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UNITED KINGDOM

BY MRS. INNES BROWNE

CHAPTER V.-CONTINUED

Lady de Woodville gave instruc tions to her men servants to have the whole of the luggage conveyed to the Station Hotel: then turning to the girls, she informed them that dinner was ordered, and was even now awaiting them there; so feeling very ready for it, they hastened thither Louis taking great care to keep near

the girl he was to protect. Thankful for the assistance of Louise in a good and refreshing wash, the girls were soon seated with their friends round the dinner table The eyes of the Countess rested with at satisfaction not only on her own lovely daughter, but on the pretty and attractive features of her companions, especially upon those of shy-looking Irish girl. was an expression of gentle yielding, caused by the half-drooping eyelids, which greatly pleased that strong-willed lady, and she felt proud that her daughter had chosen her friends

so wisely and well. The meal was a merry one. Beatrice, as she sat between her mother and brother, looked excited and extremely happy; but in her heart lurked a little rebellious feeling, and she chafed internally as she asked herself, "why was not her father there? and why was she to suffer this disappointment on her first day in the world?" Opposite to the Opposite to the Countess sat Madge and Louis, occu pied in chesrful conversation; whilst on their left sat Marie, deeply inter ested in the lively and witty remarks of her brother. There was a vacant chair and extra place laid on her left. which Lady de Woodville informed them was intended for her eldest son, he having promised to dine with them if possible that evening. Nor long in fulfilling that promise, for one of the men servants,

approaching the Countess, said respectfully. Lord Grantheuse, my lady; " and

Beatrice rose joyfully to greet her Great Scot!" were his first words as he held the girl at arm's length and looked admiringly at her. "Why little Bertie, school life has agreed

with you amazingly well! Yes, has it not?" added Percy proudly. Lord Reginald kissed his sister fondly, then saluting his lady mother he turned to the rest of the party.

"Allow me to introduce you to Beatrice's little friends," spoke Lady de Woodville. "Miss Mary Blake and Miss Margarat FitzAllan." Both girls rose and bowed, which greeting Lord Reginald acknowledged grace fully, and then slid his tall figure

into the vacant chair at Marie's side He was as like his handsome mother in appearance as he well could be; both were tall and erect, with fine aristocratic features; their very carriage and bearing were expressive of the utmost dignity whilst the corners of both their mouths being a trifle drawn down, was apt sometimes to convey the faintest tinge of disdain to their otherwise agreeable countenances.

The Countess had married early in life, and was now only forty-two years of age, but her glossy bereft as vet of any silver threads, could still bear no mean comparison with the blue black and wavy locks of her eldest son.

The conversation thus interrunted by the entrance of Lord Reginald Grantheuse, was soon resumed.

Turning to the gentle girl on his right, Reginald asked, "It she was not very delighted to leave the Convent and enter the pleasant world Poor Marie ! her thoughts were at

that very instant, with her heart, far away at that very Convent, and her face was dyed a rich crimson as she answered-

Indeed, I am so sorry to leave it, that, it it were possible, I would return tomorrow.

Reginald turned in his chair and looked more intently at his little companion. Marie felt the gaze more than saw it, and was greatly annoyed with herself from the con-sciousness that the color was visibly deepening in her face and neck under that scrutinizing glance. "How pretty she is," he thought. Then he frowned, as he said rather impatiently, "I cannot understand how it is that nuns contrive to imbus their pupils with such absurd notions -namely, that they cannot be happy away from the convent. Surely, Bertie, they have not managed to persuade you of that fact, have they?"

Indeed they have not, Regie, replied his sister, with a merry skake of her head. "Neither do they endeavor to do so to any of the girls. But," noticing Marie's confusion, the nuns are so sweet themselves that we should be most heartless did we not love them very dearly."

Oh, I doubt not but that they are angels; yet I do hope that after you have seen a little of the world, Miss Blake, you will find much in it of your affection.'

Marie smiled, and her eyes looked up shyly from under the long fringed and drosping syelids, but she made

no reply. Several times after this Reginald endeavered to draw the girl into to have me with your fine toggery. time a tempting supper was spread me. She p'ison my hous conversation, but his attempts were I've been teld that Miss FitzAllan is upon the table, and nothing could gene—left me and l'enfant." useless. Evidently they did not hit

were for the night.

'I shall remain here with these sible; and Miss FitzAllan's maid not having yet arrived, I feel bound to see that she has a safe escort on her long journey tomor-

How good of you," said Madge 'Mother will be so grateful warmly.

Really Miss FitzAllan improves on acqueintance," thought the Countess. "I should not be surprised if she has a great deal in her,

her face is so very expressive."

Dinner over, the Countess with drew, and the young ladies followed her into a private sitting - room. which, compared with the bare boards at the Convent, appeared very cosy and comfortable. They were soon rejoined by the boys—Percy and Louis-and the fun and chatter

recommenced. Madge and Louis were seated together, talking and laughing. They were but boy and girl, and having been the constant companion of her own brother, Madge possessed an instinctive knowledge of the subjects trying to amuse her friend, and was proud to see how well he succeeded.

And now, Mr. Louis," said Madge seriously, "what are you going to do? I mean, what profession do you intend to follow? Have you settled t in your mind yet? for you told me at dinner that you were contemplat-

ing taking a very serious step in that My father was a general in the army, and gave his life for his coun-try, and it has always been my wish to follow in his footsteps; but whenever I mention the subject, auntie so long. frets so, and reises a hundred and one foolish objections to my plan, that I

am puzzled to know what to do. The army, Mr. Louis!" answered Madge, with all her soul in her eyes. Oh no, no! you must not dream of that. Think of your auntie, think of but you for help and comfort? If you left her. Marie would have no rother to protect or care for her; and ch, you can never know, you cannot imagine, how terribly a sister suffers when she loses an only and

dearly loved brother!" Louis gazed at the girl intently. There was a look of such tender earnestness and pathos in her eyes that it went straight to the boy's heart, and, though she little knew it, his destiny was fixed from that

'I will give up all thought of the army, Miss Madge, if you really think it my duty to remain near my aunt and sister."
"Indeed I do," answered the girl

fervently, and in her eyes the strange light still burned. "Don't you agree

"It is one of my dearest wishes;" replied his sister, "that Louis may not leave us.'

"Then let us say no more about eyes had conquered him and won the

'O Madge !" interrupted Beatrice, do let mother hear you sing one song; never mind the music, dear sing just anything you can remem-

Oh, please do !" chimed in Marie. shall close my eyes and think I am back again at dear old St. Banedict's, and who knows when we may hear you again ?'

Woodville, who smiled and said-'Indeed, Miss FitzAllan, if you are | this." not too tired, it will afford me great pleasure to hear you."

Thus urged, Madge rose, accomlooking piano and stool according to fingers passed lightly over the keys as if uncertain of their owner's mood; then in her own free, clear voice, and in her own toucking and pathetic style, she sang the song of The Captive Greek Girl." The last lingering note had died away, and still no one broke the silence.

Marie's eves were still closed her mind had returned to the loved were moved, they knew not why; when Lord Reginald, who had entered just before the song commenced, rose, and crossed the room to where Madge was still seated—

"Thank you, Miss FitzAllan, I until you have favored us with another.

" Please forgive me, but more than this I cannot do tonight," Madge, rising.

'Do not urge her, Reginald," said Lady de Woodville; "she has sung most beautifully, and we are more than grateful to her. It is a great gift to have a voice like that, Miss FitzAllan. How proud and delighted your mother will be when she hears

At this moment a scuffle was distinctly heard on the landing outside, you will find much in it and for the moment every one was of your admiration, if not si'ent, whilst their eyes expressed astonishment and wonder.

"Stand back, young man, and let me pass," was shouted in the high tones of an angry woman's voice, with a decidedly Yerkshire accent. Stand back, I say; don't think for in this 'ere room, and find her I will, exceed the silent dignity with which

appointed, he turned to his mother I'm nigh distracted with all the jost and inquired what her arrangements ling and row I've been through this day, and now you 'ave the himper-dence to try for to stop me. I tell

young ladies. Beatrice wishes to see you I will see her, and that at once."

The Countess looked at Madge, who recognizing the voice of her mother's faithful servant, rose, and moved swiftly to the door.
"I'm here, Mary!" she cried

Poor soul, how tired you must be ! The woman made no reply, but pushing defiantly past Lady de oodville's servants, who, on seeing Madge, stood back and offered no further resistance, she seized the girl by both hands and dragged her into

room to the better light. "Ay, it's you safe enough," said Mary, as she looked hard at the girl; "but Lor', miss, how you have growed! and you be the livin' picter of your owld gran'faither. My poor lady will be rare and proud of you, I'll warrant !" The harsh features relaxed, and in the small but piercing grey eyes flashed a momentary look of pride as the woman measured

Madge from head to foot. Of the old Methodistical type, Mary Medcalf was a tall thin woman, perfectly straight up and down ; in fact. nothing so well expressed her sym metry and proportions as the old upon which boys liked to talk. Marie Yorkshire saying, "Why, thou be is upon it agest near, and thoroughly enjoyed the straight up and down as a yard of oppression fun. In her kind little heart she pump water!" Her features were was very grateful to her brother for large and hard-looking, and her hair. which was iron-grey, was parted and braided very low down each side of her dark, almost sallow cheeks. Her dress, even after a long journey, was neatness itself-a plain black gown and shawl-a large black noke bon. net, inside the front of which a spot less white frill encircled her face ; a pair of black cloth gloves, and stout alpaca umbrella to match, with a

deep flounce around the top." 'Are you not very tired?' inquired age kindly. "Your train is so Madge kindly. late. I have been expecting you ever

I'm dead beat, mise, and have tasted neither bit nor sup since the

morning ! Oh dear !" exclaimed the Countess, laying her hand upon the bell. "Doubtless you will feel strange here. I will ring and order some dear Marie! To whom can they turn | coffee to be prepared for you in the coffee-room at once."

'In the where, ma'am ?" asked Mary, looking up and confronting her ladyship for the first time. thank ye much, -ma'am, but I care nou't about coffee and would much rather have tea, if it's all the same

to you, ma'am."
"Ob, certainly!" answered the Countess, endeavoring to suppress a "If you will kindly go to the dining-room, you shall give your own orders.

'Thank ye, ma'am," said Mary slowly, as she turned in a hesitating manner towards the door, before which she halted, and, drawing her figure to its full height, pressed her large lips tightly together and shook her head meditatively. 'Is there anything troubling you?'

inquired the Countees kindly.
"There is, ma'am," said Mary, nothing abashed. "I've come many a weary mile this day, and nothing out love for my mistress could have it," said the boy; but he felt and forced me to sit still and be dragged knew within himself that Madge's by that rattling, screeching engine. by that rattling, screeching engine. I call it running in the face of Provisuch evil machines. But now that 've got here, the place seems infested with a set of bedizaned,

honest women from moving about ! "Really," said the Countess, " this is very dreadful," and this time she Madga looked towards Lady de serious. "I must check my servants, to remain in the world, you would as for L'any thou must check my servants, to remain in the world, you would as

"I'm sorry if they be your servants, ma'am, but their manners is not what they should be," retorted panied by Louis, who endeavored to Mary warmly, "and I'm sadly aftered to lose sight of me young mistress Mary warmly, "and I'm sadly afeered now that I've once laid eyes on her her taste. For a mement or two her besides which, me wits is fair fuddled in this noisy, bustling town."

"Stay," said the Countess kindly. I will arrange it all for you; which she rang the bell, and it was almost instantly answered in person by one of Mary's late antagonists. who, dressed in crimson plush and white silk stockings, entered the room and struck an attitude of deep attention, whilst the expression on eagerness to oblige.

Mary, much to the amusement of the young people, with tightly compressed lips, turned and faced him.

"Please to order and have served up at once in this antercom to the never heard a song I liked so well right a substantial supper for this night. She saw the strangers and before. I entreat you not to rise good woman, and see that no time is until you have favored us with lost in doing so," said the Countess. "Cartainly, your ladyship," replied the man, with a respectful bow, and scorp, "they look like Caj as from

said disappeared.
"Hum!" ejaculated Mary, seems to know his place better here." of the large girl. The man seized "Pray be seated," said the Countess the peak of his time-browned wool kindly, for the woman was still

hand soreen. She knew the sterling worth of the woman, and she knew also that nothing on earth could asked, running her slender fingers check the blaff Yerkshire spirit over the child's long, black braids, within her; that speak her mind Mary would, and no power could prevent her when se minded; but, stepping forward new, she led the way to

the antercom In a miraculously short space of anathema. it off well together; so, somewhat distif a dozen like you try to stop me. Mary sat upright in her chair and the nun.

watched the man in plush livery attending to her wants, and seeing that the waiter had fulfilled his mistress's orders concerning ber.

Have you every thing you wish for, madam?" asked the aforesaid jackanapes, in a mock-serious and deferential tone.

I have," responded Mary shortly.

That's a weight off my mind," I Simpson quizzically. "Perhaps said Simpson quizzically. I may go now.' "You may," said Mary, with a severe nod of her head," and stop

here till I ring for you." Madge being present, the man made no reply, but she saw his feat ures relax into a broad grin as he hastily left the room. Then when the woman, soothed by the good meal, appeared more herself again, Madge drew closer to her and inquired anxiously after her mother. Mary was not generally a woman of many words, and the look upon her face was not very inspiriting as she replied, "Thy mother, child, will tell thee all she wishes thee to know when she sees thee. She's seen a praised. sight of rough changes of late

more's the pity, poor dear ! Madge sighed, and the load of sorrow that for the last few hours had seemed lifted from her heart fell upon it again with a dull sense of

Poor dear mother!" she mur-

mured gently.
"Nay, bairnie, don't fret," Mary more kindly. "The sight of thy face, child, will do more to please her than aught else in this world. I'm rere and glad thou hast thy

gran'faither's features."
'So am I," replied Madge fervently.

" How I did love him !" The evening wors on, and the trees. Countess, feeling certain that the which, at the request of Beatrice, had been prepared for them. said Bertie. "the members of the United Kingdom' must cling to each

events of the day. Is not Percy a darling?" broke out Beatrice enthusiastically; "is he | bard round loaf, fried salt meat, and | Cajan." not nice ?"

Well," replied Madge archly, "you see he has been so entirely wrapped heated the coffee remaini up in his sister all the evening that coffee pot and went to bed. he has allowed us no opportunity of judging of his good qualities, for he someness with thoughts of Elite—his he, Marie ?"

her pretty head. 'I do believe he On Saturday afternoon he cut was afraid of us; several times I holes in the shoes where they spoke to him, and he went so red. But though he is not nearly so handsome as his brother. I like his face far better, it is so boyigh."

cannot think what an amount of lovely surprises he has prepared for fare. It took three weeks longer for

Poor Madge sighed as she wondered how many terrible surprises awaited her at home. And so the girls talked on until two of them fell fast asleep. It was very late ere Marie arose from her knees : and we must forgive her if the silent tears fell unbidden on to her little pillow that night. The dence, I do, trusting ourselves inside noises around and about the busy station served to recall to her mind the many miles that intervened between this noisy town and her dressed up jackanapes, who contest every foot of ground in this ere yearned to be back again to the still, establishment, and try to prevent quiet spot where all was peace and quiet spot where all was peace and

Ab, Marie ! were those feelings all so pure and disinterested, that, had gladly have acquiesced in that as in a return to the Convent: or was there a little touch of selfishness in that yearning desire of yours to fly back to the spot where your heart was? God alone knows. We shall

TO BE CONTINUED

THE CHOICE OF ELITE

A man with a hopeless stoop in his narrow shoulders trudged along a dusty side street in the village of Evangeline. He wore the coarse, ill-fitting garb of a day laborer. Unaccustomed to shoes, he walked with hobbling gait. His patient eyes friends she had left that day. All his countenance was one of anxious looked straight ahead except when they rested on the little girl of eight who clung to his hand. They approached the high board

wall of a convent as the Angelus sounded. A girl of about twelve years was closing the gate for the spoke to someone behind the wall. Visitors, Sister," adding in

lower voice and with self-concealed down the bayou." A Sister of Charity stepped in front

hat and raised it from his head. standing.

"Nay, come with me, do," said
"I not speak good American. I wante
you keep my lil girl, Elite, one wask,
Madge, who all this time had been
you keep my lil girl, Elite, one wask,
two week, maybe mont'. I work I not speak good American. I want canal pump all the day-la bebse she

> asked, running her slender fingers and smiling at the upturned face, which was the fresh cream tint of a magnolia blossom. The man's face changed from its to reply.

'Is her mother dead?" the nun

apathy. In his teme was an hema. "Non. I wish she dead, me. She p'ison my house-she-

Ulysse Monceaux." He swirled his hat by the stiff peak and shifted his weight from one foot to the other. I live five mile-work pump in rice fiel'. I going send at my widow seaster. She live far—to Opelousas. She came stay at my house, I bring Elite home. Hub, Elite?" He looked at the child for corrobora-

tion. Elite smiled. "Yes, Dada. When Aunt Odette comes, I go home."

Elite, she speak the American nice," informed Ulyese with pride. "She go to school, Elite. Speak piece at the school. I not read, me. Elite, she smart. She read Second Reader-read nice piece 'bout one goose that lay the eggs of gold, and bout big bean he grow high, high to the sky." Ulysse measured as far as he could reach upward with his right

We will keep her," the Sister of Charity told Ulysse. "Take her to the chapel, Mary. It is time for prayer.

Elite, she good," her father aised. "She say plenty prayer."
"Perhaps Elite will want to live here and not go back home," Mary suggested.

Non, non," Ulysse contradicted. His eyes were on Elite. "By-by, 'Tite, mind Seester, Adjieu.'

Elite was gazing about her in wonder, but did not hear. She was pastening toward the chapel, hold ing to Mary's hand, and did not once look back.

The bells sounded again, crowds of children trooped across the great lawn. Ulysse lingered until the gate was closed, gazing with hungry eyes up the white avenue bordered with pink and violet myrtle

The following days passed slowly young ladies were tired, ordered for Ulysse. He rose at five, drank Louise to show them to the room strong, black coffee, milked the sow, and drank more ceffse with boiled 'A milk. All the morning he worked large, airy room containing three hard at the big pump which sends separate and pretty little beds; for." the water over the rice lands in that

corner of Acadia parish. He ate his lunch in the shade of compact prairie soil. The lunch was cold black coffee. At night he milked again, ate a bowl of rice and milk, heated the coffee remaining in the

Ulysse checked intruding lone scarcely spoke to either of us—did pretty Elite—learning more lessons the, Marie?" No," said Marie, with a toss of Sisters. Soon she would come home. On Saturday afternoon he cut the child is best."

pinched his feet, and plodded into visitors. Evangaline to see Elite, but the con vent children were away on a picnic, Elite with them. "He thinks there's no one like It was a week before he could e," answered Beatrice, "and you save enough to send mency to Opel-It was a week before he could ousas for his sister Odette's railway

> come to take care of his house and of Odette was the soul of cleanliness. In his first leisure moments she had him whitewash the house and fence. She have the chairs on the wall while she mopped the yellow cypress floor and strewed over it a carpet of

glistening white sand. Ulyase sat on the north one even ing, his bare feet on the rounds of his chair, his great copper colored hands supporting the back of his head as he leaned against the wall and sent spirals of smoke from his pipe to the ceiling. He was pleased at the picture he saw. The little house and fence shone immaculate beneath the Pride-of-China trees. in front undulated on the lazy, brown current. Among the purple water hyacinths the white crames waded daintily. Ulysse was happy because tomorrow he was going for Elite. There were many surprises for Elits. Old Princips had a baby calf and a nest up in the big China was full of young mockingbirds.

An automobile glided up the level bayou road and stopped by the pontoon bridge. A fashionably dressed woman accompanied by a Sister of Charity alighted and turned towards the little gate in the wire feacing. Ulysse rose and stood staring. Where was Elite?

Walk een," he invited. "Mr. Monceaux, I believe," the lady began.

Oui, a votre service." Ulysse placed chairs, as clean as yellow scap and water could scrub them. 'I am Mrs. Whittington, wife of the mayor of Evangeline. I was visiting the convent yesterday and

saw your little girl." You find her well?" Ulysse inquired with anxiety.
"Yes, she is in the best of health, and a beautiful child." Ulysse beamed. "Oui, she pretty,

Elite. 'She has been studying with the other children," the Sister of Charity put in, "and her progress is remark-

able.' "Out. Elite she smart." Ulysse grinned. 'I have an offer to make you, Mr

Monceaux. It concerns your little You are a poor man. I am a rich woman. She has ne mether. I have no child. I have been searching leng for a child like this one. I want her for my own." tingten speke rapidly as to advance all her arguments before he had time

I can give her much better opportunities than it is possible for you to that supreme height where it give her. Think what your child immediate contact with God. re—left me and l'enfant." would gain — a beautiful heme, 'What is your name?" questioned lovely clothes, and a fine educa-

At first Ulysse seemed dazed, not comprehending the visitor's words. He placed his hand behind his ear to hear better. When his slow intelligence took in the meaning, he glared like a wild beast fighting for its

young. nobody. I work hard." He buffeted the air as if pumping furiously. go bring 'Tite tomorrow. I want hear Elite read more, and sing like the mockingbirds. I get my seester, Odette. She come far — from Opelousas. She watch Elite."

You are taking a selfish view, Mr. Monceaux," resumed the refined "You must not think of yourvoice. Think of your child's welfare She will travel and see all the cities and wonders of the country. She will never have to work. She will learn to play the piane. She will study singing from a master." Non, non, Elite ma bebea," Ulysse

repeated doggedly. I am willing to pay you a large amount of money for this child. You will not have to labor so hard and you can live in a better house. Mrs. Whittington leaned toward Ulysse. She had played her highest

card. He shook his head and smiled "Non. Money not buy ma bebee-mon bijou! Ma p'tite fille!"

The Sister of Charity entered the argument. "The priest, the Sisters all think this is a splendid chance. The priest, the Sisters, Mrs. Whittington clasped her hands in front of Ulysse. "Can't you see the child will be happier in the life I will make for her? Be sides, she wants to stay."

His face blanched to a sickly Elite-Is perfectly happy and content finished the mayor's wife. Ulysse caught his breath as if h

had a sudden, cutting pain. Maybe I shouldn't want-keep Elite. She deserves the good things. Mon Dieu!" He moistened his dry I come see Elite Sundays

he finished piteously.

"No. I realize that I am asking a other as long as they can." After dwarfed catalpa trees, which had hard thing, but that must be one of dismissing the maid they began to been planted around the edges of the the stipulations. She must not the stipulations. She must not chatter, as girls will do, over all the field, and which grew slowly in the see any of her relatives or old friends. She will take my name and always the same-rice baked in a I want her to forget that she is a Ulysse passed his hand stupidly

> She all I got. Please, mo' time, lady Tomorrow, I send the word.' The woman rose and Mrs. Whittington took his hand. Good by, Mr. Monceaux. I appre ciate your feelings, but your good

across his forehead. "I mu' think

sense must tell you that my plan for Ulysse opened the gate for the "Adjieu," he said as he He watched the silken closed it. garments disappear in the waiting

the bend in the road. She will have those things, Elite if she forget she Cajan." He walked back to the porch and crumbled Odette to arrange her affairs and himself in the chair. think-

It was dusk of the next day, Ulysse walked with lagging step across the bridge and up the walk, his chest skrunken further into his thin shoulders. He stepped to the water bucket and drained the dipper at one gulp, sat down in the accus tomed chair and took out his pice.

Odette came out on the porch, dry ing ker hands on her anran word you sen'?" she asked. Ulyana stirred shaant . mindedly

and tried to swallow the pain in his voica. 'I say Elife can stay. The lady say Elite want stay. The Father, h thinks best. I buy the lil' pink dress and the white shoes she like for Sunday. Put them away. Elite sh have the fine things now-

That evening after supper Ulysse sat on the porch smoking his pipe The frogs in the bayou jarred the night air with their chorus. Ulysse raised his head sharply. Someone was tugging at the loop of rope over the gate.

'Dada!" called a weak little voice Mon Dieu! ma bebse!" Ulysse leaped off the porch and with one swoop of his long arm caught the child to his heart.

"I was far," she sobbed. "I not get home for dinner nor supper. Carry me, dada, I tired.' She shuddered and burst out cry-

ing again. "It was dark in the woods, dads. I scared." The man cuddled her in his arm For what you leave la Madame, Tite ?" Elite stopped crying and doubled

her small fist. "I hate her. I hate the grand house. I hate the fine eating.".
Ulysse raised his head and his voice was stern.
"La Madame not good to bebee?"

he asked. 'Oui. She ver' kind-new dress new shoss, the hat, big doll-Ulysse filled the washpan with water and bathed the little blistered

feet. "How come you walk in woods, mon bijeu?" She buried her face in the scraggly depth of his neck. "I 'fraid they

find Elite.' Ulysse laughed down a choke in his throat. his throat. "Run way from la grande maison. Come back to ol' Cajan. We not the grand peop' We Cajans' you an' me."-Alice Wynn in Benziger's.

Christianity has not transfermed moral greatness but it has amelior ated, completed, and raised it to that supreme height where it is in soul which possesses charity lives the divine life. Gad lives in it, and it in God.—Cardinal Mercier. BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS

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