Copyright 1922 By The Bobbs-Merrill Company Indianapolis—New York, U. S. A. THE INHERITANCE OF JEAN TROUVE

By NEVIL HENSHAW

Author of Aline of the Grand Woods, etc. BOOK TWO.-BAYOU PORTAGE

CHAPTER V.-CONTINUED The little man flushed guiltily and for a moment pretended to be wholly occupied with his meal, but short occupied with his mear, but there was no withstanding Toinette. Slowly he put down his knife, leav-ing his scarce touched food, and came over to my side. Then, reachg into a pocket, he brought forth letter which he placed in my

Bien," said he. "Here it is, little Jean. Perhaps it is not so bad as I fear. That will be for you

More mystified now than ever, I examined the letter. It was long and thick and, as I glanced beneath he open flap of the envelope, I caught a glimpse of coarse yellow Madame Therese with a request in the upper, left-hand corner that, if undelivered in five days, it should be returned to a certain post-office the prairie. The writing was all in thin angular hand that I had reason, but the place. noticed in Le Bossu's account book, and stamped in red ink across the lower part was the inscription, "Not Known At This Address."

There was something stark and grim about this dull red line, something of the unconscious cruelty with which an unknown hand had blotted out my past as surely and as easily as it had obliterated the little man's careful penmanship. I gazed at it with ever-increasing apprehension although, for the apprehension although, for the apprehension although, for the moment, its message was lost upon

Well?" questioned Le Bossu. "You have seen? As you have perhaps guessed, your own letter is inside. It was returned unopened. Through the red stamping the reason is explained."

said I, "I understand. Yes, said I, "I understand.
But there is some mistake. I gave
you the address in Madame
Therese's own handwriting, and you
have copied it exactly. Therefore,
if it had been sent properly, it
would most certainly have been
received."

received. had begun in anxious uncertainty but, in the end, emboldened by my own words, my voice rang clear. To me Madame Therese meant the rue Bourbon; the rue Bourbon, Madame Therese impossible, I told myself, that the two could be separated by all the red lines in the world.

Le Bossu, however, soon caused me to abandon this hope. "I am afraid, little Jean, that

there can be no mistake," said he. took up the matter with the postmaster himself. When a letter, properly addressed, comes back in this manner, it can mean but one

she go to? What would become of M'sieu Bon, of the Spaniard, and the other lodgers? What will bethe other lodgers? What will be summer is when the summer is

The little man nodded gravely. may find some plan that will settle grand—" the return to him or to must now consider. Perhaps, with

Ahead I dared not look. For the present I could only strive futilely with the thought of what I had lost. Dazed, terrified, I pictured the welcoming figure of Madame Therese, and clung to this image with the strength of despair.

"Madame, Madame?" I cried, stretching forth my arms toward the vision as, in former days of fear and misery, I had implored the protection of M'sieu L'Empereur Napoleon.

Then there came a soft kindly

Then there came a soft kindly touch upon my shoulder, and Le Bossu, convinced now of my help-lessness, prepared to take the matter into his own capable hands.

"Come, come, little Jean," he began, with a bruskness that he was evidently far from feeling. "This will never do—this despair. You must take heart, you must view the matter from all sides before you declare it hopeless. If your Madame Therese has left the rue Bourbon, it does not follow that she is lost to you forever. She has only moved to another part of the city where we will make it our business to find her. This is what you must consider and, with your knowledge of the city, the affair may prove a simple one. Come now, let us begin. Since for some reason Madame Therese has been forced to leave the rue Bourbon, what other street do you think would be her preference? Your knowledge of

long residence in it, I knew nothing at all of the city. I had seldom gone into it except upon my excursions with Madame Therese, and on these occasions my thoughts had been occupied entirely with the country that lay beyond. I had not even the child's usual knowledge of the streets and byways within his own immediate neighborhood for, in my sheltered life, I had found few occasions to go outside.

occasions to go outside.

"Come, little Jean," urged Le
Bossu. "At least try to answer my
question. Consider Madame's habits,

the things that she has told you."
"Madame had no habits," said I, Madame had no shaking my head.
"She never told me of any other had her home, and she promised me that, were I not welcome at my— my relative's, I should return to it. So far she had heard nothing from paper that was strangely familiar. So far she had heard nothing from the turning the letter over, I me, and she is not one to break a found that it was directed to promise. I am sure she would not move until she was certain that I

would not return to her."

"Yet she has done so," said Le
Bossu patiently. "That is what we
must deal with, little Jean, not the

"Suppose now we were to take you to the city. Do you think that you could find it? Do you think that you could at least place Papa Ton and myself upon the trail?"

I thought of the city's throngs. I pictured my small self guiding the great bulk of Papa Ton through the hurrying crowds with a feeling of almost hysterical alarm.

"No, no," I cried. "I know nothing

"Bien," said the little man, and in his voice there was a note of relief. "Then we now have the matter well in hand. Your Madame Therese has gone, and you say that you would not even know how to start about finding her. How, then, could Papa Ton and myself hope to do so? This has been a matter of duty with me, little Jean, and, had you given us any hope of assistance, we would have followed you to the end of our resources. Yet I am sure that we would have had only our trouble for

"I am sorry, little Jean. My heart goes out to you. But we must face the truth. Your Madame Therese has gone, and gone also is all hope of our finding her. Thus but two courses are left open to you. First you can return to St. Pierre and strive to make your peace with those who have denied you.
This uncle—this relative of yours perhaps the news of your present plight may arouse his sympathy if

nothing more."
At this a growl of resentment came from Papa Ton, but before the big man could speak, Le Bossu

"Wait, my friend," said he. "All in good time. We owe the boy a thing. Your madame has gone."
"But she could not have gone," I duty, perhaps a greater one than cried desperately. "Where would cried desperately. "Where would you think. Well, little Jean?

ly. "I will never return to If you take me there I will not stay. The little man nodded gravely.

'Ah, yes, little Jean, that is the estion," he said. "It is what we lest now consider. Perhaps, with course. No, no, I would rather die to the little will not go back to M'sieu Dugas, if that is your second course. No, no, I would rather die to the little will not go back to M'sieu Dugas, if that is your second course. No, no, I would rather die to the little will not go back to M'sieu Dugas, if the little will not go back to M'sieu Dugas, with the little will not go back to M'sieu Dugas, with the little will not go back to M'sieu Dugas, with the little will not go back to M'sieu Dugas, with the little will not go back to M'sieu Dugas, with the little will not go back to M'sieu Dugas, with the little will not go back to M'sieu Dugas, with the little will not go back to M'sieu Dugas, with the little will not go back to M'sieu Dugas, with the little will not go back to M'sieu Dugas, with the little will not go back to M'sieu Dugas, will not go back to M'sieu Dugas, will not go back to M'sieu D

A sudden light of intelligence flashed into Le Bossu's eyes, and he

Ay find some and so difficulty."

He paused, as though the way for my thoughts, while I gazed blankly at the red huddle of words that alone remained of my future.

Madame Therese gone? The rue Bourbon denied to me? It was unbelievable, yet the cold sense of fear and loneliness that came clutching at my heart brought with it a message that could not be it a message that could not be handed. I shrank whimpering from the denial of my the many the denial of my the denial of my the many the denial of my the many the denial of my t As I am at best but a visitor here, as through the many shifts and changes of my life I can scarce be said to have a home, it is Papa Ton and Toinette who must now speak. Perhaps they have guessed more correctly than yourself in the matter of this second choice."

He paused while Papa Ton, heaving himself erect, came over be-

ing himself erect, came over be-side me, and laid a huge toil-worn hand upon my head. For all its weight the touch was strangely gentle, and when the big man spoke the deep rumble of his voice was charged with a great tenderness.

"I am not good at words, little Jean, said he, "but I have come to

Also, as in my delirium, her firm cool touch soon put to flight the pursuing phantoms of terror and despair. I snuggled her close, I drew down her head upon and shoulder. Then, with the soft caress of her cheek against my own, down her head upon my er. Then, with the soft the tears came, and the struggle

was won. "Toinette, Toinette," I sobbed, while the little girl murmured broken words of comfort, and mingled her tears with my own.

'Dieu," swore Papa Ton, clearing his throat with a sound like an explosion. "You see that, Bossu? Also, perhaps, you see me. If I were a liar now, I would say that it was the smoke." And, in proof of his good intentions, he drew a hand across his eyes.

But Le Bossu, well versed in the hearts of his fellow creatures, went over to the door and opened it without a word. Also he beckoned to the now bewildered Papa Ton and, as the two passed out beneath the stars, some few of the little man's words came back to me.
"Bien, it is done," I heard him

"And for the best also. must leave him to Toinette now.

She alone can serve."

And serve she did through the dark bitter moments while my sobs died slowly away, and the grief and fear began to lose themselves in the love and brightness of the future that she drew for me. Long we sat hand in hand, while the fire burned down to small red-eyed embers, and the shadows stretched dark fingers from the corners of the room. Then, when the last choking sob had been conquered and, utterly worn in body and mind, my tired head began to nod, Toinette, with a strange maternal tenderness, took me in her arms, and rocked me as a

mother rocks her child. "Poor, poor, little Jean," I heard her murmur again before I drifted out upon the tide of kindly sleep, and through her words there ran a

drowsy note of pity and of joy.

Thus Papa Ton and Le Bossu found us upon their return from the bayou bank—two weary little creatures who slept in each other's little arms before the gray ashes of the

Thus also, in those first weeks of my departure, Madame Therese passed forever from my life; nor, may I add, was the mystery of her going ever explained. Often I pondered the meaning that lay behind that stark red line across my letter, and at my first opportunity I made inquiries in the rue Bourbon. But Madame Therese had been long gone then, and those questioned ignorant of her very name. Yet, in all my many theories of her disappearance, there has been no doubt that my dear Madame was faithful

to the end. Perhaps, as is most probable, that dark and greater King than Proteus himself came down the rue Bourbon in silent pomp and, with one cold breath, eternally quenched the flame of her fidelity. Perhaps the rat-faced collector, growing tired of his game of cat and mouse, refused to hear her plea of other resources, and turned his constant threat into a terrible reality.

At all events I am sure that Madame Therese's brave loyal heart if to this day I sometimes see her old kindly face through a mist of longing, it is, I hope, some faint acknowledgment of the great debt of love and gratitude which must forever remain unpaid.

TO BE CONTINUED

A PAGE FROM LIFE!

"If I ever get home," said Schultz, at the worst of the Argonne drive,
"I'll try to be a good friend of the
Lord. And if I find my 'buddy,'
Jim M'Garry, I'll say the Rosary
every day of my life; and if I don't
find him, I'll say it all the same
for his soul."

Schultz was from New York city and M'Garry from Cleveland. They had gone through horrors together; and Schultz when he made this resolution was still in the midst of horrors. The relief had not come. "Fritz" was making a cave of fire, with narrowing walls, for the men of the battalion in which Schultz served; and these narrowing walls were of fire, too, with fearful bursts through them of flames that brought death, and what was more terrible

than death. than death.

"I haven't felt worse," Schultz confessed, "since I saw those frog children running away from the bombs in the dinky towns where that nice old frog woman lived."

"Frog" was the name that Schultz applied to our allies, the French—not in derision, not in condescension, but simply because in

descension, but simply because in the army nothing had its right name. But nobody wants to think of the Argonne horrors or to describe them—at least, at second-hand. The cave narrowed; the fiery walls seemed about to fall inward; and Schultz saw a soldier hurled from somewhere into space, and then he fell fifty yards from Schultz's

her habits should find an easy answer to my question."

But I could only shake my head in a stupid disheartened way. If Madame Therese had left the rue Bourbon, I told myself, she was gone beyond the possibility of my ever finding her again. Despite my long residence in it. I knew nothing long residence in it. I knew nothing

a calm lake. The man brought in seemed to be hardly a human being: he was black and bloody.

"It would be a kind thing to finish me with your pistol," he whispered. "I think I have lost my legs, and there is no chance of a doctor hereabouts; we're cut off. But, say, 'twas fine of you to do it! I am going fast. I'll trouble you for a drink of water, if it's handy; and there's a message in my strange plegde of in my site. handy; and there's a message in my inside pocket for my people at home."

The voice was husky. Schultz could hardly hear the words through his thick woolen helmet; he him-self looked like a gnome, for he had not had time to wash for several days and nights.

"Don't give up yet," he said.
'You're out of the worst of it." I am in the worst of it. It's a doctor I ought to have had days ago. I am all in, and death will

Be cheerful," said Schultz. " As soon as Fritz eases up a little, I can get you into our Hotel de Looks, the best in the trenches; for, if we haven't soap, we've water. The doctor is awful busy, but I'll find

The groan from the shapeless mass thrilled Schults, accustomed to such sounds as he was.
"You are suffering!"

A stiffed sob was the only answer.

Schultz looked at the sky; it was full of danger. Well, he could die only once and he had seen the chap-He raised the mutilated man on

rough and calcined earth - from which green things could scarcely spring again — and made for the cell of a trench which he called his own. Naturally, he was afraid, especially when the hot blood of his burden dropped on his wrist. He had never winced in battle—Schultz—but the image of the half-destroyed creature he bore filled his mind. He vigualized it unconsciously for visualized it unconsciously; for, unfortunately for a soldier, he had imagination. He ran, with his mask down; the wind had turned, and by this time he had learned to know the smell of mustard gas. He seemed to tread through bursting fires; he fought all fear, all danger, in his determination to reach the goal. At last he laid the man down in the lower bunk of the recess

in the trenchroom.

"Oh, kill me!" the voice sobbed.

"I can't stand it!" When did you 'whisper' last?"

he asked. Tis many Easters ago, worse luck !' ck!" was the faint answer.
"It's not for the likes of you, (Schultz's mother had been an Irish woman) "to be talking of taking your own life. The poor creatures that have no religion but what they think out for themselves are different; but you are a right-hander, if

not mistaken."
My name's M'Garry," breathed the wounded man.

"James Joseph M'Garry."
"It can't be!" Schultz looked closely at the wounded man.
"There's no use; we've been under fire so long that the nurses are all with the wounded below in the dugout they call the hospital; but we've warm water — which we haven't had for days; and there are some clean towels. I'll do what I can till I get the captain to call the doctor by telephone. And I'll have the chaplain come, and you can relieve your soul by 'whispering' this blessed minute. Do you know who I am? Keep alive, man; it's your 'bucdy'—Charlie Schultz."

"You'll find," he breathed, "the set of fresh underwear in the oilcloth bag under my vest I've kept

There was no more. Tears started to Schultz's eyes; he almost sobbed

himself. "The best God ever made!" he said. "And he knew what it was that I would want most when he found me. The Lord be good to

the stretcher; he's well wrapped

"The way to the hospital is the way of death tonight," said the

priest.
"He'll die if he is left here. "But you—and the others?"
"We'll give him his chance." M'Garry gained consciousness after the priest had given him a

"And now," said the chaplain, cheerfully, "you'll just 'whisper' as well as you can, and I'll give you absolution."

The two were alone. The tur-moil, the roar of death and destrucdug-out.

"It's death, anyhow," said Schultz. "I may as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb; I am glad I 'whispered' last week when the chaplain came around."

moll, the roar of death and destruction, were heard outside; inside was that peace which surpasseth all understanding. Schultz and three soldiers entered; the priest gave them his blessing as they bore their comrade out.

reached it, as men wearing some strange plegde of immunity. "My mother," said Schultz, "would have remarked that we

had eaten the fern seed of the Little People, so that Fritz couldn't see us."
"Your mother, Charlie Schultz,"

answered M Garry (both his legs were now off to the knee; he was waxen in color, but he had a red and quick tongue), "your mother would have said something about the medal of Our Lady of Lourdes she gave you; and something, too, about the scapulars the old frog woman put over your head.

"The Lord forgive me!" said Schultz. "But in these days you can only fight and leave the rest to God! The old frog woman was here today when you were asleep. The captain brought her in. She told her story to him; he speaks the frog lingo. It's a hero she's made of me. When Fritz's bomb knocked all the poor old thing had to live on — she seemed killed entirely. Fritz, when he went over the ground for the first time, didn't know that back and crawled over the she had hidden the cows under the church. You see, it was after you were lost, and we'd been three weeks in the dinky village. Well, I found the cows, and a friend and myself uncovered the bit of a stable where the hay was, and we milked them for her (a bit of sharpnel had hurt the old creature's hand). was a pleasure to do all we could for her; for she seemed like as if she was everybody's grandmother.

"When we moved away, she was quite comfortable - like; and she brought scapulars when we leaving, and the Protestant boys couldn't put on too many of them. I am the only one of the lot back here; but she came today through shot and shell, and told the captain to give the note in the frog lingo I have here. When the war is over am to give it to Colonel Bouligny, who is on some commission or other in New York. The captain said the colonel's father used castle over yonder that is in ruins. The old lady spoke of the colonel as 'Onree,' and cried; she was his nurse once. And she kissed me on both cheeks—the captain kept quite stern-like and didn't laugh. She called me her 'Feez,' or something like that—what strange talk they do have! But I was mighty glad that the boys and I saved her from starvation. It seems as if every good old woman in the world was having it done for her."

"It means," said M'Garry, whose forbears were from the North of Ireland, "that this Colonel Bouligny will have a job for you; and badly you'll need it, with a whole army us getting home after the war and wanting work; as for me"—he looked at the foot of the bed and choked)—"as for me, I'm done for."
He turned his face to the wall.

And the likes of him losing his legs," thought Schultz, " and think. ing first of the clean underwear I needed! God forgive me!" Schultz went back to his dugout;

and the tears of the helpless—the grateful helpless—flowed down his cheeks. The call for another day's bloody work came. The drive was resumed. The next day General Foch declared the Armistice; on that last day Schultz lost his right

Colonel Bouligny received the battered-looking young soldier, still in khaki, with what might be called empressement. He had read his old nurse's note.
"Ah," he said, "dear old Clotilde!

How we all loved her! In helping him!"

Willing hands, with great tenderness, did what they could for the unconscious man. The most skilled of them dared not touch the mangled mass that had been his legs.

The chaplain came first—a tall, slim young man, on whom the unspeakable terrors of war had left no trace, except in his eyes, which belied his cheerful mouth. His eyes for many months had not smiled.

"He'll want to 'whisper,' Father, as soon as he comes to," said Schultz. "In the meantime I'll get the stretcher; he's well wrapped show we all loved her. In delping her, you have helped ther. You will her, you have helped the very flower of the old women of France. You deserve the Croix de Guerre. Now," he added, "I have a big house on Long Island; I have an American wife there, too, and, if you like, you may take care of my big house winter and summer. You will be well paid—Clotilde would wish that," he smiled. A man with one hand will not find it easy to get a job at once, and the process of reconstruction is very long. For my work, you will need only quick eyes, a good memory and a lively mind."

Schultz's heart jumped. He had

Schultz's heart jumped. He had been rather "blue." How could an entry clerk work effectively with his right hand gone? At best, as Colonel Bouligny had said, the pro-cess of "reconstruction" would take considerable time. His mind gloomed at the thought of idle waiting; but presently he said:

"The best man for you, Colonel, would be a 'buddy' of mine—the best ever! And if a one-handed man is the right sort for your work, a no-legged man would be even better."

The colonel had watched his face and read his thoughts.
"What did this pal do for you,
mon brave?"

Schultz fired up. "What we all most longed for in those filthy days was a suit of clean things—you don't know how much!" ARCHITECTS

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