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A STORY OF EVERY DAY LIFE

BY MRS. CLARA M. THOMPSON

CHAPTER VI. CONSCIENCE VS. FRIENDSHIP

As the day went on, Rosine became dissatisfied with herself, and very ancomfortable within. She found herself unable to resist Laura's affectionate, bewitching ways, her conscience was ill at ease, the burden of doing deepened on her heart daily; had her mother been near, she would have gone to her with her She would perhaps have confided in Sister Agnes, but she had been called from town by business the institution with which she was connected.

It is at such times that the care and guidance God has given us in Church should be especially sought. Rosine knew this, she knew that the very dread she had of meet-ing kind Father Roberts betokened something wrong. Each new step out of the right way would send her to her room with a blinding head. ache, and she began to grow nervous, and tears would come without cause.
As she was leaving the church on

Ash Wednesday, the remembrance of the ashes and their signification increasing the uneasiness of her conscience, the sacristan came to her with a request from Father Roberts that she would come to the sacristy Trifling as this incident was, it made her heart beat rapidly, for she knew if her pastor discovered any thing amiss in her, he would not leave the matter till it was searched out to the very end. He had sent for her in answer to a question in a letter received that morning from her mother. Father Roberts was quick and keen-sighted, with the experience of a long life in the study of the heart, and he soon saw that all was not right, when after reading to her the mother's letter, which hoped all that was good for her dear absent daughter, he inquired after her daily Step by step, slowly, but surely he led Rosine along, till all that troubled her in the past was as clearly before him as if he had seen it with his own eyes. He looked very grave and sad.

I thought you were ill, my daugh-'he said, "when I saw your pale ter," he said, cheek but I find the heart ill at ease. and now I will tell you what you must do," he added, after a pause, what you must do to set yourself right again. You must give up Laura Marten as an intimate. I am much concerned that this friendship has been permitted to ripen thus far. will require a struggle, my child, but one which I hope, with the ashes on your brow, and the spirit of the Church's Lent in your heart, you

will be ready to make. With your affectionate, yielding nature, you will find it difficult to avoid being led where you ought not to go. Miss Marten is wholly unfitted to be your bosom friend."

"I love her very much," Rosine struggled to reply; "she is very kind to me, always doing something for me, has stood by me from the first,' she added, her young heart kindling at the thought of her early days at school, and this her first girlish

friendship.
Father Roberts shook his head. "I know it is hard," he said, "but it will not do; I see food for sorrow and regret, perhaps life-long, in the continuance of this intimacy. You need not be rude, but the daily, communion with her must be withdrawn, if you would have a heart and conscience at peace. By your own acknowledgment, she leads you continually wrong."

'It is not her fault that I go," said Rosine, her sense of justice rising to the defence of Laura. No. certainly," replied

clergyman, " no one is to blame for our sins but we ourselves, but we are very grievously at fault, if we do not forsake places and companions that lead us to doing wrong. confessions are invalid, if we do not determine to shun the occasions of

Rosine remembered how often Laura had said that her friendship was all she had, and her heart clung closer to her than ever.

Will you not tell me, Rosa," con tinued her pastor, after a pause, "that you will, for the sake of all that is good and lovely, give up this unfortunate friendship? Believe me, my daughter, it is a pain to me to ask it, but duty tells me I must. I wish?

There was a long silence. Father Roberts looked at his watch. "Come, my child, I must claim that promise, or if you will not give it me"-he hesitated—"I cannot give you my blessing, and I shall have a sad letter to write to your dear mother." O please don't write to mother about it," she pleaded, looking up into his face with the tears on her if she were here I would

tell her all-but so far off, it would distress her unnecessarily." Not unnecessarily, Rosa, if you her, but don't frighten the child; will not take this step without her.

I should be unworthy of her confimyself." dence if I left her ignorant of a danger threatening her beloved

daughter. She commits you to my care in all her letters, and are you not committed to my care otherwise? If I could see your young friend, I would explain to her my ideas about the matter very shortly, so that she would exonerate you from any ingratitude; but as that cannot be, would exonerate you from any ingratitude; but as that cannot be, you can tell her all I have said, and uneasiness herself, since the Doctor task you have undertaken."

intimate rest with me. Will you, my child?

I will try," said Rosine, in a voice so low as scarcely to be audible. That is not enough," he replied gently. 'I will' is the word needed in this case. 'I'll try ' leaves room for going back."

She did not speak. He looked again at his watch, a rap at the door. which had been repeated for the third time, was heard; he turned away with a grieved countenance and went out. Rosine was more miserable than ever; to go away without her pastor's blessing, there was something dreadful in that thought. He had often told her duties never clashed, but she was still unwilling to allow that the battle in her soul was a struggle between duty inclination. She resolved upon this and paused.
—she would tell Laura at once that "Pray, M their afternoon walks must be curtailed, it was Lent, and she must go to some of the Lenten instructions, she would begin that very evening, her afternoons must be taken for study. Laura was not and attend service in the evening. During the dinner hour she contrived to arouse the curiosity of

church, but tonight he was quite urgent that she should go with him Rosine's looks told her disappoint- are neither homesick nor unwell, I standard! Fairs he considers very ment, but the Colonel's "only this cannot see the cause of so many once to please me," prevailed.

Colonel Hartland to go and hear a

case of being injured by preaching," senger."
retorted Laura. "I think I never Had neard of you at church more than half a day of a Sunday."

"And probably never will, Miss Laura," he replied. "I hold religious dissipation to be as bad as any other dissipation; and now I'm speaking of gadding," he added, turning quickly round and giving her a look which brought a blush even to her cheek, "I don't approve of it in any way, or in anybody, neither in the streets, nor in shops, nor in meeting houses. Vera pro gratis," he added, bowing

For some time Dr. Hartland, with his penetrating insight into character, had seen that something was troubling Rosine. The Colonel's warm love, that was daily twining itself more and more about his newly found daughter, felt there was a change, less freedom and joyous ness of spirits. He consulted with Mrs. Hartland as to the cause of this apparent depression, who was sure it was the effect of an imprudent letter from Mrs. Benton, telling Rosine that her little sister Jeannie was growing more feeble under the influence of the western climate, and ending with the never-ceasing regret she felt for her darling Rosa.

Sister Agnes at length returned to her charge; she had had inquiries from her friend, Mrs. Benton, for her daughter, and one of her first thoughts on reaching the city was for her young friend. It was necessary to consult the Doctor upon some sanitary measure with respect to the House, and she would take this opportunity to see Rosine. Their meeting spring to the child's heart, it reminded her of her mother, and those best loved: it brought Father Roberts and his counsel to her mind, and she could not hide her tears as the sister kissed her cheek. This demonstration disturbed Sister Agnes, and she extracted a promise from Rosine for a whole day at the House of the Infant Jesus, to talk about her wou

What is the matter with Rosa?' exclaimed the Doctor, when he returned from seeing the good sister into the street, and found Rosine had retired to her own room.

"I'm sure, Ned, I don't know, replied his mother; "I think it is homssickness, but your father scouts

"No, mother, it is nonsense to talk of homesickness at this late day. Why, she has been here four months. and until a few weeks past, months of apparent enjoyment, and that she should begin to be homesick now is you say that it shall be as absurd. It may be she is not well. I have sometimes thought that brilliant color, and very fair skin, might betoken delicacy of constitution. Do question her as to her health. She has too many studies, and too much excitement; oratorios, concerts, and, if it were not for Lent, operas and theatres. What benefactors to society, good young lady society especially, were the Fathers who instituted Lant! The Colonel would have killed Rosine with amusements before spring, but for this blessed institution. Do question

'It is more properly my place, Ned," replied his mother, "even if she were less frightened by you than

me, which I much doubt.' "Well, I suppose if it comes to her being really sick, I shall be consulted, so I leave the preli with you, only don't delay." so I leave the preliminaries

let the blame of giving her up as an had suggested that Rosine's health might be at fault, went immediately to her room after this conversation, where she found Rosine endeavoring to calm herself after a flood of

"My child," said Mrs. Hartland, seating herself by her, and speaking as tenderly as her nature would permit. "I am anxious about your health;

if you are ill, will you tell me?" 'Thank you," replied Rosine, in a timid, tearful voice, "I am not ill, which will pass off with sleep."

"But you seem sad," continued Mrs. Hartland; "the Doctor and I are anxious about your health; the Colonel fears you are not happy. you contented;" she looked at the Why, Rosine, you are deficient in bright flush that tinged her cheek, first principles!"

"Pray, Mrs. Hartland," said the young girl, as soon as she could speak, "do not think I am pining for home. I am sure the Colonel and discontented.'

"Then you must be ill," persisted wisely, certainly, for there is no disturbed by this arrangement, but disturbed to come and study with her, about it, and it you need medical and attend service in the evening.

seldom asked Rosine to leave her as the lady looked at her doubtingly. Mrs. Hartland, relapsing into her to hear the famous Mr. St. John. usual cold, calm manner. 'It you

tears." The Doctor was quite severe in his remarks upon running after back within herself. Mrs. Hartland preachers, but Laura was not to be would not have understood her moved. She had the Lieutenant all trouble had she opened her grief, to herself for the walk, and this was indeed she hardly knew how to name her object. They returned highly it herself. "It is very strange," said disgusted with the whole thing, the Mrs. Hartland, rising to leave the Doctor rejoicing over their dis- room, with vexation apparent in her comfiture, and renewing his lecture manner, "strange that you are not on running after "travelling min- willing to tell me if there is any serious difficulty; I shall be obliged "There isn't much danger in your to make the Doctor his own mes-

> Had she seen Rosine's pleading look, she might realize that even such a child might have a sorrow of which she could not speak.

The following week came her visit to Sister Agnes. She was carried all over the house to see the new dormitories and pretty rows of children, and the new wing which had been completed during Sister Agnes' sence; finally the good sister took her to the little parlor and talked to her of her mother. She had always, in the absence of her mother, carried her troubles to this friend, and her gentle, persuasive tone soon gained the confidence of Rosine, and her perplexities were all made known. even the conversation with Father Roberts was related. "And you hesitated to promise, my dear child, and lost good Father Robert's blessing, how could you?" said the sister. "I can sympathize with you in the self-denial, but I cannot sympathize in any doubt as to the propriety of the sacrifice. I wanted to speak to you about this very thing, for a gentleman friend of your mother's hinted to me only last week, that Laura's company was not the most select, and he was sorry to meet you so often with her. I pity the poor motherless, homeless girl, but I can't have my Rosa in danger of being the least sullied by the companionship. Young as you are, you should certain ly believe that your best friends are matter than yourself. And you are him the promise he requires; you will never have peace other wise.'

Rosine knew Sister Agnes was right, she also knew that Father Roberts would be peremptory in his requirements; and she resolved as left her kind friend, that she would do something, but had not quite made up her mind as to her first step.

CHAPTER VII.

UNDER THE SEAL OF SECRECY

On her return home, after the day spent with Sister Agnes, Rosine found the family, except the Colonel, assembled in the library; Mrs. Hartland near her work table, which stood in the recess of a bay-window, busily employed as usual, her back halfturned toward the company, but nothing escaping her observation. would co The Doctor lounged on the couch, his own. book in hand, but was not reading.
At the table in the centre of the room sat Laura Marten, with paper and pencil before her; the shaded droplight cast its beams upon her face, bringing out the brilliancy of her brunette complexion and the raven blackness of her hair, and kindling bright glances in her lustrous eyes. At her elbow Aleck Hartland was seated, his left hand resting on her chair, while he familiarily looked over her shoulder. The reserved soldier was fast losing his like that!" Mrs. Corrigan interreserve with Miss Marten.

"I wish Rosine were here," said Laura, as the outer door opened to receive her. "O, here she is the darling!" she exclaimed, springing from her chair, using Lieutenant she recognized Rosine's voice, nearly has been very kind to them."

smothering her with kisses. "There, leave kissing her now, said the Doctor, with a yawn, "and let her come and sit here by me,

Rosine came at his bidding; she, too, was fast losing her timidity with

Dr. Hartland. They are getting up a fair," he said, drawing her towards him, and pointing to Laura and his mother, and they mean to put you in some-

"O. I hope not," replied Rosine ; "I never had any part in one in all my life, and should not know what to

"Never had anything to do with a only foolish. I have a headache, fair! Poor ignorant heathen! years?" said the Doctor, assuming look of pity. "I thought they were the staple commodity of you pious people. Not acquainted with this would be glad to do anything to make religious way of picking our pockets

'Many Catholics, as well as Protestants, disapprove of fairs," replied Mrs. Hartland, not looking up from her work. "I remember Father Roberts and Sister Agnes both set all of you are so kind, I could not be their faces against a fair for the 'House of the Infant Jesus,' very un-

more successful way of raising money."
"Father Roberts is a bit of an old fogy, begging your pardon, Rosa,' chimed in Laura, "an age behind the sult him through me."

"No, I am not ill," reiterated Rosine; "I beg you will not speak to Doctor Hartland of my health. I sensational preacher, in whose wake it was fashionable to follow. He really am perfectly well," she added, them to be given; said the spirit of emulation was unChristian "Then what is the difficulty?" said anywhere, and should not be brought into his Sunday-school. scarce Christians must be, by that

worldly machinery."
"They are certainly not religious machinery;" said the Doctor, gruffly.
"Pious acts of self-denial! Bless me! there is no more piety in them than in tableaux, theatricals, or any other exhibition of pretty things and pretty women!

"Don't, for pity's sake, waste our time discussing their merits secular, or religious," replied Laura ; "we are bound to have one, and Mrs. Hart land is to be Major-General, and I

"Under orders," whispered Aleck in her ear, bringing the first flush to her cheek that had yet been seen there.

You are bound to be on her staff, said the Doctor, elevating his eyebrows, as he observed the whisper and the blush. Laura felt the thrust he intended, but did not gratify him by any show of resentment; she commenced an animated discussion with Mrs. Hartland about the Hall for the fair, the arrangement and distribution of the tables, passing the pencil to the Lieutenant, who according to her statements was making a sketch of the Hall.

'fhe flower table," said Mrs. Hartland, "should be the most prominent object. It ought to be raised above the other tables, and made the most attractive spot. I think, Laura, you would be a nice hand there, bacause you are not atraid of anybody.'

TO BE CONTINUED

A NURSE FOR MISS HAMILTON

Dr. Corrigan came slowly down the street in his weather-beaten Ford, very weary after a long day's work and so absorbed by his troubled neighbors without recognizing or disease, and so contagious. even seeing them. He stopped at his "This is a strange world own gate, but did not go directly to better capable of judging in this the veranda where his plump little bound to obey Father Roberts in a wave of the hand he called her everything relating to your spiritual attention to the old linen "duster" welfare, and by your own showing which he was wearing, and passed this intimacy is far from salutary. around the house to an unused, again to see Miss Hamilton often Go, my child to your pastor, and give dilapidated barn at the foot of the dinner. Is it nearly ready ?--

answered a series of questions.

you've worn that 'contagious coat,' as the children call it; is it small the house. Knowing that his wife pox-and are there many cases ?"

Yes, smallpox, but only one case so far," he answered wearily; and to look over the latest number of the his wife wisely waited in silence for American Medical Journal. To his the explanation which she knew surprise he found a woman waiting would come after a slow fashion of in the ante-room, an attractive little

looked at her, with a whimsical smile. He knew that his news would cause a sensation. "It is Miss Hamilton who is ill," he said quietly. "Miss Hamilton!" his wife gasped.

The difficulty is to find a nurse,'

the Doctor continued. "Her servants—the worthless, cowardly lot! wouldn't go near her. I doubt if mean. I went to the drug store an one of them is still about the place. hour ago, and while I waited to have Hartland's shoulder to assist her in rising, and rushing to the hall. as her haughty ways, Miss Hamilton man tell another that there is a

"Did you get a trained nurse?"
Mrs. Corrigan asked solicitously.
"There are only two in the town now, and one is busy, and the other says that she is," Dr. Corrigan said

angrily.

"Then who is taking care of her?

No, not alone-but she might as well be. I went from door to door fece, just inside the office door, and on the East Side and could not suddenly Miss Beatty's poorly induce, or bribe, or force anyone to assumed indifference quite forsook go to her; then I drove into the her, and she put a trembling hand in country in the direction of West the doctor's arm and looked into his Sommerville, in search of a colored face with eyes full of tears. "Oh girl whom some one recommended Doctor, and she's alone with the because she has had smallpox. She servants!" she said tremulously. was not working, so her friend told me, because she is too lazy to work —a treasure, you see. And she's with Miss Hamilton now, and I don't mow what to do about it. Miss Hamilton, of all people!"

go to her myself. I'm not afraid. Surely we can think of some one who would be willing, and a better nurse than the shiftless colored girl. No doubt many people would be glad to volunteer.

The Doctor was less sanguine than she. From long experience he thought that he knew the limits to which kindness will go. "Well, Mary, mention a few, just a few women who might agree to go," he said hopelessly and rather crossly.

of some in time." Then, after a little reflection she added. "If she and Winifred Beatty were as devoted as they used to be-Her husband grunted contemptu

ously. "As devoted as they be! To my certain knowledge they be! To my certain knowledge they "As devoted as they used to imitated Jennie's drawl. fifteen years. So much for women's friendships !"

It's not a typical case at all; you know that it is not," Mrs. Corrigan protested; and after a moment she centinued thoughtfully, "I have always wondered what it was that came between those two. No one ever understood. They were such good friends from the time they were little girls until they were twentytwo or twenty-three. All any one knew was that suddenly and apparently without reason they were not seen together, and then it was observed that they did not even speak in passing. Some people believe that they quarreled about that good looking Martin Campbell— Judge Campbell's son."

Mrs. Corrigan paused again before she added, with a laugh and a twinkle kept him away from her. It was all in her eyes. "If they were Catholics they would have forgotten their quarrel long ago-they would have had to !' She was thinking of certain little feuds of her own which she had reluctantly sacrificed when her confession day came.

What's the use of talking about Winifred Beatty now!" the Doctor exclaimed impatiently. He was not often ill-natured, but was tired and anxious that afternoon; and he spoke as pleasantly as usual, a minute afterward, when he sugg sted, "Would Miss Brent go? But probably she's too old. There is Miss Henderson. She is a friend of Miss Hamilton's and-"

She wouldn't go for a million dollars!" Mrs Corrigan interrupted. She would not even inquire at our door when the children had mumps. Besides, she and Miss Hamilton are only acquaintances. The trouble is that Miss Hamilton has no intimate friends. So far as I know she never was intimate with anyone but Winifred Beatty. And John, you must admit that it is a great deal to thoughts that he passed two of his ask of anyone-such a loathesome

"This is a strange world, and you women are the strangest part of it,' was her husband's only answer. wife sat awaiting him; instead with When he spoke again it was to say cheerfully, "I'll call Dr. Chase over

By eight o'clock Dr. Corrigan had Teu or fifteen minutes went by talked to Dr. Chase, who had been before he reappeared, without the unable to supply a nurse, and he had "duster," and without his hat, and seen his patient again and done what tired and troubled. He he could to make her comfortable stopped to examine the buds on the for the night. He had also spoken lilac bushes and at the promise of sostrongly, and almost threateningly, bads on the peonies, before he to the colored girl in charge that he climbed the steps of the veranda. believed she could be relied upon for Stooping he kissed his wife on the a few hours. Still greatly troubled forehead, dropped into a chair, and he turned away from Miss Hamilton's mechanically reached for the evening big, lonely, unhomelike mansion and paper, well knowing that he would | walked toward his own unpretentious have no chance to read it until he home, which had his office tucked in iswered a series of questions.

"It's a year or more, John, since cause he had not been able to make up his mind to build it farther from would be putting the children to bed he went to the office now, intending woman, with soft dark eyes, and a After a few moments the Doctor round, almost childlike face. Her voice was low and sweet, and her manner that of a gentlewoman, born Miss and bred, but she was plainly and even shabbily dressed, and her small hands were rough from housework.

"Why John—Miss Hamilton! I can't believe it."

"I stopped at the Board of Health office after I left her, two or three free!" he said, trying not to show hours ago. The house has protably that he was surprised to see her been placarded by this time." there. She had always been Dr. Chase's patient.

Miss Beatty returned his greeting rather hurriedly, and then, in a voice which she vainly tried to make calm and matter of fact, she said," Doctor, is it true? About Miss Hamilton, I smallpox placard on her house, andand that it is she who is ill."

Yes, Miss Hamilton has smallpox a very pronounced case," Dr. Corrigan

"Is-she very sich? Is she suffering?" Miss Beatty asked quickly.

"She's in no danger at present, Is she all alone?" Mrs. Corrigan but of course she is very uncomforting uired with real concern.

They were still standing face to

"No, she isn't !" Dr. Corrigan contradicted with savage impatience When the servants heard the word smallpox whispered—very softly whispered—they couldn't run away There hasn't been one fast enough. "If it wasn't for the children I'd of them about the place for three or

Again Miss Beatty's eyes filled with tears. "But who is taking care of her? A trained nurse?"

"Couldn't get a trained nurse Jennie Finney from a farm near West Sommerville is with her-a good natured and entirely good for noth ing colored girl. I made a last call at the house half an hour ago. Jennie was eating a foolish kind of supper in the dining room. She had cake, and fruit, and mush-rooms, and Oh, I hardly know, but I'll think pickles. She intended, so she said, to get something for Miss Hamilton later, although she did not suppose that she would want anythingbeing as she's sick." Consciously or unconsciously Dr. Corrigan

> Something big and uncomfortable had come into Miss Boatty's throat. and it was some moments later before she could say simply, "Perhaps you don't know that we used to be friends Miss Hamilton and I: very devoted friends,-years and years ago. only a mistake that we are not friends still. You see—you must never mention this. Doctor .- you see we were both young, and there was a young man who was a friend of hers and of mine, and I-I-That is, he asked me to marry him, and I said no. I thought that Louise Hamilton loved him, and that he liked her better than anyone except me, and -and that they would be very happy and I could be happy, too,-after awhile. But instead of turning to Louise he went away. He never came back. And some gossip talked, and made Louise believe that I had a mistake, you see: a misunderstand ing; but the last time we talked together she said bitter things, and I am afraid I did, too, and-well, you know that the older a quarrel grows the harder it is to mend

"I understand," Dr. Corrigan said : and pushing a chair forward he made Miss Beatty sit down. "1 understand," he repeated. His anxiety about his patient was beginning to lighten.

You don't know how dear and good she is!" Miss Beatty said earnestly. "People call her haughty and cold, but she's only shy. is the best friend in the world to any one whom she really likes. I've never mentioned it before, but since father and I lost our means ten or eleven years ago-I've never told any one, but every fall we get coal enough for the winter: but no bill and every week for years a country. man has brought us butter and eggs, plenty of eggs, and he always says that they have been paid for. And then sometimes at Christmas-you know she crochets beautifully and

can embroider, and sometimes She broke off, and Dr. Corrigan said Yes, I understand woman's friendship." His voice was reveren; it was quite unlike the tone he had used when making a similar remark only a few hours

before. Miss Beatty clasped her hands tightly, and unclasped them; she upbuttoned and buttoned one her gloves. "Doctor," she said at last, in a voice hardly above a whisper, "I am going to take care of her, if she will let me. She needs me now, so will you ask her if I may. Tell her that I promise not to tall unnecessarily if she doesn't want

me to. Dr. Corrigan rose briskly. "We'll go to the house at once, and I'll speak to her," he said.

"Try to persuade her to have me," Miss Beatty begged. "Of course," Dr. Corrigan answered drily. "She will be doing you a great favor."

"Yes," Miss Beatty agreed, in all seriousness. "She doesn't forget easily, and she thinks that I was deceitful and mean. I should love to be with her!"

As they passed up the street Dr. Corrigan began to explain about medicines and diet, and Miss Beatty interrupted him. "You forget that I'm not a nutse yet. Don't be certain that your troubles are over," she said with a tremulous little laugh.

On reaching the house Dr. Corrigan had difficulty in rousing Jennie Finney, but when she opened the door he went directly to the sickroom, and Miss Beatty paced nervously up and down the once

'Miss Hamilton," the Doctor said I have brought you a splendid nurse—capable and gentle and loving. She is a little afraid you won't want her, so I came to ask

Miss Hamilton locked up with smile that transfigured her blotched face. "I knew Winnifred would face. come," she whispered. — Florence Gilmore in St. Anthony Messanger.

In the house where a sick person patiently suffers, there is the cross, there is also the blessing of God, there is God Himself .- St. Teresa.

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