## GERALD DE LACEYS DAUGHTER

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF COLONIAL DAYS

> BY ANNA T. SADLIER BOOK II

CHAPTER VII—CONTINUED THE SEPARATION

Having donned his long white gown, the Dominie stood waiting in centre of the drawing room, while the hush of expectancy was broken by the strains of the negro stationed in the hall out orchestra It struck up a bridal hymn which had been in preparation for weeks. To this music the bride and her attendants came down the stairs, at the foot of which waited a tall. lark young man, with a narrow face thin lips and eyes close together Polly was looking her best, with a radiant aspect of brightness and youth, the peach bloom of her cheeks and the sparkle of her dark eyes set off by the whiteness of her dress and her bride's crown of metal studded with precious stones-an heirloom from at least three genera tions. To the majority of those present it seemed of course that she as the chief centre of attraction. Yet there were some to whom the bride and the other bridesmaids were as puppets, and Evelyn the pivot upon which turned their thoughts and towards which their glances were directed. Her gown was of white lutestring, and her bonnet also of white, with trimmings of soft ribbons and flowers. As she came slowly down into the flowerembowered room, she resembled nothing so much as a rare and delicate flower, which only a connoisseur could properly appreciate. The grace of her movements, so simple and so natural, the expression of her face, the look in her eyes of grey, shadowed and darkened by some stress of feeling, lent her an indescribable loveliness. In the midst of all the jubilation of the marriage feast, there was for her a note of underlying tragedy in the menace that hung over all those of the Catholic faith, and especially over her father and herself. For perils, she

This added charm in appearance was keenly felt by at appearance man in the room. The This added charm in Evelyn's intensity of their interest and its kind varied, of course, with the nature of each individual. These and the two officers of His Excel-lency's Household, Captain Ferrers and Captain Prosser Williams. The former of the officers could scarcely explain his feelings. He seemed explain his feelings. He seemed inspired at the moment to some new and lofty enthusiasm for what was and lofty enthusiasm for what was and lofty enthusiasm for what was centred and to mingle freely with control of the something of the something that the something the something that the something t win Evelyn by some intrinsic merit the other guests, while something of his own, which would make like a cloud of disappointment fell him worthy of her. He who knew all that was impending over her, and the trial that awaited her when she learned of her father's proximate could not return it, hovered Pieter flight, could best interpret the Schuyler. Once she sighed as she shadow of tragedy in those beautiful haunting eyes. He pledged himself anew to her service and to her defence, surrendering his whole heart into her keeping. He waited, with an eagerness which caused him to him for his patience.

around them, though the latest de-

hidden from her.

likewise fixed upon the first bridesmaid's face with an expression in
State and civic dignitaries, officers

some officers

would very probably compromise the safety of both. It was expedient that for having withdrawn her from that her father should go first, especially which such love as he was capable of from the garrison and naval men feeling was blended with a kind of hatred. For had she not persistent-as all the gilded youth of the colony; ly repelled his advances? At that but there was one guest who in her instant, he felt indeed, if he analyzed mind dominated all the rest, and his own feelings, as one who had that was an officer from the Houseintensified and fatal beauty. He ever, followed Captain Ferrers' ex-leaned against the wall cold and pale, with but one thought in his able to all the guests, each of whom, in some fashion or another secure her for his own. As Evelyn turned to take her place beside her friend and facing the minister, Captain Williams' glance, momentarily diverted, encountered that of Captain Ferrers, and he knew then for a certainty what he had long suspected, that here was a rival and one by no means to be despised. There was a gleam of deadly hatred in his eyes, the other, regarding him steadily caught and interpreted. Manhattan." Williams was recalled to a sense of what was passing about him by the voice of John Nanfan sounding in his ears. That is a striking wench yonder,

the tallest of the bridesmaids. "Yes," answered Williams, with a all that assemblage there was none of more distinguished bearing than

which he was unconthat bird with fine plumage.'

"Too soon to have outlived your enthusiasm, Captain," said the Lieutenant-Governor, with a laugh. "But who may be this fair prodigy, whom I do not remember to have seen before ?"

To Captain Williams it seems incredible that, during his two years in the colony, Mr. Nanfan should still inquiring as to the identity of stress de Lacey. But he remembered that the Lieutenant Governor had been for a certain portion of that time in Albany, and, having himself a wife and family, would naturally

very briefly 'Her name is de Lacey.'

"Ah!" said Nanfan, to whom at the moment this name conveyed Nor did Captain Williams enlighten him any further. He had information which would have deepened the other's interest, if not his admiration, but that information would not be given until all hope of winning the young girl by ordinary and fair means had vanished. did he in any case desire such help as Mr. Nanfan could undcubtedly have given, until his own plans were

fully matured.
"Who are her people?" asked the Lieutenant Governor, after a pause. "Are they amongst the notables of

these colonies?' As I have been informed," answered the Captain, with apparent carlessness, "they are not native here, and they are poor." "Beauty in distress," commented

Mr. Nanfan, with a sneer. "With that face she may ensnare some young idiot, who will find her charms ompensation for her lack of for-

The young man was conscious of a kind of rage against the speaker, but he forced his lips to a smile, as he

replied indifferently:

"the has, I make no doubt, snared

many a one before now. Mr. Nanfan regarded him curiously, with eyes that were keen and penetrating; but the cold, lifeless face told him nothing, and at that moment the opening words of the marriage ceremony gave the signal for silence

When the Dominie had concluded the service which transformed Mistress Polly Van Cortlandt into Vrow Laurens, and had in fatherly fashion kissed the bride, the latter, smiling and radiant, turned to receive the congratulations and good wishes of friends. Beside her stood Evelyn, who, as she now glanced about the room, caught the gaze of Captain Ferrers. She drew in her breath sharply, for, if ever devotion were legible in the eyes of man, she could read it there. She flushed ever so slightly, then paled, but the smile which she gave him was very sweet, though tinged with sadness. For with the realization of his absolute devotion had come upon her with knew, were closing thick and fast full force the difficulties separating them, which any forecast of the velopments had been mercifully future must show. And yet the knowledge she had just gained lent a brightness to her eyes and an unwonted animation to her manner. It was as though a cup had been held to her lips, of which she had sipped, but had not dared to drink. But the menace which Captain Ferthree were Pieter Schuyler, the girl's old friend and long devoted admirer, and the two officers of His Excelmight increase those difficulties and even perils which he very clearly

> said to herself: "Oh, if I could but make Pieter as happy as he deserves to be, and

over the brightness of Evelyn's

mood. At her side, with a devotion which she appreciated, though she

saw were lying in wait for Evelyn at

of Manhattan !" But deep in her heart she knew figures in that pageant, for the moment when Evelyn's eyes should moment when Evelyn's eyes should which would now tend to separate them, there was another reason more than all. In this gay scene been shot through the heart by that | hold of Lord Bellomont. She, howmind-how he could overcome the and notably the young officers of the girl's distaste for himself which she garrison, came to have a word with so plainly manifested, or, failing that, her and to surround her with an atmosphere of admiration and of ad-ulation of which she could not but be sensible. Mynheer de Vries amongst the rest, came with his smooth and polished voice to offer some stilted compliments to his charming neighbor, who, he said, was the pride of that quarter in which they both resided.

It is no small thing," he said, "to possess in our corner of the burg one of the chief beauties of

Whilst he was thus conversing, Mynheer's small, cold eyes moved restlessly about the room and discovered the girl's father. Apparent-

"In truth, she is striking, he. He was evidently looking for her, as by that time she had moved away from her conspicuous position

his manner and at the same time a

effort to speak lightly:

"The bridesmaid costume suits my Evelyn well, and I am striving to impress that fair picture on my Yet, even as breaking

Evelyn looked at him with some her mind a deep foreboding.

"For I have made my appearance at these wedding festivities from motives of policy, as well as to salute the bride and to say farewell for the time to my little daughter.

Evelyn stared at him aghast. "Do not look so horrified," the father cried, "lest attention be directed towards us. Now is the moment for courage. Nor must we be seen for long in conversation. You will hear all from Captain Ferrers and Madam Van Cortlandt. You are to remain with her for the present, you to join me. As soon as it is prudent, I will write."

But why, oh why, can I not go with you?" cried Evelyn, despairing-

We have considered all the cirumstances," answered her father, and it is wiser that you should remain here until it be possible for me to return, or until I have got a secure refuge somewhere. In the latter event, or should any emergency arise, I will send at once for

Utterly overcome by this intelligence which had come upon her so suddenly, the girl could scarcely speak, while her father still regarded ner with the same mournful intent-

And now." he added, taking her and for a moment in his, "it is best that I go forth as quietly as possible from this house. To avoid observa-tion, I shall leave Manhattan while these festivities are still at their height. My present destination is—" and, bending close lest any other should hear, he whispered to her the name of a little town in an adjacent colony where a friend had offered him a place of refuge.

The father and daughter looked into each other's eyes for a moment longer, in a mute agony of farewell To Evelyn it seemed as if all her life was crumbling around her. She had never been separated from her father, save when, for a week or a fortnight, she had been the guest of the Van Cortlandts or some other friends.

'Farewell, then," the father said and may God have you safe in His holy keeping, little Evelyn, ittle Evelyn, till we meet again!

His voice broke and he turned away to mingle with the crowd, cost the girl a supreme effort of will at that moment to restrain her tears and suppress all outward signs of that pain which, in its sharpness and severity, rent her heart with a physical pang. Just at that instant Captain Ferrers, who had been watching the progress of events, came towards Evelyn and, offering his arm, suggested a little stroll in the garden. Acting upon the sug-gestion, which she joyfully accepted and the motive of which she understood, she was thus enabled to clasp her father momentarily in a farewell embrace, before he stole away hastily settle down like Polly to be a matron | through the garden gate.

> CHAPTER VIII CLOSER IN GRIEF

When Mr. de Lacev had sped silently away into the darkness, Evelyn potent than all. In this gay scene | felt towards Captain Ferrers a fervor im for his patience.

The gaze of Prosser Williams was Manhattan, with their wives and that last consolation for her father gay scene within doors, which just then she felt to be intolerable. The two remained alone in the perfumed stillness of the night, with flowering shrubs all about them and the tall trees waving with a rhythmic movement above their heads.

For several minutes the young should pass his lips, which might embarrass future relations tween them. As he stood near her tree, he rapidly reviewed the situa-tion. He felt that at that moment he would gladly have resigned his sition, with all that it might hold course of action would only increase the peril of her situation. He himself would be powerless to protect her amongst so many and such in "Never speak of it, I do entrea fluential enemies. Even Lady Bello mont could do little and my Lord's ly, he had just come in, and Evelyn noted with a thrill of pride that in tenfold by the loss of an officer whom he had found singularly useful. Moreover, as he told himself, he had of Evelyn's favor. It was not her nature to wear her heart upon her beside the bride. After he had paid sleeve, and, aware as she was of all his compliments to Polly, keeping up the obstacles between them, she had with her a few moments' interchange | gone out of her way to seem unconof gay badinage, and conversed a scious of his preference for her little with Madam Van Cortlandt, he society. For one wild moment he advanced in Evelyn's direction.

Mynheer and he exchanged greetings, after which de Vries passed on, mov
England, or still better, to the Coning about amongst the guests in a fashion of his own that was almost stealthy. Left momentarily alone his common sense told him that, Ferrers, with his daughter, Mr. de Lacey drew even were Evelyn willing to desert her hastily apart into the embrasure her father in the hour of trial, which "Yes, in truth," cried Captain Fer-

be less interested in the beauties of the girl noticed a new excitement in unthinkable, it would be next to im- all things. For I am constrained to and bullets. One of these struck possible for them to encompass such profound sadness. He regarded her a departure safely. Vessels sailing intently for an instant without for ports beyond the seas were sub-Vessels sailing speaking, and then remarked in an ject to strict inquiry, so that, even if he were certain that his love was reciprocated, he could not ask her

Yet, even as breaking silence he went on with business-like delibersurprise. Certainly his manner was father's hasty departure, and the unusual, and his words awakened in plans which he had laid in concept ation to explain the causes of her with Madame Van Cortlandt, he felt in the mingled emotions of that hour a sweetness which he remembered all his life. The girl's charm, her delicacy of outline, the warmth and sympathy of her expression, were heightened tenfold by the very depths of her sorrow and anxiety, as in the

white of her bridesmaid's costume she stood beside him on the garden path. She had forgotten everything for the moment but the thought of her father setting out thus alone in the darkness of night. With her eyes fixed upon the speaker's face, until I have made such arrangements as may make it possible for you to join me. As soon as it is pru-Williams and his clear recollection of all that had transpired in London together with evidence that he had since obtained of his being a Catholic had made it expedient that he should immediately remove himself from peril so imminent. gave it as his opinion, based upon remarks which Captain Williams had let fall, that the latter's plans were well laid and that he might at any moment procure Mr. de Lacey's rest and transport overseas for trial in London. He informed Evelyn of the conference which he had held with her father, and he in his turn with Madam Van Cortlandt, and how all their plans had been laid before he had sent the final note of warning to Mr. de Lacey. The latter was now to seek safety in the town of Salem. in the Colony of Massachusetts, where it was hoped that he might remain in an obscurity which meant safety. Once his departure was discovered, if questions were asked, it could be answered that he had left town on business. It would meanwhile seem quite natural that Eve lyn should remain with Madam Van Cortlandt in the first lonely weeks following the wedding. bride herself, on account of her husband's well-known sympathies, would be kept in ignorance of the true reason for Evelyn's extended stay at the Van Cortlandt mansion.

> there was question of the Catholic faith, to distrust Polly's husband. After Captain Ferrers had told her all. Evelyn was silent for a moment, standing amongst the fragrance and beauty of the flowers and seeming to the lover's eyes more beautiful than any of them. So human and so tender she appeared, with the tears starting from her eyes, streaming down her cheeks, and falling unheeded upon her wedding finery. The sight very nearly upset Egbert Ferrers' resolution. But in instant Evelyn had regained her composure, and the young man could not help admiring her noble and dignified aspect.
> "I thank God," she said at last

For Madam Van Cortlandt's keen

instinct had led her, where politics

were concerned and above all where

"that my father is gone. Yes, and all the heavenly friends who are watching over us. But, oh, I would that I could have been with him!"

Her eyes fixed upon Captain Fer rers' face in an appeal that deeply moved him, and again he found it hard to repress the passionate avowal that rose to his lips. He explained to her quietly and gravely how inad visable such a course of action would be at the moment, since it would provoke immediate inquiry and would very probably compromise the safety of both. It was expedient that as his religion and political antecedents placed him in the graver danger, and as it seemed less likely that Captain Williams would take action against the daughter. So quietly had Mr. de Lacey lived that his absence from the city would scarcely be noticed at first, whereas that of man did not intrude by so much as a Evelyn would be known immediately. word upon the young girl and her sorrow. He was holding himself in of safety, it would be easier for her strong constraint lest some avowal to join him, and it might even be supposed that both had gone to the be- Barbadoes on matters of business Meanwhile, as Madam Van Cortlandt with folded arms, leaning against a declared, failing any new developments, the young girl could remain indefinitely with her. "I have been so selfishly intent on

position, with all that it might hold our own concerns," said Evelyn, of future preferment, if by so doing turning to the young man beside her he could win this one woman, whom he loved above all others, for his wife. But he knew that such a in thanking you for your generous help, for your exceeding great fore-thought and consideration. What

"Never speak of it, I do entreat you," said Captain Ferrers, "since it is I who am most deeply in your debt for having been allowed to serve

Never had the two felt so near together as when they were thus had little reason as yet to be certain united by this common interest, this grave issue almost of life and death, Each felt a glow of happiness in the other's presence, which gave to Evelyn a sense of inexpressible comfort in her present desolation. But she would not for worlds have exshe would pressed just then such a sentiment. Instead she fell to talking of her father, saying that it was her dearest wish to rejoin him at the earliest

> 'And you," she said to Captain will help me, will you

The mournfulness in Evelyn's eyer as she regarded him, pierced him to the heart. Perhaps she saw before her the bright vista of love and happiness that might have opened before them but for the cruel entanglement of circumstances which held them as in a net.

How hard it is," cried the you man impetuously, "to think that I am thus bound hand and foot, so that a move in any direction whatso ever might work your ruin!

permit. Whatever may befall, I beg of you to stand aloof."

'Cruel counsel," exclaimed Ferrers, "which I would fain hope is inspired rather by your head than by your heart.

A lovely wave of color crept into Evelyn's cheeks and a light into her eyes, but she merely said:
"You will but involve yourself in needless ruin, and be then powerless

to help us—the outlaws." If it were but a question of myself," cried Ferrers hotly, "Heaven knows that it would matter little. I would give up all, and do all, to be but assured of your regard and to have a chance, however remote, of winning you for my wife.

Into Evelyn's face, more beautiful than ever with the touch of warm and living color, came an expression which betrayed the loving depths below. When she spoke, however, it was firmly and composedly: You must not speak, nor must I

hear, words which will bind you to anything. From this moment forward, you are a friend whom I shall value above all others. But with my faith proscribed, with perils everywhere, I must have no ties save my father."

"Be it so then for the moment," agreed Ferrers. "I shall not trude further upon you with avowal of my sentiments, which, believe me, I had not meant under these circumstances to make. At least, I may offer you my friendship with a steadfast will to serve you.

"I have never doubted either," plied Evelyn sincerely, "only must not be used to your detriment. For so unhappy are all the circumstances-

"Unhappy, in truth," interposed Ferrers, with a sudden burst of vexation. "Why must it chance that you are of the proscribed faith, of -' But there Evelyn stopped him peremptorily, with a proud uplift of her chin and an enthusiasm which the

young man found inexpressibly 'You must not think," she said decidedly, "that I am not most glad to suffer something for religion's sake. It would be an honor

speakable to die for the Catholic and

Apostolic faith." Though her companion naturally ould not feel as she did, nor experience any emotion at the thought of that faith, he nevertheless respected it as that of his dead mother, was more favorably impressed than the courage and loyalty of the girl, which appealed to all that was finest in his own nature. Yet he only cried out, with a kind of

terror "But you will be prudent. You will not speak in such terms to anyone else. And this I beg of you, if not for my sake, for that of your

father.' "For his sake-for your sake, if wiser that we should leave the gar. or twice. "We heard so much den and return into the house lest the cavalry when I was young." our absence may lead to remark?"

said the young man ruefully, as it is a dose of my own medicine,

I must swallow it." In silence they moved on together, in his mind no other thought than that of their meeting that evening and the new bonds that had bee forged between them. As they neared the house the negro min strels were playing a lively strain and the bride, preparing to depart upstairs to doff her white gown for another, was looking for her dearest friend and chief bridesmaid. Ferrers knew that presently, after the bride had gone, all would be footing it lightly in "La belle Katherine" or Money Musk," as though there were no care or sorrow in the world, no aching hearts, no persecution, tyranny and death.

TO BE CONTINUED

HEROISM OF CHAPLAIN UNDER FIRE

In the letters that come from the front are so many pathetic and heroic traits that one is inclined, after more than three years' war, to consider them as a matter of course. Tragedy has lost its element of novelty, and we have grown used to incidents less strenuous would have impressed us deeply. The following anecdote has been related by the officer who witnessed it, and who in fact was, when the incident took place, in command of an important post, a fort in the region of Verdun, that the Germans attacked incessantly. From their entrenched position behind the half destroyed outworks the defenders of the fort saw a young lieutenant, a mere boy, who either because he did not realize the situation or else had been impeled by the rashness of youth, was her hastily apart into the embrasure of a window, and the anxious eyes of from her character he knew to be of a window, and the anxious eyes of from her character he knew to be rers, "I will help you always and in ous zone, swept by the German shells getic.

tell you that I would give my right hand, and even my very life, to serve itary chaplain solicited the officer's permission to go to him. This meant certain death, and the leave was impatiently refused: but the chaplain was not to be repuls continued to entreat his chief, who ended by giving way; he then started on his errand of charity, but he too was struck, probably by the same marksman. His body lay at no distance from the fort, and, to the officer's surprise, another soldier, s cure, was seen to make for the spot With deep reverence, leisurely, as if performing a sacred rite, he bent over the dead chaplain, took from "And yours." responded Evelyn. over the dead chaplain, took from which is something that I will never his breast the "custode" containing several consecrated Hosts, that were touched by the enemy's bullets; be-

fore piercing the heart of the priest they had wounded the Sacred Hosts. "With a look of beatitude," the soldier communicated himself. "He had the face of an ecstatic," said the admiring chief .- Brooklyn Tablet,

SOME OTHER GIRL

Miss Hoover was sewing slowly and painstakingly. Her chair was drawn as close as possible to the window the shade was raised high, and the immaculate cheese cloth curtains were drawn back; still, each time that she threaded a needle she won-dered why the eyes are made so much smaller year by year. It did not occur to her that her sight was failing fast. She would have been anxious if it had: and, as it was, she softly and sweetly sang to hersel

simple, tuneful hymns she had

learned at school and love songs of long ago. Presently there was a knock at her oor, and almost instantly it was opened by a stout, smiling woman not much younger than herself, and quite as quaint and old-fashioned in her dress. She held a rumpled news paper in her hand.

"I am bringing you Mr. O'Shaughnessy's paper," she said. "He gave it to me the day before yesterday, so perhaps the news in it isn't as fresh as it was once; but if you haven't heard it, I don't see that that makes

any difference."
"It doesn't—not the least. Thank you very much, Mrs. Toole!' Hoover replied, in her gentle, ladylike way; and she meant what she said. A newspaper was a newspaper. and of thrilling interest whatever its date. She seldom bought one for herself; to her slender purse a penny had a very real value; it was not to

be lightly spent. 'The paper is full of news - was news; and I know that's the kind you like," Mrs. Toole turned back to say, before she closed the door. "The Germans and the Austrians and the Italians and the French and the Irish -God bless them! - are all fighting day and night. It makes a person shudder to think of it—and we so comfortable and so safe!

"Yes, but I do like to hear the war news," Miss Hoover confessed.

Having slowly and very carefully folded her work, she sank back in her chair prepared to enjoy a treat, though not without some qualms of conscience on the score of having left a buttonhole unfinished. read all the war news, puzzled by the strange names of rivers and moun tains and cities of which she had never heard, and by words familian now to all the world-entente, poilu shrapnel war lords—but she you will," said Evelyn, with a smile, it or all our sakes I will be care to understand it all. "They don't ful and chary of my words. As a first step in prudence, will it not be wiser that we should leave the gar. talk about the cavalry as they used to do," she said sadly to herself once or twice. "We heard so much about On the third page she found a little

" 'Tis most unpalatable advice," notice, sent by the Catholic Women's War Relief Union, which which pleaded — for contributions, that it might be able to furnish not only hospital supplies, and warm clothing clothing for poor little French orphans, but altar linens and vestments for the Catholic chaplains at home and in France. With breath-less interest Miss Hoover read the notice—a commonplace one in these days. She read it a second and a days. third time, more and more slowly, more and more thoughtfully; then folded her half-finished paper and laid it aside. She had sat motionless for several minutes before she drew from her finger a ring, set with a garnet and a few small pearls, and thin with long wear. She leaned nearer to the window to see it clear-ly, but could see nothing through her tears.

Miss Hoover slipped the ring to its place on her finger, and, rising, paced back and forth the length of the room until she was tired; then stopped before the window, and stood for a long time looking into the nar row, ill-paved, ill-kept street below. The thin old hand that rested on the casement trembled more than once and her face grew wistful and more tender. At last she went to the mirror and smoothed her hair. She slipped into her best dress, put on mended gloves and the shabby little hat which had been her pride for many a year; then opened her door noiselessly and tried to steal unnoticed down the hall. But Mrs Toole's door was standing open; and seeing Miss Hoover, she called to her inquisitively:

"Why, Miss Hoover, you aren't go ing out at this time of the day? you so busy, and so anxious to finish the dress you are making!"

"Yes, I am going out, but I shall be back before very long. I think the air will do me good," Miss Hoover answered, shamefaced and apolo-

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