

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND

BY CHRISTINE FABER

CHAPTER XXII

Mildred and her grandfather removed to the poorer part of Eastbury. Strangely enough, the only suitable apartments happened to be in the house of the Hogans, and actually adjoining the rooms they occupied. Mrs. Hogan herself cried bitterly for the misfortune which has reduced Miss Burchill, and she sought by such help as she could give to make the poor little home at least cheerful. For herself, thanks to Thurston's generosity, she was no longer in such utter need, and her husband, his prison term having expired, had employment with a cooper at the other end of the village. Understanding but little about the trade, and hardly putting his heart into that little, he wondered what he did to earn the weekly sum which exceeded his old rate of wages at the factory. Once, in his proud independence he spoke of it to his employer, but the employer said with a smile—

"Never mind Hogan, so long as I think your work is worth so much."

And Hogan's want his way, wondering still, but never dreaming that it was out of Thurston's pocket the sum came which made up the amount that he did not earn.

Mrs. Hogan questioned in her own mind why Mr. Thurston had not helped the Burchills, being under obligations to them, as he must be, for careful attendance during his illness, and she ventured to hint to Miss Burchill what seemed to be Gerald's duty in this instance to his old friends. Her hint was not well received; indeed, the young girl seemed a little angry at the supposition.

"He is not and he never has been under obligations to us," she said, quite hotly, while her cheeks reddened; "and I should not think of presuming on our acquaintance with him to apply for aid, or to accept his assistance did he proffer it. Further, he knows nothing of our present circumstances, and as to that, Mrs. Hogan, on your preserving strict silence about us whenever you meet Mr. Thurston."

"Oh, as to that," replied Mrs. Hogan a little abashed, "I never see him now; he goes to the shop once in a while to see how Dick is getting on."

And Mildred, somewhat ashamed also of her slight display of temper, tried to cover it by a playful notice of the baby, who now able to toddle, was plucking at her dress.

Dick Hogan, though he did not indulge in excess as he used to do, gave his wife as much anxiety by his strange, moody manner; neither she nor his children seemed to have any power to rouse him from his gloomy apathy. He ate his meals and went to his work without vouchsafing a word save as he was addressed, and the expression of his face showed that his thoughts harbored some dark and unhappy subject. The poor, frail, anxious wife sometimes remonstrated with him on his strange abstraction, and Mildred, from where she sat sewing in her apartment, could hear her, the partition between the rooms being insufficient to shut out the sound, and often the needle fell from her grasp as she heard his voice raised in savage repulse of every entreaty.

"I tell you," he said once, in tones whose menace brought Mildred in some afflict to his feet, "that I never cease to see his face; it keeps before me just as it looked in the court room on the day when he gave his evidence against me, when he caused to be raked up that old story that I thought buried, and brought down Manly from Boston to testify against my character. I have murd'ered in my heart for him, and I'm afraid it will come out some day; then—"

But his wife's voice, raised in tearful entreaty, drowned the remainder of the sentence.

When he went out Mrs. Hogan came to tell her trouble to Mildred. She had not spoken of it before, because she hesitated to burden with her anxieties the young girl who had so many sorrows of her own, and who, from her wan and frail appearance, seemed to be daily sinking under them, and also because she hoped that time would clear her husband's mind of his gloomy images. Now, however, she seemed to have lost that hope, and to entertain only the most dreadful apprehensions.

"Your husband is independent of Mr. Robinson now," Mildred said in her soothing way; "he never sees him."

"Wait, dear," interrupted Mrs. Hogan. "He does see him; he watches him. He spoke about it in his sleep the other night, and when I told him of it in the morning he acknowledged how he often hung round Mowbray's just to watch Mr. Robinson go in there. Robinson has a habit of dropping in there every evening. Dick says that this sight of him seems to keep down the fever in him for revenge. But I think it's the other way, Miss Burchill. I think he'll take his revenge yet, for he's so bitter since the trial."

"You see, long ago, when Dick first came to this country, and was an innocent boy, he worked in Boston, and he fell in with lads that seemed like himself; they got him to drink with them and when at last he was let in to know them well he found he had just been used for their own ends. They were thieves in a big way, and poor, simple Dick was brought into the scrape to save them,

Sure they turned evidence against him as if it wasn't for the cleverness of the lawyer showing that something wasn't right on the trial, Dick would have been sent to State prison. As it was, he got off, and he fell sick of the fright and disgrace. When he got well he left Boston and after wandering around he came here and getting steady work in the factory he settled down, and then he married me and he thought everything was forgotten. But when on the trial Manly appeared to testify against his character I thought Dick would have gone clear out of his mind. Manly was the man who had tried to prosecute him for the robbery so long ago, and it seems he was a friend of Robinson's, but poor Dick didn't know that."

"So, you see he was made to appear a man of dreadful bad character,—not only stirring up the factory hands to strike and bringing about disorderly meetings, but having been in league with thieves. Sure I left poor Dick with no character at all, and he as honest as the sun and as good a man as the Lord ever made, barring the drop that he takes once in a while. Sure that was hard now, Miss Burchill, wasn't it?"

Mildred nodded; she was too sadly interested to speak. "And wasn't it hard," Mrs. Hogan resumed, "that Mr. Robinson should have sent the constables to Ransy's Hall that night?—Sure it was just as he got out of the train that brought him from Boston that he happened to hear one of his work people say to some one that he was going right away to the hall, as he wanted to hear Dick address the hands. That was enough for Robinson; he knew Dick was well able to address the hands, and he went right away and lodged the complaint that had poor Dick arrested. Well I cursed him once when the blight he put on us seemed so sore, and sure our condition now, with the way that Dick is in, isn't much better. You see, Miss Burchill, he feels his character is gone, and what is a man after that? But the great God is over all and He'll see justice done to us. And I can't help thinking sometimes that Mr. Robinson doesn't run the easiest, sure they say he has candles alight in the daytime in the room that he sits in. Well, I hope it's not owing to my curse."

Miss Burchill smiled at the poor creature's superstitious belief in the power of her malediction, while at the same time she strove to comfort her.

Poor, brooding, haunted Hogan—haunted by that morbid craving for revenge—was destined to receive a new impetus to this unhappy yearning. One week that his amount of work was less, and its quality much inferior even to that which he was accustomed to do, he refused to take his wages.

"I didn't earn it," he said doggedly. "No matter for that," was the reply from his employer, who in his hurry to dispatch Dick and to pay the other workmen, forgot his usual caution.

"No matter for that," repeated Dick slowly, while his swarthy cheeks reddened; "then I'll paid the same regardless whether I earn it or not? Is that it?" he asked a little fiercely. The employer tried to get out of the difficulty by some soothing, evasive answer, and a second tender of the money with an injunction to take it quickly, as the other men were waiting.

But Hogan again put it back. "Answer me one thing," he said leaning across the desk, until his labored breath assailed unpleasantly the face of the listener. "Did my week's work earn this money? or are you giving it to me for charity?"

He seemed savage enough to force by foul means the answer that he demanded, and the employer being a very small man, and alone with Hogan in the private office, was a little daunted.

"It's not charity, Hogan," he said, not knowing what to reply, and in his doubt stumbling on the very answer that he should not have given.

"It's pure kindness of one—and even feeling that he had said the utterly wrong thing, he stopped short. But Hogan had suddenly divined the truth. He sprang erect. "I have it," he said. "It is Mr. Thurston who pays me my wages, whether I earn them or not."

The dismayed silence of his employer answered him.

"I'll have no more of it," resumed Hogan fiercely. "I'll see Mr. Thurston."

His employer had recovered himself.

Mr. Thurston went to New York yesterday to take passage for England. Maybe he'll be gone six months. And now since you've found it out, though I wasn't to tell you, you are to get that much money every week, and if you don't take it, I'll send it to your wife."

Hogan pocketed the money without another word, and hanging his head, left the office. On his way home he went out of his way to pass Mowbray's. Mowbray's was the hotel, of which was named such, of the village. It was a comparatively small building, of neat and comfortable appearance, and its public parlor was visited nightly by Robinson. Dropping in about the same hour, he sauntered about, with his quick, keen eyes taking everything in at a glance, and his hearing strained to catch every word of the most desultory conversation; but he rarely went beyond a brief salutation with any one. Why he came, and came so regularly never omitting a night, unless he was absent from Eastbury, or when he had company at the house, was somewhat of a puzzle even to the

landlord. But as Robinson was too wealthy a man to have open company passed upon his oddities, mine host did not trouble himself further than to display his civility.

Hogan, as were most people in the village, was well aware of this peculiar habit of the factory owner, and as he had acknowledged to his wife, availed himself of it to watch him. He had told her that it satisfied in some measure his hatred of the man. He did not tell her the horrid revel which his thoughts held while he caught those passing glances of Robinson; how they glared in imagination over a secret murder of the factory owner, and how ghastly pictures of his fancied victims in the throes of death started before him; how he heard piteous cries for mercy, and for adiver shouted back Robinson's own unrelenting measures.

It was these thoughts that deprived him of skill and energy in his work, and that caused this gloomy abstraction which, to his wife seemed little better than his old drunken fits.

The thought of his wife and children alone prevented his dream from culminating in some murderous action. It would not have been difficult for him, being the powerful man that he was, to spring upon the factory owner and overpower him, and the sole reason that he refrained from liquor was lest the liquor, knowing his excitable and ungovernable action upon his temper, might impel him to do the bloody deed. Tonight he was desperate,—desperate with the thought of being a beggar, as he felt himself to be, being paid for what he did not earn, and desperate with the memory of what his late trial had branded him, and as he walked moodily along, his hand involuntarily clutched the large clasp knife which he constantly carried. When he reached Mowbray's he drew it forth, opened it, and held it open by his side. The early summer evening was light enough to reveal objects distinctly, and Hogan, in order to avoid unpleasant notice,—constantly imagining himself to be an object of suspicion, sauntered to a more retired spot; from his position, however, he could command an extensive view, and as he knew it was too early for Robinson's visit, he was confident of seeing him as soon as he should enter the street on which the hotel faced.

While he waited a woman passed him,—a woman poorly dressed, and carrying a bundle; she brushed slightly against him, the contact seemingly caused by her own abstraction, but it roused her. She looked up, to exclaim in an instant, "Mr. Hogan!"

"Yes, Miss Burchill," he answered quietly.

At the same moment she caught the gleam of the knife in his hand. The remembrance of what his unhappy wife had told her, the fact that he was there at Mowbray's, waiting with such a weapon, all rushed together to her mind, while the fierce, determined expression of his face branded her own with horror. She caught his hand that held the weapon, and as if she read his thoughts, she said,

"You will not do it, Mr. Hogan."

He started. How had she divined his thoughts? Was then his murderous intention so palpably stamped upon his face? He recoiled from her, but she followed, still holding his hand.

"You will not do it," she repeated, hardly conscious of what words she uttered, only feeling that she must, if need be, move heaven and earth to prevent this intended crime. "How could you ever touch your little ones again if you had a human creature's blood upon your hands?"

His little ones! That was the tender spot in the poor, unfortunate man's heart. He hung his head until his thick beard rested upon his breast.

"You don't know my provocation, Miss Burchill," he said huskily. "I am branded as a thief."

"But if you took your revenge you would be hung as a murderer. How could your children live under such a stain as that?"

He did not answer her and his head dropped lower upon his breast; but the knife fell from his hand and lay glittering at his feet. Mildred picked it up.

"Go home now," she whispered; "go home to your little ones and thank God for having saved you from the commission of a crime which might have made them fatherless."

He raised his head and pushed his hat back. It was still light enough to see that his eyes glistened with tears; hurriedly brushing them with the sleeve of his coat, he answered huskily:

"And I'll thank you Miss Burchill for speaking the way you did; nothing else I think would have stayed my hand because I was so beside myself. I'll go home, as you say, for the sake of my children."

He turned suddenly without even requesting his knife, that she still retained, and in a moment he was lost in the growing darkness.

Mildred, closing the knife and putting it into her pocket, resumed her interrupted way. She was taking work home, an unexpected order which had been given her from the daughter of the proprietor of the hotel. Her orders, alas! were very few. She hurried on her errand and having completed it was about leaving the house when she was confronted by the tall, spare form of Robinson. Trusting that he would not recognize her, she turned a little to the side, out of the rays of the veranda lamp, and keeping her head down was passing on. But the factory

owner had recognized her.

"Miss Burchill, isn't it?" he said following her, and trying to look under her hat.

She looked up timidly and recoiled a little as she answered in the affirmative.

"Don't look so skeered," he said, trying to be jocular, but succeeding only in being grim.

"I don't eat people when I speak to them; but I reckon you must have thought so, when you never came near me for that place in the school. I could have got it for you. Why didn't you come?"

"I trusted to get it through Mr. Marsh's influence," she answered. "And you didn't want mine, eh?" accompanying his remark by his usual hoarse chuckle.

Mildred did not reply.

"Wasn't that it?" he persisted, trying again to look under her hat, and in the effort bringing his face unpleasantly near her own. She sprang back, and now drawing herself up, answered with so much dignity in her manner that Robinson himself shrank a little.

"I must beg you to excuse me from replying to your question, Mr. Robinson, and thanking you for your kind offer of the past, I bid you good night."

She glided by him and was down the steps before the factory owner had recovered from his surprise. Then an expression came into his face which appalled even the loungers on the veranda who happened to be near him, and who had been wondering spectators of the interview. It was an expression of ferocious hate, nor did he seek to put it out of his face as he stepped into the hall that led to the parlor.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE STORY OF ROSE

Rose went into the church every day during Lent and made the Stations of the Cross. She always offered this pious practice for the relief of the suffering souls in Purgatory.

"I just wonder if I help any of those poor souls, and if they get to heaven quicker because I pray for them," Rose would often sigh to herself. "I wish I could see." One day when she went into the church, as usual, she noticed a well-dressed woman seated in one of the pews.

The stranger intently watched the little girl as she passed from station to station. As Rose crossed from one side of the church to the other, she saw the woman was still seated there.

"I wonder if she's a Catholic?" was the child's thought.

She had observed the beautiful devotion and was kneeling at the altar railing when she felt a light touch on her shoulder. Rose glanced around to see the face of the stranger close to her own. There were tears in the large dark eyes.

"Please say a little prayer for me, dear," the woman whispered, and when Rose said that she would, the stranger, without genuflecting, passed down the aisle and out of the church.

"I wonder why she didn't kneel and say a prayer for herself?" Rose wondered on her way home.

Every day after that the woman was in the church whenever Rose entered, and she would sit and watch the little girl with evident interest.

Once, when Rose, after finishing her devotions, passed down the aisle, the woman reached out her hand and drew her to her side.

"You didn't forget me today, dear, did you?" she questioned. Rose answered her reassuringly, for she was beginning to feel a deep interest in this strange person who was always dressed so richly and seemed to have tears in her eyes.

"Perhaps she is a Catholic who has been so unhappy as to give up her religion," said Mrs. Lewis, when Rose told her mother about her new acquaintance.

"She's real rich, I think," added Rose, "for she wears gloves all the time, and a silk dress, too." The little girl thought these sufficient evidences of wealth, for she knew that her mother never wore gloves. They were a luxury not to be dreamed of. And a silk dress—why, poor Mrs. Lewis could hardly recall the time she last wore a silk dress.

Mr. Lewis was dead and Mrs. Lewis took in washing and ironing to support herself and three little ones, Rose, Johnny and Bob.

"But I'd rather have our Lord in the tabernacle and you, mother, than all the money and pretty dresses in the world," Rose said, as she embraced her mother effusively.

"I hope you will always feel that way, little girl," said Mrs. Lewis, and she smiled at her daughter's fervent protestations of love.

Sometimes it was very trying to have to work so hard, for the poor woman was far from strong, and it took a great effort to keep the children always dressed properly. But she did the best she could, and wore her crosses with patience and resignation. And the story of the strange woman whom Rose had met caused the good woman to reflect that money and worldly goods do not always bring happiness, and she felt grateful to God that she possessed the greatest gift of all, that of the true faith.

One day "Rose's lady," as the other children began to call her, followed the child out of the church and inquired her name and where she lived.

"If I send for you some time will you come and see me?" the woman then asked. Rose said that she certainly would.

For about a week after that day the little girl missed her friend in the church. Then, one afternoon a young woman who said she was Mrs. Raymond's maid, came to the Lewis home and asked if Rose could come to see Mrs. Raymond, who had been quite ill. Mrs. Lewis gave her daughter's permission to go, and Rose was simply awestruck at the sight of the beautiful home to which she was conducted.

Mrs. Raymond, propped up among her pillows, gave her visitor a cordial welcome, and her pale face brightened at sight of the little girl to whom she had become warmly attached.

Rose's rapturous remarks over the elegant pictures and other furnishings of the room, as well as the questions she asked, led Mrs. Raymond to conclude that the child's family had not much of this world's goods. "I suppose you would like to have a beautiful house like this?" she asked, smiling at the bright faced little girl, who was still gazing about her in undisguised admiration.

Rose clasped her hands in her lap. "Well," she said, "it isn't the house that I'd want most. I'd rather have nice things for mother to wear—gloves and pretty dresses like you have. But when I'm big I'll go to work, and then she'll have everything she needs. I just wish I could grow up quick in a night."

And Rose laughed a merry little laugh.

Mrs. Raymond became sad and thoughtful. "Little girl," she said slowly, "I would willingly give everything—my fine house and clothes and wealth—if I could just have your trusting faith and goodness."

The child looked up at her with smiling eyes.

"O, how I do wish you were a Catholic. It's much better than money or clothes, or—or—anything. And indeed, I wouldn't exchange my religion for anything else in the world."

Mrs. Raymond's eyes were full of tears. "Child," she said earnestly, "may you always feel as you do now, and may you never, never abandon your religion for worldly gain. But I'm sure you never will. Now, dear, I feel as though I could sleep. I'm very sick, Rose, and you must not forget to pray for me. Come again tomorrow after school, won't you?"

Rose promised that she would come on the following day and then went home. The woman felt ashamed to tell the child that she was a Catholic who had renounced her faith for wealth and pleasure. But now she was afflicted with a fatal malady, and not having the strength and consolation that religion alone could afford her, she was very sad and unhappy indeed.

She had stepped into the church one day when she was out for a walk. It was not to pray, for a prayer had not passed her lips in many a year. But she was weary and wanted to rest a while. Then, as she sat in the cool, pretty church, Rose came in and the woman was struck with her air of faith and devotion. Ever after Mrs. Raymond came each afternoon to watch the little girl and to think over the happy days of her own childhood. Somehow it seemed restful and comforting—the sight of this innocent soul intent upon her prayers. Finally the lady became too ill to go out, and it was then that she sent for Rose.

The child's quick eye saw that her new friend was becoming paler and weaker each day. What if she should die! Rose longed to be able to assist this poor soul that was drifting rapidly toward eternity, bereft of all help and consolation.

During her visit one day the child approached the bed to adjust the sick woman's pillow, when to her surprise she noticed a small gold medal of the Immaculate Conception suspended from a fine gold chain for a necklace.

Rose gave a low exclamation of surprise. "Why, Mrs. Raymond! Oh, I am so glad. Why, you are a Catholic after all, aren't you? You are wearing the Blessed Virgin's medal."

Mrs. Raymond burst into tears. "It won't do me any good," she sobbed. "I've neglected God too long now. But I can't die this way, no, I can't."

Rose was deeply affected. "O, dear Mrs. Raymond, the Blessed Mother will help you if you ask her. Won't you say a 'Hail Mary' with me?"

The little girl knelt by the bedside, and between sobs the woman responded to the prayers that Rose repeated.

Then, to the child's great joy, Mrs. Raymond said as the child stood up: "Little one, could you call a priest for me?"

Rose threw her arms impulsively about the dying woman's neck. "Mrs. Raymond," she exclaimed, "see how the Blessed Mother is helping you. I'll run and tell Father to come right away." And she did as she promised, and then conducted the good priest to the home of her sick friend. Then she hurried to her own home in great spirits to relate everything to her mother.

The next day when Rose went to visit Mrs. Raymond, Mrs. Lewis accompanied her to see if she could be of any service to the invalid.

"I've brought mother to see you," was the little girl's announcement as they entered the room.

The two women gazed at each other for a few minutes. "Clara!" "Grace!" they exclaimed simultaneously, and Mrs. Lewis rushed forward and embraced Mrs. Raymond,

whose face glowed through her tears.

Then Rose learned that her mother and Mrs. Raymond had been schoolmates when they were girls, and were as fond of each other as though they were sisters, embracing every little secret and joy. In fact, they were almost inseparable, always together, even at Mass and the Sacraments.

When grown to young womanhood Clara had married a wealthy non-Catholic, to the deep regret of her family and friends and her childhood friend, Grace, felt heartbroken indeed over what she knew was a serious mistake in the life of her dearly loved Clara.

As time passed, the girls lost trace of each other, until now they met again just as Clara was about to pass from life; but happy, indeed, were these two former schoolmates to meet once more after so many years.

Mrs. Raymond told her friend how she had for years abandoned her faith, but now, through the pity of Mrs. Lewis' little Rose, she had become reconciled to God and was once more at peace. And how happy Rose felt to think that she had been able to help the poor woman in her little way; still she knew that God and the Blessed Mother had really done it all.

So Mrs. Lewis and her little daughter daily visited the rapidly failing woman, and when death finally came a few months later, they knelt at her bedside with the priest of God and had the happiness of knowing that the poor, tempt tossed soul passed peacefully into eternity with the Holy Name on her lips.

And just before breathing her last, her gaze wandered from the crucifix which was clasped and rested on the sweet, innocent face of Rose close at her side.

"God bless you—little one—don't forget me!" she whispered, with a happy smile.

Today the Lewis family occupy the beautiful palatial home once owned by the wealthy Mrs. Raymond who also left her entire fortune to the friend of her early days.

And Rose is very happy, for mother and Johnny and Bob don't have to wear shabby clothing any longer. Neither does she, but for her own interests she cares but little, for Rose is a most unselfish little girl whose one thought is for the happiness of those around her.

But the deepest joy that fills her heart is the knowledge that dear Mrs. Raymond died a peaceful, happy death. Rose may still be seen making the stations as was her pious practice of old. And there is one dearly loved soul in particular that has a special remembrance in her prayer.—From The Tidings.

BISHOPS SHAHAN'S ADDRESS

AT THE OPENING SESSION OF CATHOLIC EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION

St. Louis, June 28.—The following is the address of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Shahan, delivered at the opening session of the Catholic Educational Association on Tuesday morning:

A year ago, at San Francisco, we found ourselves in the midst of a great war, perilous beyond belief for the United States and humanity, if it were lost, since in the keeping of our people were the freedom and the progress of the small nations of the world, Ireland, the oldest and most meritorious of them, included. Since then we have earned the greatest victory in human annals, and have saved England and France from the fate which threatened them until our two millions of soldiers and sailors crossed the ocean and ended a barbarous covad which had disgraced the applied sciences, put reason and good sense out of court, freed every past and vice in the calendar, branded human nature all over, threatened to extinguish human charity, and in the end tried to put over on the Christian religion its own incredible infamies by cynically asking why it had been allowed to break loose.

Catholic educators have no illusions as to the causes of the War, remote or immediate. They are to be found in the false principle, theories, and practice of education as carried on in the nations of Europe for the last six or seven decades. Pius IX., Leo XIII., and Pius X., prophesied again and again that this bestial conflict would come about; and lo, we are yet in the heart of it, for is it certain of the stage with the signing of a document? And these three great leaders of Catholic mankind pointed precisely to false and perverted education as the certain cause of the wars they foresaw. To be sure they were treated as common scolds or new Cassandras. But how far wrong were they in their appointed vision? Let dead men arise from Ypres or Verdun, from Vimy Ridge or the Argonne, and speak the truth.

THE REWARD OF APOSTASY

Modern materialistic theories of education, from Locke and Rousseau and Condorcet down, have been almost sole dominant for a century; have been increasingly sympathetic to purely secular views and interests; have ousted from every place of vantage or influence the older, more spiritual and humane theories and institutions of education; have drawn to their side, in great measure, public funds and private generosity; have misrepresented, persecuted and destroyed religious education wherever it was possible to do so, and have almost entirely

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