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

A STORY OF EVERY DAY LIFE

BY MRS. CLARA M. THOMPSON

CHAPTER XVIII.

REVELATIONS The first breach of the silence with respect to Miss Marten took place one evening just after the family had comfortably arranged themselves, each intent upon their own business; the Doctor, with pipe and last Medical Journal, seated near Rosine, who would occasionally apply to him for the solution of some difficult problem; the Colonel with paper, and Mrs. Hartland with the last number of Harper, and kept free from excitement." her knitting, without which she would have felt that she was idle, when a servant came in with a note request from Sister Agnes, that he Jesus as soon as convenient.

note aloud.

Don't go, sir," replied his son. "Laura Marten is there, and you may depend this is some of her management : don't go."

A very gentlemanly response to the good Sister's polite request !" he said turning upon his son. "What on earth could Laura Marten want I don't believe in this senseless talk of an engagement between her and Aleck, though Rosa here tries to convince me.

Rosine, who had sat with both hands pressed against her ears pouring over a proposition she was to heart, looked around at the sound of her name which came to

her dimly.
"What is it?" she inquired, the conversation having been lost on

Here it is," replied the Colonel, giving her the note. do go," she said, rising and

coming towards him as she took in the contents of the note. "You will

He drewher down upon his knee and replied, "Yes, my blessed little daughter. Did you ever know me to refuse the request of a lady. I leave that for Ned.

I really wish you would go, husband," said Mrs. Hartland, energetically, and with a sharp glance at Rosine; "I wish this matter settled, and Laura Marten made to understand that we do not, and will not acknowledge the engagement."

"If you would delegate me, sir, in your stead," spoke the Doctor, rising his excitement, "I'd soon nail Laura Marten's pretensions to the mast. The unprincipled, impertin-

Stop, Ned," said the father, bringing his hand forcibly down upon the table: "Laura ought to have an opportunity to speak for herself; I'll go at once; it may prevent you, my boy, from saying many things you may wish unsaid.

Mrs. Hartland, taking this opportunity to call on a friend with whom would remain till the Colonel returned, Rosine was left alone with the Doctor. She was gaining in decision of character and force : the timidity of her childhood was beginning to wear off, though she could

Ned," she said, as she took her seat again for her lessons, "you are congetul toward Laura

'You don't know anything about he replied; "she has done wickedly."
"We all come under that com-

"Don't say that, child," he re-torted. "I hate cant. Don't put yourself on a level with Laura Marten."

She has had no mother," continued Rosine, turning about toward him, and speaking earnestly, "no I have had both," she added, with tears in her eyes, "It she has erred more than I, it is because I have been kept by friends and home influences from the temptations she has met; besides, 'if thy brother offend against thee seven times, and seven times turn again, saying, I repent, thon shalt forgive him.' and Sister

Agnes says she is so penitent." This was unanswerable. Dr. Hartland wanted to say "stuff," but he had too much respect for Rosine's religious principles, so he puffed away without a reply, while she turned again to her books, and was soon absorbed in her studies.

"Rosita, Sister Rosita," he com-menced, after a half hour's silence come, leave those dull books, wish to speak to you. Wouldn't it be more profitable to be looking after Dora Greenwood than seeking Laura Marton ?'

'O, dear Miss Dora!" she exclaimed, without turning from her books, "I long to see her; but how can I? She has never called here." And probably never will," he in terrupted, with a shrug of his shoul-"The Colonel might put you in the way of seeing her, if it wasn't

Are not they friends?" exclaimed

It is an old story," replied the Doctor, "and is not worth the ashes," he added, knocking the ashes from his meerschaum. "The old story! his meerschaum. "The old story! his meerschaum. The old story! The previous evening.

She was inclined to resent Mrs. She was incl

to force Harry into the naval service it be true, it must against his inclination; so they go. public till he returns."

the Orphan's Home. kindly salutation, "to see Miss the family, as will be expected by Marten; she has something of impor- the world." tance to communicate. You and I both know that her conduct has been very indiscreet—nay, I must speak for the the truth, very wicked; but if it is expects: any satisfaction to you, I can truly say she gives evidence of her deep, earnest penitence for her folly, she is entirely willing to leave the matter before this, but that her delicate

The Colonel bowed, thanked Sister followed her to another room. for Colonel Hartland, containing a left him at the door, where he rapped foolery with Le Compte would have and entered as Laura rising from her would call at the House of the Infant seat, neither putting out her hand stop to the proceedings. The quesus as soon as convenient.

I wonder what's the matter re!" he exclaimed, reading the courtesy. Traces of weeping were these Mexican troubles, he may be on her cheeks, and there were lines of sorrow in her young face; her short hair clung in tight curls to her | voice trembled. head, giving her an exceedingly youthful look, but the brilliant bloom of former days was wanting.

> meet this interview, and what she should say, for many weary sleepless nights, but the words choked her, or fled from her memory when she attempted to utter them. "I don't deserve any thing," she said at length, in a low husky voice, her eyes cast down and her hands clasped any thing from you or your but contempt. begun where she intended to end er speech. "But," she continued, 'I will endure any punishment, even separation from all of you, but I must tell you-" She paused and trembled, and her face became deadly pale the Colonel sprang forward. shall not faint," she said, recovering herself and stepping back, she gave into his hand a paper she held, the same she had shown Sister Agnes in her sick room; it was worn and blistered with tears. She turned away from the Colonel as he opened it, and laid her face in the folds of the curtain. The Colonel put up his eye-glass and read :

"This certifies that Lieut. Alexander Hartland and Laura Marten were united by me in the bonds of marriage in -- Church, P--, April according to the laws of the State of-

ABIEL STEPHENS, Rector. MARY A. STEPHENS.

HELEN STEPHENS, | Witnesses The Colonel dropped his eye-glass Aleck married!" He glanced again book from his pocket and copied it. Laura, does your father know of this?" he said at length.

Yes, sir, I told him this morning." Where are his lodgings? I will

see him at once."

in the morning papers. made public. home, forgetting his wife; but she, wearied with waiting, had taken a cheerful comings, he went to his own | politeness to waste upon Laura. private parlor instead of joining the

Father's in trouble! waterlogged!" You never find father going into such close quarters without a denouement As a young ter, I always trembled when the Colonel took to his private room, for I expected something serious after it. I was sure he had heard of my youth fal delinquencies, and was prepared

to give me what I deserved. As he spoke, a servant entered with a summons from the Colonel to his son. Rosine smiled, and the Doctor putting on a distressed look, went out of the room humming,

"O, would I were a boy again." Edward," (he never called him Edward except upon very serious occasions,) "it is worse than I thought," said the Colonel before

Dr. Hartland's face became intense-Rosine. "I always thought the ly pale for a moment, and he stopped Colonel was friendly with every short in his advance, as if he had short in his advance, as if he had

as soon as he could speak.

of preventing Aleck's promotion, and this be genuine,) is that Aleck de to appeal, and the call was accomthe Commodore hates the Colonel serves dishonor for such a contempt plished in Mrs. Hartland's for telling him plainly he was a fool ible piece of trickery. But even if silk and stateliest manner,

The glad I am not in the mess."

"We can't help ourselves," said
the Colonel, "the Captain vows he Agnes alone in the little parlor of will have the marriage in the morn-"I have sent ing papers ; the question now seems for you," she said, after the first to be, shall we make Laura one of

Excuse me, sir !" exclaimed the Doctor, impatiently, " but who cares for the world, or what the world

Everybody of sense, Ned : nobody more than yourself, only your world is narrower than that of most people Yes, the opinion of the honorable, with you; she would have seen you right minded portion of the world is worth regarding. If Laura is Aleck's health required that she should be lawful wedded wife, she is my kept free from excitement."

lawful wedded wife, she is my daughter and your sister, and as such, has a claim upon us for pro-Agnes for her communication, and tection. If the matter had only She been done honorably, all this tom been omitted, as I should have put a home sooner than if the Department left him where he is; that is—," his voice trembled, "if the poor boy comes out of it alive. By the way, Ned, I heard down town today that Harry Greenwood had thrown up his commission rather than fight the Laura had planned how she should

"Good!" replied the Doctor. " expected it when I heard his ship was ordered home to prepare for the Gulf of Mexico. What will the old Commodore do now ?

They say he is almost frantic, fretting and fuming, and swears he will disown him, forbids Dora to speak his name.'

'Infatuated girl !" said the Doctor, with a half sigh; "a life of constant slavery, when she might have had love and freedom.' Yes," replied the Colonel; " how

strange; so different from our anticipations. Here is Dora, whom we once longed to take to our hearts, would not come: while Laura, whom we regret to accept, is ours without asking. Don't mention Dora Greenwood

and Laura Marten in the same breath," exclaimed his son sharply; if it is your fixed resolve to receive this woman as one of your family, it is perhaps not my place to remon strate, but I will only beg, for Ros ine's sake, that you will consider the influence of so equivocal a character

on her young mind." Look here, Ned, one would think Laura was your own wife, by the way you bristle up when she is mentioned. I only wish to do right," he added. and your mother must be

consulted." It was with reluctance that Coland looked fixedly at Laura, onel Hartland revealed the discov-"Married!' he exclaimed, "you and ered secret to his wife; he dreaded her just indignation with the deceitat the paper, took a memorandum ful course of the young couple, as well as the real misery it cause her to be so thwarted in her one earnest wish to keep her son's affections all for herself. The Doctor had often troubled her, once seriously, in these matters, but Aleck He found the stout old Captain had never caused her a moment's wholly unprepared to compromise or uneasiness; she was as sure of him hush up matters, but boldly declared as she was of the Colonel. Her his intention to publish the marriage husband, with all his knowledge of her, was hardly prepared for the The Colonel wished to investigate, blank look of distress, and the gush to be sure there was no mistake, to of tears with which she who prided hear from Aleck before the thing was herself on her perfect self-control made public. "Laura had behaved met this intelligence; but with the very improperly, and there could be prudence of a woman of the world, no harm in waiting awhile longer;" she restrained her tongue, and only but the Captain swore roundly that requested the Doctor to desist from "Laura had done no more than forty the vituperation which he heaped respectable married women he could upon Laura. "The world," she name; she promised well for the said, "always pronounces the future, and indeed he believed in woman entirely to blame in a clanletting bygones be bygones; as to destine marriage, and family quarmistake, there was the marriage rels, Ned, are decidedly vulgar so certificate, which could be easily as the matter is, and we can't help proved valid, if that was what the it, it will be best to be quite formally Colonel wanted." They parted much polite to Miss — to Laura, and I excited, Colonel Hartland hurrying will call upon her in due time with you, my son."

Excuse me, mother," replied her carriage and reached home before son, with the customary shrug of his him. Unlike his usual light hearted shoulders. "I have no formal should certainly make a balk of it, if family circle, or even looking in I called. I beg your pardon, but you upon them.

Rosine was perhaps more shocked said the Doctor, shaking his head as by the news of the marriage than he heard the door close after him; any of the family. She received it the morning after the Colonel's morning after the Colonel's interview with Laura; she was surprised by two hands thrust before her face, holding a newspaper wet from the press, one finger marking h: "In ---, April 20, Stephens, Lieutenant the paragraph: by Rev. A. Stephens, Lieutenant Alexander Hartland, U. S. N., to Miss Laura, daughter of Captain John

Martan, U. S. N." A flash of indignation covered her face and neck, but not a word was spoken by herself or Dr. Hartland, as he folded the paper and went out. All her feelings of pity for Laura were scattered to the four winds, "It is worse than I thought, and she began to feel ashamed of her pleading with Ned to spare her; the desire to see the friend of last
winter, which had been growing himself began to be of the doctor's the Doctor could fairly close the door after him, "they are married!"

The Hardland's face a street of the country of the coun been struck. "Where—when—by came upon her; her pride was whom? I demand proof!" he said wounded, and she forgot in a mo-

plished in Mrs. Hartland's stiffest while not be made Rosine looked as if her last friend had forsaken her. There was no place amid so much formality, for even a look sacred to early friendship, and Laura's heart, which had trusted much to Rosine's warm loving nature, died within her, as she

said her cold farewell. TO BE CONTINUED

BERNARD AND THE GOODWINS

It all happened very quickly. From the moment the boy climbed to the moment of the alarm given by the cow lad and the arrival of the farmer with a whip, not many minates could have passed, while the fall of the boy from the tree exactly coincided with Goodwin's appearance. As he fell upon the orchard grass the youngeter gave a loud cry and then

lad, who had followed to see the fun he's broke his neck!'

Not he !" said the farmer-he admitted afterwards that he had his " Fetch Mrs. doubts on the point. Goodwin.

But she was already there. " Bring He's fainted," she said. 'I expect he's broken some bones.

emed to fall all of a heap.' Hops he didn't fall on his head. John ? No. It's his leg I expect.' Well, "Well, he's thin enough, poor child," said the woman as she made

good use of the water. Looks half clemmed. There ! he's coming to. That's it, lad! Now drink a little. As she raised him to a sitting pos-

ture he groaned. Where does it hurt?" she asked

"It's my leg," he said feebly. Ay, that's it," said the farmer. He's broken it.

Bill," called Mrs. Goodwin; "jump on your bicycle and fetch Dr. Wood. If he's out, leave word he's to come as soon as he can. Say it's a broken leg." Goodwin carried the boy into the

house with great care and laid him on a sofa, while Mrs. Goodwin went upstairs to prepare a bed. The doctor arrived without delay. Who is he?" Dr. Wood asked when he had set the broken leg and

left the bedroom. That's more than we can tell you, doctor," said the farmer. We haven't asked him any questions yet." "Of course not. Stealing

apples, wasn't he?" Well, he fell out of the tree. don't think he'd time to take any And there was none in his pockets.'

"Poor little beggar!" said the otor. "He's badly nourished and seems to have little vitality expect he was hungry. However, he couldn't be in better hands."
"Oh, we'll look after him, doctor,"

said Mrs. Goodwip. tramp, I'm sure. I expect he's a

When the doctor called on the fol-

lowing day the Goodwins were able to tell him the boy's story. "His name is Bernard Swift," began Mrs. Goodwin. "He's not runaway. His father died soon after Bernard his accident looked strong and he may otherwise think of the Cathwas born, and his mother died last healthy. year. Then he went to live with his year. Then he went to live with his aunt, his mother's sister, who is married and has a high family. He was the makings of a sturdy lad," the ried and has a big family. He knew pricet was saying. they couldn't afford to keep him for long, and their little house was very crowded. So on his fourteenth birthday he left them and tried to find work. His aunt and uncle were very kind to him, he says, and didn't want him to leave them till he got a job, but he could find nothing to do in the neighborhood, so he started out feeling quite sure some farmer would give him work. But his small size and pale face and thin body went against him, and though he got or two little jobs, nobody would keep

Seems to have more pluck than stamina," put in Dr. Wood. That's just about it, doctor," said

"He was pretty well spent vesterday. Says he turned dizzy in the tree and felt himself slipping. "It's a mercy he didn't break his neck," declared Mrs. Goodwin. "He was faint with hunger and worn out walking. And, boylike, he

couldn't pass the river without stop Very injudicious in the circumstances," smiled the doctor, "but quite excusable. In fact praise-

'Ay, but it's bad to bathe when you're tired and hungry," said Mrs. Goodwin. "However, it'll be some time before he's hungry again, poor child. I'll take care of that.'

I'm sure you will, Mrs. Goodwin. In fact, I think Bernard Swift is rather a lucky boy, in splte of his broken leg.
It was not long before Bernard

opinion. Yet he was not without fears for the immediate future. He could not forget the circumstances in with regard to the intimacy, and a which he had fallen from the apple sense of shame at the near associa tree. Nor did he at once perceive that had been between them tree. Nor did he at once perceive and Mr. Goodwin's teasing were only attempts at being funny. Thus when soon as he could speak.

ment all the arguments for brotherly the doctor pronounced the leg to be charity which she had urged only doing well and he added, "But it's

policeman, the boy felt sick at heart Was it possible that as soon as his leg was better he would be taken to the village lock up? One day Mrs. Goodwin was astonished to find him in tears.

"Why, my dear, what's the matter?" she asked caressingly. From the first she had been as kind to him as if he were her own child, but she hed never used any term of endearment The tenderness in her voice made the boy sob as though his heart would break, and it was some time before he could tell her, brokenly, of his

'Eh, these men!" she exclaimed.

trouble.

'They're never so happy as when they're teasing somebody. As for having you up, why, child, it's the very last thing in the world my hus band would dream of. Talking to the policeman indeed !" she went on "why he does that every indignantly, day of his life. Our village bobby has nothing on earth to do except to stroll round and gossip with every man he meets. But I'll let John have it and the doctor too when he calls-talking of tread mills! They ought to be ashamed of themselves! Nice sort of fun, frightening a poor suffering lad out of his wits. But there, it's not worth a thought. Why, my husband himself said you'd never have got into that tree if you badn't been so hungry, and he'd have forgiven you if you'd stripped it. And nobody was sorrier than he to think you had to suffer so much for

so small a fault." When she left him he was looking bright and happy enough, and the next time she came to him she brought a tape-measure. "I'm making you some new shirts, Bernard, she explained, "and I'd like to take your measure for the length, and perhaps across the chest."

'O ma'am, but you are good to me!" he exclaimed gratefully, his eyes filling with happy tears. And then as she laid the tape across his chest she suddenly gave a cry. Her eye had caught sight of one corner of a little square of brown flannel.

Why, my dear," the cried, "can that be a scs pular? Yes, mann," he answered shyly. Then you're a Catholic?"

Yes, ma'am. thank God!" she exclaimed. Well now, that is a piece of good But are you and Mr. Goodwin

Catholics !' "We are that, praise the Lord! O won't John be pleased! Why didn't you tell me before, Bernard?"

I-I didn't like to," he stammered. I understand," she said. "But if I hadn't seen that bit of scapular just peeping through your shirt—well, I dare say we should have found it out sooner or later."
"If you'd asked me, ma'am, of

course I should have told you.' 'I'm sure you would. Well now. Father -- is sure to call one day this week, and you'll like to see him? 'O very much, thank you, ma'am. I do so want to go to confession.'

'Ah, I expect you haven't been able to go since you left your aunt?" "O yes, ma'am. I've been every "He's not a week until-until I came here and tried to steal your apples. And then of a brewer of bigotry. of course-" he turned a blushing

face to the wall. Several weeks later Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin were discussing Bernard's future with Father —... "What to do with him?" was an important and vene, directly or indirectly, the law He's turned difficult question. Bernard was now of the land. fourteen, though he do sn't look it. able to walk about, and in spite of

of flesh on his bones or an cunce of blood in his body."
"Why, Father," laughed the farmer, she's been feeding him up all these

first prize at the Cattle Show. the day he put his clothes on they were as tight as sausage skins." Then he does you great credit, s. Goodwin," said the priest. Mrs. 'And I should think you might find him very handy about the farm.

Mrs. Good win looked at her husband, and after a short pause the latter said: "The truth is, Father, she is all for sending him to school for another year or so.'

Why, you see, Father, though he has grown a trifle while he's been in bed, he's small for his age, and we thought if we sent him to school for

And went on feeding him up,' laughed Goodwin."
"Yes, and feed him well, it would give him a chance to grow bigger and

stronger." Ah," said the priest with a smile, 'now I begin to understand the situation. The fact is this boy came to he has stolen your hearts."

That's just what he has done. Father, for John is as fond of him as I am," laughed Mrs. Goodwin. Well, he's a good little lad," said

They never did. Bernard gave them the service of a loving and dutiful son for the rest of their lives. -From the Messenger of the Sacred

All the great saints have been no less remarkable for their tender and assiduous devotion to Mary than for their manly virtues and heroic

"A BREWER OF BIGOTRY"

It was once said that Mr. William H. Anderson was best described as a person incapable of temperance. Mr Anderson, whose activities now face investigation by the Assembly of the State of New York, is the Superintendent of the Anti-Salcon League In return for an ample salary, be directs the affairs of that associat in a manner most pleasing, no doubt. to its members, who as yet, have not disavowed him. But the older description bas been replaced happy phrasing occurring in a letter written by the Archbishop of New York; and as rechristened by the Archbishop, Mr. Anderson will probably become widely known for what he is, "a brewer of bigotry." Speak-ing before a conference of Methodist clergymen on March 8, Mr. Anderson delivered himself of the following

among other, absurdities: 'In the light of the specific declar ation of Cardinal Gibbons for beer and wine, it is no wonder that the Catholic Archbishop of New York declined to deny the statement that the Catholic Church in New York is in sympathy with Tammany in its program of repeal, and its brazenly announced purpose of nullification pending repeal.

Under ordinary circumstances. charge so gross and monstrous, made by an individual of the standing of Mr. Anderson would have been met with silence.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S LETTER

The Superintendent is a person of no particular moment, except to the extent that he can make himself a public nuisance and a menace to good order. In the following letter the Archbishop, after touching on the reasons which led him to write presents a philosophy of sanity and common-sense which Mr. Anderson can never understand, but which will be appreciated by all upright American citizens.

While yielding to many pressing demands for a statement on the slan derous attack of the leader of the Anti-Saloon League on the Catholic Church, I feel that, in taking notice of it, I should apologize, first of all. for not leaving the matter to the decent sentiment of New York, which long since has passed judgment on this zealot, his tongue and his

methods.
"I am gratified indeed to observe the attitude of the Protestant clergy, who, if I may judge by the press, are not in sympathy with the anti Catholic utterance of Mr. Anderson.

"My purpose in speaking is not to resent the abuse heaped on the Cath. olic Church because the Archbishop of New York dared to disobev th mandate of the leader of the Anti-Saloon Laague by non-attendance at his meeting. Abuse always confounds the abuser.

"My sole anxiety is that a single person, in or out of the Catholic church, may be possibly deceived by this sinister figure in American tics, a sower of strife, who sinks so low as to play the un-American rôle

Let me say most emphatically that the Catholic Church is not affiliated with any political organization local, State or national : much less is

"No honest man, no matter what olic Church, believes the Church to

be an enemy of law and order.
"I repeat my public statement of a former occasion that the Catholic "Eh, Father," exclaimed Mrs. Good. Church preaches and practices con win, 'if you'd seen him the day he scientious obedience to every law, fell from the tree! He'd hardly a bit and does not discriminate in favor of one more than another. The Church further demands that law be obeyed whether we like it or not. Not so "she's been feeding him up all these Mr. Anderson, who possesses and weeks as if she meant him to take stresses the Eighteenth Amendment, because he wants it observed and is paid for so doing. He seems but little concerned about other funda mental laws guaranteeing personal liberty, protection against unlawful search and seizure, religious free. dom, free-speech, free press and free

legislatures. At a time when every same, con structive and conservative force and element in the community should be working for a united America, it is deplorable-and discouraging, toothat any man should be permitted to foment distrust and breed mischief.

'Wo to him who, in these critical days, sets aflame industrial, social. racial, or religious dissensions Better for America that he had never been born."

Well, after all, the Catholic Church has never been actually fan atical in enforcing Prohibition," was the comment made by the minister of a large and, of course, 'fashion steal your apples, instead of which able 'Fifth Avenue congregation, in defense of the remarkable Mr. Anderson. Persons of this benighted mentality will not appreciate the force and clarity, and the whole hearted American spirit of the Archthe priest, "and I don't thick you'll bishop's letter, but the reception ever regret your generosity." is a reassuring eign of returning

sanity. SOME EDITORIAL COMMENT

This reception, was mirrored in editorial comments printed in practically all the New York newspapers As a matter of record the following comments are worthy of preserva-

tion. The first is from the World : "There seems to be no authority in the Anti-Salorn League capable of stopping the ruffianly indecencies of Superintendent Anderson, but the clergymen who applaud him are subject to discipline that ought to be exerted. We do not believe that any

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Deer Jane. By Isabel Cecilia Williama. A simple taite very pleasantly told, It is refreshing it is simple pathos and expression and true feeling. All who enjoy a clean, wholesome and stirring tale ought to read "Deer Jane," is Honor of the House. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser and J. I. Stahlmann. In the ancient and grain gardens, is laid the seene of a story of treachery and loyalty, duplicitys and upright fortitude, crucity and wonderful devotion that is thoroughly Italian in the heights and depths of human nature that it discloses.

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