#### HONOUR WITHOUT RENOWN

BY MRS. INNES BROWN

Author of "Three Daughters of the United

Having been requested by many friends to give as promised, a "further glimpse" of "The Three Daughters of the United Kingdom," I have endeavored to comply with the request in the following pages. It does us no harm, in these days of turmoil and incessant motion, of selfish hurry for fame and luxury, pause now and again and realice that many of our fellow creatures of all ages, classes, and nations, have master say if he knew you were out willingly cast aside these very gifts and possessions for which we strive and yearn, in order to devote their lives, their wealth, and alents to the relief and comfort of the poor and weak ones of the earth. | the po their lives stand out as an object lesson, the study of which acts upon us as a healthy stimulant, encouraging us to greater endurance ponder and search for the motive which prompted them to perform such generous deeds : making them prize so dearly, and to count, as treasure untold, the hidden blessings of the poor and destitute. Again, we may say what we will in praise of the advanced state of society, yet we cannot deny that there still lingers a sweet halo of restful refinement, a tender memory of unselfish motherly love, in our youthful recollections of the woman of the days gone by. And, true to life, I have endeavored to depict the lives and characters of Three Daughters of the United Kingdom."

#### CHAPTER I

The equinoctial gales were at their highest. Loud boisterous winds scoured the peaceful valleys tracks of ruthless destruction in their course. Then, as if angered at ployment no higher or better Baron Court, the storm tore up the hillsides and swept along the lonely sparse, tall pine trees which in thin and irregular ranks crowned the highest hills and broke the otherise monotonous line of the horizon. Yet the force of the gale served but as pastime and sport for those old veteran firs; they merely bowed their dark green heads stiffly to the fury of the storm as it swept madly past, then rose again to their height, seeming to draw in with pleasure the sheets of pelting rain which dashed and beat with fury against their hard brown stems. Heaven help the poor sailors

muttered

and struggled down a slippery lane. Ave me." he sighed softly to as he paused and drew forth a large red handkerchief wherewith to wipe the dripping raindrops from his fine old ruddy face-"aye and Countess de Woodville, for both me, it was just such a wild and woe. had expressed their desire that Mrs. ful night as this when our bonnie MacDermot might not be disturbed Jack was lost at sea. The poor old nor undaly intruded upon in her woman has never looked up rightly seclusion; indeed, "they had heard may not be so far off poither, or why little Countess Marie, when at home, should a gale like this tash me so ?" even looked over and paid the wash.

He paused once more to regain his ing bills herself at the Western a habit—strained his eyes and ears likely to be stingy in her payments. and then in larger gulps from the did not care to have John's Catholic said. "But first, I have an aunt in to watch and listen, if perchance Then followed the tiresome question, cup itself; then turning away she relatives around; the poor man was Gunstonville. Indiana?" through the roar of the storm he upon what did this strange woman resumed her work at the side table. might detect the sound of poscher's spend her earnings? Truly, not Ryder watched her now in his turn. step or voice. It was with feelings upon herself; for her gowns, to He had seen many real ladies in his of joy, almost of gratitude, that he ied at last the bright glimmer of a light which every now and then shone through the leafless branches and marked the spot where stood the quiet Western Lodge, the very one where some twelve years before dear old Father Egbert had alighted when bound on his mission of love and kindness to the young mistress of the Court. Slowly but surely the welcome light grew nearer and Neither were there wanting spiteful nearer, until at last the weary old and jealous tongues which hinted man stood upon the gravelled walk and clutched for support the iron rails which enclosed the neat little garden surrounding the lodge.

'Tis late, I know, but she'll admit me for a wee bit of rest and shelter I doubt not." he thought a " and some I cannot stand the storm

A louder blast of the tempest than ever interrupted his cogitations, and howling madly around the eaves of the house shook the latticed windows, whilst it pressed the form of the old man roughly against the railings. This decided him; and as soon as the gust had somewhat abated, he opened with difficulty the low iron gate, and trudging up the short pathway, knocked loudly with the butt end of his gun at the door of the lodge. A light step moved within, and as the outer door was opened timidly, a flood of welcome warmth and light burst upon the boisterous air-without, however, revealing the figure of the old man

as he stood wearied and wet outside. Who knocks? Who is out on such a night as this ?" asked a sweet but timid voice.
"Me, Mrs. MacDarmot! me-

Ryder. Can you give me shelter for an hour or so from the rain? I do be somewhat fairly done this night.' Of course I can. Come in quickly, and let me close the door, or the

fire will smoke and all my work will

be ruined. Poor old man! how drenched and cold you look! Sure

or keeper ?" "No, no, ma'am, neither," he answered cheerfully, still shaking the wet from his coat like a huge mastiff, and meanwhile wiping the clay from his strong boots on the mat in the little passage outside; "but" — confidentially — "Jameson do be getting ole, ye see, and weather like this tries him sorely; so I vol-unteered to take his place tonight."
"Oh, yes, I see it all, Ryder: you

being so young can afford to risk your health for your friend Jameson. But, seriously, do be more careful of yourself. What would your

in weather like this?"
"Oh, nothing much. Maybe his little lady might scold a bit; but he is fond of sport, and he knows that it is on just such nights as these that chers be out, and the young hands be not up to their tricks like

Granted, Ryder; but I often think that you are too kind, and should not work for every one as you

Nay, nay, ma'am. You at least should not speak like that, for who works so early or so late as you do ?' A deep flush dyed the face of Mrs. MacDermot as she turned away in silence; and a heavy sigh escaped her as she resumed her work of iron interrupted by the sudden entrance of her unexpected guest.

She was a strange woman, this and the villagers loved to tall amongst themselves of her quiet doings and the dark mystery which seemed to envelop her life. The old porter, who had lived there for so many years, was dead, and suddenly as if dropping from the skies-came the new lodge-keeper, recommended, report did say, by Lady O'Hagan. How the village people came to recognise Mrs. MacDermot as a lady, bent the treetops and whistled and involuntarily spoke of and through their almost leafless addressed her as such, was more branches, leaving broad visible than they could explain. Nevertheless they did so; yet was her em their own. " She only took in wash. stately oaks and sheltered woods of ing," they argued. True, it was not the coarse, heavy clothes, such as passed through their own hands, moors as though to revenge itself in that found their way to her lodge, noisy and exultant glee upon the but all the lighter, daintier articles from the Court, as well as from the houses of the gentry around: costly laces, altar linen, rich needlework dainty ladies' garments, and pretty children's clothes—such things these all found their way to clever hands. "She gets the pick of everything," ejaculated the spiteful " and if she does turn her things out to look almost as fresh and pretty as when first they left the maker's hands, why no doubt, in spite of her airs, she was reared to the trade-and then she's got nothing else to do." True, this was how she earned her money, "and a tidy old John Ryder, the coachman, as he tottered | hoard she must have of it some where;" but the question that exerclsed sheir minds so terribly was, what did she do with it? They knew her to be in great favor with their Lord and his Lady, the Earl -more than once, too-that the

> and jealous tongues which hinted broadly that Mrs. MacDermot had seen better days; that, likely enough, she had committed some terrible crime and was in hiding. Certainly, there was some deep, dark mystery which enshrouded and covered with shame her former life : they could tell that by her quiet and downcast look and the tiresome way in which she frequently sought to evade or avoid altogether their very plain and straightforward questions. Well, well! whatever it was, they could afford to wait and watch; will out," and doubtless the terrible truth would burst upon them some day, rewarding with tenfold interest their long forbearance. Had they but watched her more

able solution to that question would

have secured a high premium, had

the owner cared to offer it for auction

to the highest bidder at Oakhome.

closely when bowed in prayer, they effor could not have failed to observe the ing: look of deep faith, and courageous hope, which lit up the dark brown that expression of brave, almost willing, endurance which surely could not be the companion of guilt. There were many others, however, who, like old Ryder, shook their heads gravely, saying: "Nay, nay! She may be a bit touched in her head with the melancholy, but she has done no wrong."

Of medium height, her figure slight almost to very thinness, her movements slow almost to weariness, Mcs. MacDarmot's appearance varied so considerably at times that her age had frequently been guessed at anything between four-and-twenty

reproachfully, "there can be no was dark, and grew prettily from her do believe he'd go clean off it. But made her first Communion and was my poor father must have necessity for an old man like you to be out in such a tempest, and with a and naturally turned, then twisted she is? There's not one of us she fervor. Quiet, peaceful years passed in horror. Had he entirely located the continuous and server in such a tempest, and with a continuous and naturally turned, then twisted she is? be out in such a tempest, and with a and naturally turned, then twisted gun too! Have you turned burglar in luxuriant coils in the nape of her neck. Two soft large eyes, matching in color the rich brown hair, shone out from the thin delicate face, revealing in their depths a settled measure counterbalanced by the signs of reserve and proud en ance that lingered around the delicate lips. A thick gold weddingring hung loosely upon the third finger of her left hand; it would never have retained its position there at all but for the aid of a

friendly keeper.

The kitchen into which Ryder had intruded was large and airy, and possessed an air of cleanliness and refinement. Across the further end of the ceiling were suspended several rows of deal laths, and upon them hung a various assortment of tiny garments, which in their spotless whiteness and exquisite seemed well to repay the laundress for the labor she had expended upon irons-shone conspicuously at one end of the apartment, whilst an oilcloth of a bright, cheerful design covered the floor. One low rocking chair, in which the weary mistress ofttimes rested her aching limbs, the round centre table and dresser, constituted the chief articles of furniture, while a long narrow bracket the wall on one side and served as stand whereupon to iron.

Outside, the storm appeared to rage with unabated fury; but the eyes of old Ryder followed the graceful movements of his hostess with admiration. Others might speak of her as cold and reserved ; to him she had always been kindness itself. Perhaps she admired unduly the coachman's imposing presence and handsome jovial face set in its frame also." of silvery hair - for Ryder was no mean specimen of his class, and, taken as a whole, they are a decidedly fine set of men— or it may have been that she admired more the kind and manly heart within him, that, having suffered itself, yet was ever ready to help and cheer a weaker brother. Moving gently, as was her wont, Mrs. MacDermot raised a bright brass kettle which was steaming fussily upon the stove: she brewed and mixed a refreshing cup of tea, into which she her part, lest he drift away from his poured a table spoonful of brandy. Then she bent kindly towards the old man and bade him drink it.

Take it now, poor Ryder, and never expose yourself so recklessly to the elements again; more than your good master and mistress would miss your kindly face if you died and left us." Then, as if to herself, God help the poor wanderer and the homeless this night! and clasp ing her hands, "Aye, more than all, may He guard those who are so safely housed that the storm will beat unheard and unheeded above and around their walls this night."

He noted the impassioned action and caught the burning accent of her plicity of a child. He had always He had seen many real ladies in his their knowledge, were but two in day—titled ladies, ladies of quality number, and those of a plain black and position; yet, save for his own material, and her appearance belied dear master's wife and the two that the idea of one who lived or throve had been linked to her so tenderly had been linked to her so tenderly upon dainty fare. Then for what in the days gone by, there was not was she saving or hoarding her hard one for whom he had more heartfelt earnings? Ab, the correct and reli- reverence than for the owner of the sweet. patient face before him, heat from the iron had flushed her cheeks and caused the locks of dark brown bair to form tiny curls around the white, thin temples; her downcast eyes, shaded by the long lashes, were lowered earnestly upon her work, but the fragile figure drooped as if from fatigue which the busy

finger refused to yield to. Presently the warm drink, together with the soothing heat from the fire, began to tell upon the old man, and a feeling of cosy drowsicess and peaceful comfort commenced to creep and to conjure up forms and faces that had left a much more indelible

Such a day as we have had to housekeeper for something."
"The Earl and Countess have not

returned, then?" she asked "No, and the company will e'en without him. A telegram said his Lady was none so well, and he

wouldn't travel home without her." He is very fond of her ?" "Fond!" ejaculated the old man, almost ironically—"fond isn't the word for it. He thinks that much

ly," she continued, kindly but and thirty-five. Her brown hair understand, happened to her, why, I instructions. Very soon she had mistake could have occurred. Alas, doesn't think of, and, what's more, she makes him think of us too. Bless you! it's a pretty sight to see her wheedle and coax him to her own way of thinking; and all the look of ever-present sorrow; but the sadness of their expression was in a and let her have her own way? She's been the very making of him, she has! But we all said it from the first; we knew she was the very one for him."

There was a pause. The listener had ceased her work; her hand still retained possession of the iron, but face betrayed intense and increasing

Presently, with a sigh, the old man turned once more to the fire; and staring at the glowing embers con tinued in a low tone, as if to himself Ah me! how time and things do be fickle and change to be sure! It seems to me but last week since I finish saw the three of 'em-as beautiful young creatures as ever drew breath -standing linked together in girlish them. A large fire place—one half love on the terrace walks, cracking of it fitted as a stove for heating their merry jokes and speaking to me as freely as if I were one of themselves; and then to think that she the pride of them all-our own Lady Beatrice-should fling all her wealth aside, and, forgetting her father's home and all its comforts—nay, even arm-chair in which Ryder sat, and her very name—go and dovote her three smaller ones, together with a life to serve God's poor. So they told us! Bless me, when first I heard of it, how I took on! Ye see her father was dead, and I had known table ran nearly the full length of and loved her from a very haby; and I thought to myself, if I can only make bold, maybe she'll listen to what old John has to say. So day by day I watched me chance to wayher; and much good I did when me opportunity did come !"

What did she do ?" Do ?" he cried, almost testily why, just what she always did dotwisted me round her thumb and got

Do tell me what she said."

TO BE CONTINUED

THE STRANGE VISITOR

Rose Martin in The Missionary When John Allen married the pretty Protestant girl who had his heart, his sister Mary realized the occasion demanded fervent prayer and constant watchfulness on Church, for he had never been deeply religious. When he moved another town, far from any Catholic relatives, Mary was acutely distressed. She could have no opportunity now of seeing that he practiced his religion. But at least she would keep in touch with him by letter. This she did most conscientiously, boring the young man greatly by frequent allusions to religion.

When he announced the birth of a child, she reminded him that the duty of having the little one baptized rested on him. She was greatly letter, he told her the child had been baptized. Other children came, six words, as with a trembling hand in all, and for every one Miss Allen he took the proffered cup and reminded her brother that he must prepared to obey her with the sim- have the baby baptized, and every time he assured her that he been a good husband, and respected attended to the matter. One of the women, therefore he could not bear children was named efter herself, to see them suffer. Mrs. MacDermot | Mary, but Miss Allen had been a little watched her guest steadily for some hurt that the honor had not extended minutes as he sipped his tea at slow to an invitation to be godmother. Lodge," and she, they knew, was not intervals, first from the teaspoon But perhaps the Protestant mother really doing very well in seeing that his children were not deprived of their heritage of faith-so she reasoned. She ventured a question, however, in regard to the godmother, and John told her he had let Anne stand for the child. She was another of his sisters who happened to be passing through the town in which John lived, on her way to another State where she and her family were to settle. Well, that was satisfactory of course; though Anne could not do the child much good. She had just settled on an out-of-the-way farm, and was much occupied with her own affairs-so much so that she seldom if ever wrote to any one.

Then John Allen's wife died, and much consultation and correspondence ensued in regard to the six ing man and he did not deem it well to give up his work, even if he had been equal to the task of caring for over him. His gaze became riveted six children. It was finally decided more upon the glowing embers before to send them to his different Catho him, and, as frequently happens in lic relatives. Miss Mary Allen had old age, his memory was apt to rather expected that Anne would travel back to scenes in earlier days, take little Mary, her godchild, but when the other members of the without knowing it.
family wrote to ask Anne if she "At my first glance impression upon his mind than any could take any of the children, she present or passing event could now replied that her circumstances would achieve. Suddenly he made a strong effort and roused himself, exclaiming:

And then I saw the Blessed Mother wheels of our lorries went over one was knitting. Somehow, her being poor foot. It was so sudden, this engaged in that every day occupation revelation, of death, unhonoured, allen welcomed to her home and calmed my fears. Then she looked insulted, abject. I did not say any heart a sweet, shy namesaks. hope, which lit up the dark brown be sure! — driving to meet every child was twelve years old, with an eyes and gave to her quiet features train. Mrs. Thomas will have her exceptionally winning and innocent hands full, seeing to the comfort face. But her aunt was greatly of all those gueste. I wouldn't be a shocked on discovering that her religion had been entirely neglected. all polite then. In my surprise I sickening smell of death. We passed by the baptisms had been said to her positively: 'But yes, both the beginning and the end of Blessed Mother, I have been baptized.' preparing bodies for burial. Many his religious activities, and her ques-"No, and the company will e'en tions soon drew out the fact from have to get on as well as they can little Mary that her father had made no attempt at either practicing his religion himself or having the

children instructed. As soon as possible Miss Allen started the child to the Sisters' about her that, it aught serious, ye intense interest in the religious I asked myself how such a deplorable

practicing her religion with great responsible for it all. I shuddered fervor. Quiet, peaceful years passed in horror. Had he entirely lost his during which Miss Allen's affection his faith, that he could for her niece steadily deepened. She was meantime anticipating with pleasure the young girl's companionship when school days would be over. But before that time arrived, Mary told her of her desire to become a Religious. It meant a sacrifice on the part of Miss Allen, but she made it without a struggle, feeling more sweetly, soothingly, and yet once than repaid when she witnessed her again she repeated those same words. niece's happy face on the day of profession. Singularly free from trouble had the child's life been since she came under Miss Allen's care, and now, it seemed, the Providence of God had guided her to yet holier and much more peaceful ways. Mary Allen felt that her niece was very dear to our Lord. One thing she did not remember: those who are close friends of our crucified Lord must know something of trial, and taste, perhaps drink deep, of the chalice of

Sister Mary Josephine proved an also to the priest of the parish where exemplary Religious, and after some years, having shown talents of a practical nature, she was sent to C--as Superior of a convent there. | we do not know where your father life, the shadow which must ever fall | truth from him.' sometime, somewhere, when evil has been done, that it may be atoned for; and this atonement is often to be made by an innocent one, aye, even by the victim himself.

With no hint of what was coming, not even the smallest foreboding, Sister Mary Josephine retired one night-and the morning found her bearing a weighty cross. A strange, a dreadful visitation had occurred to her overnight. A haunting fear was now with her and always remained. Vainly she tried to persuade herself that her cross was an imaginary one. She endeavored to judge the matter. according to cool reason, as though it were that of someone else, rather than her own. Again and again she felt that she had reasoned the matter away forever-only to find the haunting fear returned, stronger than before. As time passed she felt the need of advice, but the case was so strange, and there was no one near her to whom she felt she could turn, confidently, in her difficulty. She prayed constantly for light and help, growing thin and pale while she

The time came for the annual retreat at the Mother House, and Sister Mary Josephine decided that whilst there she would lay the matter before the Mother Provincial. But on arriving, she was informed that word had just come of the illness of her aunt, Miss Allen. The Provincial insisted that the niece must go to her aunt at once and do everything possible for her comfort; and Sister Josephine was suddenly consoled herself: Aunt Mary would be able to assure her that her fears were groundless. Miss Allen was delighted to have her niece with her, and doubtless the visit was conducive to her recovery, for she soon began to improve. But her keen affectionate eyes discovered that the serenity and happiness which had formerly characterized Sister Mary Josephine had entirely disappeared.

One evening the elder lady was reclining on a couch, and backoned her niece to a chair beside her, and "Tell me all about it," she

Sister Mary Josephine obediently seated herself, smiling, and finding it pleasant to be treated as a child again. but was afraid of worrying you," she

Yes, your, aunt-your godmother -lives there," Miss Allen answered with some surprise; "but I do not recall having ever mentioned her to you. I was afraid you might feel hurt that she had never shown any interest in you." But you are sure she is my god.

mother?" and Sister Josephine's voice trembled with anxiety. Why, I suppose I am sure," Miss Allen returned, puzzled at the ques-

"It was your father who told Tears sprang to the harassed ister's eyes. Then you are not Sister's eyes. "Then you are not really positive—and it may be true

that I am not baptized." Miss Allen stared in amazement. How did you get such a notion? she demanded. And Sister Mary Josephine told her strange story.

sleep, when I saw the Biessed Mother on a footstool beside my bad." The Sister paused.

And then I saw the Blessed Mother up from her work—the sweetest thing; but how it hurt.
compassion and pity in her eyes—
As we got farther into

and she said: 'Sister, you are not a But her aunt was greatly Catholic; you have never been larger and finer, but there were sed on discovering that her baptized. I am afraid I was not at odours numberless, mastered by the Still with that deeply compassionate look, she replied firmly yet sweetly : No, Sister, you are not a Catholic. You have an aunt in Gunstonville who is supposed to be your godmother, but you have no god-mother because you have never

been baptized. 'I could not make any reply, for

pass away with no attempt to right the wrong he had done me? The voice of the Blessed Mother spoke

again:
"'Your father will be converted! she said, as though to reassure me and to calm my fears. 'Your father will be converted, she repeated 'You must always be busy. Sister

"In the morning I tried to persuade not succeed. Was it my duty to suppose I was baptized, until proof could be obtained that I was, or was it not? But now you will tell me what to do."

Miss Allen was looking very houghtful: "The matter must be thoughtful: looked into. I will write to your aunt in Gunstonville and ask her if she is your godmother. I will write your father lived when you were born, to ask about your baptismal certificate. It is unfortunate is at present, or we might get the

Even from the first John Allen had seemed to feel very little respon-sibility for his children, and had been content that his relatives should care for them. Of late years nothing had been heard from him: no one knew where he was. time before the two letters sent that night received answers. from the priest of the parish where the Allens formerly lived announced that there were no baptismal record of any of the Allen children. the aunt in Gunstonville said she had never been godmother to any of John's children Sister Mary Josephine returned to

the Mother House, where she was privately baptized and confirmed In the meantime Miss Allen received a letter from her brother. He was dying in a Catholic hospital far away. And he asked pardon for the deception he had practiced, confessing that none of his children had been baptized. Later, Miss Allen learned that with every sign of fervor and contrition her brothe received the last sacraments and happily expired.

## ANGELS IN DAMASCUS

We were on our way to Damascus, speeding along in motor lorries, or the steep and winding roads that climbed the mountain sides. And frequently the results of our airmen's the slopes of the hills lay many a half-destroyed and dismantled Ger man transport car. Our planes, like huge birds of prey, had pursued and overtaken them, in their hurried

When the Palestine campaign is adequately and fully described, the British public will know what it owes to Lord Allenby and the valour of his troops. One could see that what had been an overwhelming success might easily have turned out a ghastiy failure. It was all a strik ng instance of superb judgment backed up by courage and endurance. Think of the mountains : remember that this last was chiefly a cavalry engagement, and you will have to proclaim the miracle of the advance. "I wanted to tell you before, I know the Third Light Horse Brigade will never forget coming through the Adana Gorge in the dawn, and making its track through the heap of dead Germans, Turks, horses and camels that lay on the road leading into Damascue.

Our first view of Damascus was wonderfully impressive. We rushed out of hills, unbellevably parched and barren, into a fairyland of luxuriant loveliness. It was a spacious, opulent scene. Of the city itself we at first saw little--just the occasional roofs of the loftier buildings, a few domes and minarets, and one suburb that had escaped from the wide spread forest of orchards, lofty poplars, and other beautiful trees and perched itself on the slope of a stern, sun-baked hill.

Was this at last the Never Never land? Can't you realize it all, this sudden radiant promise, the surprise at such a gift! Ob, how we greated "It was after I went to C—that beauty that day! Very soon we were it happened. I had retired as usual one night, though I had not gone to but that parfect, brief impression was something to keep for ever.

In a short time we entered the "Go on," Miss city, and on the very threshold we Allen said, feeling in her heart that encountered ugliness in a piteous the child really had gone to sleep guise. A dead Turk, naked, with only his face covered, lay across without knowing it.

"At my first glance, perhaps, I was inclined to be startled, frightened. road. The way was narrow, and the wheels of our lorries went over one

As we got farther into the city, the road became wider, and the buildings larger and finer, but there were died in Damasous. When we reached the centre of the town, we were much amused by the sight of electric trams; they seemed so out of place. extraordinarily comic, the dignified attitude of a brigand like, armed Bedouia entering a comparatively modern car. Here we left our lorries and putting on our packs and stand my thoughts were in a turmoil, while ing by our kit-bage, we waited for the return of the officer in charge,

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