Copyright 1922 By The Bobbs-Merrill Company Indianapolis—New York, U. S. A. THE INHERITANCE OF JEAN TROUVE

By NEVIL HENSHAW Author of Aline of the Grand Woods, etc BOOK TWO -BAYOU PORTAGE

CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED Thus the year dragged itself out hot weather and one departure

for the bay.

This second summer there were for Le Bossu was unable to join us. Again it was a partnership, the little man sending word that he would be occupied until the following Christwhen we would see him with fail. As a consequence Papa Ton made a lonely, restless cruise punctuated with ceaseless visits to the coffee-houses of the coast.

Upon our return to Bayou Portage, long in advance of cold weather, we faced a situation that promised to be even more serious than that of the season before. Early in the summer young Pierre Valsan's wife had deserted him entirely, and young Pierre, returning to the camp, had sought to drown his troubles in

His companionship was the one thing needed to complete Papa Ton's ruin. If, before, the lower camp had been at the big man's elbe Valsan's swift launch now placed it in his very hand. Always the two were slipping down the bayou, ometimes making a half-dozen trips in one day. Soon our case became truly desperate. With the approach of Christmas there was no talk of Never again, it seemed, would our skins find their way upstream. We could only hope that Le Bossu, hearing of our plight, would bring down a stock of

we struggled on through the last weeks of the old year, and then, with Christmas but four days off and the little man's arrival a matter of hours, the end came-a terrible end that leaped upon us with all the swift cruelty of the wild.

It was late in the afternoon, and, our day's work done, Toinette and I had gone down to the landing. Le Bossu had sent word that he would arrive either that night or the following morning, and Papa Ton, as usual, had gone with young Pierre to the lower camp. We had pleaded particularly hard with him that day, reminding him of Le Bossu's arrival, but the big man had reached a stage where, if he fought temptation at all, he merely with weak excuses. would be right back, he declared. This was not pleasure but business. Only let him settle a small account and he would leave without lifting

so much as a single glass.

Thus, with two travelers to look out for, we kept watch both up and Also we spoke brightly of the days to come, tasting happiness that was all the sweeter in that it had been long delayed. For the first time in many months we had found a rift in the dark clouds of the future. Le Bossu was coming, and this meant not only freedom from want, but an influence that Papa Ton had ever been unable to withtand. And even should the little man fail this time, we had a plan. It was a vague nebulous plan which involved our removal to Bossu. In all the marsh there was no other who would have dared even grief.

"No," he struggled. "No—tears. to suggest such a thing to Papa Ton.
"Come, Jean," said Toinette
finally. "Why twist our heads off
in trying to look both ways at once?

Let us make a game of it. I will look up, and you will look down, and the first to see boat or launch will be the winner."

"Bien." I agreed. And in the

"Bien," I agreed. And in the same breath I added, "Your choice was bad, for you have lost already."
"But that is only a pirogue," objected Toinette, as she turned to see

"Look beyond," I ordered.
"But still it is not the launch. persisted keen-eyed Toinette. "No, there are two boats. See how the water glints between."

Rising to my feet, I shaded my eyes that I might the better pierce the gray of the approaching twilight. Now I could see that Toinette was right. There were two skiffs moving side by side, and ahead of them, skimming at top speed, came the pirogue. Indeed, so hard did the paddler drive his strokes, that he was within hail of ua before even

I started off obediently enough, but there was no need to follow his instruction. Other eyes had been watching the bayou, and already the partners were on the run followed closely by Father Lasalle.

Turning back to Toinette, I found that she had not moved. In her eyes was a look of agonized impatience, and the hand she had clutched

seized upon its occupant.

"It is your two from here—Laval and Valsan," panted the man. They were blind with drink. They were mad to try that launch. what I heard the engine would not start, and Valsan went forward for gasoline with which to prime it. after all. He was smoking, and the tank And t exploded; not so as to blow out, but in a great spout of flame. Val-

san fell stunned, and Laval plunged forward to save him. It was all over in a moment. We had put out and taken them off in less than five

answered question.
"And Laval?" she demanded, as though she feared the usual Papa Ton might be misunderstood.

The man looked away. Evidently he understood only too well. He is bad," he muttered. "Up there at the tank it was like a wall of flame. Not being himself he swallowed a lot."

Dalfrey held out a kindly hand. "Come, little one," said he. You had best be inside." But by then the boats had come.

In one, young Pierre, smoked and singed beyond all recognition, hid his dreadful black face in the charred cover of his hands. "Ah, Dieu, bon Dieu," he croaked in his returning consciousness, as he slowly rocked from side to side.

"You see?" said Dairrey. "What I predicted, and it is but the instant. Who will be the next one?" determined a strange voice. "He should not have let them go. And our camp is worse than this. Sometimes there is no trap set for days."

on either side to brace him, and

Those who brought him said that he had been that way throughout the endless, tortured journey up-Also he had spoken but once, and then only to explain. I must save myself for Toinette.' he had said.

CHAPTER XII.

PAPA TON SETS FORTH AU LARGE They got Papa Ton to the hut and nto his bunk, where he lay upon his back, panting in great strangled gasps that tore the very soul of him. At once Toinette sprang to his side, rubbing his head, patting for myself, I could only drop down beside the bunk, and sob my grief into the stiff folds of the rough

blankets. "Dieu," swore silent Borges. Ton.
This will not do. We must have

Then Papa Ton spoke in a strange miracle of pain.

am-through. Leave-me-withmy-own.

I arose as the men filed out, and thus I was enabled to see that, among those of our camp, there was not one whose eyes were dry. Somehow it was as though the true tragedy of the affair had been withheld until the moment of Papa Ton's held until the moment of Papa Ton's speech. The flames had done their speech. The flames had done their speech. arose as the men filed out, and plan which involved our removal to some other camp, and as yet we had scarce dared put it into words. Of course it was unthinkable, but if the worst came to the worst we meant to try it with the help of Le meant to try it with the help of Le Response to the worst that brought me out speech. The flames had done their into the open with a rush.

"Ah, Bossu, Bossu," I cried, while hope and gladness flooded back into my forsaken soul. "I the men gone, Papa Ton spoke the worst that brought me out into the open with a rush.

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"Ah, Bossu, Bossu," I cried, while hope and gladness flooded back into my forsaken soul. "I could have done it some-

It-is best-this way. I - was going - down. I - could - not -

A pause, and he added, "I—have —seen—those old — half-dead—men propped—up—before—the — coffee-house. I — escape—that—at—all—

After this he seemed to doze, lying silent a long time, while Toinette sobbed roftly, and I wrenched uselessly at the twist of coverthat I had seized in my despair. Tante Odile crept in and, after a look around, slipped quietly out again. From beyond the door came a subdued murmur of voices and the dull grating of rough shoes upon the broken shell. The men were waiting at hand in case of need.

Unable longer to endure the in action, I finally arose and mended the fire, heaping on the driftwood until the whole room was aglow. At this Papa Ton aroused himself, calling me to him, and beginning to speak in a pitifully weak and broken he was within hail of us before even I could comment on his haste.

"Hola, you!" he shouted.
"Bring help. There has been an accident" were even to woice, yet with a clearness and streadiness that had been wholly denied him before. Thus, at the very end, his endurance earned its

"Jean, you must look after Toinette," he began. "You must promise. There is my sister, but she will not be like you."

Papa Ton, Papa Ton!" I cried. How can you ask such a thing of me

"Bien," he sighed. "I knew, but it is good to be sure. Also you

Courage, mes enfants," he "Yes ispered. "I tell you it is for the sponse. whispered.

He broke off again to heave himself upright with a stifled gasp.

"Quick, your hand, Toinette," he choked. "Let me feel it as I cross over. This is a lonesome business over.

And then, as Toinette gripped him, he eased suddenly back upon the blankets, releasing a deep grateful breath as does a thirsty man who has had his need of cool water.
"My little Toinette," he mur-

mured, and lay still.

received me kindly, yet with that strange aloofness which had so impressed me upon the occasion of said the priest, thoughtfully.

bear more, I slipped away from it, sat a young man, his whole them to the seclusion of the shed.

Here amid a litter of nets, and grief. ropes, and discarded traps, I hid my grief, while the men still waited at gently.

rupted Father Lasalle. travels fast, and Papa Ton was well liked. There will be many who will win her. But—I was too late!" not wait for morning.'

"That is right," agreed Dalfrey.
"It is a job for all the marsh.
Come, let us go to the landings. Just now we can do nothing here. I heard them go thankfully enough, nor did I give so much as a thought to what they had said. the moment I experienced a sense of desertion, of utter abandonment such as I had never known. It seemed that I must remain a derehis hands, striving frantically for lict, ever seeking an affection that some means to stay his pain. As would endure. Of the several who

Dear, blundering Papa Ton who, even beneath the grind of the for her marsh, had refused to grow old. gravely. Then Papa Ton spoke in a strange cracked voice that seemed to come from a very great distance. He spoke slowly and with many pauses, bringing each word forth as though it had been achieved through some mirecle of pain.

"I would have stayed with her at any cost," Herbert answered, and his voice grew very gentle at thought of him all the dross of his life slipped away, leaving only his heart of gold. The care, the her bed it all amount to now? Gladly "I would have taken her to some did it all amount to now? Gladly "I would have taken her to some did it all amount to now? Gladly "I would have taken her to some did it all amount to now? Gladly "I would have taken her to some did it all amount to now? Gladly "I would have taken her to some did it all amount to now? Gladly "I would have taken her to some did it all amount to now? Gladly "I would have taken her to some did it all amount to now? Gladly "I would have taken her to some did it all amount to now? Gladly "I would have stayed with her at his voice grew very gentle at thought of all he might have done. acle of pain.

It—is—no—use," he said. "I— would I go through it again and other country again for but one call of the big have been voice, one squeeze of the mighty

TO BE CONTINUED

MARJORIE'S BATTLES

The room was hushed. Candles burned there day and night; the odor of roses filled the air; and the face that slept in the casket was that of a girl, young and beautiful.

It was early morning, and few visitors had come as yet, when a car stopped before the door and an elegant old lady alighted. In the hall she was met and greeted by a young woman in black, a cousin to the dead Marjorie.

A few well-chosen words of sympathy were spoken, then the old lady passed into the room and gazed ong and lovingly at the face in the

'How strangely joyful the child she whispered reverently, as she turned away.
"Yes," assented the cousin; "but

you know, Marjerie always looked like that. I do not think any of us ever saw her when she was not ready with a laugh or smile, and she was the same at the end."
"Has Herbert been here?" Mrs.

Moore asked a trifle wistfully, when they stood once more in the hall.
"Yes, he is here now. Shall I tell

him you have come?"
"He would not wish to see me, He would not wish to see me, Herbert's aunt replied sorrowfully. "He blames me for not sending him word of Marjorie's illness. But how could I know he cared? He was attentive to her when he visited me

By now the pirogue had shot pity that alone could be wrung go up to see Marjorie's mother," she said gently.

"Courage, mes enfants," he "Yes, do," was the cordial re-

me more people coming."
Readily excusing her, Mrs. Moore ascended the steps, while the girl turned to greet a priest just enter-ing the door. "Do you wish to do something very kind?" she ques-

tioned very hastily, for in a moment tothers would claim her attention. "Most certainly?" he responded at once. He had known the family many years, the dead Marjorie all her life.

and taken them off in less than five minutes after the first flash. Valsan is badly burned, but he at least will come out of it."

He paused, and in the horror of that moment it was Toinette who first found voice to ask the already-'Herbert Norton is in the dining-And so I went out where the men stay with him myself, but I have

impressed me upon the my father's death.

"He is gone?" asked several at once.

"I roplied and, unable to At the table, his head bowed upon the table, his

"My boy!" said Father Grey

the door, so near that now I could catch the words of their low-pitched conversation.

The young man lifted his head, and looked into eyes steadfast as his own were hopeless. Something conversation.

"You see?" said Dalfrey. "It is what I predicted, and it is but the start. Who will be the next one?" deeply of the book called Human Nature, and had grown wise and

very gentle.

Now he waited, silent, yet his sympathy a gracious obvious thing; "Yet there is a remedy, a sure he," offered Dalfrey grimly. "We but to stick together." and presently, as he. expected, Herbert's grief found words. "Three years ago I met her

on either side to brace him, and although he jerked and quivered in his agony, he made no sound.

Those who brought him said that voice.

"You mean?" began the first She was the gladdest, happiest girl. ever knew. But she wouldn't "Let us wait for more," inter-listen to my love; she turned in upted Father Lasalle. "Bad news aside. I left her offended, but i

Infinite regret rang in those last words, and the boy rose, to pace the room in restless agitation. calm voice of the priest was as oil on troubled waters.

"You are not aware that, just three years ago, the doctors told Marjorie that she had only a short time to live. An incurable disease has developed rapidly and unexpectedly. She kept up indeed longer that was thought possible, but hers was always a hopeless

had offered me their love and protection not one remained. First there had been my father, then Madame Therese, and now Papa all, and had trusted herself to my priest in startled awe. "I did not know. Oh I wish she had told me

"What could you have done for her?" questioned the priest

other country, where her life could have been prolonged — perhaps saved. And, if it were God's will that she should die, my love would

the young man answered,

doggedly. 'Marjorie would hardly have permitted you to give up so much for her," the priest returned impress- A footstep sounded near, and ively. "Things being as they were, it was her unselfish hope that you would forget her, but in case you proved faithful I was to give you

message from the dead : "My dear Herbert,—You will understand now, I trust, why I sent you from me. I wished you to forget me, as love and marriage were at me, as love and marriage were into my the dead girl's coffin, and Herbert the liles and roses so lavishly on the dead girl's coffin, and Herbert things that should not come into my life. Sometimes, in these last days. I have thought of sending for you, but my wish above all things is for your comfort, and if you have ceased to care for me such request would only be an exposure to your would only be an annoyance to you. Father Gray will be in your city soon (by which time my earthly sufferings will be over), and when most true—you shall have this letter, which asks a favor of you.

"The world has much grief and horror and suffering in it. What I plead for now is that you let your love for me bring none of these things into your life. We have need it; yet the life message of this soul tience, and the hand she had clutched to her heart was gripped so fiercely that the knuckles showed white through their tan.

"Oh, hurry, hurry," she begged.
"Each moment will mean so much."

"And why?" I asked, bewildered.
"It is Papa Ton." she snewered in the park of hear a last word from her—and he came too late."

"There must have been something calamities, and they are pointed out calamities, and they are pointed out." "And why?" I asked, bewildered.
"It is Papa Ton," she answered dully. "I know. Jean, I know."
Her hand rose and came back with a thud as she added, "I can feel it here."

brothers, my sisters, they all went out into the world while I hugged this camp. Now it is my turn. Au large, Toinette. That is all."

A pause, and now there were feel it here."

came too late."

"There must have been something to the battle the girl as holding in their hearts a lifelong sorrow. Did it ever occur to you how strong and helpful such lives might have been if they had practiced joy instead of sorrow?

And only this old priest realized calamities, and they are pointed out as holding in their hearts a lifelong sorrow. Did it ever occur to you how strong and helpful such lives might have been if they had practiced joy instead of sorrow?

The Magnificat.

"Your life, I know, will be a said gently.

"Yes, do," was the cordial response. "And you will not mind if sponse. "And you will not mind if that you will use it as a power of good; and that it will be a happy Go among the poor and suffering and oppressed as much as you can or will, but go with a message of good cheer. Neverturn aside from sorrow or distress, no matter how you shrink from their contact, but always let your com-fort take the form of cheerfulness. Practice in it word, in thought, deed, and never doubt but your life will be a Sursum Corda to the hearts of those about you. It may

perhaps be your privilege 'to lift them even unto God.' "Dear Herbert, is it too much] ask of you, in this unselfish love— this opening wide your heart to the sufferings and sorrows of others, to give back joy instead? I know it is not, if your love has stood this three years' test; and if you have loved me in life you will be mindful of me in death. My plea is that you remember me as I wish to be reembered. In no merit of my own do I place my trust that you will even heed this message; but to your great affection (perhaps too wide and deep and tender to have been lavished upon one poor girl) address this prayer, and bid you arise above every selfish consideration of grief, to make of your love for me no life-long sorrow, but a life-long joy.

That was all. So much of him-so little of herself. Had there been no struggle? Herbert wondered-no desire for life, to take the love and happiness she could have had? Was her sweet, unvarying cheerfulness a natural characteristic, or one acquired at cost of heartache and

The priest had been standing at the window. He turned now at a movement from the young man. "I wonder." Herbert said, wistfully, "if you could tell me a few things about Marjorie's everyday life? I know so very little of her

to treasure in remembrance. Father Grey seated himself and talked of Marjorie and many trifles connected with her life, to which the lover listened hangrily. He spoke of her work among neglected poor children, and their love for her, in and out of lessons time, because as they said she was "such fun; of her work in poor homes, helpful, practical, always cheerful; and her visits to the hospital, where her coming was to many a ray of sunshine in their prison of

"Yet, during all this, Marjorie knew she had only a short time to live," said the priest quietly.

Though the state of her health was well known, it had come as a shock to the family; but Marjorie herself was ready. There had been only a few days of acute suffering, then she had died in perfect resignation and perfect joy. The hopelessness had gone out of

the young man's eyes when the priest ended. "I think I can bear to look at her face now," he said gravely. "I could not before. Will you come with me "Certainly," Father Grey answered, and he followed him into

the hall. But he paused there to speak to Herbert's aunt, just descending the stairs, so the young man passed into the presence of the When the shock of the first wild

anguished look had swept over and beyond him, he saw that her face had changed very little; but that little had meant the absence of the throbbing, exulting thing which was her life. A beautiful face, but dead; and therefore to be most

Herbert's aunt stood beside him, to take a last look at the girl who had been dear to them both. The tears were streaming down her cheeks as broved faithful I was to give you this—though she did not dream your love would bring you here." And the priest laid a sealed envelope on the table.

Herbert caught it up and tore it open. But as he saw the dear handwriting his eyes grew misty. It was now ment before he could read that the there is no serious more than the source of the serious wife and the source of the serious wife and the serious wife writing his eyes grew misty. It was Heaven—we forget, it is, in reality, a moment before he could read that the home of joy. Marjorie will not be strange there.

the dead girl's coffin, and Herbert would keep violets blooming on her grave; but it would be this priest who would hold most often—tender-

ly, compassionately—the rosemary of her memory, in his prayer. The others had gone now, and it was his turn to stand beside the casket. His had been the eyes to sufferings will be over), and when there will see you and tell you of my death. If you are much grieved this is possible only bethe hand to hold the cross before the daing glance; and press it-to her dying glance; and press it-to her lips; his the voice that bade her cling to its hope and promise without fear. His the voice in life as well as in death; and always it; yet the life message of this soul had been joy to those who knew it

looked down at the golden haired

"In peace at last, my child!"
And only this old priest realized
something of the battle the girl

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