

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND

BY CHRISTINE FABER

CHAPTER XXXVI—CONTINUED

"I thought not to have made this proposal to you, Miss Burchill, the mislaid confidence. Indeed, I had almost decided to wait some months yet in order to be very certain of your affection for me. As it is, I am not sure of all of your regard beyond what you would give to any friend, but I am certain of my own love for you, and that is so strong that it would not let me wait longer. I love you, Mildred—allow me to call you so this once—for the virtues which I have observed in your character; above all, for that sweet, gentle charity with which woman is angelic, without which she is a blot upon the creation, and I long to have your gentle ministry about myself. I have suffered keenly in my life, so keenly that I cannot even revert to those memories of the past without feeling again much of the bitterness of my first pang. I loved once, Mildred, but my love was shattered in cruel duplicity and treachery, I thought never to love again, but you have won me from my resolution; you have realized to me all my boyish dreams of woman's true and tender character. Forgive then, my precipitancy, and let me know my fate at once. Where my heart is engaged, my impetuosity knows little control. Cora will bring me your reply.

"Yours in ardent expectation," "GERALD THURSTON."

Had she read aright, or was it not all a horrid dream? Was so bitter a cup as this reserved for her? and must she drink it?

"O God, pity me!" she said, sinking upon her knees, and pressing again and again her parched lips to the letter. Thurston had long since won her deepest affection through the virtues which she had observed in him, but with true womanliness she had sought to conceal the fact even from herself. Now, however, with his own manly proposal before her, the tide of restless passion for a beloved object swept over her soul in a storm that would be neither calmed nor abated. It seemed as if her heart must break, and the burning tears which blistered the letter seemed to be wrung from her very soul.

"I cannot make this sacrifice," she said to herself. At least I shall tell him all, and then he will give him up only to save another. But in answer to that soliloquy rose up sternly her promise to Horton to tell nothing about him to any one. And even did she obtain a release from that promise, what help could Thurston render in this case? It would be impossible for him to tell now Robinson's designs in regard to the convict—designs which she felt, any withdrawal on her part from her contract with Robinson would but render more desperate and malicious. And did she refuse to sacrifice herself, how could she be happy, even as the esteemed and beloved wife of Thurston, when every day of her future would be harrowed by pictures of her uncle again in prison, separated from his child, treated with far greater severity than before, and dying at last, perhaps, unattended and unwept. One of the family already had died in prison,—died for her; must this one also when she could prevent it? No, no; despite her anguish, her heart rose up with its denial, and after all was it not better to sacrifice the happiness of one when that sacrifice would bring joy to two? Then her own life might not be a very long one. Its very wretchedness must shorten it, and God would recompense her. He who had sacrificed himself for her would give her strength. One of the last thoughts came an unexpected calm, and she was enabled to think more clearly than she had yet done. She was powerless to give an explanation to Thurston of her refusal of his offer, and did she tell him that she returned his love while she was forced to accept the hand of another, such a statement would only plunge him into dire unhappiness, and make some explanation from her absolutely necessary. There was no way for her but to make her sacrifice, horrible as it was, prompt and complete. And what if she were misunderstood, even condemned for her conduct by him whom she loved dearer than her own life? God would know what she had done and suffered, and perhaps, sometime, in His own mysterious way, He would vindicate her character. With compressed lips that told of a determination which wears upon the very heart, she drew toward her writing materials and penned:

"Accept my sincere thanks for your kind and flattering proposal. You have been and are my most esteemed friend, but I have promised to marry Mr. Robinson.

"Yours very gratefully," "MILDRED BURCHILL."

The characters were so tremulous that they were scarcely legible, and she wrote them three times before she decided to send them. Then trying to keep her wild thoughts at bay, she sought Cora. The girl was dressing for dinner, but at sight of that pale, tear-stained face in the doorway, she left her toilet to rush into Miss Burchill's arms.

"You have been sick," she said, "and you would not let me in to nurse you. And you are sick still, you look so frightfully pale. And you have been crying." All this as Cora continued to strain the governess affectionately to her.

"It is over now," was the reply, "and I shall be quite well tomorrow."

and you won't say anything about my sick appearance to anybody, will you?"

"May not I just tell Mr. Thurston? He always seems so interested in everything that concerns you."

"Not even him; but you may give him this answer to his letter, please." Cora took the note, insisting that as Miss Burchill had shut herself from sight so long, she must now remain with her until it was time for her to descend, and as Mildred could not reasonably refuse, she did so, averting her face, however, as often as she found the girl anxiously watching her.

Cora gave Gerald the note, and left him to its perusal while she went into dinner. He followed, just as Robinson, tired of waiting, was about to send for him. His face since his father's death wore always a grave expression, but now there was a painfully compressed look about his mouth as he had been expressing of the eyes that instantly attracted Robinson's attention.

"Anything the matter, Gerald?" he asked. "You look blue, and I want you in your best spirits tonight; I want your congratulations on my engagement with Miss Burchill."

There was a sound nearly approaching a scream from Cora, as she fell full spoonful of soup which she had been carrying to her mouth, and stared across at her uncle as if she thought he had gone suddenly mad.

There was a firmer compression still of Gerald's lips, but that was all the sign he gave.

Cora had found her voice, and with her usual lack of regard in excitement, she said, impetuously:

"Miss Burchill going to marry you, uncle? I can't believe it, for I don't think she likes you well enough to marry you."

Robinson's cheeks began to glow. "It ain't likely," he said, with a frowning glance at his niece, "that Miss Burchill made you the keeper of her feelings; she's promised to marry me, and that's all there's about it."

The girl felt that any further remark of hers would not be tolerated, so she was silent, but her appetite for dinner had quite gone. She could not help thinking of Miss Burchill's strange seclusion all day, her sorrow-stricken and ill appearance when at last she showed herself, and she felt that all was connected in some way with that which her uncle announced. She longed to rush to Mildred to ask her about the matter, but she feared her uncle's displeasure if she left the table now at the beginning of the meal, and as a relief to her own tormenting thoughts, she watched Thurston's face, wondering how the news affected him. She had intelligence enough to construe the expression about his mouth and the look in his eyes into signs of dissatisfaction, if not of positive pain, at the news; but to Robinson's repeated wish for congratulations on his engagement, he answered calmly enough:

"Contracts to marry are not always felicitous enough to warrant congratulations. Better defer the congratulations until after the speaker one of that brought upon the speaker one of Robinson's sharpest looks. But Gerald was bending to his plate, and the factory owner evidently thought it best not to refer again to the subject.

The dinner was over at last, and Cora, without waiting as she usually did until her uncle and Gerald adjourned to another room for cigars, hurried immediately from the table. Both men noticed her precipitate departure, for both continued to look in her direction even after she had vanished, but neither made any outward comment upon it. Possibly both divined the cause of her hasty exit, but it had too close and too important a connection with that which was uppermost in their own thoughts to bear outward touching upon. She fled to Miss Burchill's room; the latter was not locked against her, as it had been during the day, and Miss Burchill herself was sitting calmly enough by a window, apparently looking at the clear starlit night. Cora rushed to her, hardly waiting to reach her before she burst out, panting and breathless:

"Are you going to marry uncle?" "Did he tell you so?" was the quivering reply.

"Yes, he announced it at the table."

"So soon!" Miss Burchill muttered bitterly to herself, while she averted her face, but she answered:

"It is true. I have promised to marry him."

Cora was silent. Amazement, sorrow, and a momentary distrust of Miss Burchill herself were struggling in her mind, the latter feeling somewhat increased by the persistent effort of the governess to keep her face averted. But she must speak at length, she must know if Miss Burchill's own intended act was consistent with the theories of truth and right d'ing which she so constantly advanced, and she asked in tremulous tones and with a feeling of suffocation which caused the averted head to turn quickly and the pale face to become suffused:

"Do you love my uncle enough to marry him?"

The governess seemed to divine the much of what was passing in the somewhat prematurely matured young mind beside her, and she knew what influences must go out from her answer; so forcing herself to look steadily into the bright, deep eyes fixed with an earnest and wondering sadness upon her own, she replied, with what calmness she could assume:

"I must refuse to answer your

question, nor can I say more to you than that I have promised to marry your uncle from a sense of duty."

"From a sense of duty!" Vague words to the puzzled listener. What duty, according to Miss Burchill's own comments on the subject when it had occasionally come up in their lighter reading, could or should make a woman give her hand where her heart could not accompany it? And though the governess had always spoken in most respectful terms of Mr. Robinson, and when in his presence had treated him with extreme courtesy, still it required but little discrimination on Cora's part to feel that, with all the factory owner never really possessed Miss Burchill's liking or esteem. She burned to tell this now, and to ask what duty could justify the proposed step, but she felt that her question would not be answered.

Miss Burchill seemed very tired, indeed, ill, if one might judge by her pale face and heavy eyes; and as Cora watched her she became filled with sudden remorse for her momentary distrust. The duty said to be in the case was plainly a very painful one, judging from all the circumstances,—the seclusion of the governess during the day, her appearance when she came from her room, and her look and manner now,—and the girl could bear her sad and perplexed thoughts no longer. She threw herself on Mildred's neck, saying between bursts of tears:

"Oh, Miss Burchill! I cannot understand it, and I cannot help feeling sorry for you. I thought you liked Mr. Thurston, and I know he liked you, and I am so disappointed."

"The aching heart of Mildred echoed it all, but her brave soul would not flinch from the cross she had decided to accept."

"You are acting childishly," she said, with an assumption of sternness which she was far from feeling, "and if you continue to do so I shall be very much displeased. You forget that when one does one's duty happiness is sure to follow some time."

Her words had the desired effect; the girl dried her tears, and then, as the sound of a clock striking the hour reached her, she started:

"It is time for my visit to uncle."

She rose hastily, but instead of leaving the room she stood in a troubled, uncertain way, as if she wished to say something further, but was deterred by some impulse.

"Why do you not go?" asked Miss Burchill, anxious to be alone. At which Cora stooped again, and kissing her, hurried away.

The two men had adjourned for their cigars; but while Robinson selected one and lit it, Gerald, without touching any, seemed to wait for an opportunity to speak.

"Not sworn agin smoking, be you?" said Robinson, noticing the young man's abstinence, and puffing away himself with every evidence of complete self-satisfaction.

"No; but I want to talk on business matters for a few moments. You intend I believe, to retire from the factory very soon?"

Robinson, in a good deal of wonder, took the cigar from his mouth.

"Focky soon," he answered; "but there'll be time enough to talk about that after my marriage."

"No, there won't, Mr. Robinson, for I am going away. I intend to resign from the factory altogether."

"Eh! what?" and the factory owner's eyes twinkled at Gerald like little greenish crystals set in yellow parchment. "What do you mean? I thought you was going to take the business. I calculated on your doing so."

"Well, I've changed my mind. I have made sufficient money to lay off for a year or two and travel. After that I can find some field for my business abilities, and as you are going to retire, my leaving cannot make much difference. So I should like all accounts settled to-morrow. I want to go away to-morrow night."

A sudden light seemed to break on Robinson's mind. He went over to Gerald, and grasped the latter's arm:

"Not cut up about my intended marriage, be you? Maybe you was sweet on Miss Burchill yourself, and feel footy bad at losin' her?"

Gerald had swung himself free from the grasp upon his arm, and drew himself erect with that dignity which was so natural to him, and that never failed to awe any one upon whom he exerted it, while he answered:

"Your language, Mr. Robinson, is very unseemly; I can neither answer it nor listen to it."

"Well, there ain't no use in being so ticky," said the factory owner, testily. "And you'd better not be so hasty, neither,—the factory's doing a pooty nice business,—such a business as I reckon you won't git the chance of agin."

"My decision is made," said Gerald firmly, "and I shall expect to settle all accounts to-morrow. Good-night!"

He went from the room leaving Robinson astonished, vexed, and disappointed. He soliloquized, as he relict his cigar:

"With all his high speeches about my unseemly language, the fact is he's just cut up about Miss Burchill having me. Well, I'm glad on't. I've got her in a tight place, and I guess I can reckon on her pooty sure. That handsome, devilish little widow will be cut up when she hears Gerald's gone for good. After all, he might have stayed; I wanted him at the wedding. Well, as long as I've got Mildred, I don't care. She'll have to take her turn with the spoils, as I do."

He laughed aloud as he said the last words, a laugh that even to him-

self sounded so strange he shuddered slightly, then he looked at the clock in some trepidation lest the hour already had arrived in which he was subjected to the terror that not alone produced so visible an effect upon himself, but which struck fear to the heart of any one else who might be present.

TO BE CONTINUED

HER BIRTHDAY

Mrs. Martin put on her carefully mended gloves, and her hair, though rather shabby but, slipped a handkerchief over her arm, and set forth down the street—a quaint, old-fashioned, lady-like figure, with a face so bright that it sent a ray of sunshine into the heart of everyone she passed.

She was going down town to make a purchase so delightful, so momentous, so almost unbelievable that her heart was as happy as her face. It was so happy that she found it impossible any longer to keep secret the plan she had in mind; and, instead of going due eastward, she turned down Prospect Avenue, and stopped at Mrs. Rutherford's pretty little house—Mrs. Rutherford being one of those kindly, sympathetic people who are as much interested in their friends' sorrows as in their own.

Mrs. Rutherford chanced to be seated on her veranda, knitting rather listlessly, and longing for companionship. When Mrs. Martin opened the gate, she dropped her work and hurried down the path to meet her, saying every cheery word of welcome that she knew.

After they had been seated for a few minutes, and the inevitable comments on the weather and inquiries as to each other's health had been made, Mrs. Martin explained, with an air of excitement quite unlike her usual placid manner:

"I am going down town on an—on a certain errand, and I came to tell you about it."

Mrs. Rutherford smiled as she answered:

"It must be a very nice errand. I don't know when I have seen any one who looked so happy as you do today."

"Oh, it is a nice one! It's more than nice: it's wonderful! You see—but really I don't know where to begin—after laughing at her own foolishness, as she called it, Mrs. Martin continued, not less excitedly and rather incoherently: "Perhaps it would be well to begin at the beginning, if you are to understand. It's all about Harry—my Harry. You know that he has been out West for twenty-one years. In all that long, long time I have never seen him. He went first to Chicago to get into one of the big business houses; and soon he thought he saw the chance of swifter advancement in Omaha, so he went there. A year or two afterward he drifted to Denver; I never understood just why he made that move. And for the last ten years he has been sometimes in San Francisco and sometimes in Los Angeles. He's a good boy—he always was: any of the old people about here will tell you that. And he is clever and big-hearted, and—and everything dear and nice; but he has no knack for making money. I decided long ago that it is a knack and nothing else; for it's impossible—just it is—so explain why one man fails and his neighbor, no cleverer, no more industrious, and with no better education, succeeds almost without effort."

Mrs. Rutherford made haste to agree with her. "The best man never grows rich," she rashly generalized, not meaning exactly what she said, but eager to make Mrs. Martin understand that she thought none the less of her son because he had not succeeded.

There was a little pause before Mrs. Martin went on, slowly and impressively:

"So I have not seen Harry for twenty-one years. You know how much it costs to travel from California to Ohio and back again, and he has never been able to come for a visit; so—so—O Mrs. Rutherford, I am going to see him; I am going to see him; I am going to buy a ticket."

Mrs. Rutherford was more surprised than she would have liked to show; for Mrs. Martin was known to be far from rich, and the trip from Ohio to California is indeed expensive.

"Going this week?" she echoed; and hastened to add enthusiastically: "Oh, Mrs. Martin, how lovely! I am very glad! No wonder you fairly radiate happiness!"

Mrs. Martin was trying not to smile too broadly, and she explained as quietly as she could:

"Two years ago I made up my mind that I would go to California to spend my seventieth birthday with Harry, and I'll be seventy on the 20th of this month. I have laid aside every penny I could save during the two years, and now I have enough for the trip, and a little—no much, but a little—to spend while I am in California. Of course if Harry were rich I shouldn't go—I couldn't. It would cut me to the quick to see him ashamed of me; and my clothes are plain and old-fashioned, and quaint, too, no doubt. I mended and altered and retrimmed as best I could, but of course I couldn't afford to buy anything new this spring."

"How happy your son will be to see you!" Mrs. Rutherford said, with a tremor. In her voice, which Mrs. Martin was too happy to notice, she was thinking of her own son—a wayward, listless fellow, who cared nothing for his home.

"Yes, Harry will be aside himself with joy!" Mrs. Martin exclaimed

rapturously. "He is very affectionate, and so devoted to his prosy old mother! We always had merry times together. In fact, it was the remembrance of one of our old jokes that made me think of going to spend this birthday with him. You see, on his seventieth birthday I gave him a party. He enjoyed it immensely, and when it was over gratefully assured me that on my seventieth birthday he would give me one. We often laughed about it when he was a little older, because to us both it seemed ridiculous to suppose that I could ever grow old. I was young then; and I believed, as firmly as he did, that any one so old would care nothing for a party; so we thought his plan funny from that angle, too. But do you know, Mrs. Rutherford, I feel very much as I did long ago? I'd like a party almost as well today as I did when Harry was a child."

"How happy your son will be!" Mrs. Rutherford repeated, breaking the silence that followed Mrs. Martin's last words.

"Yes, very happy, and tremendously surprised. The surprise will make the visit much nicer."

"You don't mean that you haven't told him you are going?" Mrs. Rutherford cried in dismay, a number of terrible possibilities occurring to her: he might be ill or out of town; he might have no place for her to sleep; it might even be that he would not want her.

"I haven't said a word to him—I haven't given him the least hint," Mrs. Martin explained. "And he would never dream that I could afford the trip and might even imagine that I am too feeble to make it. In nearly every letter he asks how I feel, and tells me to be very careful of myself. To think that I shall see him next week! He'll be so glad, poor boy! And I—"

Mrs. Rutherford tried to say something both sympathetic and cheerful, but her heart had fallen when she learned that Harry Martin did not expect his mother; that she was determined to take the long, expensive journey without making certain that all was well in Los Angeles, and a welcome awaiting her there. After a few moments' thought she could not refrain from suggesting:

"But wouldn't it be better to write to your son? He might be away, or he—"

"No, no! He loves surprises. He always did. Besides, in five years he has not been away from Los Angeles except for a ten days' vacation in August. The surprise will be almost the best part."

Mrs. Rutherford looked serious, and then made haste to smile. She had not the heart to say another word that might cast a shadow over Mrs. Martin's joy.

"Did you tell me that you will start in a few days?" was her next, but positively colorless remark.

"Yes; on Thursday; and on next Tuesday—just a week from today—I'll reach Los Angeles at 3:10 in the afternoon, if the train is on time. I'll be able to get to his lodging-house before him, even if it is a long way from the station. A week from today I'll watch for him to come in, as I used to do when he first went to work at Johnstone's and O'Rourke's in their old place on Main and Hawthorne Streets. And when he comes down the avenue—" Her voice trembled, and there were tears in her shining eyes—"And when he comes—" she repeated in a whisper. "But I can't even imagine it. Twenty-one long years! He was only twenty, and a boyish fellow, his age."

Mrs. Rutherford artfully dried her eyes. She was not thinking of Harry Martin or of his mother; and she started a little when the clock in the hall behind them began to strike 11, and Mrs. Martin jumped to her feet exclaiming:

"Eleven o'clock! I ought to be at home long before 12. But I had to tell you my news. You will pray for me, won't you, that I may have a safe trip, and that everything may go well?"

"Indeed I will," Mrs. Rutherford promised. "I'll say a special 'Hail Mary' for you every day until you get back, and then you must tell me about your lovely visit."

"I'll come to see you as soon as I reach home," Mrs. Martin said; and as she walked blithely away Mrs. Rutherford watched her with sad eyes.

Down Prospect Avenue Mrs. Martin hurried, not realizing that the way was long, and, coming in sight of the ticket office, she walked so fast that she was out of breath by the time she stepped inside. It was then, for the first time since leaving home, that she looked at her handbag into which she had put an old purse fairly bulging with bills. The bag itself was old, and had seen much service; and evidently the catch was not secure, for it hung open, and—and it was empty. The purse was gone.

Mrs. Martin stared into the empty bag. A minute passed—a long, long minute, a second; a third. Her hands were trembling, her knees felt strangely weak, her face had blanched. At last, not having spoken a word to any one, she groped her way to the door and turned toward home. The way seemed interminable. As she crept wearily along, absent-mindedly going out of her way more than once, she thought that she would never, never reach her own door.

A week lagged by. Mrs. Martin did not leave the house except to go to Mass on Sunday, and then she studiously avoided Mrs. Rutherford. The desire to talk had been borne of her joy; she could say nothing now; her disappointment was too new and too overwhelming. By the morning of her seventieth birthday came

she felt that she must have help; and, putting on her hat so carefully re-trimmed for her journey, and gloves which were the one purchase she had made in preparation for it, she slipped over to the church to tell Our Lord that her heart was broken.

After spending an hour or more before the Blessed Sacrament, she started homeward, not as greatly comforted as she had hoped to be. She felt tired and listless and sad, although she tried to admire the flowers and the fresh greenness of the trees, and to forget that it was the seventieth birthday for which she had so long planned and saved, dressing shabbily for more than one season, and being half hungry for many a day.

It was almost noon when she opened her front door, left unlatched as were all doors and windows in Summerfield, where everyone had that childlike faith in everyone else's honesty which characterizes the people of many small communities.

She opened it, stepped inside, and had drawn off one glove before she chanced to glance at the hall—

and the glove fell to the floor, and she began to tremble from head to foot; for a man's hat hung on one nail, a man's raincoat on another; a worn suitcase stood near it on the floor.

She tiptoed across the hall. And as she touched the things, lightly, curiously, tenderly, she heard a little sound; and, looking up, saw standing in the parlor doorway a tall spare man in a cheap but new suit—a man with more than a trace of gray in his hair and a weary droop of the shoulders, but whose gentle, kindly face was beaming as it had never beamed before.

In an instant Mrs. Martin was sobbing in his arms, and his tears were raining fast on the poor little flowers of her renovated hat. She tried to brush her tears away, that she might be able to see him clearly; but her eyes filled again and again, and for many minutes she could only cling to him, saying his name over and over, all the hungry love of twenty-one years satisfied at last.

It was quite an hour afterward—when they were seated, hand in hand, in a corner of the sunny little parlor—that Mrs. Martin told Harry how she had saved for two years to go to California and spend that day with him, and how she had lost all her money, and had thought that she could never smile again; and when she was done he told that he had saved even longer to be able to come to her for the day. "If you had gone the way we should have passed each other on the way," he smiled, appalled at the thought.

"Yes; and I have been sad—and almost rebellious, Harry. Surely, when God has been so good to me for seventy years, I should have understood Him better."

He did not contradict her; and there was a long, happy silence before he finished his story.

"And mother," he said at last, "I saved more than I needed for the trip, because I have come to—to stay; and it may be some time, you know, before I can get a position. We have only each other, and I was foolish to drift so far away."

"To stay, Harry?"

"Always, mother darling, and to take good care of you!—Florence Gilmore in The Ave Maria."

THE HOLY ROSARY

As a guide to the recitation of the Holy Rosary it may seem unprofitable for us, to call attention to this particular season, to the method we should endeavor to follow, if we wish to join with profit in what is so peculiarly a devotion of the month of October.

The prayer of the Rosary, as we know so well, is therefore excellent, because it is a combination of both vocal and mental prayer—a combination in which the soul elevates itself to union with God through contemplation of the various incidents and mysteries in the life of His only begotten Son, while at the same time distractions are removed through the repetition of the individual prayers, each of which has so sublime an origin.

To recite the Rosary properly, therefore, it is not sufficient for us merely to repeat in order the Our Fathers, Hail Marys, etc., which occur throughout, but our mind must be at the same time devoted to reflection on the particular "mysteries" to which the respective decades are dedicated.

We have all noticed the form in which the Rosary is "given out" publicly in the church, and how, before each decade, is announced the mystery on which meditation is to be made, as: "In the third mystery let us contemplate the birth of our Divine Saviour," etc. The fourteenth mystery, the Presentation in the Temple. The division of these various mysteries according to the particular days of the week has been arranged for us by the Church, and it is not a difficult task to bear in mind the plan whereby those who wish to recite each day a third part of the Rosary, or five of the fifteen decades, may do so in the proper order.

The five joyful mysteries are recited on all Mondays and Thursdays throughout the year, and on the Sundays which occur from the beginning of Advent to the beginning of Lent; the sorrowful mysteries are said on all Tuesdays and Fridays, and on the Sundays throughout Lent; while the glorious mysteries are said every Wednesday and Saturday, and on the Sundays from Easter to the beginning of Advent again.

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS

M. P. McDONAGH
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY, ETC.
425 RICHMOND ST. LONDON, ONT.

U. A. BUCHNER
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY
SPECIALTIES:
Estates Collections Money Landed
428 TALBOT ST. LONDON, CANADA.

MURPHY & GUNN
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES
Solicitors for The Home Bank of Canada
Solicitors for the Roman Catholic
Episcopal Corporation
Suite 63, Bank of Toronto Chambers
LONDON, CANADA Phone 1170

FOY, KNOX & MONAHAN
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC.
A. E. Knox T. Louis Monahan
E. L. Middleton George Keogh
Cable Address: "Foy"
Telephones: (Main) 111
(Main) 442

Office: Continental Life Building
CORNER BAY AND RICHMOND STREETS
TORONTO

DAY, FERGUSON & CO.

BARRISTERS
James E. Day
John M. Ferguson
Joseph F. Walsh
25 ADELAIDE ST. WEST
TORONTO, CANADA

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

ARCHITECTS

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

DENTISTS

DR. BRUCE E. RAID
Room 5, Dominion Bank Chambers
Cor. Richmond and Dundas Sts. Phone 6899

EDUCATIONAL

St. Jerome's College

Founded 1864 KITCHENER, ONT.
Excellent Business College Department
Excellent High School or Academic Department
Excellent College and Philosophical Departments
Address:
REV. W. A. BENINGER, C.R., PRESIDENT.

87 YONGE ST., TORONTO
Phone Main 4030

Hennessey

"Something More Than A Drug Store"
DRUGS CUT FLOWERS
PERFUMES CANDLES
Order by Phone—we Deliver
Watch Our Ads. in Local Dailies Thursday

FUNERAL DIRECTORS

John Ferguson & Sons
180 KING ST.
The Leading Undertakers & Embalmers
Open Night and Day
Telephone—House 373 Factory 545

E. G. Killingsworth

FUNERAL DIRECTOR
Open Day and Night
389 BURLING ST. Phone 3971

THE HOLY ROSARY

Church Organ Blowers

Manufactured in Toronto
The Electric