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OF THE UNITED KINGDOM

BY MRS. INNES-BROWNE

CHAPTER X .- CONTINUED Your father will soon be here miss," said Masy, in her usual abrupt tone; but she eyed the girl keenly, as though wishful to know her real teelings on the subject.

'I believe so," was the quiet re-nder. "But, Mary," and the eyes Mary loved losked up at her earnestdon's you think mother is look ing very tired and ill? Today she has scarcely tasked food.

Mary banged her iron down with unnecessary force as she answered testily : " And how elee can she look. poor dear, seeing all she has come through ? And the Lord alone knows what may be in store for her yet.

"Father must have been a great trial to her, has he not?"

A fisce expression came over Mary's fase, and her lips looked almost bloodless, so tightly wers they pressed together, but they emitted no sound; she only shook her head meaningly from side to side, and the iron flow fast and furiously over the article under iv.

A long, loud ring at the door caused them both to start.

Here, take the iren, child, and go on with my work for a minute. I may be wanted," said the woman authoritatively; and stroking her white apron down with both hands, she walked soward the hall.

They heard a light step glids towards the front door and open it, and a loud voice exclaim, "Wel!, and a loud voice exclaim, Margaret, I am back again, you see, and am fine and tired, too. I hope you have got something good for dinner, for I am famished.

There were some soft, low words in reply; and then Mary advanced a faw steps farther into the narrow hall, and drew the door which separated it from the kitchen closer to. for she caught the words: little daughter is at home again,

Duncay, and she is so nice.' What is she doing here? This no place for her! Why did you is no place fer her! not leave her at school? She was much better where she was."

But she has finished her education, and I could not trespass longer upon Lady Abbess's kindness, She has not been home for three years. and she is taller than I am.'

Humph! I wonder what you are going to do with her, now that you have got het ?"

Mary saw that her services were not required, and waiting to hear no more, returned to the kitchen with an indignant air, and com-menced with more noise than neces-

tary to dish the dinner.
"Don't go into the room yet, Miss Madge; but mind that pot until I

The girl acquiesced quietly, feeling shy, and only too glad of any excuse to postpone for a time the dreaded meeting with her father : he had never taken much intérest in his children in their better days, and now she felt afraid of him. Mary had barried in sufficient of the meal for her master to commence upon, she turned to Madge and said kindly, " It I was you, miss, I'd go

Yes, perhaps I had better do so. But Mary noticed that the girl clasped and re clasped her hands together nervously.

"Thy grandfather was never aftered of no man," spoke Mary encouragingly. The broad Yorkehire would out at unguarded moments.

Then neither will I, for I have done no wrong!" and Masga moved rapidly forward. She fumbled a little in turning the door handle which caused both her parents to look up as she entered.

Ab, here is our little daughtar, Dancaz, the best girl in the world !'

said the mother proudly.
"Well, I shouldn't have known her." said Mr. FitzAllan dryly, and half rose to great his child. Madge, blushing painfally, walked awkwardly and kissed her father, then sank into the empty seat placed for her, saunned and shocked at the alteration she saw in that once fine handsome man. What could have caused the change? He who formerly was a pattern exteriorly of what a man should be, tall, upright, maniv and dignified in his bearing and carriage, had become fat, heavy, and coarse, with a decided downward stoop: his face was full and unhealthy looking, his features swollen, and his once proud eyes blood-shot and restless. The head that of old was covered with thick light brown curls was now almost bald, and the hair that fringed his upper lip was thin and scraggy. Madge duret not frame the word which rose to her lips as she looked upon him, though it was plainly depicted in every linea ment of his faces and echoed in his thick, unmusical voice. She felt she could almost choke as she ate her

dinner in silence. Well, how did you leave that haly concourse of virgins? — still looked up, I presume, in their melan-

Do you mean Lady Abbess and the nuns?" inquired Madge, looking up and eyeing her father coolly and

"Confusion take her eyes!" thought the man, 'why should she look at tarily opened the door wider, allow-me like that?" but he answered, ing Mary to enter. You may call them what you like,

Very willing ones then!" said s. FitzAllan: "but they are all raising the blind to see. What a sight the firmament presented to their gaze! Heavy drops old man died and left us." but they are prisoners." Mrs. FitzAllan : well, and have been more than kind to our child."

"Indeed they have," and a feverheart, a yearning desire to be back onco more in the dear old place, far Abbess. But it could not be, and the night wore on so slowly.

At her master's orders Mary reluc tantly placed spirits upon the table, and Mrs. FitzAllan's slight, graceful form hovered constantly around her husband, endeavoring to forestall his every wish. Once he drew her have forgiven him much when she down. saw the flush of pleasure which cheek dyed her mother's this slight attention. Mr. FitzAllan had filled and emptied his glass, far too frequently, when his

said, " Madge, dearte, sing to us. That was just what the girl most desired, some valve or opening through which she could discharge her already overwrought feelings. She rose, and without troubling to search for any music, seated herself at the piano, almost trembling with muc at the piano, almost trembling with much. rervous excitement. Quite out of France. kesping with the rest of the household furniture, this instrument alone was bandsome and good.

few wild chords she struck which vibrated loudly through the silsnt room and echced in the still street beyond; then to an air filled first with heart rending sadners, and then with bitter irony, she fitted the postsy of the "Tysant Maeter to his Helpless Captive;" and she did sing with all her soul! and the loud, tender, yet hopsless emotion expressed in her young voice seemed powtray to the listening inabriate. in flary and glaring characters, all the selfish and bitter wrongs he had wrought upon his wife and child.

"Margaret, Margaret, tell her to cease!" he almost shouted: "I will not listen to it. I hate it, and cannot endure her voice. It will goad me to extremities!"

Madge heard she words, but, taking them literally, unable to comprehend their real meaning. felt crushed and miserable. Evidently, she thought, her father did not love her, She rose slowly, and glancing towards the clock, discovered it was

Good-night, mother darling," she murmured in a broken voice, "I am tired."

The poor lady read her child's ent with the past.

and oh, do not judge too harshly !"

The poor girl kissed her father hurriedly, and almost ran out of the proceeded, and she detected the vein peace for my poor mistress. sounds like that." Then Mary fan- knave! out upon him! have to her chamber.

'There are things I neither can impatiently. nor will abide," said the woman defiantly, as she threw her work upon the table and rose to ker feet, "He shall not break that poor may only be remaining here on my cannot stand by and see the life and yet howher features are work

rumbling sounds seeming to arise she went and knelt at Mary's side, from all quarters of the compass at The large rough hand stroked t figure of Mary, standing with a look as she did so she hung her head of anger upon her face. She listened in shame. to the loud clap of thunder which that the storm was working rapidly mared falseringly. "O Mary! is it closer; then walking out of the not dreadful? I feel almost stunned kitcher, she followed Madge upstairs and gave a loud knock at her bed-

room door It was locked on the inside, but Madge, with a ferlorn and weary look upon her young face, turned the key and opened it, and holding the door in her hand, said, in a tedious, exhausted tona of voice

Well, Mary, what is it?' Another flash of lightning, fellowed by a long, loud peal of thunder, made the girl start, and she involun-

ing Mary to enter. I isn't sure whether or no your winder be fastened, miss," said the

of rain were beginning to fall, but ish light trembled in the girl's eyes, every now and again in rapid suc-for a terrible longing seized her cession the big black clouds were cession the big black clouds were rent asunder by bright, vivid, and zigzag flashes of lightning, lighting away from all this missay, her hands up for an instant with magnificent safely clasped again in those of Lady grandeur the hill upon which stands grandour the hill upon which stands the ancient castle, and playing with seemingly fend delight amongst its old battlements and towers.

The wet roofs of the houses and larger buildings gleamed and shone perceptibly with that phosphoric lurid glare peculiar to lightning.

For full five minutes they stood down to him and kissed her, and and watched intently the grand Madge felt that she could almost effect, and then Mary drew the blind

It's magnificant, but awful, is it at | not ?" asked Madge. Ay, indeed it is, miss; and it'll be worse afore it's done," she replied " But come, get into bed wife, hoping to divert his thoughts, you look fairly fagged out.'

It is useless; I could not sleep through all this noise." What odds? It will rest you child, and I will stay with you

But really, Mary, I am not afraid; lightning does not alarm me We had fearful storms in Maybe I'm a bit scared meself

though. May I stay, miss?"
"By all means. Shall I read to you? It might divert your mind and prevent you from listening too

intently. Lor', no! I'd much rather you got into bed, bairn, and I'll sit and look at thy grandfaither;" and with out more ado she drew one of the faded old chairs in front of the pic ture, and seated herself moon it gazing with a look of intense and sad regret at the honest and well. remembered features of her old master. Every now and again she furtive glances from beneath her heavy eyebrows towards Madge, endeavoring to ascertain if she appeared less despendent and more cheerful.

"Well," thought the girl, "she's determined to remain; I might as well make the best of it;" and she began to undress slowly. She threw over her the old but pretty blue and white school dressing gown, and lingered long over the heavy chest-nut tresses, brushing them until and had no regard for her feelings. they shone like threads of burnished gold. Still the storm raged without. and Mary sat still and speechless.

The softest part of the weman's nature was touched, as she looked from the girl to the picture of har grandfather, and compared the pres-

heart aright, and knew that she felt disappointed and unhappy. She draw the girl's head down to her. traitor, calmly watching things go impressed a fond kiss upon each hot and burning cheek.

on as they have done; and yet what can I do? If I were to interfere in "God bless you, poor child!" she the slightest, and try to right things whispered. "Try to bear up, Madge; or give him my mind, as often I long to do, why, he would only hate me worse than he does. Not that that would put me about much; but room. There was one member of what is worse, he would order me off thas household who saw and at once, and then who would mind heard a great deal, but whose custom it was to say little, and this was and her bairn, both of them so deli-Mary. Seated at a table in her cately reared and unfit to rough kitchen sewing, she had heard the things? No. no," she mentally consong begin, and had stayed her cluded, "I must e'en stay as I am. needle to listen in admiration and and serve them as faithfully as I wonder at the strength and power of can. But, dear! dear! so long as he the young voice; then, as the song lives there seems small hopes of hopeless sorrow expressed so well may he hate me," she muttered plainly in those sad and melancholy to herself. "He knows quite well strains, her needle, urged by the that I overheard him swear to my power of the big steel thimble, flew old master, and promise most more rapidly through her work, and solemnly that he would never touch she said aloud, "It would fair burst | nor deprive his wife of a penny of the heart of any mortal listening to her own private fortune. The false I've no ciad she heard her master's voice patience with his base selfishness. What's the matter with the Episcopal speaking in loud and angry tones; He should have had the likes of Church? Isn's it good enough for after which the singer abruptly me to deal with, instead of that us? The best people belou ceased, leaving all in silence. She sweet, forgiving wife of his, whose They're contented. So am I. knew it was Madge, who seen after hurriedly closed the deor behind her, and scarce pausing a moment to seize her cardle, flew like a hunted scarce hunted with a hunted scarce hunted with a hunted seize her cardle, flew like a feather seize has cardle for the like. We have a feather seize her cardle, flew like a feather seize her cardle, flew like a hunted seize her cardle, flew like a feather seize her cardle for the feather seize Mary clenched her hands and sighed

inch by inch, but the Lord knows I even thinking of the storm herself; crushed out of Miss Madge, even it it ing! but I am certain it is not by comes to a stand up fight between fear that she is moved. Poer bluff bim and me."

Mary, you cannot be as sad as I am, It had been thundering at inter- for my heart is breaking." Leaving vals during the last hour, the low her hair locsely flowing around her,

The large rough hand stroked the once, as though several storms were chestout hair almost reversative and hovering around. A vivid flash of though the faithful heart beat faster, lightning lis up the kitchen for an instant, reflecting brilliantly upon the brightly polished tins and steel sat s lent. At last Madge spake, but and revealing the tall it was almost in a whisper, and

"How long will father remain followed, and which proved to her downstairs like that?" she stamwith sorrow and despondency," and the poor girl drew the woman's rough hand across her forehead, and pressed her weary head upon it.

"Poor lamb, poor lamb, and you so young and fair! but the Lord is merciful, Miss Madge," and Mary rocked her body to and fro, and drew her disengaged hand across her eyes. She could not endure to see that girlish form crushed and bent in such hopeless misery before "Oh, that I were learned, and her. knew the right thing to say!" she moaned inwardly; "but words ceme slowly to me, and I feel naught less than an old feel."

"How long have things gene on like this ?" asked the girl timidly. "More or less ever since the dear

"Is there no hope that he will ever be cured ?

"Ah me ! little, I fear me, miss." "O Mary! small wonder mother looks so careworn and ill; and we must go on like this, without one spark of comfort, or one faint ray or glimmer of hope !'

Again no reply, only the big brown hand was once more drawn swiftly across the woman's eyes, whilst the other lingered fondly amongst the

But all the while a strong, firm bond of sympathy was being knit between those two hearts, which time would strengthen, as they mutely confessed their sorrow to each other.

Mary had loved her old master

faithfully and well; she loved her mistress for his sake, as well as for her true unselfishness and many noble, womanly virtues; and now she loved this child for both bosh their sakes, and yearned and longed to shield her from suffering and sorrow; but it was foreign to the nature or inclinations to make a show of her feelinge, and she felt at present almost ashamed of her little weakness, and resolved to be

firm and draw herself together. There was a pause, and during it the sound of a bell, rung sharply, was distinctly heard.

There ! did you hear that, miss ? My lady wants ms - I know her ring;" and Mary rose, but paused to beseechingly, 'Peomise me you won't first nor cry, miss. What good can it do ? It will not mend matters, and will only make you ill." She lingered in order to catch the g rl's

It came in slow, desponding tones : Go and see what mother wasts. I do not think I shall free tonight." For years afterwards the shought of that night always made Madge shudder: she never forgot is: it seemed as a crisis or furning-point in her life, when she sprang with one huge but firm bound from the confines of happy girlhood to the seemingly dark and unknown regions of wemanheed; when she left behind her all her sweet but feelish girlish fancies and tears, and leavned to sigh and wasp with the full strength and knowledge of a

TO BE CONTINUED

HIS DANGEROUS FIANCEE

"After all, it's simply a question of common sense. I'll consider it for a few months, then I'll decide one way or the other. If at the end of that time I tkink as I do now, I must become a Catholic," said Christine Bent to David Steale. "And I want this sattled before wa're married. Christine was tall, vigorous and devoted to outdoor life. She was hardly less active mentally. She read

largely and widely.
David Steele was stout and inclined to be easy going except in business matters where he was quick and vital as a hunter on a He possessed the narrow trail. imagination that smiles at books. Christine's ardent imagination had been fixed by a Catholic book, a novel hot from the heart of its anthor The book had aroused her curiosity and set her exploring Catholic liter. ature to discover the principles of Catholic faith. She had read yore ciously and had now reached the crossroads. She was considering the Roman way.

"Christine, I can't agree with you. us? The best people belong to it.

Well, look at Catholics. We knew what they are. Honestly, Christine, I can't take you seriously." He

smiled again.

"Yes, look at them," replied Christine. warming up. "Just look around and see what they've done. baisn's heart, as he has done her account, thinking I should feel around and see what they've done. mother's. I have watched her die afraid to be alone. I doubt if she is Look at the self-sacrifice of their martyrs and-

Don's forget the saints, Christine," with balt veiled sarcasm.
"Don't they stand for fidelity to bigh ideals, courses of deep convic-

'Don't raise vour voice, Christine Don's be too enthusiastic.' "I want you to promise me som

"Christine, you're full of surprises. That's one meason why you're so adorable. What is it?"

I want you to do some reading. You have never read even one book on the subject. I'll land you some. Read them as if they contained business knowledge, carefully and thoughtfully.' That's asking a great deal of me,

Christine, a very great deal." But the subject's worth a great deal of thought. It's vital, David." Lister, Christine. Sarious books bore me. I wonder if you know how much they bore me.'

Business doesn't bore you." "Naturally. Business is my vocation and avocation." Then make the books I want you

to read a business."
"Are you trying to make a Catho-"Are you trying to make a Catho-lic of me, Christine?" looking at her happened to the trusts? When a steadily. "I am trying to get you to look at out!" the other side of the question. "I

finish. "I like your nerve, David," Chris-

tine remarked teasingly. A month later Christine's mother, Mrs. Bent, made a special afternoon call on David's mother, Mrs. Steele. Christine had been freely airing her views on Catholicism. ("It will do no harm," she thought.) And she had begun to attend High Mass. Hence her mother had determined to ascertain how David's mother felt on

the subject. Has David ever mentioned Christine's latest fad, Mrs. Steele?" she aaked Mrs. Steele looked puzzled. "Why,

The next moment Mrs. Bent caught sight of a book on the table, a book with a Catholic title.

Why, there's one of her books on the subject!" she exclaimed.
"Ob, that," remarked Mrs. Steele "David's been dipping indifferently. info. Seems to send him to sleep

nothing about Christine's interest in the Roman Church ?" Once more Mrs. Steele leoked puz-Why, no, ke has not! But why take it so seriously? Can you imagine Christine a Roman Catholic

can's. She's far too much up to Just what I told her. I hirted plainly that the Protestant church

marched with the times.

How did she take it?' "Why, she merely said that she'd been to a Roman Catholic service and was much interested "

Was that all she said?" "It was. This morning I went into her room, and I found a number of Catholie books there."

Mss. Steele leaned back and reflacted a moment. "It's that read-ing habit. I am afraid it will get her into trouble one of these days. "I wouldn't wersy about all this, bus you see. Christine has a way of taking seriously the things in which she's interested. If she thinks the Roman Catholics are right -- well, that will satula it.

I sather admirs her for that. It shows force of character," said Mrs.

'Oh, I dars say !" said Mrs. Bent, it alse indicates selfishness. It's wonderful, indeed, what some people are capable of when they got ideas, timidity : Family ties? Why, they might just as well not exist." It's almost wisked," commented

Mrs. Steele. How do you suppess David will take it if Christine decides to join the Romanists ?" For a moment Mrs. Steele's face

serious concern. Oh, I think he'll be reasonable." 'Do you?" said Mrs. Bent with surprise. "What makes you think Because ha's a business man.'

"But do you think that David would also become a Roman Catho Or do you think he'd stand for it it Christine did?" Mrs. Steele smiled. "I've never

heard kim express the least interest in religion. I knew he erefers our church. He's comfortable in it." Mrs. Bent stood up to go. "Well, I'm worried. Why can't people be to what we commonly call the super

satisfied with a good thing and not try expariments!" Now, don't borrow trouble." said

Christine had confidence in David's business sense; she hoped that it would lead him to clear deductions from the Catholic literature she had given him to read. Her own read-

and satisfaction. Six weeks later, walking with him on Sunday afternoon in the park, Obristine was surprised to hear David say he had finished reading

resolution had brought her peace

"My, but I'm tired! Let's sit down on this seat, Christine." Tired? You don't look it. "Oh, I den't mean physically. It's

those books !" Christine laughed. "I can put you on to stiffer things. There's—"
"For pity's sake Christine, don't you dare to do it."

Anyway, what do you think of the books? They'se rather persuasive."

Of course." And Jesuitical!" So that's where you are! David, didn't think you would use that phrase. It's cheap; it belongs to the you're a dear, but you're as ingenuous as a lamb. You asked me to read these

Yet you have used a word that is nothing more than a sneer.' There was a moment of silence. David seemed ill at ease.

Is that all you have to say

Christine asked quietly. Christine, the Roman Catholic Church as I find it in these books is too perfect. It's a machine. dyname, each wheel and ceg fitting to perfection and sat to work in a

huge power house."
"What has that to do with the truth of the Church?" "Simply this: Machines machine is too perfect, then watch

"I want you to listen to what I That's fair, isn't is? You don't know that Catholic side."

"I want you to listen to what I have to say, David. I have no doubt which is the true Church. All my their mirth, their sly ridicule, which is the true Church. All my their frank careasm. On every pee life I've been like a child about religion. I've played with it like a tep ligion. I've played with it like a tep lanes or in their frank careasm. As long as the Brooklyn Bridge."

"Good Heavens! I can see my understand it now. I used to be satisfied with the personal doctrines of curates and rectors. Now I know the Truth."

There was complete silence for some minutes. David was too much astonished to find ready words. Do you know what you are doing Christine? Do you realize what this may mean?

She nodded. If you take this step it may lead to family trouble, it may be none too pleasant for you socially. May not much of whall you've said have been largely due to emotion? Emotion is poor drug for business.' Isn't business frequently a ques

tion of nerve?' I'm not an idealist, Christine, and I'm not the least bit religions. The eternal hills are not my strong point and the stars don't make me think as effectively as does the stock market. What I want to know is, are you going to give me any consideration re you going to change your

faith? Yes," Christine replied firmly. I am going to become a Catholic." David gave a start. For the first time he was convinced that she had meant all that she had said.

Do you expect me to become Catholic too?' he asked with a tinge of hardness. 'I expect you to follow your con

ecience. Don't imagine that Catholic Church is going to make me absurd. Can't you see that I'll be an improved Christine and make a better wife?"

As if I wanted you any better than you are !"
She looked at him and smiled.

What a delightful boy it is!' He noted the tender expression of her face and a great wave of tender ness went over him. Then a frightening thought seized him: It he lost her! If religion should take her away, what would life be for

My dear, my dear," he said, and there was a little quiver in his voice, do just what you will."

She looked up at him with sur-rise. Her hand sought his and pressed it warmly. That night David told his mother of Christine's decision. At first the was astonished, almost dismayed.

Presently she ventured with gentle

"It won't make any difference in your affection for the dear child, David ?'

Why, surely not, mother. Why should it ?" And-and," she paused a littledon't you see the risk you run of having her convert you? Have you

considered it, David ? David steeped and kissed his mother's cheek. Whatever Christine does is right," he said with a smile .-- C

Decker in the Magnificat. DISCOURTESY AND

UNBELIEF

When a men turns from Christianity, he gives up, of course, all claims natural virtues. Faith dims its light: hope withdraws its warmth and consolation; charity banks its Mrs. Steele soothingly. "It'll all fires in his heart. That, we expect; come out right in the end." and that he faces with equable mind. But there seems to be no adequate reason why he should at the same time give up the natural virtues as well. Yet it cannot but strike those who have met and walked with un ing had given her a tonic enthusiasm | believers, especially with those who for Catholicism, and she was re-solved to enter the Church. The faith, how often they seem to have have believed and thrown away their lost the one natural virtue without which human intercourse becomes a grinding of unoiled gears and unlub ricated wheels. Why have so many

unbelievers so little courtesy?

Surely in your reading you have met them : The facile writer, one a Catholic -- Joseph McCabe, example -- who can be thoughtfully attentive to the preacher of Buddhism and considerate to the latest expenent of Spiritism, or of some unknown god, but who will start to laugh when someone mentions Christianity. The unbelieving geologist will desert his rocks and fessils for no other reason in the world than to turn his little hammer egainst Him whom the Christian helds to be his Creator. The surgeon will leave his operating table; and as he sits down to write his new discovery, will pause to dive his scalpal dasp immertal soul preached and believed ignerant street cerzer ranter. David in by Christianity. Let the un believer discuss history or cookery ke will find in the discussion place to exceriate the monks for their absorption of the boat minds and the books in a business mauner. I did best food of their age. Talk of ant leads him to slap the Popes for "dragging" the artists of the Renais sance to Rome; talk of science call forth the taunt that Christienity is the great muzzle that has gagger learning since the days of Peter. anything and everything the unbeliever can find reason and matter for what is at least marked discourtesy toward the Church in which he pro

fesses thoroughly to dishe leve. The unbelievers of literary impor tance are fellowed by a host of petty imisators whose discourtesv is exact y proportioned to their ignorance What we poor, misguided Cathelics have to stand from our acquaintances who have turned from the darkness of faith to the light of unbelief! We are the objects of their our hames or in their homes, they it was a piece of pretty sentiment.

I never before understood it, but I fling the absurdity, the falseness, the BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS

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