Published by permission of P. J. Kenedy & ons HAWTHORNDEAN

A STORY OF EVERY DAY LIFE

BY MRS. CLARA M. THOMPSON

CHAPTER XX.—CONTINUED

Sister Agnes was called away by the imperative duties of her voca tion, and the young people were left together. Laura poured out her whole soul to her young friend; reproached herself, and no one for all that had befallen ber recited the long story of her illness, the many times she had longed to die, if only if she could assure Aleck of her sorrow for the past, and of her unchanging love for him through She convinced Rosine that she had no earthly wish but to be at peace with her husband, and rid of that terrible Le Compte, whom she sometimes thought must be the arch-fiend himself.

Rosine's heart, so cold and bitter toward Laura in the morning, was warm and glowing with love and pity when she returned at night. The trusting, confiding, unsuspicious spirit of uncorrupted youth! is it not a treasure we may carry to old age with us, if we would cherish the spirit of our dear Lord, in forgiving to the "seventy times seven?" Rosine found the family dispersed in various directions Mrs. Hartland gone to a meeting of a charitable society, of which she was president; the Colonel not returned since a call to business in the morning; Dr. Hartland still at his office. She threw herself in the large arm-chair near the library fire without even uncloaking, and gave her mind up to reflection, as to what she could do for Laura. The story of Le Compte and his tutored soul tremble, and she could not prevent sensation a shivering of tear, when she recalled Laura's description of his appearance at her Aunt's and the fearful proposition he had made. was grievous that so young and fresh a mind should be tortured with the knowledge that such things Rosine trambled and went al ternately, starting at the least sound now wishing somsbody would come and anon hoping they would not, till she had recovered her usual calm-ness. In the midst of her bewildered reverie came the Colonel, the room was indifferently lighted with one drop-light, the gas partially turned off, and he did not see Rosine till he came close upon her. She arose immediately to give him the comfort-

"Where are you going, daughter?" he inquired, " or have you just came

No, father," she replied, " I have been home some time. I was only thinking." Her tone was strangely and, and the Colonel drewher down upon his knee, and tried to look into

"What troubles you, my dear?" he inquired, anxiously. "Aren't you

Pariectly well," she replied, then hesitated.

Out with it, my child," he said,

answered, quite simply.

affectionately.
"I have been to see poor Laura, and I was thinking of her," she

Pshaw! Rosa," he replied hastily, "don't give her a thought; she'il take care of herself, she's used to it." O, please don't say so; she is adfully persecuted, tormented, persecuted, and so troubled and sorry every way." She then related, unfortunately perhaps, the fright Laura had experienced in the morning, from the

near approach of her tormentor. This is all moonshine, my child," he replied, with all the assurance of cautious age; "she imposes upon you. I can't let you go where she is, if she entertains you with such stuff as this.

But, father," she said, entreatingly, "I saw her fright; it could not be teigned; and she is so penitent. I do wish-," she hesitated, then

Wish what, my darling?" he inquired, caressingly.

I don't like to say it, for fear you will be angry with me; but I do wish you would be her protector." My dear little innocent girl, she

has deluded you with the idea that she wants a protector ?" O, I do wish Aleck would come

home!" she exclaimed, finding she was making no progress in convinc-'I know he would ing the Colonel. forgive her, if nobody else will. Indeed, Rosa," he replied, grave

ly, "he has the most to forgive. Laura had behaved respectably, she than I thought; no woman is talked about as she has been, without

Yes," replied Rosine, slowly, a little abashed; "but then Laura by it, and called upon Laura with hates her past conduct, and wants to the Colonel, leaving behind a cool

that we must give her the same confidence we did before. But you are to know anything about the came, Rosine tions. When she came, Rosine tions. very young to know anything about these matters, it was an unlucky day when Laura Marten chose you pass pleasantly, the Colonel and his

his wife, you touch him, and through him all his family, in the tenderest obedience to a request from her hus-You must trust me to do right speaking very tenderly, worthy of your anxiety. I shall be guided entirely by Aleck's reply to several letters written him from home on this subject; till then matters must go on as they are."

Rosine was not at all relieved by

this conversation; she feared she had not taken the best way of speakassurance that her motives were right in the effort she had made. She could not reconcile the opinions of good Sister Agnes and her dear Colonsl, so she went about her daily as usual, sorrowful for her friend, but never speaking her name; hoping each day that something would come from Lieutenant Hartland that would bring about a change in Laura's position. Sister Agnes had impressed upon Laura the duty of returning Mrs. Hartland's call, which she did after some delay, but finding the family out and a strange servant at the door, she was reluc-tant to leave her card as "Mrs. Hartland," and the family were left in war to which Lieutenant Greenwood ignorance of the call. Since her last belonged, was ordered to the Gulf of meeting with Le Compte, she had not ventured into the street alone; but posed a ball on ship board to inaugwhen accompanied by one of the Sisters, she drew down her thick had not heard of the acceptance veil, scarcely daring to look either to of his resignation. the right or to the left. Thus she Greenwood insisted that both Harry who had once been remarked for her and Dora should accept their invitabold, venturesome, daring spirit and tions. "It would look well," he manner, was completely cowed. It said, "for the first Lieutenant and all is not always that by coquetry and the Commodore's family to refuse deceit, even a married woman brings Captain Jones civility." The stern such immediate suffering upon herself as Laura had done, but it comes in time, and they invariably leave a

children. occasionally in the way of their pro the signal for a warm discussion fession, and he would sometimes as to what should amuse himself with hints of his Colonel declaring he should send intimacy with his brother's wife, a carriage for Aleck's wife — it would hoping thereby to widen the family be best for all, if she went under his breach, or lead the other to some protection; the Doctor stoutly inrefort which would bring on a sisting that he would not appear quarrel; but he did not understand with her, and so risk Rosine's good High tempered and easily excited, such a-he was about to say some Dr. Hartland looked down now so thing very wicked, but his father's thoroughly upon both Laura and Le one stern look, which he kept Compte, that all he said passed by for great occasions, and Rosine's him as beneath his notice. After affectionate "Don't Ned," silenced much anxious waiting, a letter, only one, came from Lieutenant Hart-Colonel's expressed wish, that she and, and that written to his father.

My Dear Father: I am in the receipt of various mentor, Sister Agnes,

epistles from home, filled with sundry counsellor, one might almost say her nquiries and criticisms on my private affairs. I will answer them all through you.

ful wife on the 20th of April last; good Sister said, "You will go, she has the certificate of our marriage. I am sorry this step does not please you and my mother; of Ned's caustic severity upon the same, I I must!' shall take no notice; written by any other man, I would call him out. With regard to the scandal abroad, if it were not dishonorable in me to made themselves busy with what is none of their business. I have been on the sick list for the last month, about, and bound for the Gulf of as you please about noticing Laura, but it strikes me all this scandal might have been nipped in the bud, if when the marriage was made thing; and I have also Rosine's last latter, which I keep by me as a comfort in much weakness, and a sedative in those dreadful nervous attacks

jected. Believe me, my honored father, this step you deem so unpardonable, though taken hastily perhaps, under the excitement of the moment, was not done with any intended dis-

to which of late I have been sub-

In haste Your affectionate son, ALEX, HARTLAND,"

The manly tone of this epistle had great effect upon the family; it brought home to their hearthstone would not be as she now is; she the truth, that the pet of the housemust suffer; such conduct bringe its | hold, the youngest born, was on his own punishment, even if she were way to the seat of war, perhaps to ever so penitent. I could have waste away with disease in an received her into my family, though unhealthy climate, perhaps to sacriwaste away with disease in au I abhor her course, but I find her fice his life on the field of battle has been more scandalous The letter served to quiet the Doctor, and prevent his oft-recurring reference to the "new member of the

Mrs. Hartland was visibly softened do right now, and ought we not ceremonious invitation for Laura to to forgive her if she is really truly tea the next day. She begged Sieter sorry, and resolved to do so no Agnes to say it was not her daty to more."
"Well, my dear, we may forgive in acceding to this first way that had been opened toward peace and been opened toward peace and been opened toward relawhen Laura Marten chose you pass pleasantly, the Colonel and his office.

for her intimate friend. One thing lady were politely cool, while Ned spent the evening at his office.

been wounded in the person of intimacy than this chilling civility, in this matter, little one," he added, fashionable boarding house. Here of the youngest and handsomest stroking her bright curls, and the terrible dread of Le Compte, lady on the ship. which still continued, so affected her worry your over sensitive con-science about one who is not worthy of your anxiety. I shall paroxysm of fear; and there was nervous system, that every card brought to her room gave her a labor of time and taste, and with also a sharp misgiving in her mind whenever a letter came to her from her husband, for although their tone was affectionate and confiding, they wholly ignored Le Compte and the past, and with something of the had not taken the best way of speak. Doctor's peremptory tone, requested could procure to make a gorgeous ing about Laura, and yet she had the that Le Compte's name might never display. Lights of brilliant and be mentioned between them. Laura would have felt more secure, had he sometimes reproached her a little for her unfaithfulness. For some reason her tormentor seemed awhile to have ceased to follow his victim with persecution, perhaps the publishment of the marriage may have led him to defer his plansperhaps to renounce them, perhaps to

> CHAPTER XXI. HARBY GREENWOOD IN SEARCH OF A

change them-we shall see.

When the Athenian, the man of Mexico, and the chief officer prourate her departure, the Lieutenant mandate of parental authority pre vailed over his children's dislike of the whole thing, under the circum sting that pierces the heart sooner or stances. It was to be almost exclu ater—it may come in the life of a sively a naval and military ball. beloved daughter or son, for the sins | Colonel Hartland and family were of the mothers are visited upon their among the invited, and to was sent under cover a card to Le Compte met Dr. Hartland Mrs. Alexander Hartland. This was he spirit with which he had to deal. name as to have her ushered in with would be ready at eight on the night On board the X-, off Cadiz, Jan. 18- of the ball, when he would call for her. Laura unhesitatingly took the note and card at once to her only friend. She was quite secure as to her advice, she could not tell her she ought to go. She became "Laura Marten was made my law- pale with astonishment when the of course."

"O." she replied, with almost ; scream of terror, "don't tell me that

"Not if it were your duty, my dear ?" she inquired. "I can conceive of a case in which it might be one's duty to enter into such throw up my commission on the eve an arrangement, and this looks of war, I would do it, for the satis-faction of chastising those who have duty," she added, as Laura's face of her husband.

Sister Agnes. "You see by this note Mexico; God knows when, if ever, I the Colonel and his lady wish to shall see home again. You will do introduce you as their daughter; should you refuse? How would your husband wish you to act under the circumstances ? These are the questions you must answer for yourthe family. I have received a long letter from my wife, written since her fearful illness explaining to hear a religeuse advocate ballthis case I can see no excuse you can give for not complying with Colonel Hartland's request ; your conscience would not keep you away, only your own will, your own dislike to meet those with whom your husband has been associated; you must break away from this feeling some time, and why not now?" While she was persuading Laura, Lieutenant Green-While she was wood and sister were announced; they had called in behalf of a respect to either yourself or my large family of orphans lately mother. card of invitation was in Laura's hand, and the Lieutenant laughingly remarked that she had the same

'bitter-pill' with themselves. 'Yes," said the Sister, playfully. and I, a nun, am advising her to take the potion pressed upon her by Colonel Hartland."

"Ah," said Dora, "then do go; you will find plenty of disaffected ones; I will keep you company in hating the whole thing most heartily; we only go because our father

wills it.' Laura's courage revived, she saw through her reluctance, and resolved to conquer it; the note of acceptance was dispatched without

further hesitancy.

Doctor Hartland at first set his ians among a company of autocrats. More particularly did he sneer and scoff at the invitation to Laura. But he changed his mind, and enfectly. It is this Presence which gaged a carriage for himself and causes that astounding difference Rosine, when he found the Colonel determined, and his mother making preparations for her own and Rosa's constance. He went out and purchased a set of grant and purchased and purchased a set of grant and purchased a set of grant and purchased a set of grant and purchased and purchased and purchased a set of grant and purchased and purchased and purchased a set of grant and purchased and that a when a man's honor has There was no nearer approach to chased a set of exquisite pearl friends to Himself.—Msgr. Benson.

ornaments for arms, neck, and hair, ordered the most perfect obedience to a request from her hus-band, removed her quarters to a feel quite proud, being sure, he said,

> The large man-of war was made ready from stem to stem with much great expense, for the grand All obstructions were cleared from the main and quarter decks, and the ship's sides lined with the flags of all nations, the stars and stripes every where prominent. Nothing was wanting that wealth

scene, and an elegant tapestry of

there with knots of flowers and green wreaths, formed an awning over the dancing floor. It was indeed a lax pension tremblingly felt that the radiant scene, and Rosine almost end had come. believed herself transported to fairy Colonel Hartland appeared with Laura and his wife on either arm.

Laura and his wife on either arm. graced her neck and arms, and an amber colored grenadine floated Consciously, however, he saw only about her like a sunset cloud; there his shaking hand in the flare of the were no remains of the bold, bright glance that had so nearly been her ruin; her manner was subdued, and a downcast expression had imprinted itself upon her face. Miss Greenwood and her brother came forward and greeted her upon her entrance, but Ned, who stood near by with Rosine, bowed coldly, with a countenance stern and rigid, holding Rosine back by his influence, when she would have rushed forward to her friend. She telt a sense of meanness in being held back; but too timid to carry out her purpose, she was obliged to a searchlight seemed to have been content herself with giving Laura turned momentarily upon his soul, one of her sweet, friendly emiles. It was not long before Mrs. Lieutenant Hartland, ushered in as she had been, and looking so beautifully sad, besieged by gentlemen friends of her husband, with pressing invitations to join in the dance, all of which she steadfastly declined; she trembling inwardly lest should lift her eyes and bahold her enemy. Miss Greenwood watched her from a recess made by some of the ship's appointments, where she was half hidden, and pitying her most profoundly, dispatched

brother to bring her to her side. I thank you most heartily," said Laura, as she took the Lieutenant's offered arm to go to his sister. From this retired nook the two

ladies could survey the whole dancing-floor, unobserved themselves, for green wreaths hung in festoons over them, and green branches sheltered them from observation. Miss Green wood had been drawn to Laura by Sister Agner, who had said, "Dore, make her your friend; you will find material wasting there for the want of some one to direct." She well knew how to make advancer, and with, her knowledge of Aleck's boy. versation, but through much suffering to herself, for every memory of the early days of one brother who mingled with the remembrance of that she had striven for years to over what burning coals her com-

Lieutenant Greenwood had passed had produced in his childish over to Rosine, who was watching the company through the intricate with those he now experienced. His or you would have heard from me it is my duty," she said, pleadingly. before; I am now just able to crawl "Not if it is the truth?" replied been called for in honor of the Captain, who was from Virginia, and moreover, had expressed his oldfashioned notions about the rounddances, declaring "he had never been | able to understand how these young heads stood so much whirling.'

"I need not ask it you dance, Miss Brenton?" said young Greenwood, away. as he observed her unaffected, eager interest in the diversion.

"O, yes, I love it dearly," she replied, bluehing under his earnest gaze, "but I could not possibly dance here."

"And why not?" he inquired smiling.

"O, there are too many people looking on, and somehow I don't fancy dancing with strangers. But you have not danced?" she said, inquiringly.
"No; I seldom dance except as a

lay figure to make up a set. My brain must be very obtuse, for I could never see the ins and outs of the figures; and when my friends could never see the ins and cuts of the figures; and when my friends get me on the floor, they are generally thought you had gone there?"

ingly. "There's nothing to be afraid when if the cellar. I thought you had gone there?"

Carb glad to let me slip quietly away again. It seems a strange, sad way," he added, after a pause, "to celebrate the departure of this brave ship's

company to the field of carnage."
"It does, indeed," she replied, her face gathering gravity from the reflection of his; "one would think they would rather go to church in a body, and pray for protection in battle.

TO BE CONTINUED

Jesus Christ dwells in our tabernacles today as surely as He dwelt in -that He may make Himself accessible to all who know Him interiorly and desire to know Him more per-

HIS SISTER'S PICTURE

For one intense moment, the silence of death reigned in the drawing-room of the London residential Then another crash as if the world had gone to pieces brought the occupants in palefaced consternation to their feet. There was a shudder-Lights were ing cry of "Zappelina!" switched off, windows closed; while, all over the city, anti-aircraft guns suddenly gave tongue to an inferno of sound never to be forgotten by those who heard.

"To the cellars!" was the next agitated cry; and immediately, from the varied colors, with highly polished dining room, smoking room and bedreflectors, illuminated the festive rooms, guests came hurrying in guests came hurrying in For it was the first of the panic. long threatened air raids over Lon blue and gold, looped up here and don, and even the most hardened of the pleasure loving habitues of that

Phil Carberry, an Irish journalist, certainly feared the worst as he sented but a few moments before. his shaking hand in the flare of the match; felt only a wild desire for action, for freedom—for courage to rush into the streets or climb upon anything rather than go down to the cellars and wait for death in the dark. | nalist was an innocent boy again.

Not that he was by any means a shell-swept trenches abundantly proved the contrary; but, just as the pressure of a button had plunged the the death whisper of the first bomb showing him precisely where he stood as a Catholic and an Irishman. In that lightning glance he saw the misirreligious associates, and the easy tolerance - if not acceptance teachings and standards which he had been brought up to regard as poisonous and unclean - teachings which imperceptibly befouled his pen, despite a dear, old-time bovish ideals.

No wonder he recoiled from the companionship of the other boarders in this hour of dread, preferring to eet death, if need be, alone.

By and by, professional curiosity stered every other feeling. If the end of all things had really come was there any reason why he should not see the shape the dread consummation was assuming? No; abso lutely none. With a rapidly beating heart, he stole up the gloomy stair way, and, opening a window gently on the first landing, tooked out on the troubled sky.

What he saw was a great silver colored monster, played on by search hood she soon found matter for con- lights and blazed at by guns, racing across the heavens and rising as it ran. To the journalist's fancy, it was steering straight for the window at which he stood, and, as he another, and brought back thoughts looked-fascinated by a spectacle so wondrous, so novel, so terrible-an crush; nevertheless, she did her part odd recollection came to him of the well, and Laura did not once guess first Sunday he had attended Mass. Why, he could not say; but the con panion was stepping, while she templation of the pictures on the entertained her with little anecdotes stained glass windows of the ancient little chapel on that far-away day mind was still busy with the strange ness of the analogy when a light touch fell upon his arm, and, turning with nervous abruptness, he confronted one of the lady boarders of

'Come away from that window,' she whispered, in great distress. Oh, do please close it and come

Carbergy knew her well : a purseproud little aristocrat of foreign parentage and upbringing; one of those apostles of science who sneer at religion and mock the name of God. Many a wordy war had he had with her, and alas! many a time had he laughingly applauded her heterodox sayings. But she was manifestly in such a paroxysm of fear now, his first feeling as he regarded her, was one of cynical contempt. The next moment, however, he thought of her youth and loneliness, and his cynicism gave way to compassion.

"Don't be alarmed," he said sooth

"Yea: but it is such a nerve-wrecking place; and it is so dark-darkthat window, but say something—suggest some plan—"

Another earth-shaking crash; a momentary lull in the cannonade; the sound of breaking glass-and, over all, a woman's pitiful cry.

"This house will be in ruins in a Strange how the memory of the moment," said Carberry; "or, what's death bed of his young sister came to worse, it will be in flames." frank

face like a flint against this hazareth and in the very same tonight," he added presently, "and hearted priest; no sweet voiced nuns, ball of brass buttons; he did not the dwells care to be one of a half-dozen civil there, largely, for this very purpose get there without accident is the Only a stately foreigner (the girl's question.

The atheist moaned. "I know this district fairly well," silence the journalist went on. "There death. should be a short out to the Tube will please return to the cellar."

"No; no; no; anything but that dreadful darkness.

Very well," said Carberry, impantly. "If you wish to share a risk which I am taking for professional purposes, by all means, come !

In a few moments they had descended the stairs to the hallway stumbled down a steeper flight-tra

versed a passage dark as pitch. This should be the kitchen," said the journalist, pausing before a small door, through the chinks of which a "Anyway, it is no light struggled. time for ceremony," he added, and, pushing the door open, he stood blinking in the flare of a tall candle -amazed, embarrassed, annoyed.

For it was not the kitchen into which he had strayed, but a small, ill-ventilated apartment - a poor, sparsely-furnished little box place which the rude domestic in such houses calls time, Carberry might have seen the cupant—a poor old Irishwoman stealing up the area way to scrub the hall-door steps in the mornings; but, unhappily, the poor and the lowly rarely challenged his pity of late, and it was with a peremptory "put that when all at once he stopped deadhis gaze riveted upon something before which the old woman was kneeling. That something was a picture of Our Lady of Lourdes—the replica of one which was treasured the housetope-to go anywhere, do in his old home; and, as he gazed, the years melted and the blase jour

Ab! many a morning had be waked to the joyousness of a new day to see subsequent seeming eternities in the sunlight streaming on the glor-shell-swept trenches abundantly ious figure of Our Lady, or tinting with golden brush the kneeling Bernadette! The same picture—the drawing-room into darkness, so in very same. It had been won at a religious examination by his favorite sister, and the recollection of her happy appearance as she carried her prize through the great crowd of Confirmation Day sprang up as clearly as the memory of that other spent hours, the lost ambitions, the great-crowded day a few years later when she was borne to an early grave.

And, just as some people involuntarily think of quiet convent grounds and the happy innocence of youth on hearing children sing at their nine o'clock Mass-or of the sun settling in country places and the peace of conviction that the most glorious the oncoming twilight at the sound mission on God's earth was the dis-semination of Catholic truths and sister on beholding a picture of Our Lady of Lourdes. Nay, as the years rolled on, and the features of his sister grew dim in his boyish memory, the image of Bernadette took her place till eventually he thought of her only as Bernadette.

Is it any wonder that he gazed chokingly at the picture—that he fell upon his knees in an agony of remorse-while overhead an epic battle was fought and won, and death and destruction raged all around. And the scientific student was so astonished to see the cynical man of letters kneel so humbly in that little room that she, too, without any conscious desire, knelt down, and God alone knows what attempt she made

to pray.

The diapason of the guns ceased. Soon the first engines could be heard racing through the streets. The first of London's air raids was over.

Tremblingly, laboriously, the old voman rose to her feet, fingering and kissing her heads, the while she looked curiously at her visitors. She looked still more curiously as their conversation - disjointed, hurried, whispered—fell upon her ear.
"The picture? Who is it? Who is it? What

is it? Tell me about it please. Is she very good and beautiful?" Hugh! She is dead-died when ! was a child. And would to God in

Heaven I had died, too !" The years passed. The octopus of war had fastened upon Phil Carberry as relentlessly as it had embraced many another Iriehman both at home and abroad. Hunger and cold, nervewrecking dangers, gnawing heartache had been his lot; but, thanks to Our Lady of Lourdes, he came back when all was over unscathed in mind and body alike, and soon after his return to London the many blessings he had received were crowned by his mar riage to the star of his hones and dreams. Boyishly happy, busily employed one beautiful even ing in spring on those personal touches of house decoration so dear to the heart of the newly-wed, when a messenger delivered a letter to his wife. She read it hastily.

"Do you remember the foreign student?" she asked agitatedly, "the girl atheist you used to speak about when talking of the first Zeppelin DRUGS

Carberry frowned.

"Yes; what about her?"
"Poor girl! She is dying, and and the feeling is so death-trappy. asks to see me. Will you come? Oh! for pity's sake, don't stand at The nursing home is not far from

'I interested myself in her when you were in France." Mrs. Carberry explained on the way; "but she was awfully self-willed, and I could do nothing."

orse, it will be in flames." Carberry so irresistibly as he beheld the white, wasted features of this nk. little orphan girl. Yet, how different 'There's only one place of safety was the scene. Here was no goldenguardian), a still more stately nurse. an emotionless doctor, and the silence which is the handmaid of

The soldier-journalist was filled

ARRISTERS, SOLICITORS

MURPHY & GUNN

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES Suite 53. Bank of Toronto Chamber

FOY, KNOX & MONAHAN

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC Cable Address : "Foy Telephones $\left\{ \begin{array}{ll} \text{Main } 461 \\ \text{Main } 462 \end{array} \right.$ Offices : Continental Life Building

DAY, FERGUSON & CO.

CORNER BAY AND RICHMOND STREETS

ames E. Day
ohn M. Ferguson
seeph P. Welsh
TORONTE TORONTO, CANADA

LUNNEY & LANNAN BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES Harry W. Lunney, B. A., B. C. L. Alphonsus Lannan, LL. B. CALGARY, ALBERTA

ARCHITECTS

WATT & BLACKWELL Members Ontario Association ARCHITECTS Sixth Floor, Bank of Toronto Chambere LONDON, ONT.

DENTISTS

DR. BRUCE E. EAID Room 5, Dominion Bank Chambers Cor. Richmond and Dundas Sta. Phone 1998 EDUCATIONAL

St. Jerome's College Counded 1864 KITCHENER, ONT.

cellent High School or Academic Departm cellent College and Philosophical Departm Address: REV. W. A. BENINGER, C. R. President

FUNERAL DIRECTORS

John Ferguson & Sons 180 KING ST.

Th Leading Undertakers & Embalmers Open Night and Day Telephone-House 373 Factory 543

E. C. Killingsworth FUNERAL DIRECTOR Open Day and Night

389 Burwell St. Phone 3971

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J. FIREPROOF TO TEL OCEAN FRONT, INTHE HEART OF ATLANTIK CITY

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLANS

Hot and Cold Sea Water Baths

Best Market Price Paid for Raccoon, Skunk, Mink, Weasel and Fox. ROSS' LIMITED LONDON, ONT. BOBI-42

Calendars

SACRED SUBJECTS Sepia Tone Pictures

Post Paid 15c. Seven (Assorted Subjects) \$1.00 Catholic Record

LONDON, CANADA

87 YONGE ST., TORONTO Phone Main 4030

Hennessey

"Something More Than A Drug Store CUT FLOWERS PERFUMES CANDIES Order by Phone - we Deliver Watch Our Ads, in Local Dailies Thursday

The Finest Catholic Prayer-Book

My Prayer-Book HAPPINESS IN GOODNESS

By Rev. F. X. LASANCE Happiness! That is the keynote of Father Lasance's theme. He teaches by precept, poetry, and prayer how to secure the happiness which all men seek, but which mistaken search leads so few to find.

Imitation leather, red edges . \$1.25 Imitation leather, gold edges . 1.60 Amer. Seal, limp, gold edges . 2.25

The Catholic Record

LONDON, CANADA