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A STORY OF EVERY DAY LIFE

BY MRS. CLARA M. THOMPSON

CHAPTER XIII.-CONTINUED

The picture was of a youth apparently about twenty, glowing in the first flush of manly beauty, and with an expression that won the heart at Miss Greenwood took the locket in her own hand and murmured. "Yes, dear, lovely, beautiful beyond comparison; and taken so young, so suddenly, and so-,' voice died away in a sob. She walked away from her friend, her eyes cast her step rapid. Rosine remained where she had left her, won dering in her own mind if this could he the 'first born' of whom Ned had once spoken-then came the wonder why this intimacy between the two families, which must have been very strong, had never been known to her She tried to recall any allusion to them, but could only remember hearing Aleck once wish Harry Green d were at home, and the Colonel had spoken sometimes quite severely of the Commodore, but of Miss Greenwood and the lost brother, she had never heard till she had herself made her acquaintance.

Rosine was awakened from her reverie by the return of her friend all traces of the late deep emotion effaced, and her countenance wearing the calm, placid, somewhat pensive look, that usually rested there. She informed her young companion that she had met the Colonel on the beach looking for her. Rosine made haste to meet him he coming towards her holding a letter high above his head exclaiming "From the west!' Im-mediately, as she saw her father's handwriting, her heart sunk within I know there is bad news, she said, out of breath with her run, and looking pitifully into his face.

Shall I read it for you?" he inquired affectionately, and placing the camp stool for her and bidding her lean against him, he read aloud, not without some hesitancy and choking on his part, the sad story of little Jeannie's release and Marion's wanderings and consequent illness. It was written in the terse, laconic style of a man of business; but in the end he said, "I thank God, my child, that you are exempt from the hard discipline we are enduring in this to us foreign land, and are sheltered in the home and heart of one worthy of the love of such a daughter."

But I ought to be with my mother," she said, looking up at Colonel Hartland; "she needs me now more than ever."

But, my darling child," replied he. "in your present delicate state, lately recovered from a nervous fever, you could be but little assistance. I could comfort her," she said

"O, here is something from your mother," he exclaimed, as he turned

the last page. Do not be impatient or unrecon ciled, my beloved Rosa. The dear Lord will watch between me and thee when we are absent one from another, and bring us together again I miss you hourly, my sweet comforter, now more than ever; but I would not have you pine for me; you have with me, the sweet com nany of the saints, and they will bring you comfort with their pray-Heaven, and dear Jeannie will never forget to pray for us. The little self. picture of St. Rose is near me, and I never look at it without a petition

for my sweet Rosita. The intelligence contained in this letter weighed on Rosine's health heart to her mother, which she could Hartland's family very sincerely, she

the effect of the sea air, he should

question Very bad," replied he. "I saw her physician yesterday. He says and other sea treasures she had gathered during her sojourn by the peach, and which Miss Greenwood

made order in the confused mass of marine curiosities which Rosine had collected, telling her as she laid each one in its place, how much she was at a loss to know if he should should miss her cheerful face in her leave her alone with her treasure,

they might meet in the city.
"My dear child," she said

"this little green spot in my life will never be forgotten. live very quietly, but perhaps you will sometimes come to the Navy Yard to see me. Mind, I shall mark that day with a white stone that brings you; but you will have younger and gayer companions."

"I haven't any gay companions now," replied Rosine, smiling sadly. I don't think I want any.'

That is hardly a natural wish for one so young and hopeful as your self, and with so many looking to you for comfort.'

Looking to me for comfort!" plied Rosine, opening her eyes in astonishment.

Yes; all looking to you for com fort," repeated her friend. ' From the gleanings I have gathered from you in our happy hours, and from my own heart being so drawn to you, know that many hearts are trusting to you for comfort. dear mother first, whom you have made me love; your sister, your brothers, but more particularly just now, Colonel Hartland's family. The Colonel's heart is evidently set upon his newly found daughter. Good noble man! He only wants one thing to make him nearly perfect; but that is the greatest want. You know what I mean-a religious spirit. To you, dear Rosa, this blessing has been given in large measure. O, if you could impart of it to others Then, there is the absent Lieuten ant, his letters manifest bis depend ence, his deference for you. Laura, poor foolish child, some time you may be able to do something for she paused a moment

"Have you forgotten Ned?' said rogated Mre Rosa, emiling, willing to change the the orphan. subject from Laura.

That is hardly possible in a review of the family. If you can per-suade Elward Hartland to care for his soul,"—she paused,—"unbaptized even!" she exclaimed, with something like a groan. "O, Rosa, it is dreadful to see our friends living in the neglect of this first duty, without which-

"The Doctor is a great deal older and wiser than I," said Rosine, timidly, "and influences me, but I don't think I can influence him.

Influence is mutual necessarily Dr. Hartland has nearly lost his faith in woman, and faith in God is very apt to follow. A sister, a younger sister, trusting, confiding, actuated firm religious faith and right principles, must help him mightily but I am foolish to allow myself to talk thus," she added, rising to go. Her voice was agitated, and dear sympathetic Rosine as she embraced her, whispered, "Dear Miss

Greenwood. Don't call me Miss Greenwood, my sweet one ; call me Dora or Miss Dora, it you like it better. I wish you were my sister," she said, returning the affectionate caress.

In a few days Colonel Hartland and Rosine were on their way to the city, and the following week Dr. Hardand fulfilled his promise, and she found herself quietly settled at Hawthorndean, the home of her grandfather; enjoying the breezes from the hillsides, drinking in life and health, both for soul and

Dr. Hartland could leave his post but for one day, but he would return ers; we have now a new advoc te in for her by and by, and for the fish ing excursion he had promised him-

> CHAPTER XIV. CONVALESCENCE

Physically, Laura Marten was and spirits; she solaced herself slowly recovering, but her mind somewhat by a full outpouring of appeared to be still overshadowed with a heavy cloud. From the first now do without oversight; confess- dawn of returning intellect she had after that, could through vanity ing to an ever-present yearning for missed from her finger the ring of love of admiration, be so unfaithfu her dear embrace. She did not pine her betrothal; the loss was like a as to have offered to her the insult that the had learned to love Colonel for she had instinctively divined into whose possession it had fallen. She would be always happy but for the spoke of the loss to no one; within, great distance from those best loved. the thought dwelt continually, and Dr. Hartland exclaimed, on his her friends sought, without success, the thought dwelt continually, and next visit to the seaside, upon to cheer her spirits; she did not rally, Rosine's ill looks. "She had gone she showed no interest in anything, back," he said, "to where she was but seemed constantly searching for before she left town, and if this was something which she could not find. The first thing that aroused her in order her at once into the interior." the least, was the letter from Lieu-How is Laura?' was her first tenant Hartland, which the Doctor had ner father at first, lest it might excite the disease is gone, and the delirium, her too much, but when day after but her mind seems to be in a state | day went by and there was no change, of collapse." He would not say more it was resolved to try what effect the of Laura, but turned with interest letter would have in arousing her to the collection of mosses, shells, from her apathy. Accordingly, one September morning, as she was seated in the invalid's chair, drawn toward the eastern window that she had promised to come the next day might have the influence of the early and arrange for her in their rightful snnlight, and the prospect of the places, before they were carried to lovely scene that nature spread before her, Captain Marten entered The next day passed without the with the Lieutenant's letter in his panion to speak, "one can hardly pearance of Miss Greenwood hand. She did not turn her head to hope, after such misconduct." appearance of Miss Greenwood hand. She did not turn her head to either at the house or on the beach; greet her father, but continued to but the Doctor only shrugged his gaze down the long avenue of pines, shoulders when Rosine wondered at that brought such fearful memories. this non fulfilment of her promise. An intense melancholy pervaded The day after his departure Miss every feature; twice her name was Greenwood made her first appear called ere she gave a look of recogni-ance at the farm house. She found tion. The rough old sailor was her young friend quite alone, the softened by trouble, and his voice Colonel having gone to town on wavered as he said in a tone meant business preparatory to their going to be jolly, "Laura, ducky, are you away, which was to take place the ready for a line from the Commodore that is to be, I mean Aleck Hartland? With busy pliant fingers she soon There was no change in the stony

On board the X-, off Cadiz, July-

My Precious One:
"A letter from Ned last night exasperated me, and I was so like a

madman that I only escaped repri-mand from the Captain by pleading Your letter came after it, illness. ire healing balm to my spirit. could not doubt your love; in spite of Ned's malicious hints, I have perfect confidence in you. It would be dastardly in me to wish to deprive you of gentlemen's society during my absence; I leave my honor in

your hands with unwavering trust." At these words Laura uttered a shrill, piercing cry, that soon brought her father, her aunt, and most of the servants to her room; she struggled for composure, but a fearful parozyam of hysterics was not to be avoided. She grasped the letter convulsively, and it could not be taken from her without tearing it into fragments. Hours passed before the physician could calm her agitaagain sit at the window and gaze down the pine walk. Who can doubt that He that marketh the sparrow's fall, guided the steps of his dear ones? Sister Agnes was called at this time on an errand of mercy to a charity child, in the very house where Laura was ill. It was a balmy sunny day, such as the closing hours of September often bring to charm us with a remembrance of the past when Laura heard the gentle tones of Sister Agnes' voice, as she interrogated Mrs. Norris with regard to

"Bring her here," said Laura to the servant in attendance; "I must see her, I cannot wait, she will help given with the rest. me, bring her here now-I can't

Her manner was hasty and impar ious. After a short consultation below, the good sister was conducted to the room of the invalid, followed by Captain Marten and Mrs. Norris. "All of you go," said Laura; "I wish to see Sister Agnes alone, and I

don't wish to be interrupted. They obeyed reluctantly, her father whispering to the sister as he went out," The poor thing is not quite like herself.'

Please lock the door, and sit here," said Laura, pointing to a chair beside her own. Sister Agnes did as she was requested, and took Laura's hand affectionately. "I'm sure you don't know how wicked I am, or you would not have come near me," whispered the sick girl. Our dear Lord did not spurn the

away from us," replied she, pressing the hand that she held. "I've been thinking of that," continued Laura, her eyes brightening a little. "He let that poor woman

wash His feet, that's what I'd like to My child, if that is your wish, He welcomes you to His arms."

have done," she said, relapsing into the dull, care worn look. "I can never restore lost confidence. We must leave results with the

But I can never repair what I

same Blessed One who loves us and with them.' cares for us more than any human being can possibly do."
"O, but you don't know all,"

a slip of paper, and placed it unopened in the hand of her friend. "Tell me," she said, in a hollow voice, "what you think of one who love of admiration, be so unfaithful flashed wildly, and her face flashed crimson. "Love of admiration! vanity!" she soliloquized, taking a hand glass from the table and looking at herself. "there's nothing to

call them forth now." She was indeed changed: the heavy braids of her long raven hair healthful color replaced by sallow forwarded as soon as Rosine had given it to him. It was held back by and fascinating, were dull and beavy with disease, the plump, finely rounded figure emaciated, and the quick, brisk manner changed for an

inability to move without assistance Sister Agnes carefully read the paper, while the sick girl made these comments upon herself. There was a look first of surprise and wonder, then of sadness and distress, as she closed the paper, giving it again to Laura without comment.

You agree with me," said the invalid after waiting for her com-

"Our dear Father is more merciful than man," replied Sister Agnes, "He forgives and restores us to His favor, but He does not assure us of the pardon of our fellowmen, or that we shall escape the those we have injured is necessary

daily walks, and how she had come to love her very dearly. She blushed deeply when Rosine ventured to hope they might meat in the city.

but she settled that matter by a wave will never have peace while you carry this secret about with you. the precious missive over and over they might meat in the city.

but she settled that matter by a wave will never have peace while you carry this secret about with you. This is a again, pressed it to her heart, laid it in her lap and wept over it, till after position, and they can make it public proposals nearly shattered my brain. land's honor demands that you make a fair statement of everything to him. I cannot counsel you further I will not change my purpose." she many minutes with trembling fingers if they choose. Lieutenant Hartshe ventured to break the seal and land's honor demands that you make now," she added.

But you will not leave me alone, cried Laura, seizing both hands con-vulsively, and rising only to sink back exhausted; "all alone!" continued, covering her face with her hands, "nobody of thing but the disgrace."

sister, little while when you are able, and | meet any one out of her family I will do all I can for you. The dear Lord help you," she added, stooping over her and kissing her brow.

Laura meditated on the counsel she had received; it returned to her day by day as she grew stronger; but with her slowly recovered strength came added reluctance to she concluded to commit it to follow Sister Agaes' advice. There the flames. was but one thought living in her trampled out every other emotion — how she should take the next step. The lonely hours brought her no After this second call, the with a desperate struggle, she took the first step in the right direction ; she wrote a long letter to Lieutenant Hartland, confessing everything but the last interview with Le Compte, and the loss of the betrothal With all her struggles she ring. could not bring herself to tell of this, it was such a mortifying incident. She was sincere and truthful as far which was doomed to bring her severest punishment, and which

The effort she made, although it was not a thorough one, benefited her mentally and physically; a dreadful fear of Ls Compte, which had come upon her so forcibly in her illness, continued in all its force His presence seemed to haunt ber and not without reason, for she had learned from months of almost daily intercourse, that he did not readily give up the pursuit of any object.

No sooner was she able to appear below stairs, and her father well out of the way, than a little messen ger appeared each day with bouquets of flowers for "Miss Marten," from an unknown source; soon words of love were found among leaves, betraying at once, if before there had been any doubt, from whence they came. Mrs. Norrispoke of the "delicate attention, Mrs. Norris and "kind thoughtfulness" of the chief of sinners, and He will not turn donor, professing to wonder he could be; but to Laura these added pangs of tokens brought head and heart, till one day, summoning resolution, she met the carrier of the flowers, and ordered him to return them to the one who sent them. Mrs. Norris was indignant with this step.

Aunt." said Laure, after that lady had expressed her feelings, "you ought to be the last to tempt me further in the ways of sin. Flirting and coquetting have brought me sorrow enough. I wish to be done

She did not dare leave the house even for a stroll in the garden, an invisible influence told her the "O, but you don't know all," invisible influence told her the sighed Laura, and hastily putting out enemy was not far away, and Septemin the most valuable properties in the town, together with a generher hand, as if afraid of a temptation ber went out with its last golden to draw back, she took a jewel-box sunshine, leaving her still a close ous offering to the building fund. from a drawer near by, and searching prisoner within doors. Her father came up for a few days, and she father's gift was the high altar, and hardly refined humor, she has cast a in it with trembling fingers, beneath a heavy bracelet, she brought out begged most piteously that she might a heavy bracelet, she brought out begged most piteously that she might two memorial windows; and on her parent's death, Miss Tallon and h physican had advised her remaining in the country as long as possible; she did not open her heart to her father, or he would have better understood her pleadings.
She sat gazing from the windows

and be at rest, wondering if had any one who really cared for her : remembering Rosine and her sweet love that had brought her so much pleasure, with a sting of sorrow in the end, as she recalled her own were gone, her head shaven and harsh unjust words, when a quick covered with a close cap; her bright, ring at the hall door startled her to her feet.

"It is a stranger," said her aunt, bustling in; "a very courtly looking gentleman. I saw him drive up the avenue.'

Laura flew instantly to her own room, and bolting the entrance. threw herself on the floor. "It is he," she whispered; "I know it, I feel it! Detesting him as I do, there is an influence that almost forces me into his presence.'

She was not mistaken, it was Le Compte, who inquired very respectfully for Mrs. Norris, respectfully not being willing to take the word of the servant as to Miss Marten's health. The lady received him rather stiffly, skilful flattery soon won her; she was sure there could not be anything very bad in a young man so respect-ful to his elders. He expressed temporal disgrace and suffering we may have brought upon ourselves.

A full confession of our faults to to our peace."

"Will you help me, guide me, and keep me?" exclaimed Laura, pitifully, clasping her hands.

"All that is not for human power in the manners of the gentleman, and his delicate inquiries for har health; but when she came to his discordered in healthful play; just as

added, as her aunt begged her to be frank with you, Father O'Connor be calm and reconsider, "I will not it was a mistake to admit Mrs see him. I will not communicate Thornton to membership.

she him what I say.' Mrs. Norris, frightened by her poor. "nobody cares for any excited and positive manner, dared not expostulate further, lest she "Be quiet, my dear," replied the should bring on the delirium of her ings. She is so very frivolous; all ster, "don't excite yourself; wait illness; but her fear left her before for dress and jokes, and the notice till you are a little stronger. I will the next call of the tormentor, not forget you, and maybe your she excused Laura on the plea of father will let you come to me for a health not sufficiently restored to of-there, look at her now!

> giving into her hand a dainty note. She turned the note over and over again after his departure, hesitating for some time in her decision, but after her own curiosity had been gratified,

It was well for Laura that her soul, one feeling that overcame and aunt came to this decision, for the contents would probably have sent her back to the borders of insanity. peace, and her aunt's conversation harassed girl wrote a pleading letter became odious to her. At length, to her father, telling him of her sufferings from her persecutor, and begged him to come and bring her to stay awhile with Sister Agnes, as the only place where she could be free from his haunting presence. We may readily suppose her earnest words had the desired effect, and the next week found her at the House of the Infant Jesus, under the calm, placid but invigorating watch as she went, but she kept back that | fulness of one who would deal wisely with her sorrows.

TO BE CONTINUED

A WOMAN WHO NEVER DID WRONG

By Katherine E. Conway The housekseper announced, "Miss Tallon, Father!

Father O'Connor set his book mark in at the eviction scene of "Luke Delmege," and with a momentary mpression of the lips that meant facing a frequent and not altogether agreeable duty, passed into the

This was the meeting day of the Society of St. Martha, and Miss Talion always called on him directly after adjournment. Through several years' experience he knew that these calls always meant complaint-more in sorrow than in anger, to be sureof the other officers or of certain members; with a contrast hardly conscious of her own fidelity to duty and the sacrifices she made for the society and its beneficiaries.

For Miss Tallon was president of women of Brucstown," as any memexplained to a stranger. Indeed, if the Goldon Rose or the Laetare gaudy, flippant stranger. Medal were to be given in Brucedeemed it Miss Tallon's inalienable

right. Truly, she had many claims, ancestral and personal, on local Catholic gratitude. Her grandfather had given the site of St. Joseph's, now the priest at last. herself, had given a beautiful marble expect?" altar, in keeping with her father's earlier gift to the Lady Chapel.

She sat gazing from the windows of the drawing room to the blue hills ing up the family tradition of generin the distance, the day after his departure, wishing she had the wings of a dove and could flee away among the familiar poor, but among ence, and finally into the Church. the oft-times needy foreigners drawn so numerously to Brucetown in recent years by the big wicker furni- you," he said regretfully. ture manufactory.

Yet while everyone respected Miss Tallon and acknowledged all her claims, there was hardly one who would not have braced himself for a private interview with her just as Father O Connor did.

How are you, Julie?" asked the had found another parting word. priest pleasantly. He had baptized every one of the third generation of the Tallons, and had seen this one grown from infancy to her prime maturity; he himself verged on his vigorous and young-hearted old age.

Well, considering everything," sighed the lady standing respectfully as the priest settled himself as well as he could in the slippery horse hair armchair opposite her.

"I trust there is no trouble in the

family," said Father O'Connor, with kindly solicitude.

" No. indeed, we never have trouble in the ordinary acceptation of the word," said Miss Tallon, with a perceptible stiffening of her exceedingly erect person. All the Tallons were as proper as

found her almost wild with excite- On their occasional visits to Brucement. Her face became livid as she town Father O'Connor would have alone, dear," she replied, "but I will promise to call again, Laura spoke disordered in healthful play; just as do all I can for you. Dear daughter," in a terrible voice: "Aunt, I shall she added, laying her hand on Laura's never leave this room till my father from grammatical accuracy or a she has given me many things, but

Our family rarely has illness

stant and eligible visitor among the

That is not the question, Father. It is her bad influence at the meet of men, as if she were a badly brought up girl of eighteen, instead

The lady in question was passing "I may trust you to give this to evidently happy in the company of her," he said in his blandest manner the tall man of middle age, who beaming with good fellowship, had to bend a bit to catch the words of the bright faced, gayly-dressed little widow.

"I suppose it's only a matter of taste," said the priest, keeping his mind on the spoken criticism, and ignoring Mrs. Thornton's escort. A JOHN H. McELDERRY woman adorning oung always seems to be like a bird sitting on a bough and preening its feathers It's nature, and so long as it's

But Mrs. Thornton is far from young. She is at least as old as I am. And you are still a young girl to

me," he answered. But Miss Tallon was not to be placated nor diverted from her grievance. Was it zeal undefiled for righteoneness, or was it John Hamil on's apparent admiration for the little widow that opened the eyes of a woman who never blundered to the shortcomings of her frailer sister? The human heart is a laby rinth in which the wanderer is a often surprised by unlooked for evil as by unlooked for good. Few knew its tortuous windings better than Father O'Connor.

Miss Tallon's "might have beens as to Holy Matrimony had better ground than most of those maiden ladies verging on middle age. She was an heiress, and good to look at even yet, though a little sharp of feature and angular of figure. in Brucetown or even in the city a hundred miles east of it, where most of her family dwelt, equalled her in delicate refinement of dress - the result, no doubt, of observant sojourns in Paris, with a well-filled

But the advances of all suitors were repelled with gentle but unmistakable coldness; and only one beside herself realized that John Hamilton the playmate of her childhood, who having acquired a competence, could not be suspected of mercenary motives, might at any time have had that well controlled heart for the asking. True he had sacrificed many of his best years to the claims of filial the society. She was "the head of and brotherly duty, but, at last he everything among the Catholic was free. And now, it he paid to any woman attention in which the little ber of St. Joseph's parish would have world of Brucetown could read the

This was the thought, albeit vague town, the people would have and unacknowledged, which tortured Miss Tallon during the uncomfort able silence which had fallen be tween herself and an old friend.

' But there is nothing so wrong a to be ground for remonstrance," said

Only that she is slangy and flippant to the verge of irreverence brazen in her pursuit of men's atten members. But knowing her brothers brothers and sisters, all married but and sisters as we do, what could we

The priest had no answer, for he himself had accounted it a miracle of She was nearing her fortieth year grace that the youngest of the wild and godless family in question had been brought through her widow "I had hoped so much for both

from a possible friendship between "I can't imagine what Mrs. Thorn-ton could have done for me," said Miss Tallant coldly. "But," rising, "I must go. I have already taken

far too much of your valuable time. Miss Tallon was down the steps of the rectory before Father O'Connor

Now that his attention had been called to it, the good priest had to admit Mrs. Thornton's flippacy and her ready and thoughtless wit that seldom stopped to note where its sharp arrows pierced. Had he not more than once in his occasional visit to the Society of St. Martha, seen the droll little moue with which she received the measured utterances of the stately president Had he not even caught her in a telling caricature of the president's good manner? The offender received his remonstrances with a penitent sigh, but her lowered eyelide scarcely veiled two mirthful sparkles. There was no doubt, too, that she made the most of her

John Hamilton on a dance for her amusement. Yet among the poorest of his flock her name was in benediction; her coming the herald of unfailing relief and gladness. But Miss Tallon also was assiduous in her visits to the poor ; generous with material goods. lavish of advice and correction

widow's privileges in leading honest

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