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THE INHERITANCE OF JEAN TROUVE

By NEVIL HENSHAW
Author of *Alone of the Grand Woods*, etc.
BOOK TWO.—BAYOU PORTAGE
CHAPTER I.
TOINETTE

During the days of my convalescence I found ample time in which to become acquainted with my new surroundings. Indeed, due to the violence of the attack, my recovery was slow enough, and even after my fever had been successfully broken by the simple remedies of Le Bossu, there were many days when I was well content to lie in restful idleness upon the rough blankets of Papa Ton.

The room in which I lay is impressed upon my memory with all the vividness born of my long residence inside it. It was a low room, built of rough unplanned boards, and floored for the most part with the dark close-trodden earth of the bayou bank. A narrow door gave entrance to the front, and at one side there was a window closed by a heavy shutter of solid wood.

At the back was the fireplace, and a most remarkable one it appeared to my unaccustomed eyes. Of hearth there was none save a baked and blackened patch of earth, and above this, rising shakily, and forming part of the black wall of the hut itself, was the chimney—a wide square box built of uneven loose-placed boards, its innumerable cracks stuffed in a half-hearted way with a mixture of clay and moss. That this fireplace could serve its purpose in cooking was proved as regularly as each meal came along, but in the matter of heat and warmth its capabilities were limited. Always there was more smoke than flame, and often, when a norther roared overhead, the narrow limits of the little room would be completely hidden in a gray billowing fog. Yet I soon became accustomed to the fresh, biting fumes of the driftwood and, as Papa Ton often said, "If one became uncomfortable, the remedy lay just beyond the door."

Of furnishing the room had only a plain home-made table, a succession of boxes that served as chairs, and two rough bunks built into the wall. To the right of the fireplace an irregular gap led into the tiny closet occupied by Toinette, and outside there was a shed for the storing of supplies and gear. For the rest, the place was littered with an indescribable medley of water and paste, the cotton garments, while from the blackened, cobwebbed rafters above swung the innumerable, V-shaped frames upon which the harvest of the traps was cured.

As for Bayou Portage itself, Papa Ton's home was a very fair sample of the other four huts that comprised the camp. They were scattered along a deep bend of the bayou, being closed in upon the sides and rear by a thick-matted wall of sea marsh. In front a low shell-covered beach sloped down to a series of rough landings—one for each inhabitant.

Of these inhabitants I had, at first, only the occasional glimpses that were born of their curiosity. They were friendly folk, as I afterward learned, but their work was hard, and they had little time to waste upon a stranger. At this period, however, my sole concern was with the three kind souls who had befriended me, and it is of them that I would now say a word.

Le Bossu, so I learned, was not a member of the camp. He was a free lance, hunting and trapping wherever the game promised well. In his calling he was without an equal, knowing the forests, the marshes and the bayous as did no other man in all that country. Never was he at fault upon a trail. Also his fish were always the largest, his birds the finest, his skins the finest of their kind.

He was a silent little man, keeping much to himself, and seldom joining in the sports or pastimes of his companions. With children, however, he was a different creature, never tiring of teaching them the secrets of the wild, making them innumerable, clever toys of wood and string, seeming to find his greatest happiness in the pleasure of the little ones.

It was said that, when a youth, he had been possessed of a form so straight and fine that it was in perfect keeping with the beauty of his face. Then, while felling cypress in a swamp, his pirogue had stuck, and a tree had fallen upon him, crushing him into the grotesque shape that had earned him his title of Le Bossu. Also it had made him the quiet, thoughtful creature that he was, although, instead of bringing bitterness, it had only served to sweeten his already kindly nature.

All up and down the coast he was known for his skill, his wisdom, and also for his knowledge of herbs and cures which he had demonstrated so successfully upon myself. Of Papa Ton he was especially fond and, among the many children of his acquaintance, none could take the place of Toinette. There was seldom a winter when he did not spend some time at Bayou Portage, and it had been my good fortune to meet him upon the occasion of his annual visit.

Papa Ton was, in a way, the

leader of the camp. His hut had been the first to rise upon the bayou bank. His traps had begun the snoring of the furred creatures of the marsh. His gun had roared the initial warning that henceforth no duck could rest in peace upon the brown waters of the bayou.

Thus, as the oldest inhabitant, the other folk looked upon him, allowing him his preference of the slides and runways of the marsh, calling upon him to settle their many differences, assisting him in his days of misfortune which were not few. Huge, childlike, and with a nature as generous as it was simple, Papa Ton was beloved by every one. As his name implied, he, who was but a child himself, was yet the father of them all.

Situated thus in a wilderness rich with game, most men would have risen to some prosperity, perhaps even to a place upon the mainland. But Papa Ton was cursed with a vice that kept him ever penniless. It was a terrible vice, old as sin and relentless as death, and the big man was forever struggling against its inevitable conquest. He fought hard, did Papa Ton, and there were those who found it in their hearts to pity him for the inequality of the conflict.

"It is not his fault, my little Jean," Le Bossu told me. "It is a disease, and he pays in many black hours for each time that he falls. Papa Ton is not what you may think him. He is a Laval, and that is his blood in this country. His sister married a Berard, no other than M'sieu Alcide himself. Look at Toinette, and you will see what I mean—her little hands and feet, the beauty of her face. It is the drink that has brought them to what they are. Drink is like a well—only it has no bottom."

And now I come to Toinette, although to tell of her as she was in those days is a task that I fear is beyond me. The unformed features of a child are ever difficult of description, so I must content myself by saying that she was very small, and fresh, and sweet, and that her beauty shone forth like a jewel amid the coarse setting of her companions. Indeed, from the very first I marked the difference between Toinette and the other children of the camp.

To begin with she had not burned to the dull muddy shade of old leather. Rather had the winds and sun served to beautify her, tanning her fair white skin to a delicate, creamy brown with, about the cheeks, a faint rosy flush like that of a flower. Also her hair, though dark like that of the others, was of a silkier texture, while in her clear brown eyes was none of the wolfish, hungry light that is the heritage of the marsh children. As Le Bossu had said, she was different—different in spite of Papa Ton's well, and the depths to which she had fallen.

In nature she was her father's child, cheery, industrious, and with a never-failing generosity. Also, if Papa Ton was the father, in her home at least, she was the mother. Indeed, her attitude toward the big man was rather that of housewife and companion than of daughter and child. Always she called him Papa Ton, and when the door of the hut closed behind him, she took command. She it was who planned his expeditions, who valued his catch, who bargained for the last small necessity of the tiny household. And it was she who cooked and sewed, and wrought unceasingly at the thousand different problems of a trapper's life.

With myself Toinette adopted from the first the attitude of an older sister. She it was who took charge of my illness, nursing me with a faithfulness that was truly remarkable in view of her innumerable duties. As physician Le Bossu mixed the remedies, but it was Toinette who gave them to me, sometimes pleading in a tender, almost motherly way when the draught was especially bitter.

"Come, little Jean, she would say. "I know that it is bad, but the fever is worse. See, I will even make the face for you, so that you need only swallow it down."

Then she would grimace in such a comical fashion that I could not keep from smiling, whereupon she would clap the spoon to my open lips, and would hold it resolutely in place until the last unsavory drop had been drained.

She was kindness itself yet, boy-like, I resented her attitude of age and authority. That she ruled Papa Ton with a glance, that Le Bossu obeyed her slightest word, made no difference to me. She was the younger and smaller, and I promised myself that, as soon as I was able, I would impress the matter upon her. The "little Jean" was especially irksome to me, and this I decided upon as the first of the many readjustments that were to be forthcoming.

To my surprise, however, when in course of time I was able to creep about the hut, she abruptly dropped her role of nurse for that of companion. Later, as my strength increased, she descended to the lower level of playmate, accepting my suggestions in matters of amusement, and even asking my advice upon more than one occasion. As for "little Jean," my first frown mended the matter, and to those outside she was wont to speak of me as "The young M'sieur from the City."

It was then that, with the usual inconsistency of youth, I began to resent this change. I was still very

weak, I had become accustomed to Toinette's petting, and I felt that she was neglecting me. Also, although I was too young to appreciate it at the time, the change had been wrought by Toinette and not by myself. I was like one who, having girded up his loins for a task, find that another has been before him.

But these annoyances bred of illness and confinement were soon forgotten in the growing delights of our companionship. And what this companionship meant to me, the lonely boy of the rue Bourbon, none but myself can know. It was like some wonderful gift, some beautiful atonement for the long neglected years, and it brought me a peace of happiness far beyond the power of words.

True, I had known children before, but I had not known their friendship. Those that I had met had been the product of the city, either hard and knowing beyond their years, or as gray and colorless as the shadows of the doorways in which they played.

As for Toinette, she was like a being from some different world. In her were combined the wisdom of a woman with the joyousness of a child, and from the very first she became my guide and counselor. Indeed, it was not until I entered her kingdom of the marshes that I really began to live.

But do not think that I would picture Toinette as a marvel of childhood. Life in a trapper's camp is hard at best, and of its many lessons responsibility is the first to be learned. At Bayou Portage there were no children in the usual sense of the word. There were infants and helpers, and woe betide the little one who would linger in between.

Yet, despite her duties, and the added care of Papa Ton, Toinette found many hours for our joint amusement. Now it was the morning fishing, a stern household necessity, yet one into which she injected all the elements of a game, naming her prospective prizes and, in the intervals between bites, building little houses for them of earth and oyster shells. Now it was a journey to the nearer of Papa Ton's traps upon which she would enliven each moment with some tale or fancy of the marsh.

Thus busy little Toinette, who had no time to play, made play of her work, while I, gaining health and strength through each day spent in the fresh salt air, first admired her, then adored her, and in the end declared myself her slave.

TO BE CONTINUED

A GREAT TEMPTATION

Alice Mahon looked pale and ill as she stood before the matron of the big Dublin hospital receiving her final instructions.

"I am sorry to send you out so soon after your last trying case," the latter said, "but there's no other nurse available at present. Take good care of yourself."

The nurse hastened to the waiting cab, and reached the station in time to be hoisted into a carriage by a civil porter. The train was already in motion, and the girl sank back into a corner before she noticed that the two seats at the other side of the compartment were occupied.

Their occupants were two well-dressed young fellows deep in conversation. The train was not clear of the suburbs of the city when one of them spoke a name that arrested her attention.

"Guilty! Nonsense! Terry Bagwell commit a murder! The idea is preposterous!"

"The case looks black against him," the other man said. "I wonder you did not read about the affair, Egan."

Percy Egan shrugged his shoulders. "I was too busy over my finals to read the papers, Jack. Whom has Terry been murdering?"

"It is no laughing matter, I assure you," Jack Leyburn replied. "He is accused of murdering his cousin, Richard Bagwell."

"Richard? Regular bad lot was Richard?"

"No doubt. That won't help poor Terry, though. The case comes on at the next Assizes."

"What are the facts?"

"Well, Richard found that Terry was paying attention—and with serious matrimonial intentions, too—to some undesirable person. He carried his information to old Luke Bagwell."

"Terry's uncle?"

"And Richard's also. There was a big row, my folk say. Terry wouldn't promise to give up the girl, and his uncle sent him about his business. He took up quarters in the village public house, and the next morning Richard was found with a bullet in his heart. The bullet fitted a pistol belonging to Terry. He had been seen going in the direction in which the murdered man was found on the previous evening."

"Purely circumstantial evidence," "So far."

"No jury would convict on it. It seems strange he was even returned for trial."

"Local feeling was strongly against him, I expect," Jack Leyburn said; "but a young fellow who was strongly attached to Terry—one Paul Grimes—made out of the country at the time. He is supposed to have seen the deed done. T. H. police were stupid, and it was not

till recently that Paul was captured in some out-of-the-way corner of Donegal, where he was in hiding with friends. He will be, I understand, the most important witness against Terry."

The girl in the corner murmured some inarticulate words. Leyburn turned toward her.

"Did you speak?" he asked. "No—that is, you mentioned a name, Paul Grimes. I am going to nurse a Paul Grimes," the girl replied.

"Oh, rather a coincidence, isn't it, Egan? I heard Grimes was ill, very ill. If he should shuffle off this mortal coil Terry would be safe."

"When the train stopped at the little country station of Knockmore all three alighted. Egan was going to spend a few days at Leyburn's home; and the two men waited till they saw their fellow-traveler conducted by a burly constable to an outside car. Its driver was loquacious, evidently.

"Up you get, miss. You're going to the barracks, no less, to keep Paul Grimes in the land of the living, you and the doctors. He took suddenly had there, and the doctors won't have him moved. He's an important man now, is poor Paul, since his evidence will hang Terry Bagwell. Well, miss are you all right?"

A drive of a quarter of an hour brought Alice to the door of a square whitewashed building. In the room to which she was conducted two medical men and a stout, fussy woman, were standing by the bed whereon Paul Grimes lay. The two doctors looked with some disappointment on the white-faced and evidently nervous girl in hospital uniform.

The medical men gave Alice her instructions, and the doctor who had first spoken said:

"The case lies chiefly in your hands, but their is little hope, almost none. The patient is to have the medicine every hour and a teaspoonful of brandy every two hours. If you can keep him alive for three days, he'll do probably; but I don't expect you can. Do you, Staples?"

Staples shook his head. "No; and it is so important in the interests of justice. All lies in the nursing, as you say. It will be a regular hand-to-hand fight with death."

"Exactly," the other man said. "Now, nurse, you understand?"

The doctors gave some further directions and took their departure. They agreed in considering the new nurse as incompetent as Mrs. Collins, who came back to the sick-room when they had gone to make arrangements for her supplanter's comfort. At length Alice was left alone. She sank into the chair Mrs. Collins had vacated and covered her face with her hands.

"I have ruined him—ruined Terry!" she moaned, half aloud. "Oh, he never did it, never, never; but they'll make out a case against him. Everyone thinks so, and the evidence is so black."

The unconscious lad on the bed stirred, and she looked toward him with something like hatred on her face.

"Why should he live? Why should he live?" she thought bitterly. "The doctors do not expect he will—why should he?" She had only to neglect the instructions given her, to withhold the medicine and stimulants, and Terry would be safe, at least, from the worst penalty of the law.

Two years before Terry Bagwell and Alice Mahon had met at a seaside resort during the latter's short annual holiday. The acquaintance between the two ripened into liking when they met again at a house where Alice was nursing one of the children, and the pair had become engaged. The news of this engagement had been conveyed by Richard Bagwell to the uncle, whose heir Terry was expected to be. Alice had read of the murder and of her lover's accusation while engaged in nursing the "trying case" of which the hospital matron had spoken. She had returned to the hospital when death had released the patient so white and wan that nothing but urgent necessity made the matron send her as nurse to Paul Grimes.

The minute-hand of a small clock on the top of the medicine room was approaching the hour at which the medicine was to be given to the sick lad. Alice watched it with wide-open eyes.

"I'll not give it. I'll not give the medicine, and he will die," she said, and rose to count out the drops from the medicine bottle with the intention of throwing them in the fire. "The doctors won't know; no one will—no one but God."

She stood still, shaking like an aspen leaf in the wind, while the minute hands on the clock drew nearer to the appointed hour. Then with a low agonized cry, she dropped on her knees.

"O God, help me!" she moaned. "O God, save me from being what they say Terry is! O God! O God!"

It seemed to her that an eternity passed while she knelt on the bare floor, writhing in agony. When she rose to her feet, however, her face was tranquil, and the hands that measured the medicine did not tremble. The victory was won. Paul Grimes should not die, if good nursing would save him.

When the doctors came next day, they found the patient no worse. There was a distinct gain; and they looked at Alice and at each other, and Dr. Staples said:

"Well, nurse, we thought you a rather worthless person last night. I am glad to change my opinion."

"And I," his colleague added. "But, nurse, are you quite well?"

Alice nodded, and answered mechanically:

"Quite well."

"I hope so. There is plenty of work before you still," the doctor said, "and you are very pale."

For three days and nights Alice did her best for Paul Grimes, and finally the lad began to show signs of improvement. The two doctors were loud in praise of the nurse and her nursing; but on the fourth day Alice was recalled to Dublin, while another nurse took her place. It was while sitting one evening in the drawing-room of the house attached to the hospital that she took a letter from her pocket which had been handed to her on her arrival from work. It was from the nurse who had taken her place in Knockmore. After a few uninteresting sentences she read:

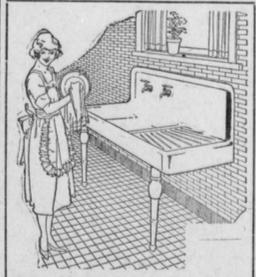
"You know our patient was supposed to be a witness to the murder of Richard Bagwell. He is the murderer. There, now, aren't you surprised? He is a really nice lad, and I suppose I shouldn't call him a murderer, seeing he had no intention of shooting Mr. Bagwell. He had taken the loan of one of Mr. Terence Bagwell's pistols, and was practicing with it by shooting at twigs of trees when he most unfortunately struck Mr. Bagwell. The lad is a bit startled, he was dreadfully frightened and made off to the north, where he has some relatives. He heard of the charge against Terence Bagwell, and confessed what he had done. Mr. Bagwell is to be released at once."

When Alice read so far she immediately dropped the letter with a long, quivering sigh, and sat staring at the other occupants of the room by fainting. On the next day the doctor of the institution ordered her a holiday. Part of that holiday was passed under the roof of Luke Bagwell's home; and it was while stopping there that she and Terry chanced to meet the two young men with whom she had journeyed to Knockmore. Both tendered Terry their congratulations; and he and Egan walked on in front of Alice and Jack Leyburn.

"Oh, my uncle was sorry, really sorry for his part in the affair," Terry said. "It was he himself who invited Alice here. We are, with his consent, to be married immediately."—Church Progress.

ROSARIES AND ROSES

F. D. Van Amburgh, writer of "specials" for the New York American, recently gave his readers the following picture: "A physically impoverished, poverty-poor newswy, with coral-white lips, lay on a cot in a city hospital. In a large front room, facing the rich man, a gentle nurse watched over them both—carried every day from the room of the rich woman roses—thornless roses—to the poor lad's cot. The boy, in his keen young life, felt the impulse of sympathy—felt the silken tie, the silvery link of sympathy—sympathy that binds heart to heart and mind to mind. Soon the roses began to grow on the boy's cheeks. Strength returned, and that happy day, known to most of us, arrived—the day when they mark on the register, Discharged, cured. On leaving the hospital the boy passed the door of the wealthy unknown woman. He asked permission to speak to her—to thank her. The rules deprived him. Reverently, he drew from his neck a rosary, and, kissing the beads, he sent them to the woman in the large front room—sent them as a prayer for her speedy recovery. And she did recover. Each had sent one of the links that hold this earth to heaven—sympathy. Religions blush, preachers remain mute when sympathy is sending its wonderful wireless from one human heart to another soul in distress. Without words each had breathed a prayer for the other. One had sent roses; the other a rosary."—Catholic Transcript.



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