REAPING THE WHIRLWIND

BY CHRISTINE FABER CHAPTER XXXVI

Miss Burchill had scarcely finished her quiet lunch when a message was brought to her from Mr. Robinson to the effect that he wished to see her in his study. Such a summons was so rare that it caused her to wonder and become exceedingly anxious. Could it have anything to do with her uncle? she asked herself, as pale trembling she descended the day, the wax candles were not yet lighted in the study, and the cheerful wintry sun was streaming into the partment. Robinson was seated in front of the ample grate fire and beside a small table, on which lay open a New York daily paper, but bearing the date of a couple of days

Jist draw a chair up here, Miss Burchill." he said, as if he were too much absorbed in the paper to pay her any save the most cursory atten She obeyed, and when she was seated he turned the paper to her, pointing to a column which was

No clue as yet to the whereabouts of the escaped convict Chester

face and neck.
"Well," said Robinson, rising, and kicking his chair from him, "there ably he would—counsel her not to ain't no use in mincing matters any sacrifice herself; but how could he

He stood directly before her, his hands behind his back, where they worked nervously together, and his yellow cheeks beginning to glow in spots, as

Chester Horton's escaped, and He's down at he's here in Eastbury. Hogan's; but I've got him so well shadowed by this time that there h't no possible way of his gitting say is this: as I told you before, I hain't no special cause to like the man, and it would be jist the sweetest bit of revenge I've had in a good But I won't do it; and I'll go further that. I'll git him safely anywhere he wants to go; I'll Cora go with him if she wants to, and I'll give 'em both plenty of means to last 'em all their life, if you'll marry me, Miss Burchill."

She sprang from her chair, but it powered by a horror which had left her voiceless, and she lifted her hands in mute protestation and entreaty, while her agonized face must have touched any heart save pitiless one of him who stood un-moved before her. Her thoughts were one wild chaos; she did not think to question how he came by his information. She could think of nothing save the dreadful misery and degradation—as such a marri age must entail—which were pro

posed to her.
"And I won't ask you to marry me," the hard, rapid voice resumed, "until I've fulfilled all my part of the contract, until you've seen that your uncle has got away safe and sound. I won't ask anything more than that you let me tell people

we're engaged. I cannot do it," the white lips moaned at last. "Oh, Mr. Robinson, have some pity in your heart, and do not ask me to marry you. I do not love

you'll have a rich husband, and that's about all most girls want these days.

'I cannot marry you," Mildred repeated, and she attempted once more to stand, but the room seemed to swim about her, and she sank again into her chair.

You'd better not be too hasty about your answer, Miss Burchill; for in case you decide not to marry me. I shall send at once to the roper authorities about Chester, and, as I told you before, I've got him so well spied that it ain't possi ble for him to git away. And I want your answer before you leave this As I said before I won't be in no hurry about the marriage. give you two or three months for fixing and the things girls like to bother about but I must have my answer. I'll give you a few moments to think on it." He walked to the other end of the spacious room.

"To think on it," as he had expressed it. On or of what could she think save the imprisonment and sorrow from which it was in her strange attraction in hearing him power to save her uncle? Of her tell of his experiences, but the horror own promise to her dead mother to of them still chilled her with the itate at no sacrifice which would nameless fear that had haunted many bestriend Horton, did she ever meet him? Of the happiness and new "Whoa! That's enough!" picture of herself was presented! The wife of a man whom she It was too harrowing ; and she covered her face with her hands and exclaimed, in the bitterness of her soul, "My God! My God!"

The factory owner stood before her again: Got your answer ready, Miss

Burchill ? She looked up, and his greenish eyes flaming down at her and his yellow tusks, just visible through his parted lips, inspired her with

save the living.
"I consent," she said, with a gasp.
The red spots on his cheeks became redder, while his little eyes seemed fairly to blaze, and his whole manner became violently agitated.

"Then you will be my wife," he said, his very voice shaking, I may call you Mildred from this time? Eh?"

He bent to her, trying to put his arm about her. The undesired familiarity lent her new and sudden strength. She sprang from him as it he were some mad beast. "Do not dare to touch me!" she cried. "My consert to

cried. "My consent to your cruel proposal has been wrung from me. Fulfill your part of the contract, and leave me undisturbed to fulfil my part in sacrifice and anguish. She had gone from the room leaving him surprised, somewhat discon

fited, and more eager than ever to make her his wife that he might compel her to wifely love and obedience She hastened to her room to pour out her grief in fruitless tears, as who, wondering at Miss Burchill's absence, sought frequently to enter, was as often gently denied admission Should she flee to tell her uncle of

her trial? She felt that he would instantly give himself up in order to prevent her sacrifice. Should she tell "Did you know that he'd escaped?"

Cora, impetuous, generous-hearted
he asked, drawing the paper from Cora? She feared some outbreak sne had become so pale that even her lips were bloodless; but when she answered a faint "Yes," the color surged back madly into her face and neck. there which might culminate fatally this case? He might-indeed, prob-I'll jist tell you at once help her? He had neither the wealth nor the influence of Robinson, nor was he powerful enough to foil Robinson's efforts for the recapture of the convict. Thus thinking, she wept and prayed by turns, interrupted only by the frequent gentle knock and piteous voice of Cora begging to be admitted, never having been so long or so strangely excluded from Miss Burchill's room before. She had become fretfully anxious, but all her efforts were met with the same gentle denial and request to be left alone for a little while. The governess could not see Cora in her present dis tracted state. At last a scaled letter was pushed under the door, and Cora's voice sounded at the same time in accents at once tearful and

petulant :-Here is a letter from Mr. Thur-

ston. Mildred dragged herself from the bed, beside which she had been kneeling, and picked up the letter. She had taken no note of time in her anguish, and so painfully absorbed did she continue to be that she was rather surprised to find it had beco evening. She made a light and broke open the letter, wondering curiously what could be the purport of its con tents, but having no premonition of the renewed anguish which those contents were to cause her. The letter was a manly offering of Gerald's heart and hand:

TO BE CONTINUED

BACK HOME

Mrs. McNamee cast a casual but

anxious eye at her son as he toyed languidly with his breakfast. "Are your eggs cooked right, Joe?" she asked, brushing an imaginary crumb off the table cloth and pushing the salt shaker closer

to him.

Joe smiled up at her affectionately.

"But I love you, and I reckon it nounts to the same thing. Besides stirred the contents of his egg-cup, and have a rich husband, and also a little." I guess I'm not very hungry this morn ing," as he met his mother's wistful

eye.
"You didn't eat very much supper last night," his mother reminded You don't feel sick, do you, dear '

Heavens, no. mother; I'm fit as "But if you have no appetite—" in

Joe grinned. "The factis, mother,
I'm all fed up with eating. I'm not
used to it, you know. Why, there'd be a riot if we had eggs like these in the trenches,—and as for toast! Do you know, I used to dream about

your toast, honest I did?" He picked

up a golden brown slice and took a large bite, savoring it enjoyingly.
"Gee, it's great to be home!"
"Let me get you some hot coffee," the mother said, hurrying into the kitchen with a lump in her throat.
It was indeed "great" to have him

life which her assent to Robinson's warned, as she filled his cup with the wish must bring to the poor convict? ordorous beverage. "You're spoiling But, on the other hand, what a me, mother. Nine o'clock breakfasts, eggs and bacon, all kinds of cream in my coffee, why, by the time I get my job back—." His face shadowed suddenly and a slight frown settled suddenly and a slight frown settled ever do!" he was thinking bitterly.
"That's a peach of a girl, whoever she is, to hang on to a man's job the

new disgust. But the sacrifice must be made if she would redeem her promise to the dead, if she would save the living.

ready to quit! Queer business, I say!" He pushed back his chair quickly, leaving the balance of his coffee untouched, and walked mood.

ily out of the dining room.

Mrs. McNamee looked after her son, checking the impulsive question on her lips. There was someth troubling him, she knew that, mething her intuitive tact told her when to dignity, "I guess that means I'll have let him alone. She sighed as she to look for another job." let him alone. She sighed as she began to clear off the table, and shook her head over the plate of toast. "And when he first came home I couldn't give him enough He says he feels well . . . and he's having such a good time with

every one making so much of him and he's getting such a good rest, I'm sure I don't see what could be troubling him." She sighed heavily again as she started to wash up the dishes. Desr, dear! There was nothing but trouble anyhow! She used to think if Joe came home alive and well she would never have anything more to worry about, and she was making trouble for herself over a little frown on the boy's brow and his inability to dispose of as much toast as she considered he should eat. Perhaps she has been giving him too much to eat and his liver had gotten out of order. . . .

Joe meanwhile had gone up to his room and was gloomily engaged in rather interesting face framed room and was gloomly engaged in staring out of the window. It was a crisp wintry day with glimpses of golden sunshine, but strange to say, he felt no inclination to go out. He loved to walk, too, and his limp was all but gone, but he was fearfully tired of meeting the same people, of hearing the same questions, of re-ceiving deferential greetings and It was all right at first, in the first big exhilaration of getting home—how he did enjoy it all! His heart simply overflowed with joy and thanksgiving. His relatives were so proud of him, his friends so glad to see him and so eager to hear him recount his experiences that he could hardly believe in the reality of his own popularity. Truly it was thrilling to have all the pretty girls of his acquaintance dropping in frankly of an evening to hear "all the interesting things he had to tell," as they put it, and he grew amazed at own eloquence in the midst of the awed exclamations that followed some of his more exciting stories.

"How perfectly terrible!" ider that you could go

through with it!" That was heroic!" and so on. while the returned soldier modestly referred the credit to those who won crosses and other decorations. "I only did my duty," he would wind up, tell you!'

Of course it isn't!" his auditors would agree with great heartiness.
After three weeks of adulation and constant repetition of his experiences, the thing began to pall upon Joe. He grew tired of reaping the same story day after day and sometimes hour after hour, and he found himself growing tact turn and sour at the mere mention of trench warfare

"I'm tired of the whole blamed business," he growled to himself this morning. "I'm sick of gassing, and gassing. I want my job! ratched a venturesome bluebird hopping among the bare branches of tree ontside his window, and he thought crossly, "I haven't got a bit more to do than you have.' the bird set up a raucous call: "Go it, old 'was-o,' as the Frenchies called you! I'd just like to yell out like that myself. For that's all I am, all right; a was o, or a has been, with no more job than a rabbit!" He kicked savagely at a corner of the He

Before the war Joe McMamee had been chief clerk, or confidential secretary to the head of a big cor poration. It was a responsible a promising position, and while naturally they would supply his place temporarily, of course his job would be waiting for him when he came home. So he was assured. His welcome on his first visit to the office after he came back was all that could be desired. The president made so much over him that he was actually touched; but when Joe casually mentioned coming back he detected a fleeting look of embarrass ment on the face of his whilom boss.

"Oh-ah-yes," he had responded in some slight confusion. But You just take a good rest-take as long as you want to and get good and well. We must be good to you boys that fought for us old fellows, you know!" And he patted Joe on the back with great cordiality.

Joe left the office in a glow of delight over the president's generosity, but before he had gone very far the one of the stenographers, still, she seemed to be quite at home there.
Then the next time he dropped into the office, the murder was out. Did they want him back or not? He put the question bluntly.

They did want him, but here was the trouble. They had put a girl in his place and she had done such excellent work that they were trying their best to readjust things to as to make another place for her. They didn't want to let her go—she was too valuable, and besides, she had a bedridden mother and needed the

work. Joe experienced a sense of injury. way she's doing. . . . It isn't joe experienced a sense of injury. the square way for the company to Of course he was a millionaire and

Something like that, the president conceded with a worried air. Does she know I'm back and ready

CATHOLIC RECORD

to go to work?" Joe persisted. "Well," cautiously, "she could have heard us talk of you, but I never had the heart to tell her, and that's the truth.

Well," said Joe, rising with great

"Nothing of the sort," the president assured him crisply. "Now don't you go and bungle things! I wouldn't give you up for six girls, but you see how I'm fixed, don't you? You could," he offered suggestively, "come in and knock around at some of the other desks-

But Joe shook his head. "My old job or none." he said briefly. Nevertheless he felt somewhat appeased, though he told himself he couldn't see what it was all about. "The Old Man's got mighty tender hearted all Man's got mighty tender of a sudder," he reflected grumpily. Then he had an inspiration. believe I'll go in and intromyself," he announced lazily, "then she'll surely know I'm back.'

"A good idea," Mr. Hunt answered with alacrity. "Come along, I'll introduce you myself." The girl at Joe's old deek turned as Mr. Hunt addressed her. She had a pale, quantities of brown hair and she smiled gravely at the stranger. "You must excuse me for not rising," she said: "but I—"

'Miss Barry's slightly incapacitated," the president explained, as he rather hastily withdrew.

"Oh, don't mention it," Joe re plied to the young woman, as his eye fell on a crutch leaning against her desk. "I—ah—I used to work here, you know-in the office, I mean," he was floundering about hopelessly.
A cripple! Well, that explained

everything.
"Oh," the girl said, "did you? And as their eyes met Joe knew that he had no need to tell her who he was. His self possession returned to him on the instant. Yes," he went on easily, "and

was just saying to Mr. Hunt that I will find it hard to get accustomed to my new job and to new people. The girl was staring at him

here?" She asked slowly. Joe shock his head and smiled at her with apparent frankness. "No: but I'll say this: There are no nicer people in the world to work for.'

"Oh, I know it! I know it!" the girl breathed earnestly. Her eyes nly did my duty," he would wind up, but at that, it's no small job, I can and a soft color was flushing her cheeks. "She's very pretty," Joe told himself, "and I didn't think so when I first saw her. Poor little A cripple!"

They chattered casually for a few moments and then Joe said good bye and made his way out of the office, gravity in his demeanor and in his thoughts.
At the end of the week Mr. Hunt

was relieved when the manager came to him with the information that he had just the place for Miss Barry. "Miss Jackson's leaving." he said.

'and Miss Barry will be fine to manage the Big Office. That's where I've wanted her all along and that's why I was anxious to keep her within reach."

"Very good," the president said. 'Telephone Joe at once. I've been needing him badly." And a great feeling of peace descended upon him, destined, however, not to stay with him long.

Very much discomposed was the manager's countenance as he came Joe, it appeared, was work back. ing. He had gotten another job.

That the manager escaped with his life was the wonder of the whole fter the next grilling half hour with an outraged and indignant president. Mr. Hunt was really attached to Joe. He had himself trained the boy in his own ways and methods until he had become, as far as the value of his services concerned, second only in importance to the manager of the whole concern Only a high sense of patriotism obliged Mr. Hunt to yield to Joe's desire to enlist, and he had been looking forward for a long time to the secretary's return. Then, to satisfy the manager's wish to keep a don't be in a hurry, my dear boy. line on Miss Barry, he had been putting Joe off from week to week, and now he had lost him! And what, he would like to know, would people say to him for this shabby treatment of a returned soldier, to say nothing of losing the only man about the place that amounted to a hill of beans! And in the midst of it all came a letter from Miss Barry, home glow faded and he began to feel oddly troubled. He had caught a glimpse of a girl at his old desk and he had hesitated about going in to his former sanctum. Maybe it was Hunt most sincerely for his kindness. to her, but she was not coming back. She had in fact, secured another position! In spite of his anger, Mr. Hunt was obliged to laugh as he perused this ingenuous epistle. "Well, you've succeeded in mess-

up things beautifully, ing growled, as he flung the letter at the manager and pointed to the door.

Some time during the following Monday Joe McNamee had occasion to leave his desk in the offices of the Union Steel Castings Company and seek out the head of a certain departwas approached by a young woman who looked at first glance surprisyou your job back when you came home, and then to keep you dangling around waiting for a girl to get could afford to loaf indefinitely!

"Did she understand that she was to give up the place when I came back?" he inquired.

"Did she understand that she was to give up the place when I came back?" he inquired.

wno looked at first glance surprisingly like Miss Barry at his old office.

Why, my goodness, it must be her twin sister, for it couldn't possibly be—.

in great surprise.

doing here?"
"Why, Miss Barry, I didn't know you!" Joe stammered. "I didn't expect to see you here, and besides I thought you were—I thought you—" Kobe and Nagasaki you!

curiously.
"The crutch, you know," Joe murnured helplessly. "You are not

lame after all."
"Ob," the girl laughed out merrily. That was only a sprained ankle.

And you thought I was a cripple? How funny!" Then she looked at him keenly. "But what are you dohim keenly

ing here?" laconically.
"Not really?" the girl gasped.
"Oh," as Joe nodded, "what will Mr.
Hunt do without you? If you knew how much he depended on you and how anxious he has been for you to come back-

me this when I saw you a week ago,"

he stated calmly.

"I know." Miss Barry met his accusing eyes steadily, but there was a slight quiver on her lip. "I did wrong, and I was ashamed. Listen!" as Joe, flushing hastily, started to speak. "I did want to stay there, and knew they were trying to make another place for me. I knew you were home, but I thought a little while wouldn't matter to you, and it meant so much to me. I—I'm not very experienced," she faltered, "and

very experienced, she faitered, and I dreaded a strange office—."
"Please don't say any more, Miss Barry. Indeed I do understand, and it doesn't matter in the least." He was regarding her very kindly.

"Ob, but it does," earnestly. "For if Mr. Hunt has lost you it's all my "For fault. And it was so nasty of me to stay on and keep you out of your job, and that day when I saw you limping a little, though you tried to hide it, I felt like the meanest person that ever

'And you quit just to give me back my job! You're a trump all re "But what good did it do," You're a trump all right! Barry said, on the verge of tears, "when you went and got another position? Why did you do it—oh why did you do it ?"

wny did you do it?"
Joe saw he must make some sort
of an answer. "Why, you see," he
began, "why—you see—I thought—."
He looked so confused that a light

brave soldier—."
"Namport!" Joe interrupted in great embarrassment. "That's French for 'cat it out.' Look here, if I stay away from my desk much longer I'll lose this job, too; so I'll wait for you at noon and we'll talk this thing over as we go to lunch. Will you?" them, placing her hand on her heart, said to him in a whisper, as if fearing the walls might betray her words:

esgerly.
When Miss Barry said she would that was the beginning of the end; for in a year's time Joe was back with Mr. Hunt at a salary that warranted him in starting a home fire of his own, with Mrs. Joseph McNamee, formerly Miss Barry, as the presiding

A VOYAGE TO THE ORIENT

The following interesting details have been forwarded by a Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception Outremont, Montreal, to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Kelly, Allu-

Convent of Immaculate Conception Canton, China, July 31, 1919

It is already some months since our arrival in Canton. Try to be lieve that if the details of our voyage have not reached you are this that the fault is not altogether mine. The hours pass with astonishing rapidity—in China, we easily lose the idea of time. Our long voyage proved most agreeable, thanks to the clemency of Heaven and to the gen-

erosity of our good Canadian friends.
Our days on the ocean passed one much like the other though each one brought some new experience or knowledge. After two weeks pleasant sailing we experienced a feeling of relief as a dim outline appeared on the horizon. Japan is far neared the Western world than most people imagine it to be. Her story embodies every element of surpassing interest. The Japanese are patriotic. There is in this group of Islands for centuries guarded so jealously from 'A something " intrusion. very fact of their isolation that inspires patriotic affection and explains the "Chauvinism" of the Sapanese. But here unhappily Love of country comes before love of God." We visited the Catholic Mission and the Reverend Sisters of St. Maur who have interesting workrooms for the needy. Their academy gives them countless opportunities of exercising an often lasting influence on their pupils—the greater number of whom are pagans. The lay was rainy but the streets were alive with men, women and children with their enormous hats and long | theirs, it is true; yet they straw capes. All flop along on a into two other points before they piece of board which elevates the would give their full confidence to

street. The Buddhist temples may be distinguished from the shinto shrines by their profusion of ornamentation Is it the great Chief of Rome that ment for special instructions. As he and imagery. They give a glimpse was going down a narrow hall he was approached by a young woman as well as into the secret of the Vicar of Chr.

"Mr. MoNamee!" the girl exclaimed it be felt in our own fair Canada, great surprise. "What are you on their own advantages and would convince the most indifferent of their own advantages and would stimulate them to spread the treas

We left Yokohama for the ports of Kobe and Nagasaki. A most delight-He stopped and looked at her in deep confusion.

Miss Barry was mystified.

"Thought I was what?" she asked of calm water on the face of the deep confusion. wended our way between what is conceded to be the most lovely sheet of calm water on the face of the globe. The islands of the Inland Sea are of every conceivable variety of fantastic and volcanic shape beauty. We found much food thought as we skirted along these picturesque shores realizing that we were not far from the island where Catholic Faith had endured without priest or altar for over three hundred years. One beautiful scene follows another in rapid succession until we reach the spacious harbor of Nagasaki at the entrance of which a large rock rises from the sea from which thousands of Christians were driven during the persecution

three centuries ago. Here, during Joe broke in here. "You didn't tell that terrible time was renewed the heroic virtues and sufferings of the early Church.

After visiting the Cathedral, we took a rickshaw to the Church of our Lady of Martyrs which is said to be the most beautiful in Japan, gift of a pious French Lady. The venerable Bishop Combaz related to us the wonderful story of the martyrs con verted by St. Francis Xavier. In October, the month of our Lady of the Rosary, 1858, seclusion of over two hundred years Japan opened her ports to foreign vessels. The misjionaries followed and in 1864, a small Gothic Church was erected at Nagasaki. of Mary soon attracted the descend ants of the Christians who had remained true to their faith. These came drawn by an irresistible grace to the spot dedicated to the Queen of Martyrs. On St. Patrick's day Friday, March 17, 1865, a group of men, women and children whose b havior denoted more than mere curiosity, were standing in front of the Church of the twenty-six Martyrs Father Petitiean afterwards Bishor inspired without doubt, Guardian Angel, joined the group. The door of the Church had been shut; he opened it; then followed by his visitors and calling upon then God's blessing, he proceeded toward the sanctuary. When he arrived before the Tabernacle, he knelt down and adored Our Lord Jesus Christ in dawned on Miss Barry.
"Ah," she exclaimed softly, "so that was why! Well, it was just like a vouchsafe place on my lips the we the Holy Eucharist: "I worshipped vouchsafe place on my lips the words that might touch my hearers and gain them to His love." But he had gain them to His love. scarcely been praying the time of an Our Father, when three women came and knelt near him; then one of The heart of all those here present is the same as yours." "Indeed, answered the Father, but where do you come from?" "We are all from you come from?" "We are all from Urakami. At Urakami nearly all

have the same heart as we have. Where is the statue of the Blessed Virgin?" Father Petitjean, on hearing this blessed name, doubted no more that he was in presence of ancient Japanese Christians. Words fail him to thank God for the joy this revelation brought to his heart, God has rewarded him for the five years passed, barren of consolations and conversions. Now surrounded by these who were unknown to him yesterday, and pressed with ques-tions as by children who have found their father, he leads them to the altar of the Virgin. They follow kneel with him and try to pray but their joy was too great." "Yes, it is indeed Sancta Maria!" they exclaim before the statue of our Lady : you see onher arms her Divine Son? Then, they press the missionary with questions on the Saviour and the Blessed Virgin. They speak of the beautiful feast Christmas which they celebrate in the eleventh We celebrate the feast of Our Lord the twenty-fifth of the frosty month, said one of the women present. have been told that it was on that day, towards midnight, that He was born in a poor stable; He then grew up in poverty and suffering and when He was thirty-three years old, He died on a cross for the salvation of our souls. At present, we are in time of sorrow. Have you these solemnities?" "Oh! yes," answered Father Petitjean, "we are now on the eventeenth day of the time of He understood that sorrow." these words they meant Lent. They also spoke to him of St. Joseph, whom they called the foster-father of

Jesus. They separated at last, not without regret; it was a measure of prudence, they did not wish to awaken the suspicions of the police that was keeping watch at the door. before sending away these persons whom he already called his Christians of Urakami, Father Petitjean made them promise soon to return. The Japanese Christians were not

thus far. The doctrine concerning the Blessed Virgin agreed vearer a couple of inches above the the missionaries. The chieftains of the city of Shittsu, asked among other things: Is it the great Chief of Rome that sends you?" When they were told that the then gloriously reigning Vicar of Christ on earth, Pope Pius characteristic of her art. There is XI., would rejoice exceedingly at the an utter absence of the love of God consoling news of the discovery of an utter absence of the love of God
—the idea of worship is always
associated with fear. The atmosphere of these pagan temples, could you no children?" they asked the

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