

Copyright 1924 by Joseph J. Quinn  
All Rights Reserved

WOLF MOON

A ROMANCE OF THE GREAT  
SOUTHWEST

BY JOSEPH J. QUINN

CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED

Singing-in-the-Rain was a wanderer from the Dakota reservation. He did not return there for the simple reason that law is eternally vigilant and unforgetful. Thus he relinquished all rights to partake of tribal money. After much adventure he went to live in the Panhandle of Oklahoma. In Teriton he built his abode when his arms were strong and his eyes far-seeing. From here he watched the white men herd the cattle and till the soil, and later saw wire fences stretched across ranges where once the buffalo trod upon their mysterious migrations. Age did not stoop his shoulders but it grayed his hair and impounded him in a smaller horizon. On bitter days when northers swept down the mesa and through the hardy sage the cowboys gathered around Tupper's stove would say, "Wal, I reckon this heap spell all git ole' Singin'-in-the-Rain." But when the Gulf wind tempered the biting air he would come to the village, a living refutation of the assertion that he was frozen stiff in his shack near the blackjacks. A hermit, if you will, but ever willing to lend his shaking hands in aid.

"Singing-in-the-Rain, I've come for your help. I'm Jack Corcoran, one of the Christian riders. At Tupper's about a month ago you told Buster Christian and me that you had been in the Belle Starr cave. Is that so?"  
"Sure. I been there before the Arapahoes come west. There be five, six big places there, big as cabin here."  
"Didn't you say there was another way out of the cave, a secret passage?"  
"Yes, on other side, near spring."  
"Well, I want you to come and show it to me."  
"Now?"  
"Yes, right away."  
"Where is White Robe?"  
"Who?"  
"White Robe, my pinto."  
"Don't see him. Get on behind here." Jack helped the Indian mount. "Now what's the shortest way to Roundtop?"  
"Go to town and out sandy road to big cottonwood."  
The pair crossed the railway tracks, plunged across the arroyo and mounted the opposite slope. One mile beyond the tableland and to the South lay Roundtop, like the discolored tusk of a gaint.

"Rain come soon. Rain in air, big storm mebbe."  
"Well, it won't come too soon," answered Jack. "Everything's as dry as a pine cone. Does rain follow this dust and sand?"  
"Sometimes mebbe. When did you come in? Hiding themselves on the North side of old Roundtop."  
"Guadalajara's tribe, mebbe. He comes here every few years. Guadalajara big thief. He steal Indian's horses. Me have big fight with Guadalajara long time ago. Me no want to meet Guadalajara now. Make me lose other eye."  
"Don't worry about Guadalajara. He won't harm you if I have room to draw. All I want you to do is show me that secret outlet to the cave. I have a hunch something's wrong. By the way do those gypsies know there is a cave at the top of Roundtop?"  
"Guadalajara, he knows. He hold big meeting with gypsies there. Want Indians to smoke with him. But Indians no go. Guadalajara keel many people and Indians afraid he keel them."  
A few minutes later Jack and Singing-in-the-Rain dismounted near the camp. A large yellow tent surrounded by smaller ones was thrown in the centre of the grove. A fat gypsy woman sat upon a trunk playing a violin. She seemed utterly unconcerned over the approach of the men but she was watching them from the corner of her eye. Two other gypsies women dressed less fantastically ambled near the edge of the clearing. They were pointing to the sky.

"Where are the men?" Jack addressed his question to the woman sitting on the trunk.  
She humped her shoulders and let them drop. It was even more emphatic than a Spanish shrug.  
"Don't you know?" Jack insisted.  
"Where is the chief?"  
"Pemella in town. I no know more." She turned with mocking disconcert her full attention to the instrument.  
Seeing that nothing was to be gained by questioning, Jack and the Indian turned toward the trail.

"Me hear of Pemella lots," commented Singing-in-the-Rain. "He big man of Guadalajara's band. Had big bear father named Pemella. Two sons as big as you—bigger."  
"Let's go slowly here," whispered Jack as they came to the brush at the foot of the trail. "Let me see these tracks a moment. The sand seems to have covered up all but—"  
Jack stopped. There in the sand were the fresh imprints of two sets of tracks—one of a man and the other the unmistakable small boot of a woman. It could not have been a gypsy woman's step. Gypsy women in summer wear soft, comfortable slippers or moccasins.  
Jack was conscious at a glance that the footprints were Louise's. He followed them until they swerved sharply off into the underbrush. The trail ahead was filled with soft unmarked sand.

"This sure is queer," exclaimed Jack. "It looks as if she was followed into the brush by these large tracks. But perhaps we will see them further on." They advanced up the slope.  
"Now there's only one, and it comes in from the plain." A cry of wonder escaped him. Just one track and I bet that belongs to Pemella."  
While Jack stood in amazement a loud crash was heard in the brush to the right. Jack's hand slipped to his gun. Singing-in-the-Rain crouched in the trail behind him. They remained silent a moment but as no other sound followed Jack stepped back and whispered to the Indian.

"That must have been Pemella. Too much noise for a girl. Sounded like we surprised him. 'We'll just wait here a minute and then go on up to the cave.'"  
A little further on they perceived a man's footprints going up and coming down the trail. Both looked fresh. Whoever it was, Jack surmised, had gone up to look around and then had come down to the foot of the trail to watch for intruders or searchers. Jack plunged upward, the Indian at his heels. He reckoned that the man he had met at the Gulch the evening before was Pemella. A fight with him would mean trouble.  
The stifling hot air beat down against the rocks and reflected in the face of the pair slowly toiling up the slope. Jack's body felt on fire as if stung by a hundred vipers. The intense heat was oppressive, something unusual for Oklahoma.

"Whew! it's hot. Singing-in-the-Rain, you're right about that storm. Look back there. A black cloud under the moon that was telling on him. A huge shadow drifted over the horizon. A sharp cannonade of thunder growled out of the west, while another rumble, deep-chested, hoarse, broke out.  
They kept on under the barrage of heat for moments that spent themselves into seeming hours. Jack helped the Indian when he slipped back through the powdery sand covering the rocks.  
"Years ago me go up trail but not on hot day like this. Me keel robber here; wait three days until he come back." Singing-in-the-Rain puffed out suspended gasps.  
"Save your wind," Jack cautioned. "We've fifty feet more, mostly rock."  
Jack turned back to the trail and bent under the strain that was telling on him. A huge shadow drifted over like a cool sheet. It was the sun disappearing under an onrushing cloud.  
"Look at those clouds scudding along. Aren't they moving fast?" Singing-in-the-Rain turned to watch the clouds, black and gray and green, blanket the sky.  
Thunderbird cry. It come soon. Thunderbird cry loud.  
Jack gazed down toward the ranch. A group of riders was hesitating and pointing to the coming storm. Fissures of pearly fire whirled madly across the heavens. A terrific stillness stood over all. Now and then it was broken by a roar that increased in volume and then rolled down toward the Texas border.  
"Well, here we are," gasped Jack. "Some pull. Now I suppose we had better be a bit careful here. Do you remember the place?"  
"Sure, me know well." The sentence came from the Indian bending over to peer into the cave. Only a splotch of backness pasted itself before his eye.  
Over Jack's shoulder the sky was rent in two with a blazing artery of fire. A crash that shook the hills broke near him. Down on the hillside a tree snapped with a responding report. A glitter of electricity zigzagged back toward the sky. Rolling, curling, with mad heads bending under the blazing ropes, the storm clouds swallowed the sun and swept on. The blackness of night settled down. Out of the west came an area of rain that flew like a silver phalanx driven by a cyclone.

Jack turned toward the cave; Singing-in-the-Rain had disappeared inside. Through the crash and warfare of the elements he thought he heard a shrill feminine cry. It might have been only the first wild shrieks of the storm. The crash and boom of the sky surf smothered whosever's voice it was. Jack turned to the cave and knelt at the entrance. The first raindrops splashed across the rocks in front of him and soaked into the sand. Whether it was the human note of a wild peal of thunder or of some terror seizing him, Jack recoiled and sprang back. There, glowering

with the storm and crouching at the head of the trail, was Pemella. His bulging form was outlined against the black of the sky, a panther against the night. A livid streak of electricity from the forked tongues of the sky serpents coiled in the clouds lighted his face, lived in his black eyes and displayed the raging beast within. With a short sweep of his hand he brushed back his heavy hair to the rocks below. His dark hair blended with the sky, his eyes matched the thundering clouds. A dash of rain came down over them tussling Pemella's hair until it appeared shaggy.  
Jack's muscles grew as taut as cowhide, his throat blistered, his fingers grew tense. Like two animals in combat they faced each other, high in the air as cliff-dwellers of old had fought. This was to be a battle to the end for the hunter held a death glint in his eye. Jack summoned all his strength to his arm and waited for the outbreak of this fanatic. Pent-up passion was lunging for an outlet to destruction, tearing at its fetters like the rolling waters of a damned river.  
Forced out of the sky by the tenacity of the elements came a long thin finger of fire that split into a nest of white twitching veins. Just as it broke, Pemella, seemingly on top of the screaming, screeching fire, sprang.  
Jack rose half way to meet him.

**BIRDIE LANE'S EASTER**  
The sun shone brightly that Holy Saturday afternoon and upon the air there was a touch of the balm of spring. The season was late because winter had held on with numerous snow flurries, and then with cold and driving rains. Only yesterday there had been the usual Good Friday storm. But this day was warm and the sky clear, which argued well for fair weather for Easter.  
Bridget McLain, with an armful of pussy-willows, stepped from the crowded car, and hastily made her way towards Mercy Hospital. There was upon her cheeks youth's fair bloom, heightened by her recent exercise and walk in the fresh country air. She best knew how to use the hours in which she was "off duty" at the hospital.  
"Paper, Miss M'Klain?" asked the neway from the corner. In her haste she had not noticed him.  
"Oh, it's you, Bobbie! Yes, sure. Why, Bobbie, what's the matter? You haven't sold any of your papers yet." She scanned his dejected countenance, seeking the solution. "And you've got all your Easter decorations yet?"  
Bobbie swallowed the lump in his throat as he replied: "Taint no use tryin' today, Miss M'Klain. They just won't sell."  
"Why, what could have happened, Bobbie? Tell me as we walk along, so I won't be late."  
She put her arm about his shoulder as they turned toward the hospital. Bridget McLain had a peculiar weakness when newboys were concerned, and in all that section, she was recognized as their special friend and confidante.  
"I don't know what's the matter, Miss M'Klain," Bobbie began to explain, "unless it's because Birdie is sick. I suppose I feel so blue, I just can't spruce up enough to make a sale, and people always like chirpy newboys."  
"But who is Birdie?" asked the nurse.  
"Don't you know? Birdie makes the Easter decorations, so we can buy a heathen baby."  
"Oh yes—you did tell me."  
"But I guess it's all off now, unless Birdie gets better. I would have had enough by tonight, if I'd have had good luck today."  
"Well, that's too bad, Bobbie. Tell me, just how is Birdie sick?"—the professional in her character was again coming to the fore.  
"I don't know, but I think she doesn't get enough to eat."  
"But doesn't your mother look after her?"  
"She does sometimes, but Birdie's mother doesn't like it."  
"Oh, isn't Birdie your sister?"  
"Oh, I wish she was. We're just good friends and—maybe some day I'll be her beau. Then I'll take care of her myself, like she ought to be."  
"Well, Bobbie, that's fine! You just come in, and we'll see what we can do for her. I'll ask Sister Paulina."  
"Oh, will you? I just knew the Little Flower was going to help us."  
"And who is the Little Flower. Is she little Birdie's sister?"  
Bobbie stared at her in wide-eyed amazement.  
"Don't you really know?" he asked.  
"No," she laughed, a little embarrassed. "But, here we are. You tell me about her tomorrow."  
She held the door open for Bobbie to enter, and then she seated him in the waiting room, pausing long enough to arrange the big, budding pussy-willows in the vase, and to fill the latter with fresh water.  
When she returned she was dressed in the immaculate linen of the nurses, with the dainty, white cap setting off her mass of brown hair. She was conversing in low tones with the Sister Superior, and thus they stood some moments in the doorway.  
"Now, Bobbie," Miss McLain turned to the newboy, "if we give you something for Birdie, do you

think you can get it to her, without her mother finding out?"  
"Sure thing. She doesn't care what I do, Birdie and I are always together."  
"All right then, Bobbie. Now hurry and bring her this warm broth. I think it will help her."  
"I know it will. But gee—I wish she had such a nice bed, as the people have in here."  
"Well, you just let us know how she is tomorrow," now spoke up Sister Paulina, "and we'll see what we can do for her."  
Bobbie took up his cap and the bundle of papers. Then he reached for the glass jar containing the warm, strengthening food for little Birdie.  
"Here, Bobbie," called the nurse, "give me those papers. You cannot hurry home if you have to stop and sell papers on the way. Give me the Easter decorations too. I'll pay you tomorrow. Now run along. And be sure to come back tomorrow for your money, and tell us how Birdie is."  
"Thanks, Miss M'Klain. You're a brick so. Thanks, Sister." There were tears in the little fellow's eyes.  
Sister and nurse paused another moment as they watched him quickly hurry up the street, until he was lost in the crowd of Saturday afternoon shoppers and belated office girls returning from work.  
"Whoopee!" yelled Bobbie, as soon as he was outside the hospital door. "I just knew the Little Flower would help us again. I only hope Birdie gets better now."  
"Oh, Bobbie, how good this is!" exclaimed the suffering little girl after she had tasted of the rich broth which he had smuggled in to her. "Now I'll feel like sleeping. It's the first real warm stuff I had all day."  
"I'm so glad, Birdie. Now try and get better, for tomorrow is Easter."  
"I'll be all right tomorrow, Bobbie," she called cheerfully.  
But Bobbie was not so sure, and after attending the first Mass at which he received Holy Communion, he ran over to Birdie's home with a plate of beautiful colored Easter eggs which his mother had given him for her.  
"Happy Easter, Birdie!" he called, and he laughed to see the pale, thin cheeks take on a brighter hue in her joy.  
"How pretty they are, Bobbie," she said, taking them in her hands. "They are pretty," admitted Bobbie. "And how are you, Birdie. Much better, I hope."  
"Oh, yes, I feel better, Bobbie—only I wish I could go to church."  
"Well, you just say your prayers to yourself, and then play with your eggs, because I'm going to High Mass too, and that will count for you. I'll come back after dinner."  
He left the house, little thinking that he would find her worse upon his return. But such was the case, and he was not slow to realize it. Birdie lay too listless and quiet to suit him. He knew he had an important message to convey to her, but how was he to do it while her mother was in the room. He fidgeted about in his chair, hoping and praying to the Little Flower that she would cause something to happen to take Birdie's mother from the room.  
At last he had his chance. He hastily bent over the sick girl and whispered something in her ear. She nodded in assent. Then followed more explanations, and she nodded again.  
Finally, Bobbie snatched his cap, bounded from the room, and ran to the hospital.  
"Oh, Miss M'Klain," he burst forth, as soon as he saw the nurse in the corridor, "could you come down and see Birdie? I believe she's getting worse."  
"Sure, Bobbie, I'll go right now. I was just going out." She glanced into the waiting room, then added: "There are people in the parlor, Bobbie. You just come down to the nurses' room and wait till I get ready. Besides, I want to have a talk with you. First, tell me who is Birdie? Why do you call her Birdie?"  
"Bridget is her right name. That's because I always called her 'Birdie' when I was little, because I couldn't say 'Bridget.' And Lane in her last name—Bridget Lane."  
"Bridget Lane? Sounds like my name, doesn't it? And how long has Birdie been living in your neighborhood?"  
"Oh, a long while—longer than I can remember; at least, when she came with her first mother. You see, her right mother is dead, and then Mrs. Apple took her."  
"Why, this is interesting, Bobbie. What else?"  
"Birdie was real little then, and Mrs. Apple told her that her name was Lane. But I don't think it is, because my mother said that was her mother's name."  
"What's that, Bobbie? Say that again." The nurse was even more intent now.  
"Well, that's what my mother says. Lane isn't her name at all, at least not her father's name. And what's more I heard my mother whisper to daddy that she thought Mrs. Apple was just keeping Birdie so she could get lots of money when Birdie's folks came. But I guess none of them knows about it, because they never came."  
"Now, that's strange, isn't it? Let's go, Bobbie, and see what we can do. Oh, I wonder," she added to herself, "surely it cannot be."

All Mutual Profits go back to the Participating Policyholders

The Mutual Life of Canada is the only strictly Canadian Company in Canada offering life insurance at cost. Today it is one of the strong, stable institutions of Canada with insurance in force amounting to more than \$295,000,000. Policyholders divide the profits.

**The MUTUAL LIFE of Canada**  
WATERLOO, ONTARIO

**ECZEMA IN FORM OF RASH**  
Face Utterly Disfigured. Cuticura Heals.

"Some time ago eczema broke out on my face in the form of a rash. It continued to spread and become more unsightly week by week. The irritation caused me to scratch my face, which after a few weeks was utterly disfigured. The trouble went on for at least two months. A friend advised me to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment so I purchased a box of Ointment and a cake of Cuticura Soap and before they were used I was healed." (Signed) Miss Emma McPherson, Cloverville, Nova Scotia.

Use Cuticura to get rid of dandruff. Sample Each Free by Mail. Address Canadian Importers, 250 St. Paul St., Montreal. Price, Soap, 25c; Ointment, 50c. Jar, 75c. Try our new Shaving Stick.

**Nonsuch LIQUID STOVE POLISH**  
Sticks fast to the Stove  
Wont blacken Pots  
Pans or Platters

Established owned & made in Canada for over 30 years by Nonsuch Mfg Co Limited Toronto

**Order Now**  
The rush season will soon be here. Have our representative call, take measurements, give estimate and erect awning free. Avoid disappointment later.

**WE HAVE EVERYTHING MADE OF CANVAS**

**Carter, Son & Co.**  
619-621 Dundas St. Phone 6197

**Ritz-Carlton Hotel MONTREAL**  
Canada's Social Centre

Noted for its efficient yet unobtrusive service.

Telegraphic and Cable Address "Rizcarlton."

**EMILE C. DESBALLETS, Manager.**

**J. A. BARNARD**  
Sole Agent for Harley-Davidson Motorcycles, Massey Bicycles  
Accessories and General Repairs

**PHONE 2994 M**  
338 Talbot St. London, Ont.

**J. F. DOYLE**  
CARPENTER  
ALTERATIONS AND REPAIRS  
Oak Flooring a Specialty

**PHONE 2471 J**  
296 Grosvenor St. London, Ont.

**ARCHITECTS**  
Randolph 7587 Kenwood 1080  
**J. M. COWAN**  
Architect  
(Registered)

Churches, Schools 891 Bay Street  
Colleges a Specialty TORONTO

**WAIT & BLACKWELL**  
Members Ontario Association  
ARCHITECTS  
Sixth Floor, Bank of Toronto Chambers  
LONDON, ONT.

**W. G. MURRAY**  
ARCHITECT  
Churches and Schools a Specialty  
Dominion Savings Building  
TELEPHONE 1557-W London, Ont.

**JOHN M. MOORE & CO.**  
ARCHITECTS  
489 RICHMOND STREET  
LONDON, ONT.

Members Ontario Association of Architects  
**J. C. Pennington John R. Boyde**  
Architects and Engineers  
John W. Leighton  
Associate

**BARTLET BLDG. WINDSOR, ONT.**  
London Diocesan Architects  
Specialists in Ecclesiastical and  
Educational Buildings

**F. E. LUKE**  
OPTOMETRIST  
AND OPTICIAN  
187 YONGE ST. TORONTO  
(Upstairs Opp. Simpson's)  
Eyes Examined and Glass Eyes Fitted

**BROWN OPTICAL CO.**  
Physical Eye Specialists  
223 Dundas St. London  
PHONE 1877  
Branches: Hamilton, Montreal and Windsor

**London Optical Co.**  
Eyesight Specialists  
A. M. DAMBRA, Optometrist  
PHONE 6180  
Dominion Savings Building London, Ont.  
Richmond St.

**Wright Teale Co.**  
Plumbing and Heating  
Jobbing a Specialty  
Phone 7284  
60 Dundas St. London, Ont.

**THE DARRAGH STUDIO**  
SPECIALISTS IN PORTRAITURE  
214 Dundas St. Phone 444  
Photographer to the Particular

**Geo. Winterbottom & Son**  
Sheet Metal Workers  
Agents Pease Furnaces  
Phone 5889 W  
518 Richmond St. London, Ont.

**"PERFECT" Bicycles**  
The Bicycle of Quality  
3 STORES  
Main - 665 Dundas St. Phone 3426W  
402 Clarence St. Phone 1899F  
454 Hamilton Road. Phone 8767W

**HEXTER TAXI**  
(Formerly Marley-Hexter)  
Day and Night Service  
5 and 7 Passenger Sedans  
483 Richmond St. London, Ont.

**Let Us Buy Your EGGS and POULTRY**  
Our prices are right and our settlements prompt.

**C. A. MANN & CO.**  
KING ST. LONDON, ONT.

**PRIESTS' COLLARS and STOCKS**

**Cassocks, Surplices Clerical Suits, Etc.**

**HARCOURT & SON**  
103 King St. West Toronto

**Buy a Copy Now**  
OF...  
**"Some of the Pastor's Problems"**  
BY REV. M. V. KELLY

FOR SALE BY  
**Canada Church Goods Company**  
149 Church St. Limited  
Toronto, Canada

**Gladioli & Dahlias**  
60 VARIETIES

Also complete stock of ornamental trees, shrubs, vines, perennials, roses, fruits of all kinds, asparagus roots, etc. Send for large, 36 page illustrated catalogue. The McConnell Nursery Co., Port Burwell, Ont.

**DR. REBECCA HARKINS**  
**DR. MARIE H. HARKINS**  
OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIANS  
Abrams Method of Diagnosis and Treatment  
The St. George LONDON, ONT.  
Wellington St. Phone 1245

**DR. LeROY V. HILES**  
SPECIALIST IN ALL  
**FOOT AILMENTS**  
202 Dundas St. Phone 7308

**BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS**  
**MURPHY, GUNN & MURPHY**  
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES  
Solicitors for the Roman Catholic  
Episcopal Corporation  
Suite 25, Bank of Toronto Chambers  
LONDON, CANADA Phone 170

**FOY, KNOX & MONAHAN**  
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, Etc.  
A. E. Knox T. Lewis Monahan  
E. L. Middleton George Keogh  
Cable Address: "Foy"  
Telephones: Main 461  
Main 482  
Office: Continental Life Building  
CORNER BAY AND RICHMOND STREETS  
TORONTO

**DAY, FERGUSON & WALSH**  
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, Etc.  
Rooms 118 to 122, Federal Building,  
TORONTO, CANADA

**LUNNEY & LANNAN**  
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIE  
Harry W. Lunney, K.C., B.A., B.C.L.  
Alphonus Lannan, LL.B.  
CALGARY, ALBERTA

**JOHN H. MELDRETT**  
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR  
NOTARY PUBLIC  
UNION BANK BUILDING  
GUELPH, ONTARIO  
CANADA

Reg. Lakeside 1226 Cable Address "London"  
" Hillcrest 1097 3256W Main 1588  
**Lee, O'Donoghue & Harkins**  
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Etc.  
W. T. J. Lee, B.C.L. J. G. O'Donoghue, K.C.  
Hugh Harkins  
Office 341-343 Confederation Life Chambers  
S. W. Corner Queen and Victoria Sts.  
TORONTO, CANADA

**KELLY, PORTER & KELLY**  
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS  
NOTARIES  
W. E. Kelly, K.C., J. Porter David E. Kelly  
Crown Attorneys County Treasurers  
Solicitors For Norfolk County Council  
SIMCOE, ONT., CANADA.

**MICHAEL J. MULVIHILL**  
L. D. S., D. D. S.  
25 PEMBROKE STREET W.  
PEMBROKE, ONT.  
PHONE 176

**Dr. W. S. Westland**  
L. D. S., D. D. S.  
287 QUEEN ST. LONDON  
Office and Residence  
282 QUEENS AVE. LONDON

**Beddome, Brown, Cronyn and Pocock**  
**INSURANCE**  
Money to Loan Telephone 698 W  
3922 Richmond St. LONDON, CANADA

**James R. Haslett**  
Sanitary & Heating Engineer  
Agent for Foss Oil Burners  
521 Richmond St. London, Ont.

**UPHOLSTERING**  
Of All Kinds Chesterfields Made to Order  
**CHAS. M. QUICK**  
Richmond St. London, Ont.  
Opposite St. Peter's Parish Hall

**The West Floral Co.**  
248 Dundas St. London, Ont.

**St. Jerome's College**  
Founded 1864 KITCHENER, ONT.  
Business College Department.  
High School or Academic Department.  
College and Philosophical Department.  
Address  
REV. W. A. BENNINGER, C. R., President.

**Casavant Freres**  
**CHURCH LIMITED**  
**Organ Builders**  
ST. HYACINTHE QUEBEC

**Benjamin Blonde**  
General Contractor  
CHURCHES  
and Educational Institutions a Specialty  
Estimates furnished on request  
CHATHAM, ONT.

**Lightning Battery Service**  
294 York St. Opp. C. N. R. Freight Sheds  
362 Dundas test Station  
Phone 8370 Your Battery Recharged in 1 Hour - In or out of your Car

**REGO RADIATOR REPAIR**  
"WE KNOW HOW"  
Radiators, Fenders, Bodies and Lamps  
**H. G. KAISER**  
Phone 7249 M Nights 1006 J  
180 Fullarton St. London, Ont.

OVER 30 YEARS IN BUSINESS  
**ELEONARD & SONS**  
LONDON CANADA, LTD.  
**BOILERMAKERS & ENGINEERS**  
Write For Heating Boiler Catalogue