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HONOUR WITHOUT RENOWN

BY MRS, INNES-BROWN

Author of "Three Daughters of the United

CHAPTER VII-CONTINUED

"Sweet little visitor," said Sister Margnarite to herself as she moved met, and in his she recognized at once the steadinst light of reason.

aking his hand kindly, " Tell me how

Tired-so tired and weak ! and so and my foot hurts me so.

"Does it?" she asked somewhat "You xiously. "Now that is too bad; tipued, the pain if you will endeavor to be patient, and not worry yourself." How long Tell me all about it.

What time of the year is it? I can listen to you now: your voice soothes

given you up in despair, you were so

He felt grateful, and endeavored surfus on account of your friends."

o smile in return. Then, as he "Once for all, allow them to rest, to smile in return. Then, as he his eyes expressed some distress a stubby beard.

Do not allow trifles like that to doubly can be easily removed."

She drew a chair closer to him, but facing him; and seating herself 'At present 'Sister' only; when

Sister Margaerite ' if you wish." Well then, Sister"-the word came with a little jark; even now it public mourning." cost him a small pang to apply that

Yes, you have; but it was absonoment who are even worse off."

What on earth shall I do?"

Try to get well and live as you some great design in restoring to you he gaspad.

Some great design in restoring to you he gaspad.

"Decidedly not; but our ladies do or to give us courage? Ah, you do or to give us courage? Ah, you do not it is not recovered the meaning of words." nd and one more name to the long

my countryman.' the prediction he had uttered years "Would you like to see a priest? ago, when first he encountered that no? Then an English clergyman, indignant schoolgisl: "Some one or a religious minister of any

When next he awoke after a refreshing sleep though she forbade him to talk, she drew a chair nearer to him, and untolded to him gently and with wonderful tact all that had occurred; softening the hard facts down, smoothing the rough points where she fall his pride would most be wounded, lighting the future with the glowing colours of happiness reaped from duty accomplished, so that tears, arising from feelings that had long been unknown to him. filled his eyes, and he hung upon her words endeavoring to draw strength from the brave spirit which possessed

Two days had elapsed, and Dr. Arno was astonished when he found stand a better chance of meeting the patient so far recovered as to be talking rationally to his nurse. Sister Marguerite glided from the room, hoping that the doctor might be more successful in obtaining information regarding her patient's affairs than ske had been.

I'm right glad to find you on the road to recevery at last," he began seating himself and feeling Havold's pulse the while. "We've had precious hard work to pull you through, I do assure you. It's chiefly pulse owing to the care of that little Sister

there that you are a living man! "I am convinced of that, doctor; but you should not say a living man, for I am mayaly a portion of one.'

Yas, yas. But you see that was quite unaveidable; your leg, nearly as far as the thigh, was smashed to a ielly. I have tried my utmost to save the other. Wall," he continued cheerfully; "no doubt the Sizter has written to your friends in England, quainting them with your condition and all that has occurred."

anyone on my account." Come, that is scarcely fair to them. Of course, it was in the execution of a grand deed that you met with your accident; still, had we

have nursed or cared for you as we

have done."
"I am well aware of that, doctor. But"-and his lips expressed a faint shadow of scorn as he spoks—" upon one subject set your mind quite at ease: you, and all who have aided me in my extremity, shall not go unrequited. I can afford to repay a generous deed. My name is Harold Manfred; my parents are dead. I have no wife, and need render to no to the window and looked fondly man an account of my actions."

after it; "would that you had tarried The first part of the sentence he with us longer." As she turned her spoke haughtily enough, but the gaze fell upon her patient; their eyes latter portion stuck in his throat.

"Of course, of course," responded the medical man, moving uneasily in You are batter!" she exclaimed his chair, but immensely reliaved uily. "Oh, I am so glad!" Then for to do him justice, the winter had Then for to do him justice, the winter had been a weary one; he had worked hard day and night; his expanses were almost overwhelming, and perplexed," was the faint rejoinder; taxes were likely to be a heavy burden for some time to come.
"You must pardon me," he con-"but we feared lest an but never mind, we will tay torelieve anxious wife or mother might be mourning your mysterious disap-

pearance Wall, you understand me now,' have I been here?" he asked faintly. was the blunt rejoinder. "If you and Sister will continus your kind I said in good part." care of me, on my word of honor as me, and I seem to know your a gentleman, I will amply require

touch."
"You ought to do so," she said smiling; "you have experienced enough of it lately to be weary of it.
The fights you and I have had, to be sure! Sometimes I have almost cenary. It has, I accure you, been cenary. It has, I accure you, been an honow as well as a pleasure to attend so brave a hero; I was but

passed his hand feably over his face, then : accept my thanks for all your kindness, and forgive me if I abstain when his hand came in contact with from talking much; your language was always difficult to me, and it is "Do not allow trifics like that to doubly so just now. Will you, disturb you," she said cheerily. instead, tell me how things are pro-

"Come nearer to me and listen, advancing surely, if slowly. Yet we your gold; or rather bostow is, if none save the lowly, the ignorant, for I can speak neither long nor live in absolute dread of what may you will, upon the poor, the sick, and and the destitute should be the loss of whom will be a cause of ask in a low tone :

Manfred listened attentively. Was

How could she datend berseif, poor, 'I am cartain God has women traverse them unprotected?"

generouity: then, indeed, will Eng. rarely venture out unless it is absolutely necessary.'

Sister of Charity, shall be proud of risk for his sake, and if she had an out Him." escort it consisted only of a poor

or a religious minister of any you to the best of my ability, for I do nos consider you out of danger."

"Thank you"—in a stiff and stilted tone—" but similar assistance has already been offered me, and I

have declined it with thanks. Oh, well, Monsiaus, no offence, and the doctor rose as he spoke-" it is part of our duty, you know, to remember the soul as wall as the body. But if yours needs no spiritual aid, it's lucky for you — that's all. But one question more, and I will relieve you of my presence. Our hospitals are full; still, should you desire more comfortable surround ings—and it may be better advice, I will endeavor to have you removed to some locality where you may

with both. What do you say?' Simply that I have a strange fancy to remain where I am for the present." He endeavored to bow a courteous dismissal to the doctor as wished to express was lost from the

strained position of his neck.

Taking the hint, and wishing Manfred an abrups adieu, Dr. Arno quitted the room, and after issuing a sew last instructions to Sister Marguarite, passed from the cottage.

"A cold-bearted, unsatisfactory sort of creature," he muttered to himself. "And now that he is on the fair read to recovery, I'll leave him to the Sister's care, and not trouble myself about him more than is absolutely necessary.'

CHAPTER VIII

to what amount I shall owe you to what amount I shall be indebted to you for all this? Let ma see; for how many weeks have you been in attendance on me?"

Yes, it has been a puzzle to me ever when it is a pouzzle to me ever when you are moved; then you act and speak as she did."

No; I see no sanson to distress attendance on me?" She was standing with her back towards him, facing the chest of such an impression upon you." draways, engaged in spreading some coaling salve upon a linen clesh ones; yes, should I live to the intended to relieve his fact, when he saye of Mathusala, I shall never feeabandened you to the mercy of those thus addressed her; and not quite get the scene. It was on board a in whose sause you enlisted, in all comprehending his meaning, she steamer crossing the Channel. The

services?" He was beginning to regain strength, and the softer part of his her face. She raised her head after school-girl, Beatrice de Woodvills, but centinued her work in silence. Receiving no reply, he addressed her

Don's be ashamed," he said, "to name a sum; you have saved my life, and, what is more, you have actually taught me to respect a nun.

I am not ashamed, unless for ' she answered as calmly as she could; and there was inborn dignity in her bearing as she furned and play an active part in my destiny."
Sister Marguerita made no repl faced him. have taught you to respect a nun. then why seek to humiliate me?" He rose upon his elbows, staring at

her in astonishment. How like she | tinued : was now to that beautiful girl. What a marvellous resemblance!
"How humiliate you, Sister?" ha exclaimed, feeling strangely moved

as he gazed upon her, "I meant what I suppose you did," she answered, lowering her eyes and strug-gling with herself. "I must excuse

your ignorance." 'On my honor as a gentleman, I will pay you in current gold for your

services ! She faced him fully now, and the old flash of scorn lit up hos eyes as she spoke ; for in her secust hear? she depised the man before her and longed to bring him to reason. 'Are you then really so ignorant as to suppose that a Sister of Charley devotes her life to works of mercy in the hope of earning gold as her reward-or that she lives only for Sister." good opinion of those for whom When you are a little stronger it gressing outside?"

When you are a little stronger it gressing outside?"

"Thank God, the troops are it! You know it is not true. Keep

occur when these rebels are driven | the orphan, that they in return may chosen of God?" to bay. I pity our dignitaries of the plead for God's mercy in your bebut facing him; and seating herself Church, and every one who wears listened carefully while the religious garb. Having brutally paused abruptly, as though the religious garb. Having brutally paused abruptly, as though the misesable and distanced their own leaders, they subject was distanced to her, and it appointed seek refuge in a convent."

Was the fulfillment of a vow." will strike without remorse at relig- was some seconds ere he daved to you are stronger you may call me ion, if only to slake their rage and speak again. Without taking his men of the poor disconsolate ones, disappointment upon some one, the eyes from her face, he ventured to she said, springing lightly to her

why do you do is ?' name te a nun—"do not try to hide it possible that, only a few weeks "Why?" — and the words what became of the wonderful girl of although the old genisman was anything from me. I have lost a ago, he too had hated the religious issued with living fervor from the whom you spoke? Surely you guiltless of any wrongdoing, he was garb—nay, had even fought for mobile lips, whiles her ayes, gszing those bloodwhirsty Revolutionists?

Now what it these lawless wretches upon the blue chy. "The control of the wonderful girl of whom you spake? Surely you followed her destiny?"

Now what it these lawless wretches upon the blue chy. "The control of the wonderful girl of whom you spake? Surely you followed her destiny?"

I saw her met by her friends: I lutely necessary; and there are many Now what it these lawless wretches upon the blue sky—"why? I will traced her birth, ker parentage; then children make a Novens, promising poor men in this city at the present should set upon and murder poor tell you. For the sole love of Him to other matters claimed attention; and their prayers were heard and ment who are even worse off." little Sister Marguerite on her jour whose service we consecrate our when next I sought for her also was 'Dreadful, dreadful!" he ground. neyings to and fro—her errands of lives. It is His will alone we seek, gone, having left no trace by which I "But I was suce of it. The loss has mercy and charity to him! The Hislove and approval alone we head, been terribly present to me all the very thought caused him to break and to Him, alone do we look for time. What on easth shall I do?" into a cold perspiration, and all that recompense. Do you think," she ing his pillows; "had you traced her And in the sigh which followed utter was manly with him rose up in arms continued — and a flash of prids destiny, it might have been a revelation so you."

The property was expressed.

The property was expressed. look on her faca-"shat money could have never lived before," was the helpless little thing! "Are the ever repay or satisfy the heart that prompt reply, spoken kindly and streets safe, doctor?—I mean, can has learns to love and live for its God alone, that unteld wealth could and alone, has influence has fresuffice to stimulate our weak nature, quantly seemed to be upon me."

> like these — you, who have lived for yourself alone. But rather would I belong to God and be the poorest

will be proud to call her friend some description? I will andeavor to aid towards the casement, and leaning of his presence, walked her arms upon the sill pressed the crucifix which usually hung at her side to her lips, apparently buried in prayer or reverie. Was she asking for strength and courage for herself, or for grace and mercy for her patient? Perhaps for both.

In a few minuses she furned, and with a half-suppressed sigh resumed her work at the chest of drawers which served as a table. Having at last spread the salve to her satisfaction, she carried the dressing to the still sore and aching foot, and com menced gently and in silence unfold the old bandages. Her face was more serious than usua), and her mind seemed preoccupied, for every now and again paused as though thinking

deeply. Sister," at last ventured Manfred, who had never taken his eyes from her face during the operation, "forcourteous dismissal to the doctor as the spoke, but much of the dignity he spoke, but much of the dignity he give me, but you are the very image of some one whom I met some

Am I ?" she said, scarce heeding his remark.

Yes; and when you speak as you did just now, the resemblance to her is more striking than ever." The resemblance to whem ?" she asked, looking up with some more

'Ab, I will not say who she was : of course you cannot be she. But hers was the most beautiful face I

Was it really? Then I fail to see

how I can resemble her." Yes, it has been a puzzle to me

ataly for her conduct to have lets "On the contrasy, I saw her bu

probability they would have left you turned with a quick but amused wind was blowing fresh and keen to die; certainly, they would never glance of inquiry towards him. "I mean," he went on to explain, merrily, and the steamer rose and what shall I owe you for all your fell as sho cut her way defiantly through the bright waters. There were many passengers abroad, and most of them were thoroughly enjoynature was depasting. There was a | ing the invigorating breeze, whilst a ring of condescension in his voice friend and I were amusing ourselves which chased the bright smile from at the cost of two French nuns-poor sickly-looking creatures they were the manner of the dear, wilful one of them could barely standwhen bang down in our midst bore this English beauty. She was swelling with indignation, and con stituted herself their champion and

"I hope you tell thoroughly ashamed of your conduct," said your conduct," said Sister Marguerita with spirit.

"I did; but I felt also a strange presentiment that I should meet hex again some day, and that she would Sister Marguerite made no reply but her head was lowered a little she seemed to be examining the wound more closely. Manfred con-

You should have seen bow she treated those nuns. Why, if they had been her superiors her behaviour could not have been more deferential."

Pray how do you know that they were not her superiors in birth as well as in sanctity?" Have I not already told you that

she was of noble birth, that she was young, wealthy, and beautiful? It could never have fallen to her lot to become--" he hesitated. One of us? Why not say it out?"

Well, Sister, it does not seem to me probable that such a thing could occur." "I believe you! How should you

undanstand the motives of selfgacrifics ?" You are severe, and for all you

know unjust, in your judgments 'I hope I am neither the one nor the labors? No, you cannot think the other; but you are both, or why should you deem is impossible that

'I have always read and keep And I am supposed to be a specit in a low tone:

| Seef. "Well, well, at least have the Sisters and the Mother herself." Then if not to earn a livelihood, kindness to reserve your pity and told me of it. Mr. Shriver was in sympathy until I crave them.

could parsus her."

"'Tis a pity," she answered, adjust-ing his pillows; "had you traced her "I shall meet her again some time: I know not when nos where;

your life. Gasher togesher, then, the remainder of your etrength, and devote it to deeds of greatness and usually have an escort. Now they chamber to attend to the more im-mediate wants of Old Madame Corbetts, who day by day was grow. hand kindly) "even I, only a poor and approximately as silent. Twice beggar upon earth, than be the log washer and more imbestic. The at once hand kindly) "even I, only a poor a day Sister Marguarite ran that wealthiest of earth's monarchs with harsh voice was heard less frequently. hersh voice was heard less frequently now—whether from sheer inability He held his breath as he listened to acream on because pages of ing man. Quietly, he heard her to her, but could not still the beating Manfred was surprised by the thrill
of pleasure which shot through him
when he anticipated earning her
praise. Surely he must be verifying
the prediction he had uttered years
when first he ancountered that

escort it consisted only of a poor
mad or woman.

He held his breath as no negative
to her, but could not still the beating
of his heart. What did she know of
the would she say next?
who was she? Strange, too, how
the prediction he had uttered years
"Would you like to see a priest?
Who was she? Strange, too, how
her voice and face haunted him!
But she seeming almost unconsoious

He held his breath as no negative
unknown. But Sister Marguerits
unknown. But Sister Marguerits
"Mrs. Montague, you can do nothing," he assured her. "The will of
who was she? Strange, too, how
old woman. And to a small extent
to the prediction he had uttered years
"Would you like to see a priest?

The prediction he had uttered years
"Would you like to see a priest?

The prediction had be reward; for though comto the prediction had be reward; for though comto the prediction had be recastionally is
to her, but could not still the beating
of his heart. What did she know of
the would she say next?
Who was she? Strange, too, how
her voice and face haunted him!
But she, seeming almost unconsoious

The held his breath as no next consisted her occasionally is
on the held his breath as next result of the heart of the will of the beating
of his heart. What did she know of
the doctor, noting the softened
to her, but could not still the beating
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to her, but could not still the beating
of his heart. What did she know of
the doctor, noting the softened
to her to consisted her occasionally is
on the heart was distingted.

The held his breath as no next could not still the beating
of his heart. What did she know of
the doctor, noting the softened
to her to consiste the heart of the heart o visage would brighten perceptibly at acres of ground between them. the senud of "Sister's" voice or stap, and even the distorted old

fingers would occasionally seek the

kind hand and press it as though in

gratituda.

Daving the rest of that morning Manfred lay silent. He was meditat ing as he had not done for years. Something in the conversation he had had that morning with the Sister of Charity had renewed the lively vision of girlish loveliness which had been secretly cherished in his beart for years. He allowed his mensal gaze to rives itself upon the picture, until, groaning inwardly, he cried, "Oh, it only it had been my happy lot to be led by such a mind as here, never should I have fallen to suck depths!' The words of Sister Marguerite seemed to vibrate in his mind. Why did has voice, and here alone of all whom he had ever met, sound the selfsame note of scora Why had her face the same inspired lock as hers, whose image he had so long and so silently revered? There was a mystery somewhere Surely he was distraught, or were there stranger things in real life than were ever fancied in fiction? no! he must bear in mind the sight for ever, he would yield to that strong impulse which day by day was gaining force wishin him; he would endeavor to shake off the old ife and transfer this long chesished respect to the ministering angular made aware of the antagenism which his side; yes, he would trust to be that wealthy neighbor held for their wealthy neighbor held for their more than that, them. When first apprised of it by to a fallow-creature; more than that, he would even look to her for counsel and advise. "The burden is becoming toe heavy for me," he ovied, and I know no one to whem I cam burn in my distress cave this little Sister of Charity," "Besides," whispered his good angel, "remember, that it you should die, repussion will then he impossible." will than be impossible.'

TO BE CONTINUED

MRS. MONTAGUE'S NEIGHBORS

tentionally started the fuse that exploded the bomb of portly, elegant Mrs. Montagna's wrath.

Wall, how will you like your new neighbors ?" she artlessly asked her cruel note, saying that her home was

tague repeated. "Has some one taken the Shriver place? Why, the old gentleman was but buried yestarday. 'Oh, then you haven't heard the

news?" Mrs. Field gurgled her delight at thus being the center of news ?" interest. "Mr. Shriver's will was read this movning and he left the place—his beautiful kome and the surrounding acres to — well just guess to whom ?"

To whom ?" demanded Mrs. Monangue, making little affort to hide her great interest.

To an orphan asylum!" At which her hostess gasped in diamay. Then she addad : "To a Catholic orphan asylum!"

After the departure of her guest. Mrs. Montague fried to consider the matter calmly but her anger and nervousness forbade it. She could no? think of it without indulging in indignant and violent protests.
"She hated neylums," she told hereals, "and the particularly hated Catholic asylume." Suddanly, remembered that Lillian, one of the maids, was a Catholic, and decided to question her, hoping that Mrs. Field had been misinformed

Lillian," she demanded when the girl answered her ring, is it true at at the Shriver place is to be converted into an exphan asylum?

Yaz. madam.' You are positive of it?" Ob. yes, indeed. It is very fine

is is not, Mrs. Muntague ? "Is is outrageous. It is impossible.
will not permit it," she stormed.
How is it you know of it when Mr. Shriver's will was only read this

The will was made some time the estate was coming to them. It enough to again establish a little Fulfillment of a vow?" Mrs.

Montague repeated. Yas, madam. I go often to see But grant twouble-it was a lawsuit-and unable to give proof to the Reverend I saw her mes by her friends; I Mother and begged has to have the God answered tham, the Shriver home would go to the asylum at his death. At the trial unexpacted testimony was produced exonerating him antively and completely vindicating Shanksgiving he had his will immediately drawn, giving the country astate to the Sisters. Ob, it is fine bul since I have been lying here ill to know that the dear children will have such comfortable quarters.

They need is hadly for the old place was sadly inadequate. Mrs. Montagua looked at her coldiy. "Well, they will never enjoy the Shriver place! Send for Mr. Wallace, my atternsy. Tell him to come

But Mr. Wallace gave her little hops. He was an oldish, tired-look-

she had her reward; for though com- will. The asylum is not next doer pletsly bedridden now, the hard to your residence. There are several

"Bus, I tell you I will not have those oupkans have !" she protested. "File an injunction—de comesking anyshing—and do is as ones to pre-vent their coming."

He shock his head. "I will do nothing of the cort," he answered. "And tomorrow, if you place the matter in any other attorney's hands, is will be my duty to fight is. I have charge of Mr. Shriver's affairs."

"Unless you do as I wish, I shall transfer my intereste," she threat ened, but he only amiled. Mus. Montague had never been a pleasant customar and he felt that he worked hard for svery penny that came to him from her estate and with the years, she was growing more dis

Just as madam wishes, I shall prepare for the accounting at ones. Mrs. Montague gassed as he bowse himself out and then she realized that she was beaten. The oxphans would come. She could not and the law wenld not prevent them.

Come the orphans did immediately. Within two weeks they were occupy ing the great heme on the hill. Children were playing upon the lawn; older boys working in the fact that his nurse was after all but garden; girls with the dignity of that trembled. a simple Sinter of Charity! But maisons, assisting in the kitchens; "I am your sou's wife, and over since the other had passed from his and babies sunning upon the great there, in the Catholic asylum, are his verandas that surrounded the house. And here, there, among them every. where, moved the quiet Sisters, their serene, happy faces hidden benesth

The Reverend Mother was soon Mr. Wallace, sks smilingly promised that her little charges trospass apan other grewads. Montagus must be vary heartless to object to the children," the added.

"She has had a pathetic kistery," he explaimed. "I fear it is not the children to which she objects. It is the fact that they are Catholic

"Ah!" was the mother's only com-

It was little, fidgety Mrs. Field who broke the news and quite unin. entionally started the free characteristics of the free characteristics. Her only son, to whom she was devoted, married a Catholic girl and for this she disinherized him, refusing to see either has said the control of the wrote to her telling of her husband's severe illness and their dire poverty Mrs. Montague answered seers.

Open to her boy, but in it there was "My naw neighbors?" Mrs. Mon. no room for the wife he had taken against her wishes. The boy died and somewhere his wife is working taying to eke out a living for herself

and two babiss, while Mrs. Montague

enjoys every luxury money can buy Poor, hard hearted mother! W will pray for her," answered the nun. But is Mr. Wallace believed that Mrs. Montague was giving no thought to her son's family, he was mistaken Although too proud to admit it, and never letting her best friends suspect it, her heart was broken. Her son's death was a blow from which she would never recover. Bitterly she regretted the stand she had taken and when she learned that he had died amid the poorest surroundings, without necessities that might have prolonged bis life, her grief and remorse were intense and sincere but they were never indulged outside the security of her bedroom

She even sought to make some amends for her misdeeds by sending for her son's wife and children and offering them a home with her. A little note was all she received from that "Cathelic girl" her boy had married.

Dear Madam : (she wrote) "You les my dear husband-he whom you called 'son'-die. Now, do you think I could trust you with my darling children? Gladly would I have taken your money while he lived and with it purchased the things he needed-nousishment and comfort. With them, his life would have been prolonged. have been cared entirely! I would nos touch it now. I am going to work as a maid! My babies-the children of your son-the grandobildren of the wealthy, exclusive Mrs. Montague-must go to an orphan asylam until their mother can carn home for them."

That, then, was the cause of Mrs. Mentague's antipathy to orphan asylums and particularly to Cathalic nes, for, of course, she know that har daughter in law would place her children with the nuns. In spite of the fact that the employed a detec ve and spared no expense in searching for her son's family, she ad never been able to locate them and thus four years, years of despect ough hidden sorrow had passed

New, she was gatting old and she nged for the company and love of oms one of bar own; she wanted to be sure that when she had passed away, how estate would not go to strangers, but to the children of her son. A nesvousness and unrest that was worse then physical illness possessed her and she was in this troubled mental condition when Mr. Shriver died and his big mansion. ha nearest house to her own, parsed into the hands of the Catholic

Orphanage. For awhile she pretended to ignore hair nearners, but it was a presense, for she could not belo essing the children as she passed in her coupe, neither could she prevent the sound of their joyous laughter that rang in her ears for hours after she heard it.

One day she called Lillian, the maid. "Lillian, you told me that it was through the prayers of the children taver he sought?

Would the children pray for msfor my intention-something that I want so much ?" The maid's eyes widened. " I will

ask the Sisters to have the children pray for madam's intention." "Yes, Lillian, and—oh, girl, can't you see that my heart is breaking! Beg of them to pray, pray, pray that

I may find my dear son's children bafore I die ! The girl came to the woman's side and looked down upon her, then she murmused: "Why do you want Would you love them for shem their father's sake ?"

Yes, yes!" the wretched woman moanad. And you would take the children and their mother into your home, knowing they are Catholics?"

Yes, yes!" I only pray that I may find them ! The girl dropped to her knoss and put her arms around the aged weman "Mother," she whispered, "the children are at the asylum, and the Sisters, too, have been praying that this very thing would happen. Their

prayers are answered."
Mrs. Montague looked increduleus dispelieving what she heard. "Who are you?" she demanded with voice

children. Shall we go for them as once, mether?" Thus it was through the prayer

and intercession of the children, the welcome neighbers, that Mrs. Monmade aware of the antagenism which tague reserved the answer to her petition and recovered the wife and babiss of her dear, departed son. Mary Clark Jacobs in the Antidote.

> Try to make at least one person happy every day, and then in ten years you will have made three thousand six hundred and fifty persons happy or brightened a small town by your contribution to the fund of PERFUMES general enjoyment .- Sydney Smith.

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