

Copyright 1924 by Joseph J. Quinn
All Rights Reserved

WOLF MOON

A ROMANCE OF THE GREAT
SOUTHWEST

BY JOSEPH J. QUINN

CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED

Louise stumbled but gained her footing. The gripping fear was robbing her of breath. Joy leaped to her heart when a little farther on she saw her goal—the clearing. When she arrived there her weary senses told her that Thunderbird had disappeared. She continued to run but on the plain Pemella steadily gained on her. Louise, seeing his advance, averted with the hope of once more gaining the underbrush—her only refuge. Almost at the edge of the trees she stumbled, sending a shower of dust into her eyes. She could not rise. Death seemed to catch up with her and bind her muscles into the bone-like hardness. She was paralyzed with dread.

Though stiffened with fear Louise felt Pemella pounce upon her. His large rough fingers sank into the clothing on her back. She imagined she could see him frothing at the mouth and flecking foam down upon her neck and shoulders. To struggle would be useless. So she lay face down with her forehead buried in the hot, powdery earth just as a few years before she lay with face in the leaves with the menacing form of Nava poised over her. Pemella gloated for a moment over his prize, undetermined what to do. She was in his very fingers, his possession. He could do with her as he pleased. He crouched over her form watching it quiver and heave like the pulsating breast of a bird. For years he had waited for this supreme moment and here she lay at his feet, alone, helpless, a broken creature in the sand. A queer light of exultation, of desire, of quickening hope came to him. The beast within him was lunging passionately at the bars of his restraint, only in turn to be driven back by the tender affection that he had nurtured in his breast for years. Nava's cold eyes, glinting with jealousy, were not upon him now. He felt secure here from interfering hands or law, only a conscience ground fine by pure love stood guard. Yet he wanted to be alone with her, to whisper the outpourings of his inner soul; to disuade her from her new life and to return to the old. After moments of indecision, moments when the man's brain was inflamed under the heat of conflicting forces within, he arose, fearing watching eyes. But there was no soul in sight.

Louise felt herself lifted. She closed her eyes. Half dead with fear a new blight overspread her heart. In the shelter of the trees Pemella stopped. Louise felt the virile force of the man, the strain of his body as he held her close in both arms and pressed his hot lips close to her dust-stained cheek. Inert and lifeless as far as physical movement was concerned, her soul reeled in horror at the desecration. Crushed with dread and despair she seemed to see herself let down into the bottomless shaft of darkness where furious gusts of passion and throes of racking pain contended between the material and the spiritual of her being. Ill fated and cursed with nameless existence, further ill fated and cursed with instinctive desire for a higher, happier life, hounded by hideous memories of a past of tortured slavery, further hounded by a tyrannical love-struck gypsy, gasping for breath and life in honor within his arms, what in the name of higher womanhood had she to live for? She had soared from gypsy filth and serfdom to sublimity and paradise, she had escaped the wicked clutches of foul men, she had climbed from a crater of passion, marked by a man of greed, to the heights of sacred, pure womanhood. Now a heavy pendulum was pounding against her and swinging her out into space with nothing above or beneath or beyond but eternity, ready to let her fall back into the pit that somewhere must await her. And through it all her mind burned in a consuming fire.

For a moment Louise was unconscious. When she awakened she seemed to be heaved to and fro on an ocean of warm waves that gripped her body. Louise felt herself being carried up, up, up. She opened her eyes into minute slits. A moving mirage like the plains was spread before her. The hot breath of the man fell upon her face. Like steaming vapor off of storm-drenched fields, Pemella was mounting Roundtop.

A current of death-like fear ran through her. She was not being brought to camp as she surmised. She divined her destination—Belle Starr cave. But the thought, the gripping blow that sent a mantle of scarlet to her face was the tragedy that might await her. Pemella saw the crimson bound to her face, gazed until it ran through the roots of her brown hair. He watched and wondered. It made her appear like a poppy in his arms. At the very summit Pemella stood and gazed upon the plains. The air was almost lim, yet heavy and oppressive and the sun shone hotly from a sky that had lost its brown. Down near the Trichell ranch he could see figures moving. There seemed to be some great agitation among the riders.

Pemella knelt at the entrance of the cave. The opening was low but once inside a vast chamber appeared that led to another. He lay his hand down on the rock and nudged. Strong as he was the climb up the hill had been fatiguing.

The gypsy in wonderment and pleasure watched her soft white throat throbbing. It moved up and down like a lily in the morning breeze. For minutes he knelt beside her, hesitating between talking her in his arms or being satisfied with mere watching. Then he arose hastily, ran to the entrance and looked out. What he saw made him return quickly, rend his neckerchief in pieces and bind her arms and feet. He felt certain that she was unconscious, she was breathing as quietly as a goddess in sleep. Then lifting her he sat her down near the inner wall. Pemella went to the opening again, peered out and returned to bend over Louise.

"A pretty little gypsy," Pemella spoke softly after a minute of transfixed gaze. "Tonight you'll be my bride. We'll leave this dry western land for California and there under the big palms we will travel back and forth. Won't you little Bluebonnet?"

The cave's silence, as profound as a tomb, was his only answer.

"And if you wish we will go down into Mexico, to Sonora and Sinaloa, down, down, past the Sierra Madre in Durango and there in the quiet valleys we will camp and have the world our own. You will be my queen. And when the great fiesta comes in Orizaba we will go there and you will tell the fortunes of the finest. They'll look upon my little blue-eyed queen and say, 'Ah, she is from Heaven.'"

"But tonight we shall go. Before moon comes up we are gone and Aleak will gnash his teeth in anger. He will look for you as I have looked for you. But it will be too late. We shall cross into New Mexico, to the mountains, travel the desert by night, then to California and you will be by my side to smile."

"My pretty little flower. Rasbol named you right, you are a flower. Not his but mine. A smile from you will be like the rain to the desert. It will be green and happy under it all. Pemella has missed you as the night misses the moon. We have had ill-fortune since you went away. The rivers have dried, the flowers have been burnt to stalks, the horses have no feed. In the big cities, too, they have turned you like dogs. But with you Pemella can hope for better things. The desert heat will blow away, the great dust clouds will flatten, there will be rainbows and we will cross the Rio Grande to sunshine always. Never, never, shall we look back to Oklahoma, our eyes shall feast on mountain peaks in Mexico. The desert will be back of us and the hot winds and dry moons. But ahead there will always be valleys and sunshine and you. And you shall say come or go and the gypsy he will come or go. That is for you."

"My heart is full of love for I have waited long. We have been from Pocatello to Shreveport and now you come like the Springtime. You come to me as a dream. But you love me too; we both love you. You will, you must, be mine, and if you run away I will follow you—by your side until this gypsy ring is lost in the desert or marshes. But you will be mine forever, you must, you—"

Pemella sprang from his knees and rushed toward the opening. Louise quivered under the barrage of soft words, spoken in the old tongue she knew, lay with mind throbbing with the realization that this gypsy was madly in love. His frequent kisses, she thought, must leave indelible red marks upon her cheeks, they were so hot, so vividly passionate. The loud drumming and throbbing in her ears would force her to cry out; she must relieve her pent-up tension. Fear, shame, visions of tragedy mingled into one burning sensation that flayed her nerves. In a moment she must shriek. Suddenly the bending man had ceased his sibilant monotone.

Louise opened her eyes slowly. The cave was empty. A current of hot air swept in from the rocky mouth of the prison. But there was no sign of Pemella. Seemingly he had melted into the sun's rays that poured through the narrow entrance.

CHAPTER XII.

THE OUTBREAK OF THE BEAST
"Where's Louise?" asked Jack as he sat down to the table at noon. "I'm wondering," responded Mrs. Trichell, her solitude augmented by the query. "She volunteered to go for the mail a little while after you left with the boys and I haven't seen her since. I'm becoming worried. I'll get the glasses and see if she is on the road." Mrs. Trichell went to the door.

A moment later she announced: "Most of the dust's out of the air but I can't see her as far as the turn." She swept the horizon with the binoculars but showed no sign of emulsion. For a moment the glasses paused in their movement. They were pointed at Roundtop.

"Jack, come here and tell me if you see anything near Roundtop. I thought for a minute that I saw someone moving on the trail. But perhaps I was mistaken."

Jack was positive he saw a figure going slowly down the side. With-

out saying a word he returned the glasses to Mrs. Trichell, went to his room, filled his cartridge belt, strapped on his gun and paused long enough to say to her: "I believe I'll reconnoiter a bit. Louise may be out talking to strangers. If she comes home in the meantime I reckon you'll find me near Roundtop."

Bud Simpson dashed up to the back porch to announce: "Thunderbird's out at the corral but nary a sign of Louise." The news brought a cry of alarm from Mrs. Trichell. The riders left the table and ran to the door.

More convinced than ever that something was afoot Jack wheeled his pony and started toward the village. Surmise after surmise crowded into his puzzled brain. At the end of the Christian ranch Jack drew rein suddenly and gazed down at the road. There in the sand were the half-observed footprints of a horse headed toward Terilton; but none returning. Evidently Thunderbird had come home another way. Either by the Gulch or Roundtop. A deep resolve took shape in Jack's brain. Without wasting a moment he skirted the alfalfa field to the North of Christian's and spurred Satellite to the next section trail. He turned at the fork and bore over beyond the Eastern outskirts of the town. Back in a small clearing of black-jacks stood a cabin, small, shoddy, falling in ruin. Jack stopped in front of it and halooed.

The door swung open on its leather hinges and an Indian, with hair braided into two long strands that hung on either side of his wide shoulders, appeared. His small eyes set close together and far back in his head gave him a shrewd appearance. Like a sooth-sayer of a past race he stood picturesque against the remnant of his cabin.

Singing-in-the-Rain had come to Terilton as a renegade from justice long before Oklahoma Territory was thrown open in 1890. He was a Blackfoot Indian and had wandered from tribe to tribe, from the Choctaws and Creeks on the East to the Apaches on the West. Some had said he was a spy and for this reason had been barred from tribal meetings. With the influx of pioneering whites Oklahoma gradually smoothed under civilization. The Government took charge of the Indians and built schools for its wards. Towns and cities sprang up on the prairies. The plains blossomed under cultivation. Then came oil. Barren lands spewed forth liquid gold. Indians became immensely wealthy, so rich, indeed, that guardians were appointed to protect them from designing sharks.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE LESSON OF THE ROSE

The lines of Ruth Graham's life had fallen in pleasant places. She found it very enjoyable to be a young and attractive girl—full of buoyancy and vigor—and to possess withal, a fair amount of brains—indeed she knew that more than a fair share of brains and cleverness was hers.

Her life was ordered too, pretty much as she wished it; Ruth in main got what she wanted, and when she wanted it. So that when reverses came—and they usually do come into all lives, one way or another—Ruth was quite unprepared to meet them and thought herself ill-used by that Divine Providence which had always taken such care of her and hers.

Yes, Ruth had always put her trust in the goodness of the Heavenly Powers and had felt herself their special favorite. "And why shouldn't they be good to her?" was her unuttered thought. Didn't she appeal daily and nightly to them?—and when other girls were at recreation wasn't she frequently to be found before the Blessed Sacrament, or participating the Blessed Virgin and the saints?

The first hard "knock" as Ruth called it, was the death of baby Rose—that dear infant sister whose hold on life had been so slight that her tiny fingers, like uncurled rose-leaves, Ruth used to think, had slipped their hold at the first strong wind, in shape of illness, and Balm Rose had taken flight for heaven.

Ruth had an uneasy feeling that she had not been over kind to the little thing—in fact had been quite impatient when the baby had claimed her attention at times, when she had been writing essays on the sweetness of unselfishness and self-sacrifice, later to be praised by nuns and pupils.

It is true that sometimes in a gracious mood, she had let the baby's busy fingers unloose her hair (a favorite pastime of the child) and leaving it ripple over her shoulders, she would put on baby's cap and coat and run out to exhibit its prettiness to the neighbors. But such moments were rare. She remembered once telling her mother that she was "born for something better than to be a nurse-maid."

When it was dead, Ruth had shed sincere tears of sorrow and had felt that she never again could be gay—but time had healed the wound.

The next trial came when her father, who, far from rich, had yet always managed to keep them in comfort, resigned his position in the bank. Because he saw things there that did not fit in with his fine sense of honor, her mother con-

fided to her, under pledge of the greatest secret. But Ruth had termed it, "a foolish scruple." It was just about this time Ruth wanted to own a car for her private use, and was not ashamed to ask for one. Up to then, a lumbering, second hand auto had appeared to suffice for the family needs—but now Ruth had turned up her nose at it—or tried to—a difficult feat, for it was rather long with no suggestion of turning upwards.

"Why, father I almost every girl in my class has one, and I'm tired of everybody giving me a 'lift' as they call it."

"You must remember Ruth, that my salary is much smaller, these days," he had taken up his old profession of teaching, "and we must economize instead of plunging into fresh extravagance."

"It isn't extravagance—" began his daughter, but observing the watchful mother with her finger on her lip, she had desisted, to walk impatiently out of the room, but not before she heard her father say:

"Ruth you're very selfish!—consider William, who is giving up his college course and going to night school, that he may help me!"

William was Ruth's elder brother—"A plodder," she called him—as indulged by her mother as to time to give them—she was first in so many things that "Give it to Ruth" came to be a by-word among the pupils when it was question of problem or prize.

"Well, Ruth, I never saw such a girl for getting there!" said Sister Monica one day, espying a shining new roadster waiting for Ruth at the school door. "I thought you said your father had refused your request in this direction."

"He did that," cried Ruth, "most emphatically—this is some management on the part of my dear mamma. You know she is a wonderful manager."

"Oh, these loving mothers!" cried the Sister clasping her hands, and then she added in a low voice—"Ruth, I wonder if you appreciate your mother?"

"Appreciate my mother!" gasped the girl, but just then the nun was called away, so she had no time to answer. Ruth started her machine with great exhilaration and drove away in such a state of mind that twice she barely escaped running people down. Appreciate her mother, indeed!

Ruth did not feel as happy as she might—she knew, though she hardly voiced it herself, that the fine machine meant that her fragile mother was doing her own work, having dismissed the maid. Her father had coldly turned her aside when she ran to thank him effusively for the new acquisition and had silently pointed to her mother. Her quiet brother, who as a rule shared in the general admiration for her talents, looked at her critically, she thought, these days.

So Ruth did not feel as gay as usual, and she deemed herself somewhat ill-used when the first news that greeted her on her arrival home this day, was the fact that her mother had been taken suddenly ill—it was something like a heart attack—and had been ordered away by the doctor, while being told that her hard working days were over.

Ruth, frightened and perturbed, wanted to know anxiously if they could afford it.

Her father, gazing at her with a gloomy eye, had replied tersely: "You would not ask that, if it concerned your own needs. We are going to Aunt Hattie's."

Ruth watched their departure with mingled feelings. Her mother had strongly rebelled against the doctor's verdict and had almost literally to be carried out—so reluctant was she to leave and weak and worn. Yet Ruth was disdainful over her fears that it was going to be hard for the young girl to manage alone. Ruth was convinced that she was about to revolutionize the household. She had long wanted to put some of her own theories in practice, and establish a new and easier form of living.

She even argued against having Miss Pilcher—an old helper and a friend of the family—come to stay with her and assist in the work. She wasn't afraid, she declared, even if William would be away occasionally, over night.

ARCHITECTS
Randolph 7867 Kanwood 1980
J. M. COWAN
Architect
(Registered)
Churches, Schools
Colleges a Specialty
TORONTO
WATT & 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
BARTLET BLDG. WINDSOR, ONT.
London Diocesan Architects
Specialists in Ecclesiastical and
Educational Buildings

Factory Saved
by "AUTOMATIC"
SPRINKLERS
In February last, the Stratford Chair Factory was saved from a disastrous fire by the prompt service of the SPRINKLER SYSTEM. There are thousands of cases which prove the value of "Automatic" Sprinklers. Estimates on request.
The Bennett & Wright Co.
LIMITED
77-81 King Street London, Ont.

Nonsuch
LIQUID STOVE POLISH
Saves Work
Easier
Quicker
Cleaner
Established owned & made
in Canada for over 30 years by
Nonsuch Mfg Co. Limited, Toronto

RAYMOND BROS.
182 York St. London, Ont.
ALSO—
172 Sandwich St. West
WINDSOR, ONT.
SPRING
AND
CRANK
ROLLERS
We Make Awnings
for all purposes
COME IN AND
EXAMINE THEM
"We Keep Out the Sun"

Ritz-Carlton Hotel
MONTREAL
Canada's Social Centre
Noted for its efficient yet unobtrusive service
Telegraphic and Cable Address
"Rizarlton."
EMILE C. DESBAILLETS,
Manager.

ASTHMA
PRESCRIPTION
2898
TESTED and tried for many years, our prescription for Asthma Relief has helped thousands of sufferers from this distressing complaint.
It gives immediate relief, stops the cough, eases the tired, irritated membranes, restores natural breathing and promotes restful sleep.
2898 is a pleasant, harmless liquid preparation and contains no harsh drugs. Our confidence in its power and our experience with a vast number of Asthma cases enables us to put a positive guarantee on every bottle sold. If you are not entirely satisfied, we refund the money.

Canada Church
Goods Company
149 Church St. Limited
Toronto, Canada

Do You Know
That McConnell's can supply you with those Strawberry Plants and other fruits of any kind. Asparagus roots, ornamental trees, shrubs, vines, perennials, roses, bulbs, etc. Buy direct from the grower and save money. Large 36 page illustrated catalogue free.
THE MCCONNELL NURSERY CO.
Pt. Burwell, Ont.

ARCHITECTS
Randolph 7867 Kanwood 1980
J. M. COWAN
Architect
(Registered)
Churches, Schools
Colleges a Specialty
TORONTO
WATT & 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
BARTLET BLDG. WINDSOR, ONT.
London Diocesan Architects
Specialists in Ecclesiastical and
Educational Buildings

F. E. LUKE
OPTOMETRIST
AND OPTICIAN
187 YONGE ST. TORONTO
(Opposite 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 7984
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 5850 W
519 Richmond St. London, Ont.

"PERFECT" Bicycles
The Bicycle of Quality
3 STORES
Main—605 Dundas St. Phone 3426W
402 Clarence St. Phone 1898P
454 Hamilton Road. Phone 2767W

HEXTER TAXI
(Formerly Marley-Hexter)
Phone 2859 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 selections prompt.
C. A. MANN & CO.
KING ST. LONDON, ONT.

Let Us Buy Your
EGGS and POULTRY
Our prices are right and
our selections 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

Do You Know
That McConnell's can supply you with those Strawberry Plants and other fruits of any kind. Asparagus roots, ornamental trees, shrubs, vines, perennials, roses, bulbs, etc. Buy direct from the grower and save money. Large 36 page illustrated catalogue free.
THE MCCONNELL NURSERY CO.
Pt. Burwell, Ont.

F. A. Lemon Drug Co.
ST. THOMAS, ONT.

DR. REBECCA HARKINS
DR. MARIE H. HARKINS
OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIANS
Abrams Method of Diagnosis and Treatment
The St. George's Hospital, LONDON, ONT.
Wellington St. Phone 1149

DR. LEROY V. HILES
SPECIALIST IN ALL
FOOT AILMENTS
202 Dundas St. Phone 7808

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS
MURPHY, GUNN & MURPHY
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES
Solicitors for the Roman Catholic
Episcopal Corporation
Suite 63, Bank of Toronto Chambers
LONDON, CANADA - Phone 170
FOY, KNOX & MONAHAN
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, Etc.
A. E. Knox T. Louis Monahan
E. L. Middleton George Keogh
Cable Address: "Foy"
Telephones: Main 681
Main 682
Offices: Continental Life Building
CORNER BAY AND RICHMOND STREETS
TORONTO

DAY, FERGUSON & WALSH
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, Etc.
Rooms 116 to 122, Federal Building,
TORONTO, CANADA
James H. Day, K.C. Frank J. Hart
Joseph F. Walsh T. M. Mungovan

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

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

Lee, O'Donoghue & Harkins
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Etc.
W. T. J. Lee, B.C.L., J. G. O'Donoghue, K.C.
High Harkins
Offices: 241-243 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 Attorney County Treasurer
Solicitors For Norfolk County Council
SIMCOE, ONT., CANADA.

MICHAEL J. MULVHILL
L. D. S., D. D. S.
35 PEMBROKE STREET W.
PEMBROKE, ONT.
PHONE 175

Dr. W. S. Westland
L. D. S., D. D. S.
Office and
Residence—
DENTIST
287 QUEENS AVE. LONDON
Beddome, Brown, Gronyn
and Pocock
INSURANCE
Money to Loan Telephone 698 W
392 Richmond St. LONDON, CANADA

James R. Haslett
Sanitary & Heating Engineer
Agent for Pease 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

Where Do You Go When
You Wish to "Say it With"
The West Floral Co.
249 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. BENINGER, C. R., President.

Casavant Freres
CHURCH LIMITEE
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 Row Super-London, Ont.
Phone 8370 Your Battery Recharged in 1
Hour - In or out of your Car

REGO RADIATOR REPAIR
"WE KNOW HOW"
Radiators, Fenders, Baffles and Lamps
H. G. KAISER
160 Fullarton St. London, Ont.

OVER 80 YEARS IN BUSINESS
E. LEONARD & SONS
LONDON CANADA LTD.
BOILERMAKERS & ENGINEERS
Write For Heating Boiler Catalogue