THE RED ASCENT

BY ESTHER W. NEILL CHAPTER I THE CLIFFS IN VIEW

The long seminary dining-hall was a cheerless place, its bleak walls rigid by the annual trail of the whitewash rush, and decorated at measured intervals by pictures of staring saints resplendent in robes of gold and vermilion.

Once the young seminarians had risen in artistic revolt, and re-quested that these impossible portraits be removed, and one of the students, who had studied art in Paris, had even gone so far as to call them "sacrilegious effigies." call them sacrilegious efficies. But the gentle lay brother in charge of the dining-room had convinced them that their demand was unreasonable and uncharitable; the them old priest who had painted them in the fervent days of his novitiate was still alive and a frequent visitor at the seminary.

"But he is very feeble—and when he is gone," added the brother, pointing heavenward, "ah, then—" The delegation smiled; the humorist of the class laughed out-

Brother Boniface," he said, you propose murderous methods, but since you suggest them I am sure they are orthodox. If it is kinder to kill a man than to convince him he's no artist, tell us the name of the perpetrator of these monstrosities. Who knows but we monstrosities. Who knows bu may pray for his early demise?

The stout, genial brother held up his hands in mute supplication. Polysyllables always confused him. was stolid, literal, and he regarded these gay assaults of the students as a positive penance to be endured for the development of his immortal soul. Today as he set the table for dinner, he looked up the table for dinner at the gilt-framed pictures with something akin to rapture in his chromo-loving eyes, and he wondered why the young Americans found them objectionable.

Fifty young men sat at the two long narrow tables, eating with healthy relish the coarse but abundant fare served in thick white dishes, and passed quickly from hand to hand. The meal was partaken of in silence. Seated in a black wooden pulpit at one end of the room, an old priest read aloud from a spiritual book. His voice was monotonous and tired, and fell away at times, so that the more conscientious students, attentive to his reading, had to strain their ears to hear him. Richard Matteron was not listening. He was busy with his own thoughts, and they were troubled ones; for he was leaving the seminary today or tomorrow—he had not decided the He was leaving against his will. He was putting every inclina-tion of his own aside, and he was too young, too untried, to make the sacrifice without some inward re-

Dinner was nearly over, the simple dessert was being portioned out, the old priest's voice seemed to recover itself like a runner's breath, gaining new impetus when he sees the relieving goal—and the words ambition, more energy if you would

who struggles to attain the heights of idealism, be likened to that bloody road?"

The reading stopped abruptly. The heavy chairs were pushed back noisily from the table, the students rose, and murmuring a short thanksgiving, they filed out of the

dining-room.

Richard leaned over and whispered to the man in front of him:
"Its the descent for me—the

The man half-turned and clasped Richard's hand in silent sympathy that meant more than he could express in words. He was a young fellow, short and chubby, and not very intelligent. He idolized Richard, partly on account of the older man's towering size and intellectual brilliancy, and partly because Richard had good-humoredly "coached" him ever since he had come to the seminary. As they passed into the little entry that led from the dining-room into the garden, a visitor, fresh from the world out-

side, cried:
"Dick — Dick Matterson, since when did you begin to adorn the

tail end of a procession?"

The troubled look left Richard's face. "Jeff Wilcox!" he exclaimed, holding out both hands. "From what corner of the world

did you drop?"
Jefferson Wilcox beamed his satisfaction at the cordiality of this

Come out into the garden. I in Richard's.

As they passed through the open things by your standards. So, oor that cut a golden patch of sunght in the plastered wall, the wanted to make sure that you had door that cut a golden patch of sunlight in the plastered wall, the chubby little student looked half enviously after them, wondering if he would ever have the courage or the confidence thus to approach the sanctity of Richard Matterson's

spot in all the beautiful acres that surrounded the gray stone seminary. It was early spring, and the lily leaves lay brown and sleeping on the placid water, but the grounds around the lake were yellow with

crocuses and jonquils. ocuses and jondulis.

Jefferson gave a long low whistle
surprise when he saw the prosion of flowers: "We fellows who live shut up in skyscrappers don't even know when the spring time comes. Now a crocus is infinitely to be preferred to a calendar.
Think I'll put a window box on my

He seated himself on the trunk of a crooked willow that sprawled its branches across the lake.

its branches across the lake.

"Let's come down to business,"
he said. "I've travelled a hundred miles to talk to you: cut out a bank directors's meeting; and left a client swearing in my office—and I only have three," he grinned broadly. "I want to prove to you that I'm-ready to stand by you in any emergency. I've got my car any emergency. I've got my car at the lodge gate, so if you've made your mind to leave, I'm ready take you to the nearest railroad. But ever since our college days you have been so dead set on entering priesthood that I'm going to butt in and ask you why you've changed your mind?"

Richard sank upon the ground beside his friend, oblivious to the dampness, a look of unutterable weariness in his eyes. I haven't changed my mind,'

They're not asking you to

"Then for the Lord's sake why do you go Richard sat silent for a moment,

apparently intent upon counting the many buttons on his cassock.

"Remember that game we used to play when we were kids?" he said irrelevantly at last: "naming Can you imagine anything more asinine? Been struggling to keep myself from getting too desperate ever my prospects. It always comes out 'rich man.' Sometimes I con-

to believe there's a bit of truth in such an idiotic amusement. Jefferson Wilcox turned his keen eyes upon his friend.

"It's money," he said.
Richard laughed mirthlessly.
"It's no money," he answered.
The visitor, from his vantage

place on the tree-trunk, bent solic itously over the young seminarian. "Dick," he began, and his tone craved patience and understanding, "I'm embarrassed. You know I'm no diplomat; I never could talk around corners. You always were as proud as the old Harry, and I don't suppose two years in the seminary have cured you of your besetting sin." He smiled as if to uncle, with miserly instincts, dies intestate, and a nephew he has never seen inherits his shekels—well, it's bad for the nephew. I've got more than I known that the station of the stati with. I'd have more stamina, more seemed to penetrate even Richard's deep absorption.

relieve me of a little. You can one last favor. If you hope to get make it up to me later on—saving into the clothes you wore when you

needs me. I must go home

"But it's money you need, Dick."
"It's everything," said Richard.
His face looked pinched, like a man
who has suffered physical privation. "My mother is dead, my father is an old man. He had some money in a bank that failed. I knew they had to economize lately, but I did not realize what straits they were letter. It is from my sister. Read it, and then I think you will understand." From the inside peaks his cassock he brought a crumpled envelope and handed it to his friend. "I trust you will not think me disloyal in letting you read it,

he said.
"Disloyal?" To my family."

Jefferson put the unopened letter down on the moss-grown log beside

I had no business butting in at "he said. "I'm going to ask all, you to forgive me, but somehow—well, to tell the truth, I was disappointed when I heard you were leaving. I know you are free to go; you're not bound in any way. It will be two years before you are

"Four," corrected Richard. "Well, two or four. I'm never very accurate as to facts or figures. A year or two doesn't alter the situation if you've made up your mind to go. Of course, a lot of fellows do get out before ordination. It's all right, but—well, I ear't help feeling sorry. You see want to hear the news—right from the beginning. Come down to the lily pond—your hermit's retreat. Give me the facts. I'm bursting with advice." He linked his arm in Richard's lile in the help feeling sorry. You see, I've sort of hung on to your ideals and your spirituality, and all your highfaluting notions of reforming the world, until it seems to me I've fallen into the habit of judging

> a good excuse. He looked half shamefaced as he made this confession; he was not accustomed to talking about himself, and when he had finished he gazed into the distance, realizing that his chummy.

The lily pond was the most retired cheeks were crimson. His complex-pot in all the beautiful acres that urrounded the gray stone seminary. his fingers through his yellow hair until it stood upright a trick he had acquired in boyhood when embarrassed or perplexed.

"Then I'll read you the excuse, said Richard quietly. "My sister" letter is not very coherent; it

begins: Dear Dick Everything here has gone liter-Everything here has gone literally to the dogs. The dogs are flourishing—a litter of puppies two months ago—perfect beauties! We might sell them, but I haven't the heart to part with a single one, or we may have to eat them if we ach a further state of starvation. The sugar barrel and the flour bin are nearly empty; I can get no one to plant a kitchen garden this year, for I have no money to pay for labor. You will have to give up this absurd idea of being a priest, and come home to help. You can't expect us to sympathize with a religion we know nothing about. I never liked preachers anyhow, they seem so wishy washy—dehumanized or fanatical. Father is drinking again. Most of the servants have left. All day long I've been furious with Lincoln for emancipating them.—I know the war is a long way back, but I'm sorry today that I'm not my own grandmother with her slaves to command. can't run a farm alone; I don't know how. It's a great disadvantage to possess the bluest blood in the South and no money to keep up traditions. If I had been a boy I would have been a jockey—I adore horses, I hate dish washing.

"Your loving"

Jefferson turned his boyish blue eyes upon his friend. They showed vast comprehension and sympathy. "Jove! I'd like to meet her."

said irrelevantly at last: "naming the buttons on our clothes—rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief, doctor, lawyer, Indian chief? I've found myself doing that lately.

was all he said.

"Poor little Bet," murmured selfsh without knowing it. Of course there's been need of a certain economy at home. I had to work my way through college tutoring, you remember? But there've been plenty of niggers around for harvest hands, and our table was always fit for a king.

fess to you I'm superstitious enough Jefferson held out his hand ppealingly, "Won't you let me appealingly, "Won't you let me help?" he said. "No," Richard interrupted him,

and his tone showed irritation. "You know I can't let you support my family for years to come. The responsibility is mine, and sooner I shoulder it the better. Yet I'm a little afraid of myself.'

Afraid: what do you mean?" You know I'm not a saint. I'm only a man with one idea. If I turn farmer it will be to the exclusion of everything else—books, prayers, all the idealistic things of life. I'll think and dream and talk fodder and cows and crops."
"There are worse things," said

never seen inherits his shekels—well, it's bad for the nephew. I've got more than I know what to do clothes somewhere. I won't keep

you long."
"I'll wait. But I'd like to ask make it up to me later on—saving my soul from eternal perdition. Isn't the education of young men for the prie thood a privilege for much bloodshed that they have been rightly called the 'Red Ascent' But cannot the path of every man, who struggles to attain the heights.

"In ancient days the cliffs outside of Jerusalem were the battle-ground for many warring chief-tains. They have witnessed so much bloodshed that they have been rightly called the 'Red Ascent' But I don't think he slept in his very much mistaken. You've gained twenty pounds. Don't break in upon your family looking as seedy as a tin-pan peddler. I've got a trunk on the back of my car. She paused, for she couldn't put into my soul from eternal perdition. Isn't the education of young men were the battle-ground for many warring chief-tains. They have witnessed so much bloodshed that they have been rightly called the 'Red Ascent' But I don't think he slept in his very much mistaken. You've gained twenty pounds. Don't break in upon your family looking as seedy as a tin-pan peddler. I've got a trunk on the back of my car. Been touring the country, and for young men to the clothes you were when you came here two years ago, you are wery much mistaken. You've gained twenty pounds. Don't break in upon your family looking as seedy as a tin-pan peddler. I've got a trunk on the back of my car. But I don't think he slept in his ower when you came here two years ago, you are wery much mistaken. You've gained twenty pounds. Don't have to begin from the heights. They have been as a trunk on the back of my car. But I don't think he slept in his ower when you came here two years ago, you are wery much mistaken. You've gained twenty pounds. Don't have to begin as seedy as a tin-pan peddler. I've got a trunk on the back of my car. But I don't think he slept in his ower when you cannot here two years ago, you are wery much mistaken. You've gained twenty pounds. Don't have been as a trunk on the back of my car. They have been as a trunk on the back of my car. They have got to take it off. Here's the key; if I lend you a suit. I'll get it again when I come to visit you."

over her in that empty room.

"Not used?" said Mrs. Mu:phy.

"I must go and look," and she

"Give me the key," said Richard resignedly. "If I'm going to town with you I suppose I'll have to spruce up. I don't want to look like an encaped monk. Remember when we were at college and only had see drag and between up? had one dress suit between us? Remember the night you went to the students' ball? You were to dance until twelve, because I didn't know how, and then you promised to return so that I could put on the clothes in time for the refreshments-

And I never came." "Do you remember the excuse you gave? You never were a ready

Jefferson grinned. "I've forgotten the details," he said, "but I remember the night. I was head over heels in love with little Lilybelle Lee—euphemistic "Oh, mother," she sobbed, "I title. Remember that girl? She was years older than I was—and I adored her! Didn't even come to my senses when I saw streaks of rouge on her pocket handkerchief the night we got caught out in the min I was to write odes to the rain. Used to write odes to the roses in her cheeks and the blackness of her eyes, when any chump would have known they were chuck full of belladonna. Didn't wake up until dad wrote me to go ahead and propose to her—that he had had the same symptoms for the had the same symptoms for the same lady twenty years before."

"That's an old joke," said Richard with a wan smile. "Maybe," agreed Jeff reflectively. "But it has curative properties. You never did play the fool, Dick, Girls never seemed to enter

into your ken—"
"Didn't-have time." "Time! It wasn't that. It was lack of inclination. You wouldn't know how to talk to a girl if you met one. Frivolity wasn't your long suit. I never could understand why you and I should be so chumny."

Richard threw his arm affectionately around his friend. window to the couch and back again on arising, she kissed the crucifix to the window. In a few minutes that hung on the wall beside her

necktie out of place.
"Glad to hear it," he said. "Since you're immune from other ran downstairs the same hope in normal notions, a little weakness her heart. like a red necktie seems to bring us closer together. I'll believe anything of anybody since that old anchorite who used to teach us philosophy told me that he had great difficulty in giving up embroidered waistroats that seem to philosophy told me great difficulty in giving up embroidered waistcoats that seem to have been the vogue in Paris a hundred years ago. I don't know anything about vocations or calls or thing about vocations or calls or thing about vocations or calls or the paths of spirituality, but I was a spirituality with the paths of spirituality, but I was a spirituality with the paths of spirituality. The paths of spirituality was a spirituality with the paths of spirituality was a spirituality with the paths of spirituality. The paths of spirituality was a spirituality with the paths of spirituality was a spirituality with the paths of spirituality was a spirituality was a spirituality with the paths of spirituality was a spiritualit too deep in the mire. Now go put on that suit and come on.

Wouldn't you like to wait in the library?"
"I'd rather wait here. I want to get my bearings. Somehow I can't imagine you out of this altruistic world, scrambling for a living. suppose if you put your col mind to work on a farm, something

will drop."
Richard stood up, his arms outstretched. His shadow fell across the brilliant crocus beds.
"I can dig," he said, and Jeffer-

"I can dig," he said, and Jefferson noted the tragedy in his eyes.
"You'll admit that I'm strong enough to dig.

TO BE CONTINUED

AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR

By Virginia A. Stone in the Rosary Magazine "Mary, dear, just run upstairs and

ask James if he knows what time it is, will you?" said Mrs. Murphy, ne hot August morning, as she sat patiently waiting to pour her son's coffee. "Im afraid he must have coffee. "Im afra overslept himself."

Mary had just come in from Mass, and removing her hat which she on the hall stand, she ran upstairs.

Are you getting up, James ?" she asked, rapping on her brother's

After waiting a few moments and getting no answer, she opened the door, calling her brother's name in a louder voice. The breeze from the open window struck her with a strange chill,-either that, or the unusually empty appearance of the room. The bed was untouched and had evidently not been slept in. She went downstairs again quickly

into the dining room. Well, is he getting up ?" inquired her mother. "I've never known him to be so late bef—Is anything the matter, Mary? Is he ill? You look as if something had

some one who has delayed him. hope he'll be back soon, though, hardly have any time for his

breakfast."
"But I don't think he slept in his

followed by daughter. But there was nothing to be seen; only the empty room. James was evidently out some-where. His ordinary clothes were gone, everything else was in its accustomed place; even his watch sorrow which had come upon t lay on the bureau.

Silently the two women returned

"James will be in now in a few minutes, I am sure," said Mrs. Murphy as she poured a cup of coffee for Mary. "Eat your break-fast dear." She said. "I could never me," she said. "I could never me," she said. "I could never me," she said.

fast, dear."
Mary did her best, but her appetite had vanished. At last she could bear it no longer. Rising, she went over to her mother and falling on her knees before her, she threw her

am sure something dreadful has happened to James. I feel it in my heart. I felt it as soon as I opened

Hush, hush, Mary dear," said Mrs. Murphy as she stroked her daughter's pretty hair. "We must trust in God and the loving protection of His Blessed Mother. Let us pray to her instead of weeping:" And she took her rosary out of her hendlage, which lay beside of her handbag which lay beside her plate on the table. Mary took out her beads, too, and together the mother and daughter knelt and

the mother and daughter knelt and recited the rosary.

When they had finished it was 9 o'clock, and James had not appeared. Mrs. Murphy started to clear the table, and Mary assisted her, each meanwhile trying to alloy the tears of the other. The dishes were washed and put in place and still no news of James. Mrs. Murphy went upstairs ostensibly to make the beds, but in reality to make the beds, but in reality to relieve her overburdened heart with the tears which she could no longer restrain. Mary fidgeted from the chair to the window, from the restrain.

it a trick he cond when emod when emod his freed.

It the excuse, "

It the window. In a few minutes the telephone bell rang. Mary ran to it and quickly lifted the receiver off the hook. It must surely be James! He had been to Mass no doubt, and not having time to return home for his breakfast, had gone on to the bank. We a Mary have the excuse of the gone on to the bank, Mrs. Murphy

our cashier, will be there in a few minutes. He started for your home sometime ago and should be there Yes, I will. Thank you," said

Mary as she hung up the receiver. "Oh, mother, what can have happened to James? He has prob-ably been hurt and Mr. Rutherford is coming to tell us."

"Perhaps an automobile" whispered the mother, her face ashenwhite. "He was probably in a hurry and got in the way of it. If Rutherford were only here—"
Here he is now," cried Mary excitedly, running to open the door. "Good morning, Mr. Rutherford.

has anything happened to James 'Good morning, Miss Murphy.

May I see your mother alone for a few minutes?" Mary silently ushered him into the little parlor, where her mother sat, too weak from fright to move.

wait. She was not kept long in suspense; in less than five minutes she heard the hall door close and her mother's step on the stairs. Wrs. Murphy came with a white, set face. "Oh, mother, what is it?" cried "Oh, mother, what is it?" Is James

Mary running to her. dead?" "No," answered Mrs. Murphy in

a slow, calm voice. "It's worse than that; they say he has robbed the bank of ten thousand dollars. "Oh, mother, it's not true, I know it's not true!" cried the girl, resolutely, though her face went

Days lengthened into weeks and into months, but nothing was heard of James Murphy: he and the ten thousand dollars that completely disappeared. As his salary had been the mainstay of the little home, Mrs. Murphy was obliged to look about her. Mary had wished to leave Forrest Hills and seek work in some place where they were not known, but Mrs. Murphy firmly

Wherever we go," she said, 'some one will find out who we are, and that might do us much more harm in a place where we were not known than it could here. Besides, I am sure my boy is innocent, and that in His own time the good God will clear the mystery up. We must stay where we are in case James

returns. And she was right, for while every one was shocked at James Murphy behavior, as he had been universally regarded as a model Catholic young man and a loving, devoted son, nothing but sympathy was felt for his mother and sister. Mrs. Murphy soon secured a few lodgers, and Mary added to the family income by giving music lessons. The little family then settled down to its by giving music lessons.

quiet, but sad life. Poor Mary soon grew pale and that he had told me that he occathin, for hers was a twofold sorrow. At the time of her brother's disappearance, she had been betrothed to Frank Farley a little over three months, and the wedding day had been set for the following spring. sorrow which had come upon them, he hurried to the home and did his Silently the two women returned to the dining room and seated themselves at the table.

Silently the two women returned best to secure Mary's consent to an early marriage, so that he might eare for her and her mother. To

think of bringing such disgrace

"My dear little girl," he said.
"You must not talk such highflown nonsense. You have no disgrace to bring, and you say yourself that you believe James is
innocent." innocent.

'So I do; but I suppose, all the same, he must have done it," she replied illogically. "Oh, Frank, please do not make it harder for me than it already is. I could never marry you unless it were clearly proven that James did not take that

And despite all his arguments and pleadings, Mary remained firm in her resolution. Frank, however, did not give up hope, for he, too, was an earnest, practical Catholic, with a tender devotion to our dear Lady, to whom he now went for

He was a frequent visitor at the Murphy's, however, and did his best to soften the sorrow of the griefstricken women. Both had bravely myself; and may the good God taken up their cross and were struggling to bear it patiently. Mrs. Murphy was sustained somewhat by her unshaken belief in the innocence of her son, but the uncertainty of his whereabouts, and the fear as to his whereabouts, and the lear as to his possible fate, hung like a pall over the poor woman's heart. Her life was one long prayer of resignation to God's will; every morning token of forgiveness.

that hung on the wall beside her bed, and begged her Crucified Lord for grace to bear the burdens of the day. Unceasingly she prayed that if it were God's holy will, her son's

name might be cleared. Poor Mary, too, found her consolation in prayer. Untiringly she made novena after novena, confident that her prayers would ultimately be heard, and happiness again dawn for them.

Nine months had now passed since James Murphy's strange disappearance. It was a beautiful May even ng and Frank Farley had called to take Mary and her mother for a short automobile ride. Just as they were leaving the house, a man ran

up to them.
"Mr. Granger's been thrown
"He's hurt from his horse," he said. He's hurt pretty bad; the doctor says he is bound to die; and Mr. Granger said was to come and bring Mrs Murphy at once. The doctor told me to say if you wanted to be there in time, you'd have to be quick." "Granger?" said Mrs. Murphy There must be some mistake. W

do not know any Mr. Granger "Oh, yes, mother," said Mary.
"He used to work with James; he boards with Mrs. Fulton."

'Oh, well then we must go at ce," said Mrs. Murphy, her heart beating fast, for she felt sure she was going to get some news of her

They all got into the automobile and the messenger directed Frank where to drive. Just as they reached the spot where Edward Granger was lying, Mr. Rutherford, the cashier of the bank came up, having been summoned by telephone. He greeted Mary and her mother cordially, and noting very apparent nervousness of Mrs.

Murphy, he said kindly: "Calm yourself, my dear Mrs. Murphy, I have a notion that we are going to get at the bottom of the mystery of poor James' disappear-

God grant it may be so," piously replied the good mother.
"Come close to me," said the dying man, making a visible, heroic effort to rally his failing powers. "There's something I must tell you. Can you raise me a little higher

Mrs. Murphy sat down on the grass and gently placed her arm under the cushions at his head. murmured Gran-Thank you, Mr. Rutherford is there,

Yes, Edward, here I am," said

Mr. Rutherford.

"Last year I had been gambling heavily, and was awfully in debt," continued Granger. "I didn't know what to do. I had no one to help me, so I thought I'd get away to Canada and from there go down to Brazil or Argentina. But I couldn't do it without money, so I took that ten thousand."

And James is innocent. ful Father, I thank Thee!" cried Mrs. Murphy in an ecstacy of joy Mary leant over and gently kissed her mother. "But where is my her mother. "But where is my boy?" asked Mrs. Murphy, recov

ering herself.
"I'm coming to that. About midnight I started to make my getaway. I went down by way lake so as not to be seen, but hadn't gone very far before I saw James coming along. I hid behind some bushes. The night was insufferably hot, and I thought that, being unable to sleep, he had come down to the lake for some fresh air. When he reached the willow that overhangs it, he started to climb the tree. At first I did not know what to think : then I remembered

sionally waiked in his sleep. "He never said anything to me about walking in his sleep," inter-

rupted Mrs. Murphy.
"No, he said he did not want to worry you. When I saw him crawling out on one of the branches, I rushed out on the road. If he should fall into the lake, he would surely be drowned. I called to him loudly two or three times. Then suddenly he fell from the tree into the water. He never rose.

clined to listen.

'No, Frank, please do not urge, 's she said. "I could never nk of bringing such disgrace on you."

'Oh, my poor, dear boy,'' sobbed Mrs. Murphy, while Mary, weeping, laid her head on Frank's shoulder. He gently wiped the tears from her

face.
"I stood petrified with fear,"
continued Granger. Finally I
recovered myself and remembered that I must hurry or the last train for New York would be gone. Then the thought came to me that there was no need for me to go away. James was at the bottom of the lake, and suspicion for the thef would naturally attach to him when he did not appear at the bank, returned to my room. I paid my debts with part of the money, and the balance is in a little tin box in my trunk."

He paused for a minute; the resolution that had supported him through the tragic narrative was failing, his breath came in gasps.

"Can you forgive me?" he asked looking up at Mrs. Murphy. The good woman hesitated a moment, then stooping she kissed him on the

pardon you, too."
A shadowy smile flitted across
the dying man's face. He looked around at them all entreatingly. Mary was on her knees, weeping softly. She gently stooped and pressed her lips to the poor fellow's

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS

MURPHY & GUNN BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES Solicitors for The Home Bank of Canada Solicitors for the Roman Catholic Episcopal Corpora

Suite 53, Bank of Toronto Chambers LONDON, CANADA Phone"170 FOY, KNOX & MONAHAN

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC Cable Address : "Foy Telephones | Main 461 Main 462

Offices: Continental Life Building
CORNER BAY AND RICHMOND STREETS TORONTO DAY, FERGUSON & CO. ames E. Day
ohn M. Ferguson
oseph P. Walsh

TORONTO CANA

LUNNEY & LANNAN BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES Harry W. Lunney, B. A., B. C. L. Alphonsus Lannan, LL. B. CALGARY, ALBERTA

TORONTO, CANADA

JOHN H. McELDERRY BARRISTER. SOLICITOR

NOTARY PUBLIC CONVEYANCER to Loan Telephone 1081 HERALD BLDG. ROOM 24

> GUELPH, ONT ARCHITECTS

WATT & BLACKWELL Members Ontario Association ARCHITECTS Sixth Floor, Bank of Toronto Chambers LONDON, ONT.

DENTISTS

DR. BRUCE E. EAID Room 5, Dominion Bank Chambers Cor. Richmond and Dundas Sts. Phone 5660

EDUCATIONAL The Influence of a Well-

Known School

ATTEND

Westernell School LONDON, ONTARIO

A Business College of Strength and Character

St. Jerome's College Founded 1864 KITCHENER, ONT.

REV. W. A. BENINGER, C. R., President FUNERAL DIRECTORS

John Ferguson & Sons 180 KING ST.

Telephone-House 373 Factory 543 E. C. Killingsworth

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

The Leading Undertakers & Embalmers Open Night and Day

87 YONGE ST., TORONTO Phone Main 4030

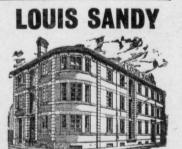
nennessey

CUT FLOWERS

Painting and

DRUGS PERFUMES

Decorating of Churches, Altars, Statues, etc. JOHN UYEN 39 Briscoe St., London, Ont. Phone 5763-J



GORDON MILLS **Habit Materials and Veilings**

SPECIALLY PRODUCED FOR THE USE OF **RELIGIOUS COMMUNITIES**

BLACK, WHITE, AND COLOURED SERGES and CLOTHS, VEILINGS:1 CASHMERES, ETC.

cked in a large variety of widths and qualiti LOUIS SANDY Gordon Mills, STAFFORD, ENGLAND