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A STORY OF EVERY DAY LIFE

BY MRS. CLARA M. THOMPSON CHAPTER XV.

INGLEWOOD During Rosine's visit to Hawthorndean, which we have mentioned in a previous chapter, a letter was received by Colonel Hartland from

Mrs. Benton, a letter written during her husband's severe illness; it meked advice in view of the physician's expressed opinion that Mr. Benton's constitution could never endure the abor of farm life in that climate. To whom could she so readily turn for counsel as to him who so sacrificed himself for them in their ex Bad news ?" inquired Mrs. Hart-

land, as she heard the exclamation when the Colonel read the letter, and saw the flush that passed over his "I must go west," he said decided-

'Philip Benton will kill himself What has he done now?" asked

He has conjestive fever, and is nearly dead. I must start to-

But why should you take the whole Benton family upon your shoulders, husband; you surely already done more than could be ex-

"He who presumes to friendship's Reckons himself and friend the

same," replied the Colonel, smiling.

somewhat urgently. And hope to do a great deal more. Poor Benton! Can you get me ready by tomorrow," he added, "to be gone-well, two weeks? My leave

Saturday, which will give me time to Mrs. Hartland knew that further remonstrance from her would be useless, and she desisted from further

But, father, you will not go without a sight of Rosine, or a message from her to her own people; it will break her heart when she hears of it." said Dr. Hartland, running over the letter which his father had put

into his hand. I'd rather she did not know how badly off they are there," replied the Colonel, "and she might want to go with me

That, of course, is out of the question," said the Doctor, "for she would never care to come back, and we can't any of us spare her now. She will not ask to go unless you propose it; and you can soften the matter as to Mr. Benton's illness, and make the government an excuse for the journey. I know can find something to do for the Department on your way.'

Thank you, Ned, for the suggestion. I'll go," he said, rubbing his with delight at the thought of meeting Rosine: he was pining for her, although only separated for a

Thus it came that he journeyed many miles out of his way before turning his face westward, and carried many messages of love from Rosine to her dear ones, without leaving on her mind any of the anxiety he was feeling lest he should not find his friend Benton among the living.

Colonel Hartland reached Athlacca he gravely, readily, and found Horatio Leighton in the post-office as he inquired the way to Mr. Benton's farm. The young man piloted the stranger to the Prairie Home, and was a witness to the delightful reunion of tried

friends. was once more a boy, he opened his whole heart, and was the better for bound, and sought out Harold, whom they found diligently pursuing his studies determined to be first in his profession, with the avowed object at some future day of making a home for his parents, where they could live without labor; this was the golden vision for which he worked day and night. The Colonel was delighted with him, and expressed his admiration to Father Cote, upon whom he called with Marion. wonder if he were President of the

O, I hope not," replied the venerable priest; his soul would righed at the White House. He is terribly ambitious now for a good really enthusiastic myself when he

he will do for her." God spare him to fulfil his purpose," replied the Colonel.

Amen!" was the hearty response. Before leaving Athlacca, Colonel Hartland had made arrangements for securing the office of post-master for his friend, and had bought a pretty cabin in the timber adjoining the growing town, only a short distance from Mrs. Leighton. Here he desired his friend to locate himself. Horatio Leighton made a ready sale of the prairie farm at a price far beyond its original cost, owing to the increasing tide of emigration brought to Athlacca by the prospect of a rail-scad through its boundary, and the which Marion had given to their new

discovery of an extensive coal bed within its borders. The interest of this sum, with the annual stipend from Mr. Hawthorn to his daughter, enabled them to live in that land of plenty with comfort.

That night before the Colonel was to return to the east the conversation between him and his friend was prolonged far into the small hours, although Mrs. Benton from inner room assured her husband he would make himself ill again; the two friends seemed like lovers loath to part.

"I cannot but hope, Philip," said the Colonel, as he rose for the third time to say "good night," "that the time may come when you and your family may live in the east again; it is too bad to throw them away here.

'East!" replied the other with almost a groan; "for them I wish they might, but for me, never. I hoped it would please the good Lord to take me to himself in this illness. O, Aleck it is a dreadful thing for a man to come to feel that his family would be better off without him."
"Don't name it, Phil," said the

seating himself again; "think of Lucy, how desolate she would be without you. Better off! Why I tell you she would not survive What a woman she is!" you long.

"You may well say that, but you don't know half she has been to me; but, my noble, my generous friend, when that time comes, as I hope it will, then may she look to you as I have, Aleck ?"

Colonel Hartland did not trust himself to reply, but he gave his hand to his friend in token of hearty assent. He wished to stay to see them out of that "lonesome, windy, grassy place," into the snug haven in the woods, but not being his own man his time was limited; he kissed "No; but really, Alexander, you Marion in parting, and told her that have done a great deal," she said he should have her to pass a winter with her sister before long, and went away leaving light and good cheer in the Prairie Home.

Rice came over to assist in packing and removing, which was to be done will not expire till two weeks from immediately. He had been constant saturday, which will give me time to in his kindness to the family during the illness of Mr. Benton, and had at length won his respect for his sterling worth, so that now, when they met there was a kindly recognition of obligation on the part of the once proud Philip Benton, for the services of his rough hewn neighbor.

Mr. Benton was still too feeble to make any arrangements for leaving the one place, and occupying the other; and Colonel Hartland, who had taken a special fancy to young Leighton, had engaged him to attend to everything, particularly the broad ploughing around the farm, which vas necessary in those days to save it from the devastations of the usual autumn fires. The men employed had finished the work only the before they were to move, the last thing was packed, and Marion was playing a tune preparatory to boxing the piano; Horatio Leighton stand ing on one side, Mr. Rice with hammer and nails and eager listening ear on the other, when Sobriety rushed into the house, her eyes fairly snapping with light; "Uncl Sam's farm's afire!" she exclaimed.

There was a general rush to the door, to witness that grand and awful sight so wonderfully set forth to the life, by our own able countryman in his description of prairie scenes. 'Pears it's like that day Miss

Marion read me about in the book," soliloquized Sobriety.
"How very fortunate," said Marion, turning to her father, "that the ploughing was finished around the

Providential, my dear," replied "but for it, we should have been beggared, to say the

"It come near makin' a mess on yer," exclaimed Rice, who had gone out, and now came running round the corner of the house. "Here, you youngster," he added, addressing Leighton, "there's work for us." All Philip Benton's reserve Leighton, "there's work for us." vanished with the Colonel, and he The young man did not answer the call at once, and it was repeated. "I say, youngster, stir your stumps it. Marion accompanied her father's or you may burn up, pretty gal and friend to St. Louis, whither he was all, don't you see the fencin is took." Leighton rushed to the door at this announcement, "Here," added Rice, get up behind and give us a lift at fitin fire." But Sobriety was before him and had jumped upon the horse behind Rice, and away the two went, careering over the fields to where the fence was beginning to burn. Indeed there was no need of haste; the clouds of flame and smoke were coming down upon them like an army with banners, leaping over the is a splendid fellow. I shouldn't furrows, and with their forked tongues catching here and there the spires of long rank grass between the sods that had been ploughed, ourling about the dry fencing, and bounding through it to reach the stubble within. The dull lurid object; but I often have to remind light spread over earth and sky, him, with the good Kempis, that giving to the faces that gazed on 'man proposes, but God disposes.' this wonderful sight its own terrible thing had brought out the before the has a noble object, and I get hue. In a moment Leighton was undeveloped resources of her characteria myself when the same than the same that the same than the same than the same than the same than the mounted and going in another directalks of his blessed mother, and what tion where the danger was equally tion, when they returned, much wearied and blackened by their

exertions.
"But for your timely help, my kind friends," said Mr. Benton, giving a hand to each of the men, "everything must have gone before this destruction that wasteth at noon-

In a few days the family were

home. Mrs. Benton's heart leaped with thankfulness as she strolled under the protecting arms of the broad centennial caks and familiar maples, and in their friendly shelter yearning for position and advance-she rejoiced continually. Marion, ment, and his honest avowal of the she rejoiced continually. Marion, too, was happy, gladdened by her proximity to Alice Leighton. They were near neighbors, and that day remove brought them near physician who had so skilfully carried Mr. Benton through his home. A promising, cultivated and her kindly interest in all. gentleman, brought to Athlacca by was a pleasant group, now and the of interest to both Mr. and Mrs. Benton, and with him had arrived the faithful pioneer missionary, who was earnestly spending himself for that object to which he had con-secrated his life. A church had sprung up as if by magic, and Mrs. Benton no longer mourned

absence of the Holy Sacrifice. Between Dr. Nelson and Mr. Benton had grown a wonderful intimacy commencing with the confidential intercourse of the sick-room. The sensitive shrinking from strangers which had marked Mr. Benton since his sojourn in the west, had given way before the modest worth of Dr. Nelson. It was a study, a most pleasant study, for the wife to note the progress of this friendship between her once proud, cold, haughty, husband, and such a manly, Christian heart. The physician was one of those rare spirits who have no rough corners, or rather whose corners have been rounded by the discipline of a hard life. With great natural reserve and a quiet, unobtrusive nature, he had a soul that was always prompt to do right-sensitive and sympathetic as a woman, with out any touch of weakness. His inner life flowed on like a noiseless stream hidden from view, and betray ing its existence only by the fresher verdure springing up in its course.

Though a young man, for he had not reached thirty, his experience gave him the wisdom of added years born to wealth and worldly hopes, his life had, since his orphanage at the age of fourteen, been one continued struggle with adverse circumstances; his father's riches faded before the wind of a terrible financiel crisis, and he died leaving his wife and two children with a very small pittance for their support. The wife had soon followed her husband, and now Dr. Nelson stood in the world without the claim of kindred with any person save his sister, Philomena, whom, out of his own earnings, he supported at the Convent of the Ladies of the Sacred

Mrs. Benton felt a motherly care for the young man, and longed to help him when he made light of the serious inconveniences of a life among a rude people, like the popula lation of Athlacca. He had built his small cabin not far from Inglewood, and the grateful heart of Mrs. Benton could not resist the temptation of bringing many little com-forts to his bachelor's hall, which only a woman knows how to provide. After the removal, all his leasure was spent with his friend, Mr. Benton who never seemed to tire of his young companion. His extensive knowledge of men and thinge, aided the young man in his profession while Dr. Nelson's guileless devotion to his faith, and his cheerful, contended waiting on God, afforded to Mr. Benton the example he most needed, that of a manly Christian.

fied with Athlacca society, she was the leading mind, and she at once took her position as the first young lady in the growing town. In Sunday school, in works of charity, in decorations of the new church and the altar, she was conspicuous every-where. She had great success in removing prejudice against the Catholic Church, and she was equally successful in impressing upon her friends her importance in more worldly matters. Good Father Sheridan, the faithful pioneer priest, called her his right-hand man. igrants of the better class came flocking into the town, and houses began to dot the prairie in all directions. A new brick court house to mark the county town, sprung up near the church, the law and the gospel working side by side.

Alice Leighton appeared to be regaining her health slowly but steadily, perhaps from the skill of Dr. Nelson, who had been consulted by her mother, perhaps through the constant motherly advice of Mrs. Benton, perhaps from a new interest which seemed to have sprung up in her heart for the temporalities of the new parish of St. Monica, in which she saw her young friend so inter ested : whichever it might be, some undeveloped resources of her character, in a way to astonish her friends The long winter, the dread hereto threatening. The three worked fore of Marion and Alice, came laden rapidly, pulling down the fence and with joye congenial to the mind. with joys congenial to the mind. The families made a point of meeting and literally fighting fire till the flames swayed in a different direction, when they returned had a good library, and Mr. Benton's books were choice, they had great success in that direction, the gentle-men reading aloud, while the ladies

plied the busy shaft of industry. It is an interesting study to note in such a group as our friends formed, gathered around the cheerful hearth, the different impressions received from the same volumes. Mr. Benton with his strong powerful

will, deep thought and experience of life; Dr. Nelson with his calm, quiet aspirations after right and truth; Horatio Leighton with his same. Mrs. Benton with her loving heart, and clear head : Marion with her father's powerful will unsub must be indeed dark and stormy that dued, and with the unconquered did not bring a meeting between stirrings of her ambitious nature, some members of each family. The first; Alice Leighton, with humble, quiet ways of seeking information from all; and dear motherly, Mrs. dangerous illness, and whose advice Leighton, with her large blue sock had brought them to their present of which she was always knitting, was a pleasant group, now and then his attachment to the Catholic enlivened by the happy face of good Church, could not fail to be an object Father Sheridan, who by his solid good sense would often give the castles in the air built by the young people in a very sensible shaking in a kindly way. It was proposed by Dr. Nelson, at one of these gather-ings, that each should bring, on a certain evening, without consultathe tion with each other, the male and female character in modern history which most interested them individually. Each was to give in his or her ballot with the names fairly

Mr. Benton's selection was St

rancis de Sales and Helena, mother of Constantine; Mrs. Benton's was a question to debate it. St. Francis Xavier and St. Monica Marion selected Napoleon Buonaparte and Joan d'Arc; Dr. St. Francis de Sales and Katherine of Arragon; Mrs. Leighton brought Sir Thomas More and Madame Guion: Horatio Leighton, Charlemagne and Mary Queen of Scots, while Alice Leighton selected Washington and Sœur Roselie, the tale of whose wonderful life Dr. Nelson had just thought it very silly ; she was quite confounded when Father Sheridan, who came in during the balloting, said Alice had made his choice among the female characters, and Mrs. Benton among the males. of these differing tastes came disto the general stock of information. Mrs. Benton acknowledged to herself | get round and rosy like she is! enjoyed the society and companionship of her husband. His old proud ways were seldom noticeable, he seemed sweetest joys in his dear and intimate union of soul with the partner of was still feeble, the manly robustness of form, and quick haughty step for which he had been distinguished, were changed for a premature stoop and a slow measured tread. But Mrs. Benton would not allow herself to look forward to the probabilities. but dwelt in the happy present with her husband, planning for their chil-

dren's good. Through the flame of love ever burning in the breast of the mother, a correspondence was established between Harold and his father, at first formal and stiff, but gradually it had become a medium for the affectionate counsels of the father, and the respectful affection of the son.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE SHADE OF HIS HAND

Miss Dorgan allowed herself a moment of indecision.
"I am so tired, Doctor," she de-

murred. "I have just come in after ten weeks with a typhoid case, and—" back, "but I need you on this-it's a difficult proposition and I want ar expert nurse.'

Is there no one else-"Not one," briskly. "Come, I'll give you today to rest and tonight I'll send for you. It means life or death,

Miss Dorgan."
"Very well," Julia hung up the receiver with a resigned sigh, but with her professional interest quickened. She was a born nurse, who loved difficult cases, and she was not one to balk at hard work; wherefore her services were always in demand. But today, when she had come home to the little apartment, which she shared with two other nurses, she had felt that nothing short of a full week's rest would give recuperation to her tired body and strained nerves. Nevertheless if duty called, she was ready to go, therefore when the In a moment the nurse was at Mrs. Doctor called around for her that Elliot's eide, holding her shaking evening he found her fresh, alert and eager for the fray," as she told him

laughingly.
"It will be something of a fray, I think," was the physician's reply.
"Nervous breakdown that I can't get ahead of—seems to be something in the way of recovery. I look to you to locate the something." Dr. Jar dine always used the fewest words possible, but from the way he spoke

'That's quite a proposition," she remarked. trouble, how do you expect me to?" The Doctor smiled to himself in the darkness. "I put that awkwardly, didn't I? Once she gets out of herself the trouble will locate itself. That's what I want you to do-get

nurse inquired. Dorgan

ing me in downing one of the stub- her patient as she seated herself and hornest cases even I have ever encountered."

Often in the days that ensued Miss Dorgan was obliged to agree with the doctor that this was indeed a most stubborn case, and it was all of three weeks before she had coaxed her patient from the bed to an invalid chair by the pleasant window, which looked across an open stretch of park, not unattractive even in it's winter garb. She was a small wisp of a woman, with large dark eyes and heavy dark hair folded back from a broad low forehead. To Miss Dorgan, glowing with perfect health, there was something peculiarly appealing in this fragile bit of humanity, who from the first clung to her with the simplicity of a child, and she pro-ceeded to mother her with all the tenderness of a generous heart. They got along beautifully, as the doctor could see, and it was not long before Mrs. Elliot aroused berself sufficiently to tell the doctor how much she liked her present nurse.

She doesn't nag at me all the time, as the others did, to do this or She's so comfortable to have around."

I see . . . Let's you have your

own way, h.m?"
"Well," the patient hesitated. For the first time she thought enough of looked up at the doctor with a faint glint of humor in her eyes. "I don't know about that. She seems to get her way in a good many things. But the odd part of it is, I don't seem to mind. I suppose," falling back into her old weariness, "it's because I don't care very much.'

"I see," the doctor repeated thoughtfully. "She'll get you out of that, too," he was thinking. given her to read. Marion laughed say"—aloud—"she is a comfortable at this choice, and in her heart really person to have about and I'm glad you like her : for she, it appears, seems to

"Does Mrs. Elliot turned quickly. she?" she asked, real interest in her tone. "I—I am glad. She is so kind Out | that I do try to be grateful-

"Oh, she doesn't want gratitude," cussions, which added many items the doctor said cheerfully, rising to go; "she wants you to perk up and that during the whole of their mar-ried life she had never before so Things were working out all right, if they just kept on that way. It was slow work, however. Miss

Dorgan was often sorely discouraged like a new creature, and restored at the apparent lack of progress, or to the society of men, he found his over a sudden setback that undid weeks of effort. Mrs. Elliot was a widow and childless; this much the his joys and sorrows. His health nurse knew-but the invalid never spoke of herself or her family. had the usual cotorie of friends, many of them kind and attractive, but she seemed to have no close ones. none, in which she manifested any special interest, or desired very often to see. About most things she was all too frequently languid and indifferent, lapsing also into long silent moods, that taxed the kindness as well as the ingenuity of the nurse to overcome. She was improving, Miss Dorgan could see, but progress was cometimes so slow as to be almost imperceptible. One wintry day as they were seated

in the pleasant upstairs sitting-room adjoining the patient's bedroom, Miss Dorgan drew her attention to a lady standing in the street below appar ently waiting for some one to come out of the next house. "Isn't she sweet looking?" the nurse asked. Mrs. Ellict glanced down. "Yes. She looks something like my

mother," she said quietly. 'Ah!" said Miss Dorgan, inter ested. "That is your mother's pic-ture over the mantel, isn't it?" raising her eyes to the spot mentioned.

You look very much like her. Do you think so?" and the patient turned to regard the picture wistfully. No one ever told me that before." "I think No ?" in great surprise. the resemblance is marked. The contour of the face is like yours, and

there is the same appealing look in the eyes." "Appealing?" A swift look of pain had crossed the patient's face. "I—I

wonder just what you mean by that.' "Maybe not appealing exactly," Miss Dorgan explained, thinking that perhaps the word did not strike Mrs. Elliot. "It's more of a questioning look, isn't it, as though she were asking-

A choking cry came from the patient. "Don't!" she gasped. "Oh, don't say that!" She sprang to her feet and looked wildly at her companion.

hands, and striving to quiet this most unusual agitation, which finally ended in a paroxysm of tears and sobs. It was the first time Miss Dorgan had seen her patient give way to tears, and as she soothed her into quietude, she reproached herself severely for whatever idle words had been the cause of the breakdown. Presently, wiping away the last of the tears, Mrs. Elliot turned to her Miss Dorgan gathered that he was more than a little interested in the case.

nurse with quite a pltiful attempt at a smile. "You must pardon me, Miss Dorgan," she said sweetly. "Perhaps I am a little more nervous than usual 'If you can't locate the do you expect me to?" | following the smiled to himself in on immediately: "It's atrange, but I haven't shed a tear in months and months-I don't know what you will think of me."

"I think maybe it will do you said the nurse cheerily, "How long has she been sick?" the that's the case; for you know there is nothing like a good rain after a long "Almost a year; but—" as Miss dry spell." She chattered on gaily as organ made an exclamation,— she made ready a composing draught.

picked up her sewing, "but some-times they do clear the atmosphere and relieve the mind."

"Relieve the mind." The words It's like my life," she thought sadly bare, cold, frezen!" But it came to would come burgeoning across the land touching sward and tree and bush to life and loveliness. But never again to her heart Spring come—never again! Unless . . . "Ob, my God!" she breathed inaudibly. "Oh, my God, help me!

Uneasy at her prolonged silence kimona for a sober little lady-why my dear, what is it?" she added despairing look as she had seldom seen in human eyes.

There is something I want to ask voice. troubling me a long time . speaking.

That would depend," Miss Dorgan replied slowly, rather puzzled and anxious to say the right thing, "on whether it was a promise that could be kept or not-

It was not impossible. Diffithen?" feverishly.

But, my dear, I could hardly ven would in all probability release another. If you are worrying about such a promise," she advised gently

sadly. me ill," she stated simply. "I know it; but I never"—she faltered—had courage enough to speak of it before." "Would you like to tell me about it?" Miss Dorgan asked softly.

so, my dear, if you think it would relieve your mind." The patient heaved a deep sigh,

Yes, I want to tell you," she said. Not but that I know what you say . . . but even so it will relieve my mind." She was partly of Italian blood, she

Italian-born parents, had married an American, a wealthy man, who was captivated by her beauty, but who did not approve of her religion. she had apparently given it up. There were six children, of whom to the point of death. Stricken, per haps, by morose accruing from her nearness to the dark valley, when she recovered the mother secretly had the child baptized, calling her Antonia, after, as she said, the good her Ann in preference, but her mother seemed to love it with a peculiar

"I still remember her drawing me into her arms and calling me little Antonia-her little lady of the good St. Anthony!" the patient went "And when I got older she used to tell me stories of the saint and of all the good he wrought. I'm afcaid it didn't make very much impression on me; and later when she confided to me that I had been baptized and that she hoped, some day I would be a Catholic, I know that I was repelled by the very thought. I was some-thing of a little snob in those days not altogether proud of my Italian ancestors and inclined to keep them in the background, and to become a Catholic meant nothing else to me than identifying myself with my mother's people. I think I concealed my distaste very well, for I was de-voted to my mother and would not hurt her feelings for the world. She enthusiastic, but in spite of that she must have kept the hope in her heart, until I grew up and married

She stopped and looked up yearn ingly at the mother's pictured face. on the quick remorseful tears. 'Ob, I mustn't do this !" she cried,

pressing her hands over her eyes. am tiring you-and I have more to tell !" The nurse reassured her. "You

are not tiring me in the least," she told her patient gently. "I am deeply interested. Please tell me the rest. interested. Flease von Dorgan, why "I wonder, Miss Dorgan, why tragedy pursues some people?" Mrs. tragedy pursues wietfully. "I was Elliot inquired wietfully. "I was naturally of a happy disposition. When I was a child I went singing around the house all day long; but

were very quietly spoken by Mrs. Elliot, and she sighed a little as she turned to the window, infinite sadness in her gaze. A high wind was blowing and there were fitful gusts of snow. The park looked very desolate with its gaunt, bare trees and bleak shrubbery, she thought, shivering at the sight in her warm room her with a sense of bitterness that there was hope for the park. Spring

Miss Dorgan shook out her sewing and said brightly: "There, isn't it going to be pretty? Such a frivolous quickly in a solicitous tone, for her patient had turned to her with such

you," Mrs. Elliot said, a catch in her 'Something that's been think—is it your belief, that one must keep a promise, made to the dead—the dying?" She clasped her hands convulsively as she finished

Oh, it could," the patient broke cult, yes, but not impossible. What

ture to say," Miss Dorgan demurred. "Circumstances and conditions make such a difference that what might constrain one to keep such a promise I would put it out of mind for the present. When you get well, you will be better able to deal with it."

Mrs. Elliot regarded her nurse adly. "But that's what's making

began. Her mother, the daughter of Mrs. Elliot was the youngest, and when she came the mother had gone St. Anthony. Her father never liked the name, Mrs. Elliot said, calling

could not help seeing that I was not

Poor mother! I don't think she was ever very happy. As long as I can remember, there was a sort of a veil over her brightness, and she always had that appealing look in her gentle, lovely eyes. It kills me now, when I think that I might have been more to her-" She closed her eyes

borgan made an exchamation,—
don's let that discourage you. I owe
it to you to tell you that I am positive she can be cured, and I think,
Miss Dorgan, you are the one to help
her. Incidentally, you will be help

she made ready a composing draught,
drawing attention laughingly to the
supposedly tonic effect of what is
popularly called "a good cry."

"Not that I recommend them as a
daily indulgence," smiling quietly at
hurt me sorely at the same time that

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