Victoria here Isabel leaned toward him, and he

saw the glow of strong excitement dilating and shining in her eyes. "Do you mean," she wi "that there may be danger?" she whispered Lloyd made the great mistake of

misunderstanding her.
"Yes," he answered, "there may be danger. It will certainly be no time—no place for women. Most earnestly I beg you—" Miss Rivers straightened herself in

Danger is not exactly an argument with me for deserting my friends," she said. "On the contrary it is an added reason for staying with Nothing, I am sure, can prevent Victoria from going, and I shall certainly go with her. I think

TO BE CONTINUED

This is waste of time."

STONYHURST RECORD

you had better mount, Mr. Lloyd.

The Jesuit college at Stonyhurst in England is to inaugurate a memorial to commemorate the past and orial is to take the form of (1) the foundation of an annual solemn refind it, I will thank and bless and quiem Mass; (2) the setting up at the college of some commemorative design, and the establishment of faciliespecially about the ties for the education, at the college, the turned around. "Don of sons or dependents of past stuerection and equipment of science laboratories. For these objects a raised

The war record of Stonyhurst is as

served, 978; 155 have lost their lives; 9 are missing; 21 are prisoners of war; and 197 have been wounded. of war honors the following have been awarded to Stonyhuret men: Victoria Cross, 3; Distinguished Serv-ice Order, 25; Military Cross, 65 (six with bar); and 152 have been mentioned in dispatches for distinguished service.—Catholic Bulletin.

BACKWATERS

A landscape white with snow that is beginning to melt; brown rifts of earth and brown shrivelled foliage; a to the right; and the wide plain between, sad, winter sodden, wind-winnowed. A little back from this arena of whiteness, to the west of it, are the bone like remains of a village that has been repeatedly shelled Not a wall stands, but some broken shafts of masonry still erect, a fe stone piles, an occasional fragment of rooftiling. Beneath the wreckage, a post has been established, and superior officers congregate in what was once a cellar-a large low cave where the taller man can barely stand upright, and where mattresses are laid upon the floor for beds. deal table, two broken armchairs and a chair that wabbles furnish the apartment; and outside is the incessant boom and reverbation of battle, the whir of airplanes, the nearer sinister ringing of telephones that seem to be possessed by forebodings

There are only three men in the underground office temporarily, and they smoke but do not speak. The General bends over his official writ-ing, the glow of the lamp—for daylight never reaches this burrow bringing out vividly the silver gloss of his hair and the furrows of his countenance. Opposite him, his aide is writing home, and a quite young subaltern, tilted back in his hobbling chair, reads a yellow backed novel. The General lifts his head and

pauses a moment to listen. Seems to be getting pretty hot out there!"

Big pots and little pots!" the junior replies. "And a chance for everybody to dance! It's unbelievable," the aide

growls, "that they should never get tired." I think, my dear Vernay, that we

can consider our return equal if not superior. I was out on the Ridge lest night. You should have seen what went on! I don't believe I ever in my life saw a finer, more spectacular display of fireworks. you had not been so tired I would have had you called. (There they go Do go up and see what is happening, Delorme! And our little fellows-how they came up! Breath ess, straining with the guns; some of them bareheaded, which is crim But how are you going to tell those grown-up children to keep on their hats, as a scolding nurse would, when they are playing the big game of life so gallantly? Poor little poilus, so brave and so unconscious

of their heroism !' Seeing the elder's face alight and is eyes gleaming, the younger man

puts down his pen.
"I wish you had me called, Gen eral; though I have not undressed for three weeks now, and I am so sleepy I can scarcely keep one open e. But let me tell you, before elorme returns, that I have a message for you."

You have a message for me and you don't deliver it ?" It would have been impossible

before, sir. I saw Raoul yesterday.' In a moment the light had gone from the old man's face, leaving it in

its physical reality-worn, suffering, of anxiety and care.
'You saw Raoul, and then?" "He seemed to be very sad, and spoke of his great wish to see you." What does he want to see me

I do not know, sir. He did not tell me. If I may venture to express an opinion, it is perhaps that your

long displeasure weighs upon him."
"He has had five full years where
in he might have said that he was sorry, if he were sorry. He has never said it." He felt with intense keenness.

sir, your having him removed from your own regiment, and transferred But this is about other things. to another.

What else could I do? He had disgraced the regiment — my own regiment, of which I was so proud, and which was mine before he himself was born. For two years he satiated me with bitterness by his gambling and misconduct. I did not stop him. And when the crash came I paid his debts and pulled him out proud of its good name-and of my

The adjutant bowed his head. think I may say that he has retrieved his past. His conduct has been un-impeachable; and from the begin-ning of the War up to the present moment, he has never ceased giving proof of courage and devotedness. In fact, you will forgive me for saying so, we-some of us-wonder that you can still keep him at arm's length.'

"I know, Vernay-I know. Wha My son, who was my son, enstranged

you would understand why I can not the mud of the trench, which seem forgive * * * Come, Delorme!" to me the same as my own soul "There is concentrated firing upon had not thought twelve

our positions, sir, along the extent of a kilometre to a depth of five hundred yards. We are bringing up fresh batteries to the south of the dared to hope that perhaps I could have been wiped out so quickly or so easily. But as 6od pardoned me, as I never deserved it, so I have dared to hope that perhaps I could

"Good! I will come and see." All through the long day the Gen eral came and went—a dogged, energetic figure, full of reserve force. Here, he stood observing, silent; there he gave orders briefly. For the advancing column he had a word of cheer and encouragement; for the wounded carried past him, a glance "You offended me cruelly, Raoul, tenderness. him the eyes of the men instinctively turned towards him. They knew they could trust him. They knew that, so far as fore-knowledge and wisdom and love for them could has been five years of hell." make them sate, they were safe in his hands. And if he bid them do daring things it was because the daring things must be done, and they were glad and proud that he had chosen them. Toward the middle of the after-

noon coffee was brought in a tin cup to where he stood watching the action, through the field glasses steadied against a tree notch. At sundown the firing would probably cease. The only use of the light of day was for destruction. He remembered, at sight of the coffee, that he had taken no food; but he was neither weary nor faint. Too great things were encompassing him for that. Like Vernay, like so many others, he had not undressed for three weeks; and he was so sleepy or he would have been if his mind could have turned back for one moment upon himself. Dusk brought the expected lull, yet a lull full of dangers and of apprehensions—a lull in which watching must not relax for it might prove the forerunner of sur-

Mess was served, incomplete and house; and, as night advanced, the the younger men to smoke a while before returning to their posts. As he entered his own cellar sleeping room and office, the place, in spite of its bareness and discomforts, seemed friendly and inviting. The lamp shone upon the deal table and upon his papers and writing material figure of another young man The had taken the place of the subaltern of the novel, in the chair that hobbled. They came and went all day, as their duties took them or re leased them. This one rose and clicked his heels together; and the General, pulling off his cape, acknowledged the courtesy without looking. Then, seeing that the young man remained standing, his presence suddenly struck him with a new significance. He turned and grew mo-

You?" he ejaculated. It was a tall figure, and rather slender; dark of hair and eye; a slight pallor as of fatigue overcasting the handsome countenance; and a sensitiveness, as though long months of horror and of death surrounding him had left their mark upon a deli cate organism. Yet he stood creet, with the stamped ineffaceable training of soldiership.

'I must beg your pardon for forcing myself upon you, sir! But I had only one hour, stolen out of my trench, and I do not know when can have another-perhaps never."

" Perhaps! And after five years of hours, you have suddenly found yourself with something so pressing to say that it cannot wait one mo-

You have expressed it exactly, sir. " May I inquire what this impera tive need is ?"

"I have a curious feeling that I am not to live. I may be making a mistake. But you, better than any-body else, know what an officer's life s worth in the first line trenches." A soldier must take the risk.

"I do not object to it, sir. But if I am to go out, there is something I | ing my pardon!" want to say before I go. And I have a letter from my mother that I wanted to show you. "D d your mother tell you to come

" No, sir, she did not; though she has often urged me to, at other times.

knows my danger; and, a future life being very real to her, she is trembling for my soul. It is a wonderful letter—I think the most wonderful that I have ever received from her; and you know how she can plead. She has been pressing me for a long time to return to my religious duties You will see here how she reminds me—how she rings upon my very heart the remembrance of our Febof the quagmire. But he could not heart the remembrance of our Febremain in the regiment. I was too ruaries in that happier, sunnier nook of France when I was a child. She says my faith and my love for Christ's Holy Mother were so great that on this day I used always to go out into "He was very young, sir, and un-fortunate in his associates. But I this day I used always to go out into and sure that its blue mystery and fragrant breath would be there unfailingly, either on the 2nd of February or in the days immediately succeeding it, in honor of Our Lady's Candlemas. It seems that I was never disappointed. Mother remembers it all. And I decided to do the tops. Reinforcements were comwhat she wished, just because she ing up-he knew that. wished it.

"I attended our military Mass last do you think of me, of what I felt Sunday. It was the first time in when I saw him the other day, receive the Cross of War with Palms? know not what, the little rude alter under the fir boughs, the bowed heads of my men as they knelt, (they who from me, not speaking to me! In
five years I have had no word of
gratitude from him, no slightest sign
of affection, though I ruined my
under the hr soughe, the bowed heads
of my men as they knelt, (they who
believe) or some other secret thing
that came over me at the Elevation
of the Host—made me resolve to follows; alumni serving or who have modest competence to pay his debts. satisfy my mother in full. I made boy's confidence as few fathers have

If you had loved him as I loved him, my confession yesterday, kneeling in to me the same as my own soul, I

win your pardon, too, my father ! The old man's eyes were wide open tense in wonder. It was the boy himself—the boy Raoul whom he had lost, who would come in the old days (for the confidence he had in him) and tell him his

As they came near | in the thing that I hold most dearmy honor, the honor of my regiment. You brought disgrace upon us all. I paid your debts and hushed the scar has been five years of hell.'

"Father, you might say even harder things to me. It is true I have been a thankless cur, but I was almost mad with the pain of the thing you did to me. I deserved it. but it broke my very soul. If I live. you will see that you have a new son. I have always loved younothing could make any difference to that.'

The old man turned away his face, white to the lips; and between them in their profound trouble, the whole past swept in a tide of emotion, that flooded and submerged all other things. What was the underground hole with the mattresses upon the floor? What those sounds that still came at intervals, awful and ominous from without? What the material world surrounding and war or peace, or life or death? It was the spirit that mattered—the two living, anguished souls with their long record, photographically, phonographically distinct things that have but just happened, old as with the everlastingness of eternity: memories, sorrows, love—those things that mattered most. halting, in the ruins of a tottering Each felt the vivid nearness of the other in some intimate poignancy of aged chief withdrew, alone, leaving grief, but neither moved; and the averted face of the father, haggard and convulsed showed some tremen dous agency of pain that pierced the

depths of the son's being.
"Father!" he cried at last desperately, and threw himself upon him as in the days of old, in some boyish trouble-" father, you must forgive

In an instant, over the mask hardened by long years of self restraint, austere and iron-like from a habit of command, at the touch of those hands, at the contact of his son's body, the storm of pent-up sorrowing broke. Tears poured from the aching eyes, rained down over the mouth, and upon the cloth of his coat and the ribbons of his decora-tions. His arms flung open, and, the years of manhood forgotten, he strained to his heart flercely, passionately, this child whom he had loved

My boy-my boy-my Raoul !" The young man did not weep. He sould not. But all the agony, all the remorse and self batred that can concentrate in a human face were crowded into his; also the immense shame and pity of having broken down his father's strength through pain. His hands still clung lovingly. sorrowingly, upon his father's arms while the unspeakable anguish of his eves vearned over him.

O father, if I could only make amends --General, if you please !" The voice sounded close behind

them, precise and cool. The young man turned, picked up his cap and vanished. The older one, caught in the act,

with tears upon his face, did not attempt to conceal them. The newcomer stood dumbfounded. 'I beg your pardon, Generalthousand pardons!" he stammered at

length. "Don't, my dear friend—con't! This is no place for 'scenes intimes.' But it was unavoidable. The poor boy-the poor, poor boy-he was ask

"He did well, parbleu! It is the act of a man and a gentleman. He is a very fine lad, your Raoul, General, you know. We all have the eral, you know. We all have the greatest regard for him. But I am deeply sorry to have intruded upon the all too little we get of family life in these precarious days. These telegrams seemed so important that I wanted to consult you about

The aged soldier wiped his eyes. "I am at your service, Colonel. Pray overlook this moment of weakness. I have not wept for twenty years—not since my little daughter

died. Is there something new? The two grey heads met together under the telegrams first, then maps and offi cial records, then figuriog. And at length the General was alone, in a silent spot, where he flung himself down to rest. He did not move his boots. The hours were too tense for ease. And he could not sleep. There was the anxiety of the morrow. Eighty batteries gathered there across the plain; threatened again; the

And most of all before him was Raoul: years of winning childhood; light, gay hearted years of boyhood years full of enthusiasm and promise of the cadet at St. Cyr. And always they were Raoul's eyes that haunted him—superb dark eyes, flashing intelligence, so swift to message joy, and so proud, so incredibly proud of and so proud, so incredibly proud of the soldier father. He had had the

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