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> RENOWN BY MRS. INNES BROWN

of "Three Daughters of the United

CHAPTER XI. "Thank God?" gasped Sister Marguerite the following morning, as she sank breathless into a vacant chair near Madame Corbette's bedside. Thank God for safe shelter at last. Oh, I have had a race for it indeed ? Once I feared the ruffianly soldiers would overtake me. Listen!"—lay-ing her hand upon the coverlet and assuming an attitude of fearful attention—"can you not hear the roll of musketry? They are but a mile or two off now. Mon Dieu ! but it is terrible how they fight! What must it be like in the city? Poor dear Ma Sour! God grant that she and the rest of the Sisters are safe. It was so good and thoughtful of her to attach me to this branch Convent close by : otherwise I must long since have discontinued my visits to you."

A bony claw was stretched forth,

though in grateful response, clutching tightly the little hand of the speaker in a grasp almost expressive of protection. - How, indeed, would the painful hours, and the weary days, ever have passed but for the cheery presence of the kind little heart beside her? Her departure from the cottage meant darkness again ; her return, sunshine, comparative ease, and renewed hope. So thought Manfred, as the welcome tones of her voice fell upon his ear; and he heaved a deep sigh of relief and actually thanked God that He had raised up these gentle creatures, endowing them with such charity and skill. Was it possible that only a short time since, only a faw weeks

he had been ! My foot has been so painful, Sister," he moaned piteously when, having at last finished her ministrations to the old woman, she cheerfully came forward to attend him.

She made no immediate reply, but a look of anxiety passed over her face as she bent and examined carsfully the troublesome wound. Then she shook her head solemnly, merely observing: "No, it is not healing as it should do." Mentally she concluded : "it is worse, far worse than it was ; the color is bad, and the pain great; there is internal irritation somewhere! Alas, the knife will be necessary after all, I fear. It is

After fulfilling all her tedious duties, Sister Marguerite, at the request of Manfred, seated herself once more with the still unfinished garment upon her kase, awaiting the continuation of his story. Every now and again a brisk shower would patter against the window pane, while the room grew dark. Then the fresh keen wind would chase it away, and the bright sunshine flash into every corner of the apartment, revealing the now delicate almost ethereal, features of the sick man, and lighting up the rosary beads, spotless cornette, and poor habit of the gentle Sister, as she listened in rapt attention to the sad narrative of

her patient. Keep your seat today, please; don't withdraw into the corner as you did yesterday ; and if I appear to get nervous or excited, do not be surprised or astonished. You see, know some of the actors in this drama rather intimately."

I understand"-with a comprehensive nod. You were telling me that Harold and his mother had made up their minds that, by fair means or foul, he should have a share of his brother's inheritance. Yes, just that; and when such

thing it requires a strong force to prevent them from achieving their In this case circumstances favored them. A mind stronger and more crafty than theirs came to their assistance in the son of the family lawyer. He was a daring and unscrupulous rogue, such as hope never to meet again! But for him-but for his unceasing importunity and cunning advice-Harold would never have fallen as he did.' As Manfred spoke his eyes had a wild expression in them, and he course you do not know what it is to the little nun; nor did she rise struck the bed clothes with his be the tool, the slave, of a rascal. until she had breathed a fervent "This wretch -this bitter enemy. fancy to Harold, listened patiently to his version of the injustice and confidence. Deep in the old man's unfairness of existing circumstances, heart lay the memory of his dead All being well, you may resume your interloper, possessing no real right better far than anything else on to existence at all; that but for him earth. 'The boy has been spoiled, story short, all three young men intentions. Poor dear boy! How I were sent to Cambridge together, to miss him !' complete their education; Sir Henry consenting, after much persuasion

From the time they were all placed upon an equal footing and private den, upon the walls of which launched on their own resources, as hung portraits of the two Edmunds, it were, the star of Edmund began to wane. He was no match for the others. Good natured, unsuspicious, careless, how could be guess what

part of constant friends? Was there a disgraceful row or dishonourable act into which he could be innocently beguited. Edmund was always made the scapegoat; and as he was proud to a fault, they played upon his weakness, knowing he would never betray a friend. Often Harold watched the fierce, proud glance of his eye and his haughty bearing as he turned away in directions. he turned away in didain when con-fronted by a false accusation. Yes, he watched him, and envied him even more than before—longing even sometimes to acknowledge the fault, and thus spare another wound to But the magnanimous young man. no such chance was permitted him ; his evil genius stood at his elbow, and he dared neither speak nor act. He was already too deeply involved to retract. There was but one course open now; he and his accomplice must stick together and strike un mercifully if they would win their

A tear rolled down the soft flushed cheeks that were bent so earnestly over her work. It flashed in the sunlight, then fell gently on the sewing. Manfred observed it. It was a valued tribute to the memory of poor Edmund, and stirred the cottent facilings in the sich man's softest feelings in the sick man's heart, as he thought, "It is much better that she should sit where she is: following the lights and shades as they flit over her tace eases my heart, and gives strength and nerve to

my voice."
"Did Edmund never suspect the truth or fealty of his boasted friends? Did it never strike him that they were bent upon his ruin ?"

I think not. You see, he was far too honorable to doubt their assurances of friendship. I never really did know how it occurred; but enormous bills were run up and a short that ago, he had treated with contempt a sent to Siz Henry. Worse still, wearer of the cornette. What a feel debte of honor, that is, gambling and betting debte, were laid upon his shoulders. Now, if there was Harold was to succeed to the estate, one vice, which more than another irritated the old baronet, it was gambling; and for the first time be nephew.

Things grew so bad that at the end of two years the young man was peremptorily recalled home; and, strange to say, there were not many who regretted his sudden de parture. The character of Edmund was an enigma; he seemed to be a curious mixture of generosity and meanness, of honor and baseness, truthfulness and deceit; whereas Harold, though he was almost hated by his companions, stood high in been quite unconscious of his indisthe opinion of his tutor as a youth of unimperchable morals and stout

that half the things said of his nephew were false and unfounded?" No, he did not. I told you it was

a long story, and that I could not enter into much detail; but, briefly, things went rapidly from bad to worse. Edmund resented-at first sorrowfully, then indignantly-his uncle changed his manner towards him; and, flading himself wrongfully suspected, and even falsely accused of grave deeds of which he was entirely innocent, be grew desperate. He left his uncle's roof, sought relief in dissipated pleasures and amusements, which, though they helped to dull the pain caused by his uncle's unjust anger, failed to heal or satisfy his heart. To destroy Sir Henry's confidence in his nephew Edmund, and to induce him to turn to Harold for comfort, were the objects sought after by these two false friends. Again circumstances favored them. Thomas followed the unfortunate young man to the scenes of gaiety and amusement with which he sought to drown his injured pride, and aided him to plunge people make up their minds to do a deeper and deeper into debt, care that Sir Henry should be kept well informed of all, and far more than all, that occurred. Meanwhile, Harold's policy was to remain at home, apparently studying hard, and yet ever ready at Sir Henry's beck

> " Mean, miserable, impostor! How burst from could be act thus?"

the indignant lips of the listener. "He was driven to it. He dared not refuse to play the part. Ab, of doubled flets as though striking at a But you waste your anger and indig-Rest con nation," he said coldly. wily, clever knave-took a violent | tent to know that poor Harold never and enlarged so adroitly upon the brother; and, stern as he strove to subject that he actually persuaded appear in his conduct towards that dear !"-walking to the window poor youth that Edmund was an brother's son, he still loved him Harold himself would have been the only legitimate heir to the title and Abbey Lands. How he persuaded severity will over the city by Abbey Lands. How he persuaded severity will cure and win him back Harold of the truth of all these representations I cannot now well re- built too much upon my forbearance member. But, oh, how easily we and his own inheritance. These I can be induced to commit the foulest deeds if only we are certain to profit by them! To cut a long Old Thomas shall inform him of my

"Often in those days the old gentleman was almost unapproachon the part of the old lawyer and able; he was aging ragidly, and was Mrs. Manly, to pay Harold's expenses.

penses. hour he would look himself up in his evil genius dug the pits into which sanctum for three solitary hours, he

again! You are smiling, Sister Marguer ite. You are pleased to think that Harold did not advance much in favor with the old baronet. well ! you may come to pity Harold There was a pause, but still the Sister said nothing. Then, in a voice filled rather with shame than spirit, Manfred resumed his story : Would that the remainder of the

story might be blotted out; but, I must force myself to relate soon after the compact had been younger Thomas—the compact, I fixed them on his ca mean, which bound them to stand by angele.—The Tablet. each other in this wretched business of ousting one brother and replacing him by the other—they were masters where before they had been as nonentities: at least Thomas was master; for Harold learned but too soon not only to fear and despise his ally, but to hate him also."

What else could Harold expect ? His fate was the certain portion, of every one who sells himself to the Evil One. These two wicked youths were far more to be pitied than was

poor Edmund. "Watt a little," said Manfred in a trembling voice ; "wait until you hear of all that occurred to him, and you may think differently then. soon grew weary of the life of pleasure into which he had been driven and hearing from the old lawyer who must also have been in the toils of his son) that Sir Henry was offended past reconciliation and that Edmund sold all he possessed, and with the proceeds in his pocket, and his painter's gear upon his shoulders, egan to lose confidence in his set out to carn his living by the work of his hands. He chose the mountains of Scotland as the first scene of his labors. One event of his tour I must tell you, for it played an important part in his career. In a cottage at the foot of a mountain he discovered Marian Mac-Darmott."

The name had slipped from him in an unguarded moment, and had not Sister Marguerite suddenly started at the mention of it, he would have cretion.

Why did you start so, Sister ?' he inquired, raising himself upon his But surely Sir Henry discovered elbows so as to get a clearer view of She hurriedly exher features. cused herself, and he went on :

"This girl had lived with her mother. Her father had lost money, and being gifted with great musical talent, had entered the profession in order to gain a livelihood for himself and his loved ones. Wishing to shield them from undue contact with the world into which this pro fession threw him, he bought and furnished a beautiful little cottage about two miles from a small town, and at the foot of one of his native mountains. In this sweet seclusion, for the greater part of the year at least, dwelt this lady and her daughter, the mother devoting herself to the education and bringing up of the girl.

Was she pretty ? was she good ?" "I never heard that she was beautiful, but refined and distinguished looking. Her chief attrac tion was said to lie in the beauty and parity of her mind. She and her mother were Catholics, like yourself; they belonged to an ancient Catholic family

So Edmund was attracted by her-fell in love with her? Did he marry her ?"

Yes, he married her; but he did more than anything he had yet done. You would never guess what was

his final imprudence."
"Perhaps not. It is difficult to imagine him doing anything very wrong. But wait, I hear the Angelus bell," and down upon her knees fell prayer for poor Marion MacDermott and all who were dear to her. Then she said quietly :

Rest, and take your refreshment now; I have other duties to perform. sorrowful tale this afternoon. Dear, "how close sounds the roar of the cannon! It is ferrible—terrible! mercy and spara His own ; for these infuriated rebels will pause at noth Who knows which amongst us ing. may be the next victim !"

TO BE CONTINUED

A LEGEND OF THE SISTINE MADONNA

Raphael, so the legend runs, was one time painting an altarpiece, which was, for the nonce, veiled from the curious gaze by curtains while the paint was in process of drying. The artist, weary with his work, had fallen asleep before the closed hang. fallen asleep perore the closed nangings; but though his body slumbered, his wondrous mind still wandered through the realms of still. (There were many illicit stills

he was so constantly falling. He had no chance from the first. Who has when surrounded by bitter enemies, who all the wille are playing the part of constant friends? Was there a disgraceful row or dishonourable a disgraceful row or dishonourable and disgraceful row or d

Madonna and Child surrouedel by angel heads, with the green curtains drawn back on both sides. St. Sixtus talked during his sermon. He courage to tell Father William of his knelt down in adoration, his tiara resting on the altar ledge. St. Barbara occupied the other side of the painting. The picture was complete; the vision was ther; and the requirements of the order fulfilled. Still something was wanting. The bare ledge troubled the artist's eye, till one day going to his studio ha it. I must tell it to the bitter end. saw two little boys leaning on the side, looking intently at his work. entered into by Harold and the He seized the happy moment and younger Thomas—the compact, I fixed them on his canvas as adoring

THE SILENT PREACHER

The priest with whom I sat on the verandah was a very young pastor— perhaps not more than thirty years -but his fresh boyish features held that indefinable, peaceful expression that is distinctive of the Catholic priest.

It was Sunday evening and the season of the year early autumn when the purple hardwood ridges of the far distant hills had began to left had been almost ideal. His and chat intelligently with him, and change to a faint yellowish brown people were good, holy and reverent. his pleasant intercourse with brother

and the leaves were beginning to fall. We had not been talking very much, for my host had just fluished a rather heavy day's work and he seemed a little tired. So we remained quiet, listening to the sweet song of a few spring birds that our eyes resting on the far-away silent hills. Then suddenly young priest broke silence : "This is him with stories. my favorite evening of the whole week. Six days before the ordeal of another sermon comes," he said joyously. I could not help smiling at his

boyish spirits. I had not noticed for the spirit of God had been in his that he seemed to find preaching a parish. great ordeal. He had spoken earnestly to his people and the spirit of God seemed to be in his words. I assured him now that I had considered it a good sermon, adding: "I think you have a very good parish here, Father, it must be consoling to you to have so mary young men and women receive Holy Communion at your early Mass. You are fortunate in having your people so well

He looked at me quickly, and I thought I discerned an expression in his eyes that was somewhat akin to 'I may be moved at any time." he said, "although I have been here only three years. Father William Fitzpatrick was here. You have heard about Father William I dare

had never heard the story of Father William. Indeed, I had never even had the pleasure of his acquaint. ance. When I intimated this to the young priest, he looked at me keenly then turned his gaze to the distant silent hills, and seemed to be thinking earnestly. In a minute or two, he began in a quiet voice to tell me the story of Father William.

"Father William had been moved was almost ideal, to one that was to the ceremony of the ritual, he had his brother pricats slept. very much larger. When he came to placed his clasped hands between his new field he was forty six years those of the Bisbop, and to his went off duty that evening she said of age, a tall, slight man with tight-brown hair. His face was long and obedience to me and my successor? furrowed, and somewhat grave, but there was nearly always a merry light in his kind blue eyes.

The furrowed, and somewhat grave, but the delease of the third the furrowed, and firmly: I ature has gone up one point. But promise.

And the following about 9 o'clock, when old Sister St. morning, after his first holy Mass, Augustine, short, stout and red-faced, light in his kind blue eyes.
"During the first two years of his

something still more hurtful to his interests—something which aided Harold and Thomas in their schemes their ways. The very first Sunday, represented his promise—he would not understand the propriet. He could not understand the promise—he would not understand the promise promise the promise promis their ways. The very first Sunday, as he walked down the aisle during the Asperges, he experienced a distinct shock. Instead of the reverent, change, because he had given him bowed heads of his old congregation, he met appraising looks, while some regarded him with smiling curiosity.
When he turned to address the people for the first time he felt drops of dazed; that invisible, yet none the tablet. dazed; that invisible, yet none the tablet. . . His elbows rested on less real, wave of sympathy that goes his desk, and his forehead in his from people to priest was lacking. cupped hands. Was he, he asked He stood involuntarily gripping the himself, the same man who twenty. pulpit, almost overcome by a strange, three years ago, kneeling so reverunfamiliar nausea. For the first ently before the tabernacle in the time since his ordination, twenty one fickering light of the little red sancyears before, he experienced a desire to cry, though quickly he overcame the weakness as he began to preach in a strained, forced voice.

Father William did not eat very much that day; his head still felt dazed; some strange helplessness seemed to have come upon him. wandered about restlessly, picking up a book in a precccupied manner, only to put it down again.

"During the week, when morning after morning he came to the altar of God to offer up his Holy Mass, always the church was empty save for the little red and white clad sanctuary boy who served him. 'But throughout the day he was

not left lonely in his presbytery. Many people came; they came to him to have a headache cured, to ask a remedy for chronic dyspepsia or rhaumatism, etc. They came to him with stories. Loud-voiced women

"One Sunday some women in the ceased speaking for a moment, then went on quietly; but the following Sunday they laughed and talked again.

In his old parish Monday had usually been a day of relative repose. after the fatigue of Sunday. Monday was the day when stories looked a were brought to him, for it was on before I sunday that the illicit making of quietly. Sunday that the lilicia manager of the liquor usually took place. Often when Father William sat at his desk when Father William sat at his desk large hospital in the Cathedral town large hospital in the Cathedral town had received the Sacra-

people—cold as the great empty William a very gentle and quiet furnaces near the mines at the end patient. They were much edified by people-cold as the great empty of his parish. It was the discovery ot the iron ore, twenty years before, nation. When off duty, some of the that had called the people from many Sisters spoke of the extraordinary different towns to what was now his parish. Five years before the arrival death. of Father William, for no known reason, the mines had closed down, but most of the workmen had stayed. awaiting the day when they would have work again.
"The parish Father William had

that some one did not drop in to the all were as balm to his soul. little church to visit the Lord in His holy temple. On Sundays they lis-tened quietly and reverently to the words he addressed to them. During the week days his children attended had decided to stay for the winter, the parochial school taught by the student days he had often walked good nuns; the women were quiet and low snoken and never came to him with stories. Every morning a large sprinkling of his flock assisted at Mass, and there were many daily communicants. He had built the had enlarged the convent, and church. He had been very happy,

> 'In his little parlor there had hung a sepia engraving of the Good Shepherd among his flock, carrying the little lamb. Often the picture had given him comfort during the holy, peaceful years of his quiet pastorate, for he was the true shepherd of his flock.

"One evening as he sat in his study, Father William reached a decision. His mind had gone back to his years of happy labor in his former parish where he had worked so hard. The Bishop had given him this larger parish as a promotion, but it would be years before it could be built up. He was beginning to feel old, and he could not work with the clitime vigor. He knew the people of his old parish, and they knew him. He would write to the Bishop and tell him that be would like to return to his old flock .-"He had hardly begun his letter

when he stopped. Suddenly there came before his mind the picture of the Good Shepherd, which he had always loved. . The Bishop had all the children, be pleased to given him a new flock. . Dare him laid to rest in their cwn he abandon it? . . And beck neglected cemetery? These he abandon it? . . . And back along the way of memory he traveled until he came to the Great Day, He wondered what he should do. when, after receiving the sublime had so wished to be laid to receive eclemn question: 'Do you promise to Sieter St. Augustine:

His hand shook a little and the

drops of ink over the open writing. tuary lamp, had promised such generous, unfaltering obedience? . . .

"Six years passed very quickly, Father, William worked hard, especially with the little children, who grew to love him, but strange as it may seem, the nausea that came so of the people always seemed to puzzle him and he felt helpless to draw them to God. He did not seem "Why, he is not buried here?" I often did not leave him. The ways

Then one morning in the early autumn the people who had begun to he said. come more regularly to daily Mass, 'As he led me around the house, I

trouble, for it was fatal. At ributing the troubled expression in the good priest's eyes to anxiety concerning ais malady, he dreaded the ordeal of making known to him that he suffered from cancer of the stomach in the worst form, and that it would not be many days before the end would come.

state, the doctor could scarcely credit the evidence of his senses; distinct relaxation seemed to come over the priest, and for the first time he saw the old pleasant expression of college days lighten his eyes. Then reverently Father William looked at the crucifix on the wall before him. 'Thank God!' he said

ating helplessness seemed to envelop where he had received the Sacra ment of Holy Orders. The good The faith scemed cold among his Sisters of the hospital found Father his serenity and almost joyous resig happiness with which he awaited

"And strange as it may seem Father William was happy. The quiet hospital; the low-voiced Sisters passing noiselessly up and down the corridor during the day; the courte ous doctors, who came so often to sit Scarcely an hour of the day passed priests who visited him frequently-

"One thing which gave him great consolation was the thought of the peaceful spot where he would rest when all was over-the priests' plot in the old cemetery where in under the shady trees during his summer vacation so long ago. Often he had strolled through it and had read the epitaphs of native priests of the town, who had labored in the vineyard of the Lord. More priests now rested in the plot, many of them his own personal friends. Soon he, too, would rest with them.

Shortly before his death, however, a change came over the pastor a veil of depression that shadowed his soul for nearly three days. Sisters, who most particularly noticed it, attributing his evident preoccupa tion to the thought of his approach ing death, were more solicitous than ever in their care of him.

But the Sisters had not correctly interpreted the change in the good priest's manner. Father William was not at all troubled at the thought of death. He was thinking of the dis course of Our Lord on the Good Shepherd-the discourse upon which he had meditated so often when contemplating the picture of the Good Shepherd, standing with a lamb on his arm amongst His flock. One passage kept recurring over and over again to him: 'And the hireling flieth, because he is a hireling, and he hath no care for the sheep.

Was it not the act of a hireling to wish to leave his flock, to be buried in the cemetery of his home town? Would not some of the prople, and him laid to rest in their own little the thoughts which troubled him. had so wished to be laid to rest in from his parish, which though small powers of the priesthood, according the priests' plot where so many of

When Sister St. Francis of Rom William seems troubled; his temper "During the first two years of his while kneeling in silence before the new pastorate Father Fitzpatrick tabernacle, almost overcome with the good priest sleeping peacefully; was a bewildered man; he had never awa and wonder at the stupendous there was a faint sweet smile on his awe and wonder at the stupendous there was a faint sweet smile on his thought that at his bidding Christ worn face. She stood looking at him for a few moments, and as she did so repeated his promise—he would she seemed to recall, with no effort always go wherever he would be on her part, the picture of the Good Shepherd walking with his flock, the change, because he had given him self to God to do His holy work, not his own.

Supplied water and to have a supplied to hang in the little sitting room in her father's home, far away by the sea. She wondered a little why she pen dropped from it, splashing little should be thinking of this now. Then Father William opened his eyes and smiled pleasantly. The depression had gone.

'Sister,' said the pastor, 'when I die. I wish to be buried with my people. 'Yes, Father,' said Sister simply.

"And so Father William brought back to the parish where he had been so tried during the past six years, and was buried in the little uncared for cemetery."

The young priest with the boyish manner had finished his story. At least, so I thought. Then, suddenly, he said: "Would you like to see

for the batter were coming over his flock. Always the children came regularly to Holy Communion

The young priest smiled. "Come,

vaited till long past the hour for the caught a glimpse of the village, with PERFUMES Holy sacrifice, but the pastor did not | the smoking chimneys of the factory come. There was no Mass that at the mines, which had begun oper ations again. We crossed the road morning.

"The doctor came—a classmate of and entered the little cemetery, now

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