Copyright 1922 By The Bobbs-Merrill Compa lis-New York, U. S. A. THE INHERITANCE OF JEAN TROUVE

BY NEVIL HENSHAW BOOK TWO.-BAYOU PORTAGE

CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED It was discouraging to say the least. Evidently, if I wished to gain the attention of my listeners, I must employ some incident less trival than a duck hunt. Abandoning adventure number one, I entered abruptly upon adventure number

two.
"Also I came near shooting something else," I went on. And I added desperately, after waiting in vain or some word of encouragement, It was a man who sought to rob ne of my bag."
This time I had the satisfaction of

provoking the partners to a mild show of interest. Removing their pipes they uttered an inquiring, "Well, Jean?"

Thus encouraged I lost little time in beginning my story, to the first part of which the partners listened with an air of patient resignation. Monsieur Dugas appeared upon the scene, however, they became all attention, leaning forward from the door-sill, and exchanging significant glances. Yet, despite their ever-increasing interest, they held their peace leaving me to gasp out my last breathless word unin-

"So," commented Dalfrey when this was accomplished. "And you say that Dugas was bound down-

Yes, M'sieu," I replied. "But ne did not get so much as a feather. If you do not believe me I will show you the ducks. They are both at me upon the table.

Yes, yes," agreed Dalfrey, dismissing not only the ducks but my whole part in the affair with one wave of his hand. "That is all say that he went down-stream. Now for the load in his boat. What you saw of it was all casks

Yes, M'sieu," I repeated. "But that was no reason for him to rob me of my bag."
"Of course," assented Dalfrey,

this time a trifle impatiently. "And now we come to Dugas' words. He That it might have been worse -much worse. That they might have got wind of him and sent a

nan," I supplied.
At this Dalfrey frowned thoughtfully, turning to his partner. "You see?" he questioned. Borges nodded his

his under-That would mean M'sieu the General, of course?'
'Exactly,' ag

agreed Dalfrey. "This settles it as far as what we have heard is concerned. Suppose

To this Borges replied with a second nod, whereupon, resuming ously. their pipes and their positions Dro be misunderstood. The interview was over, and I now had my choice eping on after Toinette, or of

Yet, when having chosen the latter course I turned back toward the hut, it was with a strange lack of chagrin. True, I had at first been justly incensed by Dalfrey's curt dismissal of my part in the affair, but Borges had changed all this. His "That would mean M'sieu" that I did not know. Tante Odlie told me everything, just as the partners told it to her. It is like a story—a story that ends badly. Out there, where you were, in the prairie, Monsieur Dugas had a coffee-house. It was a bad coffee-house. It was a bad coffee-house and in time the tale of it.

a mystery that sent me home in up. Instead he turned his coffee-house into a store, and inside that irksome than the one that had driven me forth. Before I had a smaller one. This also came in merely bubbled over with excite-ment. Now 1 found myself in a General and the law. It is hard ment. Now I found myself in a torment of useless speculation. The General and Monsieur Dugas! How strangely these arch enemies had been brought to my attention that been brought to my attention that the law, when you defy it. Not only was M'sieu Dugas punished; he was told that never again at any place could he have another coffeeday. Was this a warning? Could it be that I was in danger of the two again

True, I had conquered the store-General were working together against me? In that event I was far from being as safe as I had

On the other nand, and the one Dugas had feared that some one houses."

Houses."

Just the same he will be caught "Just the same he will be caught." On the other hand, Monsieur clared that this some one was the If this were true I had little to fear from a combination of

So engrossed was I in this tangle

pair! Cabout it.'

auspicious circumstances. Yet some-how I could not rise to the occasion. | as I pieced together the events of the day.

falling into the bayou each time. A little more and you will be a duck yourself. Come, eat your breakfast before you begin all over again. I should have known that you were half starved."

Here were the starts, my body, even my name. And now they were preparing to strike again, this time through the weakness of Papa Ton.

CHAPTER XI.

Having eaten I once more took up my tale, telling of my defiance of onsieur Dugas, and my fear that I might come into his power again. Of the General and his possible nection with the affair I said not Should I enter upon this theme I might, in an unguarded moment, give myself completely away.

Toinette heard me out with an attention that was plainly born of to be brief. anxiety

"This is bad Jean," said she when I had finished. "It is worse than bad if it means what I fear it does. No," she went on swiftly at my look of dismay. "I am not speaking of you. You are safe here, Jean. There is not a soul in this camp who would see you come to It is of Papa Ton that I am thinking.

Then you know something yourself ' I questioned. "Only this," she replied.
Always M'sieu Dugas has meant But I will find out when the partners return. I will go to Tante Odile. She will tell me even

Jean. This is Christmas, and it is our duty to be happy. wave of his hand. "That is all right about that. What I wish to determine is Dugas' business. You may explore. Take the gun also, may explore. Take the gun also, and perhaps the good Saint will for Papa Ton's return.'

So Toinette flashed from grave to gay, and if throughout the long tramp of the afternoon she was again haunted by her fear of impending disaster, she made no sign. Indeed, never had I seen her so quick, se bright, so wholly enchanting. Making the most of our holiday and a dry season, we persevered into the very heart of the winter marsh, yet even its bleak desolation was touched to life and beauty beneath the magic of her fancy.

It was not until we returned a dusk and paused before the door of the hut that Toinette again referred to the menace of Monsieur Dugas. And even then it was only a brief, "Now for Tante Odile," flung back at me as she hurried away.

She was gone a long time, and when she joined me before the builtnow that, after dinner, we run down to the lower camp and see for our-place to a weary fortitude, pitiful in one of her years.
"Well?" I questioned anxi-

Dropping down beside me. Toinette against the door-sill, the partners held out her hands to the welcome warmth. It had turned sharply cold at nightfall, for the wind was blowing up from the north. "It is as I feared, Jean," said she

returning whence I had come.
Yet, when having chosen the that I did not know. Tante Odile

this. His "That would mean M'sieu the General of course," had instantly came to the ears of the great M'sieu the General of course, 'had instantly turned my resentment into a vast and overwhelming curiosity. Then there was Dalfrey's mention of an unknown something that my tale had settled, and his suggestion of a visit to the lower camp.

Altogether I had stumbled upon a mystery that sent me home in the came to the ears of the great M'sieu the General who lives on the hill next the bridge. That was enough for M'sieu the General who lives on the hill next the bridge. That was enough to M'sieu the General who lives on the hill next the bridge. That was enough to M'sieu the General who lives on the hill next the bridge. That was enough to M'sieu the General who lives on the hill next the bridge. That was enough to M'sieu the General who lives on the hill next the bridge. That was enough to M'sieu the General who lives on the hill next the bridge. That was enough to M'sieu the General who lives on the hill next the bridge. That was enough to M'sieu the General who lives on the hill next the bridge. That was enough to M'sieu the General who lives on the hill next the bridge. That was enough to M'sieu the General who lives on the hill next the bridge. That was enough to M'sieu the General who lives on the hill next the bridge. That was enough to M'sieu the General who lives on the hill next the bridge. That was enough to M'sieu the General who lives on the hill next the bridge. That was enough to M'sieu the General who lives on the hill next the bridge. That was enough to M'sieu the General who lives on the hill next the bridge. That was enough to M'sieu the General who lives on the hill next the bridge. That was enough to M'sieu the General who lives on the hill next the bridge. The bridge is the bridge in the General who lives on the hill next the bridge. The bridge is the bridge in the General who lives on the hill next the bridge. The bridge is the bridge is the bridge in the bridge is the bridge in the bridge is the bridge

house

"But he is shrewd, this M'sieu sin?

I had conquered the storebut what if he and the but what if he and the but what if he are to store but what if he are to store the law, the General, despite even the law, the General, despite even the law, the General, despite even the law, the General continues in the marks. he has come out here in the marsh to make another try. That was where he was going this morning, Jean. Already he is settled at the camp below in the largest of the

again," I predicted confidently. Toinette shook her head.

"No, Jean," said she. "There is little chance of it. The marsh is wide and far away. The law will not care, nor will M'sieu the General Liting to the control of the contro

poule d'eau or perhaps a little black diver. But French ducks, and a pair! Come, you must tell me all smoke that more than once I was forced to seek Papa Ton's remedy My moment had arrived, nor could it have been ushered in under more Yet I sat on, my weariness forgotten

Combined with the problem of Monsieur Dugas was a sense of anticlimax which began so vague and rambling an account of the morning's sport that Toinette finally backet in form the stagnation of the rue Bourbon, and had set me down broke in in frank impatience.
"Hold, Jean," she cried. "Already you have made three starts.
"marsh. They had change
my body, even my name. amid the ceaseless activity of the They had changed my mind,

IN WHICH A YEAR IS MADE TO PASS AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE

Of Papa Ton's return, of the year that followed at Bayou Portage, it is neither easy nor pleasant to write. Also I fear that, as yet, my tale has held far more shadow than sunshine. Therefore, for the sake of those who have borne with me thus far, as well as my own, I will strive

"Ah, Toinette, Toinette, what can I say to you?" he cried as he crept overside. "It was just like crept overside. the last time, only worse. And through it all I thought of you so that I had to keep on and on to drive away my shame. It is always your As for Papa Ton, I can say of him that I had to keep on and on to direct away my shame. It is always your face that I see at the bottom of the face that I see at the bottom of the that through all that bitter time never once did he cause our love to Always he was kind and

And Toinette, her eyes a blur of love and pity, could only grip him hard about his great neck and answer, "Bien, Papa Ton. You are back again at any rate. though I am not grown. And now you now and to be let us forget it all for the time, yourself once more. you now and to bed until you are often cry. Slinking to the hut, obediently and

dead for two nights and a day. At the end of this time he arose and, having gulped down an enormo meal, resumed the burden of the marsh At sight of my skins he was loud

in his praises, declaring that he, himself, could have done no better. Also he insisted upon dividing with ight not witness the emotion born | turned of his gratitude.
"Good, Jean," he gulped. "Be

lieve me, I will not soon forget this. remember, we are partners once the debts are paid. It is your Of his carouse he spoke but once

yet there was a sermon in his few fierce words.
"You have seen?" he questioned, the first moment that we were alone together. "Then do not forget. If ever you would drink, fill your first glass with poison itself. That will be quicker for you, and better

for the ones you love. For a time Papa Ton spared his broken spirit no single stroke from the twin scourges of remorse and shame. Never before had I known him so tender, so humble, so grateful for the slightest favor. He was like a child who, having committed | tude an unnoticed fault, is divided be tween wonder and gratitude at the punishment withheld. Also, as in the case of his former defection, he performed prodigies of work, harrying the marsh until the last penny

supplies.

It is to these days of contrition and endeavor that I love best to look back when I think of Papa Ton. Childish always, he at that time became literally our charge. Indeed, so great was his bewilder-ment, his indecision, that, had we not ordered him about, I doubt that he would have got beyond a vague and hopeless groping after the solu-tion of his many difficulties. So these first weeks of the new year passed amid an atmosphere of love and pity which, despite our endless need, made them the happiest that I had known at Bayou Portage.

Then, his debts paid, and his system cleansed of the poisons of the mainland, Papa Ton began to develop his old restlessness and instability of purpose. All along he had refrained religiously from any mention of the camp below. Now, unconsciously, his thoughts began to slip the leash of his determination.

mination. "So, Jean," he observed one night. "I hear that we have a new-comer in the person of your friend, M'sieu Dugas." A few days later he remarked, "They say that it is quite a place at the lower camp. Bien, I must see for myself. Not as

So engrossed was I in this tangle of conjectures that when Toinette arrived laden with supplies, I became aware of her presence only when she called to me from the doorway.

"Come, Jean," she cried. "Wake up and help me with this load. A slip, a drop, and where will your Christmas dinner be?"

She paused, catching sight of my prizes, and hurried forward; her heaped-up pyramid of pots and pans swaying precariously.

"Ducks, Jean!" she cried. "Now

"Ducks, Jean!" she cried. "Now

not care, nor will M'sieu the General. It is not worth while.

"No, Jean, M'sieu Dugas will stay on at Papa Ton's very elbow. All day and every day he will be waiting there just below, like a spider in its web."

She choked back a sob, and her voice rose in sudden fierce defense of her loved one.

"It is not fair, it is not just," she cried. "Papa Ton tries, he were warnings not to be disregarded, and in our despair we sent for Le Bossu. Had he come at once it is possible that the danger might temporarily have been averted. But by the time the little man's answer arrived telling of an expedition to Lake Tasse and the obligation of a newly formed partnership, Papa Ton had stolen off for a three days' stay at the lower camp. Upon his return there was another debt, a debt that must be paid at once. This necessitated a second trip below, and a subse-"Ducks, Jean!" she cried. "Now indeed will we have a dinner. When I found you had gone and the old gun with you, I hoped for a will become of us now?"

But this was a question that I could not answer, although I kept watch with the driftwood long after Toinette and I were aghast. It was even worse than we had feared.

After this we settled down to a mean daily Communion for you Monsieur Dugas. Always was for whom did I mean it? Eh. opeless fight against the rapacity Toinette scrimping and saving, always was I tramping the marsh for skins that melted away down-stream. And always Monsieur Dugas reached out for more, grudging us the very food that went into

mouths At first Papa Ton held rigidly to our partnership, so that there was always my share of the skins to fall back upon. But so impatient a creditor was Monsieur Dugas, and so piteous was the big man's need, that soon I began lending a skin or two to complete the required amount. The result of this was inevitable. Each time the amount increased until the catch began to

Now if I have made it appear that Monsieur Dugas was solely responsible for our misfortune, I am fully justified. Each step of Papa Ton's downfall went further to convince me that it was not the big man's fault. As Toinette always said, he ant well and tried hard. had Monsieur Dugas merely let him alone, I doubt that his case would have been so desperate.

But Monsieur Dugas had not Three days after Christmas Papa served his secret bar for nothing. Ton returned, disheveled, ill, and In the art of temptation he was a past master. Did Papa poisoned and repentant, stay from below a week, up would come a present in the shape of a small bottle. Once that bottle had been drained the big man was beyond all

gentle, and the love that he returned us was like some living thing. was the pity of it, the pity that well-nigh broke our hearts.

"Ah, Jean, Jean," Toinette would ten cry. "If he would only beat us! Then we might hate him, and it would not be so hard. What are silence, the big man lay as one skins and food compared to his love ?

TO BE CONTINUED

HIS PROBLEM

With a contented grunt, Barney Callaghan settled himself snugly in the big armchair which fitted so well me equally a thing which I stoutly refused to allow. In the end he gave in, turning his back that I frank, manly affection in the look he upon his pastor when he enquired

Well, Father Casey, how are you this evening ?" "Discouraged," was the unex-pected rejoinder, "discouraged and disheartened."

Barney shot bolt upright from the cushions among which he had been at such pains to ensconce himself his two companions, also, Dave O'Keefe and Dick Tracy, started as though they had touched a live wire and turned towards the priest in surprise and inquiry.

O'Keefe murmured something about "sincerely regretting," but that was too formal and too unsatisfying for the impetuous

'Why, what's up, Father? What are you discouraged about? asked in tones full of honest solici-

"About you young men."
"About us? What did we do." "It isn't what you do, it is what vou don't do 'Then, what don't we do?"

"You don't-in spite of all my urging-you don't become Catho-"What do you mean, Father Tim?"

queried Dave. "Catholic!" cried Barney, "why, I'm so Catholic that I—I firmly be-lieve that, if a drop of Protestant blood were injected into my veins it would poison me. Do you believe all the Catholic

Church teaches?' Half in jest and half in earnest, the three shouted in chorus, the words of the last renewal of baptismal vows.

Then why, in the name of goodness, don't you practice what you believe?"
"We always go to Mass on Sun-

day," said Tracy.
"And say our morning and night

rayers," said O'Keefe.

"And abstain from meat on Friday," added Callaghan.

"That is all very well," declared the priest, "but what about the great, all-important act of practical Catholicism, Holy Communion? "I have received at least four times already this year," said Dick.

"I make it a point to receive once a month," said the methodical 'And you, Barney ?" "Why, I go every once in a while. You know, Father. You see me

there."
"That is enough to show you be lieve in Holy Communion—which makes my problem only the more difficult. 'Communion each month.'

He has solemnly declared that everybody without exception should receive daily if possible and that 'Communion every once in a while.'
Why such Hebrew bargaining with
God? Why don't you receive

daily?"
"Ah, Father Tim, you know you
"Ah, Father Tim, you know you wouldn't expect us young fellows to receive Holy Communion daily." "My boy, I would expect it, and I did expect it, and I am disheart-ened and discouraged that you don't do it. You heard all those sermons I preached on the value and importance of daily Communion, didn't

"Sure, Father. But you didn't mean that for us." "For whom then did I mean it?" demanded the priest. There was no reply

"Come," he urged, "if I didn't

"For-for-Oh, I guess for some of those good young girls or for the old people that go to Mass every day."
"Why for them, and not for

"They can get there every morning; we can't."
"Old Widow Curran or one of

those frail delicate girls can come to Mass on a bitter, cold morning. and you can't! Shame on you. "But we have to work. "So do they."
"But, Father," objected Barney

we have to be at work on time. just barely make it now. It would be absolutely out of the question for me to go to Mass and Communion and then come home and get my breakfast. Why, it would be noon before I got to the plant. "I marvel you can hold a book

keeper's position there, Barney, if that is all you know about figures. Keep you till noon! Nonsense! Listen: Get up at 6:15. Be in church and receive Communion during the 6:30 Mass. It will be finished about 6:55. That lets you get back, eat breakfast, and be ready to leave home by 7:40.' "That would mean, crawl out

every morning at 6:15. the Seven Sleepers, that's too much for me "That little stenographer, Maud

Curtin, does it. You are big enough to make ten of her. Neither do you look like an invalid." "I guess she goes to roost in time to get a night's sleep. So could you

"Oh, gee! a fellow has got to have some fun. "Surely, as long as it does not in-

terfere with something of supreme importance in his career. If you had a high salaried position in the man agement of the plant which would require your rising daily at 6:15, you would rise at 6:15 and think no more about it, I know you boys well enough for that. Therefore, it is from daily Communion."
"We are not fit," said Dick.
"That's the real reason."

"A worthless reason," returned Father Casey. "For that matter, nobody is fit. Our Divine Saviour knew that when He instituted the Blessed Eucharist and commanded us to receive it. He requires but things when we receive this great Gift : that we be in the state of grace and have a good intention. There is one, and only one, sufficient reason that keeps you boys

away. You need not try to mislead me. I know what it is." "What?" 'You simply don't want to." For a few moments the young men said nothing. Then O'Keefe, who had been leaning carelessly against the mantlepiece, drew a chair near the priest, sat down quietly, and

said "Father Tim, I see you are in earnest. But what you say gives me a decided shock. Is it possible you mean we fellows should go to

Communion every day?"
"There is not the slightest doubt about it, my boy.' 'Father, I accept your word as

But it is so much at variance with the view I have always held that I find it hard to adjust my mind to it. Would you explain the whole matter to us?"

"Gladly," returned the priest. "Receiving Holy Communion is re-ceiving God into your own body. It seems almost irreverance to to describe such a wonderful operation of divine love with such poor halting words. Only in silent prayer and deep thought can we catch some faint idea of what this means. Jesus desires you to receive this sublime sacrament every day. Try to grasp what I say; Jesus Christ, the great God of heaven and earth, wants you to communicate daily. He not only wants you to do something-He wants you to permit Him to do something—He wants you to permit Him to get near you -to unite Himself with you in that most intimate union, which, in His love for you, He seeks and craves.
Would it be possible to find, in heaven or on earth, a reason stronger than this?"

"But does He want this of every-body—even of us?" "He wants it of everybody, even

of you."
"You took me up a minute ago for saying we are not fit. But, Father, it surely looks to me that we are not fit to communicate

daily "
"Listen," said the priest, "there was formerly a great deal of misunderstanding on that point. The Pope, the visible representative of Jesus Christ on earth, has spoken and the question is settled forever receive daily if possible and that only two conditions are required to make one fit, first to be free from mortal sin, and secondly, to have a

good intention."
"Father," said Barney, "it is a hard thing to do. However, if God desires it of me, I don't want to be a coward and refuse because it is hard. But isn't it almost impossible

for young fellows like us?"

"You mean getting up so early
every morning?"

"Oh, no; I think I'm man enough in the treatment of all skin troubles bathe freely with Cuticura Soap and not water. Dry gently and apply to do that. It's the constant restraint. uticura Ointme

'Restraint in what?" "Father, I'll be plain. Here, for example, I fall in with a crowd of fellows and they get telling shady ARCHITECTS

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