Fublished by permission of Burns, Oates & Washbourne, London, England. THREE DAUGHTERS

## OF THE UNITED KINGDOM

BY MRS. INNES-BROWNE

CHAPTER XXVI.-CONTINUED A sumptuous and splendid breakfast awaited the guests; for Ireland can be right royal in her hospitality, and is never lacking when mirth and fun are to the fore. So the brides

and their merry lords were flattered and cajoled, and all went as merrily as the wedding-bells. 'I shall see that a good report of our gay doings here finds its way into the London papers," said busy Mr. Howard. "If only my late lamented client had but been an eye-

witness of the pretty and happy been of his niece too! She is to my mind a most remarkably fine young means of bringing and bestowing your becoming a nun."
upon her her uncle's handsoms "That, dear auntie

in my life," ascented old Mr. Barry and what a most fortunate thing for her husband! She told me that plenty of people now who will claim relationship and old acquaintance with her family."

bows to them now. It is always so. Money will buy one no end of relations and friends."

Nevertheless there was one who, as she sat in her comfortable morn. ing room, almost gnashed her teeth conned the account of the gay and Yorksbire for a few weeks, fashionable weddings at Bracken Park, and heard of the good fortune and praise bestowed so lavishly upon

swallow. more suitable travelling-garments; travels this night.' for, like the tide, boats and trains might be years-if ever-ere they daughter she has won in Marie.' met again as now. Still in her white one on each side of her-into the her arms around her neck. them kneel on the altar steps beside her, whispered "It is here, my oldest and best friends, I would wish you farewell. I feel that it is best so.

"I will never bid you farewell, dearest Bertie!" exclaimed Madge; "for wherever you are I will search for you and find you."

The pretty violet eyes looked pleased as Bertie smiled her thanks. She knew the Scotch bride would be true to her word.

"O Bertie, my darling Bertie!" half sobbed poor Marie, "when shall

Nay, no tears this day, my Marie, or Regie would never forgive me. Come, dear, be cheerful; let no thought of leaving me mar this happy day. Are we not solemnly bound to meet again? Remember our girlish vow signed and sealed at dear St. both to fulfil it ere many months are over. In the meantime let us be faithful in our hearts and prayers for

Not if God grants us life and strength to fulfilour solemn promise," answered the two brides, in one

Then until that day farewell, and may God's choicest blessings ever attend you both," said Lady Beatrice

I beg your pardon, Countess de Woodville, but the Earl awaits you," said the merry voice of Norah. And you also, my lady; I heard your lord inquiring for you.'

Both girls started and smiled; it seemed so odd and strange to be called by those names so soon. They knew the servants were taking great delight in thus accosting them. They kissed the kneeling white figure tenderly, reverently, and dreading to remain longer lest they should break

Fearing lest dear auntie might feel the strain of two separate partings to be too much for her, both married couples left at the same time. The children whom she had reared clang tondly around her; but auntie, unsel fish as ever, allowed no tear to dim her eyes. Why should she weep when her little girl was so happy, and her boy had won the truest and best of girls for his bride?

God bless you all, my precious ones !" she cried cheerfully ; "and do not tarry too long away."

Then amidst countless heart shakes of the hand, and good and merry wishes expressed and under and many a heartfelt and lusty cheer, the carriages departed. conveying for the second time two of "our convent girls" into the great world, there to commence anew, under such totally different auspices, fresh lives, to take up fresh interests and duties so diametrically opposite to any they had ever planned or

One tiny signal, a dainty white lace handkerchief, fluttered bravely in the air, from the high old turret window, and well the brides knew and recognized the fair hand which

held it. Similar signals readily floated from each open carriage until to the gates of St. Benedict's. Little had she guessed, wh

My God, I thank Thee for their happiness," said Beatrice, withdraw-ing her tender arms from the rough casement. "Now that they have gone, what does earth hold dear to me but Thee! A few more hours yet must I play my part; then I live and act for Thee alone.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

Evening arrived, and the unwearied guests sought the fine old ball-room, there to whirl away the remaining hours in merry dance until midnight. Those who affected fatigue after the long day of excite ment retired to their rooms for rest; amongst this number were suntie and Beatrice.

My child," said the old lady sible joy. How proud he would have | ing night, "my heart grieves for you having to carry out such a project and yet I fail to see how else you can lady. It has been one of the most act, since your mother declars she pleasant duties of my life to be the will never, never give her consent to

"That, dear auntie—for I know gift.
and love you best by that name—dear 'I never was so glad of anything that is not the worst part of it. Now that Regis has gone, and I have no brother to protect me, she has vowed to leave no stone unturned in order she should insist upon his taking her to break me from my selfish and once every year to visit her bonnie Scotch hills. No doubt she will find plenty of people now who will claim vately that she has made all the necessary arrangements to carry me off abroad with her for two years, Oh! doubtless," jerked out the and will from henceforth keep the little man impatiently, "those who strictest guard and watch upon me would have passed her by unheeded and my actions. So, to save all this before, will feel honored if she but unnecessary worry and sorrow, I am going to leave you all secretly tonight. Mother will never miss me until, perhaps, tomorrow at noon, and then, please God, I shall be far

upon my way."
"Your own maid, Phœby, and Mary vexation and despair as she Northgreaves, who is returning to accompany you, sweet child, and God's blessing and my prayers will never desert you. Fear not for your Lady O'Hagan. It was the bitterest mother, my brave one; it is her pride pill Lady Linsdale had ever had to that is more wounded than aught else. God will send an angel if need It was soon time for the brides to be to beal that, as He will send a exchange their wedding robes for special one to protect His own on her

"Take my part, dear auntie," said will wait for no man. This impor-tant duty accomplished, the "United should mother really appear cut up Kingdom" met once more on one of at my loss, try to console her by the landings. Each feared lest it reminding her of the dear little

"I will, I will, Beatrice!" exclaimed shining dress Beatrice led the brides the old lady, as the young girl threw silent little oratory, and bidding time files, sweet child. Peter awaits you with a carriage in the courtyard: but, to avoid suspicion or detection you must leave by a side door and descend a back flight of stairs. Alas! that I should have to bid you tarry no longer, love."

'Adieu, kind auntie, then !' exclaimed the girl, "and remember go in cheerful response to the call of Heaven, which is for ever resounding in my ear, and bidding me leave all things to follow and serve Him whom alone I have learned to love more than parents, friends, or aught else on earth. Then kiss me once more, and pray for me, you who understand and can sympathise with

my trouble.' "That I can. Occs more God speed and bless you, brave child : and auntie turned away her head, for I shall yet call upon you look upon that fair face and form she telt she was old, and might never again.

And so the favorite of Heaven, wrapped in a dark cloak, glided out each other, and do not fail me when of the apar ment, out into the eilent star-lit night, with no one for her companion no one to rest upon, but a lowly maid: and for her visible body guard, a poor but faithful old Yorkshire woman.

> She did not pause as the sound of gay music and ravelry fell upon her ear, nor did she linger to bid farewell to aught she was leaving for ever behind her. True, she thought of her beautiful and luxurious home, which she would probably never see again -of the dear friends from whom she had but lately parted; yet not even such thoughts as these made her falter an instant. In her heart burned a living holy flame, and by its light all perishable things appeared but dross. In fact, did she not rejoice all the more that she had a sacrifice to make? Would it not be better to go to Him thus, than empty handed ? But one tressure she kept, and clung to, and pressed tightly to her, as though the feeling of the rough paper gave her courage. It was her brother's letter, and contained words of burning encouragement, love, and hope regarding her. Almost thought lessly she had tossed her jewels aside; but the boy monk's words she caught up with pride, and treasured nore dearly than all her gems.

So in due time, though unknown to her friends, the Irish boat conveyed the English girl safely over the moonlit waters of the Channel and landed her once more on her native isle. Here Mary bid her an ffectionate but reluctant farewell, adding: "Should you ever visit France again, me lady, and come across her as they call the Abbess give her my very best respects, please, for she's a wonderful fine

woman of her sort-she is indeed! 'I'll tell her just what you say dear old Mary; and thanks so much for your kind care," replied the girl, giving ber a farewell kiss-an honor Mary never forgot.

The two travellers arrived safely at Dover and from thence, towards

at the Convent gates.

"My dainty little Beatrice, my merry one! cried Lady Abbess, foldot thee, my child, and will prophesy regarding thee if thou dost wish sand welcomes! Ah! truly I guessed Heaven could not pass you by unclaimed, unnoticed. You fill our hearts with joy to see you again, to a even, though it may be but for a few life. hours. The sacrifice must have been great, my child, though I am glad to spectacle we have this day witnessed, kindly, as they stood near the the lustre of those merry eyes; they it would have caused him inexpress window, looking out into the darken are as full of fun and frolic as ever."

O Mother-dear ! since I made my sacrifice they have recovered. Before that, they were almost dim to blindness, I do assure you." Poor child, it is often thus; such

tears but enhance the value of the

she conformed to its rules, I do so well, and will make the very sweetest little Countess," said her

Really and truly he does, dear Mother! -he has never loved or thought of told him of the noble way in he is devoted to her." Thank God for that! She was

well worthy of the best of husbands," replied Lady Abbess proudly. So many questions to ask, so much to tell, made the time fly rapidly. 'And so, like a good, affectionate

child," said an aged Sister, came to bid us all farewell. It was like you to be so thoughtful.' I knew you could not come to me, and I knew also where to find ncouragement and counsel; besides, longed to see you all once more. There is also another here to I owe a debt of everlasting gratitude.

He will, I know, rejoice to see me." You mean Father Egbert, my child? His health is failing, his mantal faculties are as keen as ever, and constantly he speaks of his old favourite-his little Beatrice.

May I visit him how, Mother?

not linger here long."
"Go now, my child, but break your presence gently to him; he is weak, and the sudden sight of you might startle him. Neither do you stay too long away, dear. Many ara yet longing to see you, and we have so much to talk about.'

Once more she trod the silent corridor leading to Father Egbert's private rooms. Her heart beat with expectant joy. She felt certain that when she had told him all, he would look upon her and bless her as he had never done before. A timid knock brought forth a gentle command to enter, and crossing the room, the girl perceived by the dim lamp-light the form of the old priest seated in his chair, reading his breviary. Her step fell so lightly, that, until she knelt at his feet and placed one little hand on his, he never noticed ber. Then looking up suddenly-his kind eyes beaming with pleasure, as though he had just been thinking of her, and was even then expecting her-he laid his hand upon the gold-brown head, and said, "My cuild, my little Beatrice, hast thou come at last?" "Yee, Father; I could not come

"And"-glancing at her plain dark thou hast left all thingsdress--" thy mother, thy friends, thy wealth, thy home—all!—everything shou hast relinquished in answer to the call of God, until thou hast naught

lass to offer but thyself?"

"Even so, dear Father; and small and worthless though the offering be, yet my heart expands and feels large in its desire to love and do great things to serve my God.

Said I not so long ago?" said the old man, raising his hand and eyes to heaven. "Ob, how I have prayed for this hour! Thou art too generous to tall me all that this has cost thee, child," he continued, looking down tenderly upon her. "But I, who tenderly upon her. know well thy proud young heart, and have witnessed its violent struggles, feel that thou hast not attained to this victory and peace without much strife and suffering. What of thy father, pow, little one ?

I bless God for having taken him. My life shall, if possible, be an honour to his memory."

"And thy brother Percy?" "It seems as though we never loved nor understood each other as

altogether too sweet for me. I know well that I must have active employ-ment; humiliating and derogatory the end of the second day, tired and duties suit best my flery tempera-

worn out, Beatrice came once more to the gates of St. Benedict's.

Little had she guessed, when last she passed their portals in all her life of a Sister of Charity would suit she passed their portals in all her life of a Sister of Charity would suit she passed their portals in all her life of a Sister of Charity would suit she passed their portals in all her life of a Sister of Charity would suit she passed their portals in all her life of a Sister of Charity would suit she passed their portals in all her life of a Sister of Charity would suit she passed their portals in all her life of a Sister of Charity would suit she passed their portals in all her life of a Sister of Charity would suit she passed their portals in all her life of a Sister of Charity would suit she passed their portals in all her life of a Sister of Charity would suit she passed their portals in all her life of a Sister of Charity would suit she passed their portals in all her life of a Sister of Charity would suit she passed their portals in all her life of a Sister of Charity would suit she passed their portals in all her life of a Sister of Charity would suit she passed their portals in all her life of a Sister of Charity would suit she passed their portals in all her life of a Sister of Charity would suit she passed their portals in all her life of a Sister of Charity would suit she passed their portals in all her life of a Sister of Charity would suit she passed their portals in all her life of a Sister of Charity would suit she passed the passed their portals in all her life of a Sister of Charity would suit she passed the passed their portals in all her life of a Sister of Charity would suit she passed the pas she passed their portals in all her girlish pride and eager anticipation, of the almost stealthily, lowly manner scarcely believe it, dear Father," she ance; his wavy tonsured hair is laughed, "I have developed a wonder-bright and brown, and there is a laughed, "I have developed a wonder-bright and brown, his face which bushands. unexpected joy of Lady Abbess and the sick. Restless babies crouch the whole community when they dis-

"No, Father; I came for your help

and encouragement, to hear from your lips that I had done well, and to ask your blessing on my future Thou hast ever had that last

little Bestrice; and in return, I plead, see that the tears have not dimmed as a great favour, that, when my last sickness comes upon me, thou wilt ask for permission to visit and nurse thy old Father and friend, and let me experience some of thy gentle, soothing influence, so that when my last hour arrives I may be aided by thy blessing and prayers."

When that sad time comes, dear Now tell us all about our other Father," said the girl slowly and dear children?"

"Yes indeed," laughed Mother presence, and it shall not be my fault agatha kindly, "what of our little would be novice, Marie?"

Hatter, said the girl slowly and solemnly, "you shall command my presence, and it shall not be my fault if I do not obey. In the meantime the precious moments are fast fleet-Oh! she has served quite another | ing by, and I have so much totell you." novitiate, and very aptly and prettily Then she recounted to him in her own bright and vivid manner assure you; she does manage Regie happy and beautiful the two brides looked; how very funny it was to see Maria so absolutely devoted to her old triend warmly.

"I am delighted to hear it. But the dreadful horror she formerly what of my poor Madge? She told expressed against the world and its me how very happy she was, and how dearly her intended husband everyone rejoiced that poor Madge's loves her. Does he really value her hours of poverty and suffering were as he should do?"

hours of poverty and suffering were over, and what a splendid wife she would make. The gay little chatterer Mother! He is thoroughly worthy and genuine. I quite like him, and look upon him as a brother. But he note how the time was flying. She which any girl save your little Madge, and De Mowbray had behaved, and it was with a start that she at last recollected Lady Abbess's injunctions return soon." So once more the old priest blessed her as she bade him good night and promised to pray for

her. you day. She felt it would be neither wise nor prudent to do so, in case her mother sent a messenger for her. As the novices came to greet her, she | well; choosing rather a life of povwas surprised that one should come forward and ask timidly for her fordear Isabel."

the heavens that day, Lady Beatrice in days gone by he had so often de Woodville was once more on her reprimanded, and yet of whom he travels, and ere night came on, except for deeds of charity and love. the convent gates closed for ever on upon her now. the steps of our little Bertie.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

describe the beauty of this last, but | she demanded. In clear and thrillnot least, important scene in the ing tones she responded, the fifth time April has come round the holy habit of a Slater of St. ones more, and has nearly expired. Vincent de Paul," and so on in the Already the early may and black same steady voice until the first thorn are in flower; the fruit trees portion of the touching ceremony are laden with their dainty pink and was over. Anyone who has witwhite blossoms, as they were five neased is knows best what it is to years ago, when first we discovered the three girls in the old garden at | ville clasped tightly the hand of his St. Benedict's. The birds are singing little wife when, for the second as gaily in the woods and green fields time, his sister entered, now as as they sang then; the note of the "Sister Mary Marguerite" and little lark is as clear as he warbles dressed in the habit she had sought his hymn 'neath the cloudless blue sky; and nature seems as teeming with joy and gladness as it did when Beatrice craved to to be free, Marie creature who se short a time since pined for her Convent walls, and stood before them arrayed in all her poor Madge stood dazed, not daring bridal glory? But they did not to peer too far into the fature.

There is great joy, too, this day in a of a beautiful young postulant bacts high with hope and joy, for it is the anniversary day of the one upon are filied with a holy, eager look; her heart is as happy, her step as light, as the blessing of heavenly joy can make them. She loves the life and its arduous duties, and is dearly prized and loved by all around her. She its, as her novice mistress calls har, "at once the light and star of the novitiate, so full of life and spirit, and yet so humble." Ab, many-ay, countless and untold, save by the recording angel-will be the deeds and works of charity and zeal accomplished by that young heart.

In the beautiful Convent church there is gathered together a select and influential concourse of people. Upon his throne is seated the imposing form of the Archbishop of Paris; with us for long;" and the old wrinkled hands stroked the little with the constant and wrinkled hands stroked the little and venerable looking old priest, and venerable looking old priest, and venerable as white as the driven snow, and whose limbs appear frail almost to tottering, but in whose dark eyes there is still life and ani-

eyes are so frequently hidden in her with us on our way home." handkerchief is the young Countess de Woodville. All through the cere-church there with a lovely new mony she seems greatly moved and altar to the Mother of Dolours.
often the hand of her husband steals "And you, Marie!" exclaims away from the kneeling rail in front young lady, "are to redecorate and in search of one of his wife's tiny beautify the chapel of the children hands, to press it with tenderness of Mary. Will it not be delightful to and loving sympathy. The tall, serious faced young lady, whose clear, steady eyes gaze with undisguised pride and admiration at the pretty and touching scene before her, is Lady O'Hagan. She and her husband hear nothing, see nothing, but the beautiful picture before them. There is yet another sweet veiled face sitting quite alone, yet who is wife's heart away altogether. I can drinking in to her yery soul every assure you it required an immense word and action of the ceremony, and this is Lady Edith de Mowbray. Her one sole desire is to follow the example of her beloved friend, Lady Beatrice, and this very day is she "I think you may risk it now going to plead for permission to dear," replied his little wife slyly. enter, and join her.

bride of Heaven, her bands folded in prayer was led up to the altar. Was train so easily and skilfully managed, or was it the perfect features with their chaste and heavenly expression, or the faultless contour of her graceful form, that seemed to fascinate and rivet every eve upon her? I know not; but people held their breath and gazed enraptured as the beautiful picture broke upon them. There she stood all unconscious of her startling beauty; the diamond tiara shining brilliantly amidet the orange blossom on her veiled head; diamonds encircling for the last time her fair throat and arms. Who could fail to be moved when they realised that this beauti-She did not tarry long the next ful young creature was relinquishing casting aside as worthless the splendid apparel and gams she adouned so erty and esclusion, where she could better serve God in the members of giveness. It was Isabel Johnston; His poor, attired in the simple habit but, oh, how altered! Her face, of a Sister of Charity. Slanting though still plain, wore now an rays of golden light fell from the Slanting habitually sweet expression, and stained glass windows, and played there was something very touching amongst the gems in her hair, as in the humility with which she though they delighted to linger approached her old companion. For around and kiss with brilliant glory newer, Beatrice gazed at her in this chosen bride of Heaven admiration for a few moments, and Thoughts of peace and gratitude then throwing her arms around her, filled the heart of the old priest as exclaimed, "Forget for ever all our he gazed upon her. Had he not time is speeding quickly, and I may girlish quarrels, and pray for me, aided to guide and bring this dear child to the feet of her God-she, Before the sun was very high in the bright, high-spirited girl whom always hoped and prophesied great things? It did him good to look

The eyes of the young monk followen his sieter's every movement, and he trembled with nervous excitement when the voice of And now how can I adequately Archbishop solemnly asked her what watch and listen to. Earl de Woodtime, his sister entered, now as and obtained. People gazed at each other in wonder and astonishmenta Could this be the same beautiful wonder long. She caught the eyes of the young monk bent upon her, certain Convent in Paris. The hears and a suserb smile lit up her face as in that silent gaze their bearts spoke volumes to each other. How ardent. anniversary day of the one upon ly they looked forward to the hour which she wrote that memorable when they could commune freely triends to come and visit her. By it expanded as her eyes fell, first upon will the "United Kingdom" be one dear face and then upon the called together. receive the holy habit of a Sister of St. Vincent de Paul. Her pretty eyes are flied with a holy, agent land. have at his deathbad so sweet a face bent ever him in earnest prayer and sympathy?'

Then what was the joy when, after all was over, she met her friends in the large and airy Convent parlor! Poor little Sister Marguerite was almost dragged to pieces amongst them; everyone sought to be near ber. They had so much to tell, so much to listen to, one day was not half long enough in which to detail

The meeting between the monk and his sister was one of real and great kopes for the future, as only two beings similarly situated could Surely they might often meet their lives. Once mere the three old school friends stood side by side, old school friends stood side by side, the bride of Heaven in the centre. In the least diminished continued Madge "she will take it contin mation as they keenly pierce the the power and eloquence of their into her head to visit me every now

the whole community when they discovered who the little wanderer was that knocked for help and protection that knocked for

" And you, Marie!" exclaimed that duce our lords and masters to them Fancy Marie going as a little matron what a rare joke it will be!"

"I don't know whether I shall allow Marie to go at all," said the Earl, with severe gravity. "I feel somehow that I owe those nuns an awful grudge; they nearly stole my amount of tact and patience on my part to bring her to reason. I al most fear to place the temptation in her way again."

You see, if I knew that you wer It was a solemn and beautiful upon the other side of the wall, sight when the young and lovely Regie, I could never resist scaling it, just to have one more look at you and bid you a last farewell, and that it the magnificence and richness of her white eatin dress with its long nor in accordance with the rules. nor in accordance with the rules. So really I do think you may trust me safely now.

Well, don't make me feel jealous of the nune; that is all I ask, dear. Let them see that you both love and value me," he said, laughing.

"Oh, they know just what to expect when they see you bothnever fear! Depend upon it. I wave them a full and graphic description of you, silly creatures that you are. rejoined Sister Marguerite playfully Just throw your minds back, girls to this day five years ago. anyone stepped forward and told us how we should have met this day, and the different positions we should occupy, would we have believed him? I for one should have defled him. and laughed in his face, treating his words as an utter impossibility Vouldn't you, Marie?"

I fear I should have went bitter. smiled the little wife; "but you," turning to the Earl, "I didn't know you then, dear.'

"No, you were very ignorant; your education had been shamefully eglected when I first knew you," he replied chearfully.
And you, Madge, what would you have thought could you have

sen yourself then as you are today? sked Sister Marguerite. 1?" she said, rather sadly. "Oh! had I but ever dreamed that one-half my present happiness would ever be a serious reality, life would have een robbed of more than half of its dreary sadness. Yet it is good for one to suffer; joy becomes so very precious and sweet afterwards therwise I never should have proven how good you all are, nor

ow dearly you loved me."
"We all loved you, my little wife, because you suffered so bravely and quietly. Who could help it?" cried ouis, drawing her to him and kiss

ing her tenderly. of our convent gists? For gracious Lord and Father, I ask for Sister Marguerite; "has she not yet What of my mother?" inquired

Do not grieve for her," said the Earl. " Having once said that she would never give her consent to taking the veil, ber pride your obliges her to remain firm outward! though in her heart I feel sure she has forgiven you long ago. She it was who insisted upon your having everything so rich and splendid for today. She also says that you are to have all your own private fortune to do with as you will.

"Poor dear mother, how good of her! and I have been such a disappointment to her. Please God, she shall live to bless Him for the deed I have done this day. He knows that it was simply and solely for Himself I did it;" and Sister Marguerite clasped her hands fervently

Don't fear, dearest Bertie," said the little Countess; "I do try so hard to fill your place towards her. Give her time and she will yearn to see and bless you once more. Thanks, my little Marie! How

is anntis? Ob, blooming, and so fond of Madge! She is just a girl after her own heart; she can do nothing without her. Often and often she asks after you, and would have come with us today, had not the journey been so long and tedious. She will be so very anxious to hear all about you from Louis and Madge when they return.

And where is your dear funny old Mary ? what has become of her asked Sister Marguerite Madge ?" laughing.

'She has returned to her husband and people. Billy is old, she tells me, and so long as he lives she says she will never urge him to go into unalloyed joy. They conversed of foreign parts and take up his abode their present feelings and of their amengst strangers --meaning freforeign parts and take up his abode land. She is looked upon as a won derful woman by her friends, when she tells them of all the lands she in the future : and they did, each has visited, and the different nations meeting forming a sweet epoch in she has mixed with. Besides, she their lives. Once mere the three owns a beautiful cottage and garden,

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