

THE INHERITANCE OF JEAN TROUVE

By NEVIL HENSHAW Author of "Alone in the Grand Woods, etc."

CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED. Upon the visit to the uncle I touched lightly, only telling my listeners enough to allow them to understand that I had been driven away. Then came Monsieur Dugas' cruelty, his blow, and his promise of detention.

It was at this point that the big man gripped his tiller so fiercely that I wondered that the solid oak did not crack beneath the strength of his hands.

"Dieu," he swore, raising a huge fist—the size of a small ham. "How I should like to have been there."

The little man said nothing, but he reached out one of his long arms and stroked my swollen face with a touch as tender as that of a woman. Perhaps it needed only this gentleness to release my pent-up feelings, for I finished my story in a burst of tears, telling of my escape and the trials of the marsh between my sobs.

When I had finished I drew forth the gold piece and held it out upon my trembling palm, but Le Bossu waved it indignantly away.

"Come, come, mon p'tit," he reproved me. "Have I not told you that we are friends? You must not think that we are all blood-suckers here like your M'sieu Dugas. And now, of course, you wish to return to this Madame Therese?"

"Yes, yes, M'sieu—I mean Le Bossu," I cried eagerly. "And you will take me to the town? You will put me upon the train?"

The little man nodded. "Most certainly," he answered. "But such a thing can not be done at once. At present you are on your way to the camp at Bayou Portage in the Toinette, the property of your friend there, Papa Ton. It is not often that the marsh-folk come up as far as the bridge, and it is probable that no boat will make the journey for several days. Therefore you will be forced to stay with us until you can leave which, I promise you, will be at the first opportunity."

My spirits fell at the prospect of this unexpected delay. "But—but could you not turn back?" I feebly protested.

At this the big man laughed, though not unkindly. "That is a good one, in this wind," he observed. "By the time we had poled to the bridge you would have grown so old that your Madame Therese would not know you. Also we are now near the camp, and I would not disappoint my own little one for all the journeys in the world. No, my friend, you will have to wait until some boat puts out again."

"And that may be soon," soothed Le Bossu. "Come, take heart, mon p'tit. We are rough folk, but our hearts are kind, and I have for you the finest playmate in all the world. You will make a pair, I am sure. Toinette and—"

He broke off to stare at me with a puzzled frown. "Here is a joke on me, Papa Ton," he admitted smilingly. "In my interest I have forgotten to ask the little one's name."

"It is Jean," said I in reply to his look of inquiry. "Jean," repeated Le Bossu in his own language. "Bien, that is good enough so far, as I who am also Jean, should know. And now for the rest of it, unless, as in the case of your uncle, it has also escaped your memory."

Once more I paused before replying, for in my hurried review of a while before I had not taken thought of my name. To give it fully would probably start a flood of questions in which my story of the uncle would be hopelessly swamped. No, the name of Marsh meant too much in that country to be risked at such a time.

And yet, at the moment, I could think of nothing else. My hot head swam dizzily. The pain in my neck and shoulders was fast becoming unbearable. And through my empty whirling thoughts the forbidden name flashed mockingly, as though written in letters of fire.

"Come," urged the little man. "Surely it is enough that have found you, without also finding your name?"

With the words, in his queer French patois, an inspiration seized me. Perhaps in a calmer mood I would not have ventured it. But I had already waited too long, and in my vacant mind there now lingered naught save what the little man had said.

"Trouve," I gasped. "My name is Jean Trouve." Le Bossu shot me a suspicious glance.

"At all events it is appropriate enough for the occasion," said he dryly. Then, placing an arm about me, he added in a kinder tone, "Very well, little Jean Perdu, who is now Jean Trouve. At least you have fallen among those who will look out for you. See, here is my hand in token of friendship."

"And here is mine also," growled Papa Ton, reaching down a huge hairy paw from the tiller. We must have made a strange trio there in the stern of the lugger—the great childish giant, the small, keen-witted hunchback, the

wearily, deserted boy, stretching out his hands to a lasting friendship.

The brief twilight had faded into darkness, and the long lines of marsh lay low and black against the cold gray sheet of the bayou. High overhead a single heron ranged the shadowy sky, and from the banks upon either side came the shrill piping concert of the night. The broad sail flapped uneasily in the freshening breeze, and at the bow I could hear the soft slap of innumerable tiny waves.

Suddenly a bend of the bayou threw a dark arm athwart the lugger's course, and, looking beyond it, I saw very faint and distant, a scattered twinkle of lights. Papa Ton gave a grunt of satisfaction. Le Bossu sprang to his feet.

"Bayou Portage, my little Jean," he announced cheerily. "Also we have not arrived any too soon. The marsh is no place for such a city one as yourself. Unless I am mistaken, you are going to be ill."

CHAPTER X. THE CAMP. That the keen brown eyes of Le Bossu had made no mistake was proved even before the lugger had traversed the short remainder of her journey. As the little man had said, the marsh was no place for such a city one as myself and, following my arduous journey through it, had come the long sleep in the open air in my soaked and muddy clothing. To one born and bred upon the coast it would have been a trifle, but for me, the soft flabby product of the rue Bourbon, it promised to be a most serious affair.

Already I was ill, too ill almost to appreciate my condition. The swimming in my head had now increased until I felt that it must whirl out the last dizzy fragment of my consciousness. The pain in my neck and shoulders had subsided into a dull heavy ache, like the pressure of some intolerable weight. Each nerve and muscle flinched in agony at my slightest movement, and in my veins there was a creepy, tingling sensation as from the slow march of countless, tiny invaders.

At Le Bossu's announcement I sought to rise to my feet, but the torture of the effort was so great that I sank back upon the nets with a cry of pain. Instantly the little man had dropped to his knees beside me, while Papa Ton leaned forward from his tiller with a gruff word of concern.

"So," said Le Bossu, after he had passed an inquiring hand across my hot face. "It is as I feared. Those little fever creatures, they lose no time when they have fresh material to work upon. Now with us, Papa Ton, they may gnaw away to their heart's content, as they do each hour, only to be conquered by our good rich blood. No, my friend, there is nothing you can do save to stick to your tiller, and so keep us from spending the night upon some bar. The sooner this little one is in bed, the better it will be for him."

While speaking, Le Bossu had produced a large bandana handkerchief which he dipped over his head. Now, coming back to me, he took me in his arms, and bathed my burning face with the cool brackish water, at the same time crooning a quaint Cajun lullaby. Gradually a slow pleasant feeling of drowsiness crept over me, but my eyes did not close. Instead they remained wide open, gazing dreamily out past the vague bulk at the tiller, and thus, of my arrival at Bayou Portage, I still have some broken memories.

I recall a huge, glistening expanse of mud flat above which innumerable curls of mist puffed upward, as from the discharge of fairy ordnance; a sudden widening of the bayou set with the pale reflections of the first venturesome stars; an abrupt entrance into a black alley of marsh where Le Bossu, with a word of encouragement, laid me gently upon the pile of nets before hurrying forward.

The small dropped smoothly to the deck under the little man's skilful handling, and the lugger, with ever-decreasing speed, swung in toward a huddle of rough piling that rose spirit-like from the gloom. On top of the piling a dim line of planks led back toward the shore, where a small elfish light danced an erratic welcome.

"Holla!" he shouted. "You are there, Toinette?" The light danced down the line of planks, and a sweet childish voice called back in answer. "Yes, it is I, Papa Ton. And you?" There was an anxious pause. "You are all right?"

The big man began some mumbling reply, but Le Bossu cut him short. "To that I can swear, my little Toinette," he broke in reassuringly. "Nevertheless there is one with us who is not all right. A moment and you will see."

He lifted me in his arms as he finished speaking and, despite his gentleness, the agony of the moment was so great, that my departure from the lugger was lost to me in a black whirling dizziness of pain.

I remember dimly the tortured shaking of the flimsy wharf as the little man stepped upon it, the harsh grate of broken shell as his feet reached the bank, the sudden red flare of fire as from a hastily opened door. Then came the rough yet soothing touch of blankets, the cool delicious pressure of a

small hand upon my burning brow, and a voice, very faint and far away, that murmured an endless stream of pitying endearments. "Poor, poor, little Jean," I heard it cry as from a great distance before the black cloud whirled me away into the darker realms of unconsciousness.

Thus I came to the camp at Bayou Portage, and thus, for many days, I wandered through a vague, monstrous land of nightmares, in which I was ever pursued by some relentless enemy.

Most often it was Monsieur Dugas with his crafty face, his greedy eyes, and cruel upraised fists. Sometimes it was my grandfather, tall and gauntly, with streaming beard and outstretched arms that clutched at me wildly with their long, talon-like fingers. Once even it was Proteus himself, a worn dragged Proteus who snatched me from the embrace of Madame Therese with one royal arm, while with the other he pointed toward the cavern-like tombs of the old St. Louis cemetery.

Yet, at the last crucial moment, I was always rescued. Trembling, cowering, with palsied limbs, I would await my doom, only to be drawn back into final safety.

And, curiously enough, it was always by the same hand—the same small, deliciously cool hand that I had felt, but never seen.

TO BE CONTINUED. LILACS AND A MORTGAGE

By Emily S. Windsor in Rosary Magazine. Lawyer Burton pushed aside the book he had been poring over, and leaned back in his chair. He felt a sudden distaste for searching dry records. The air of the office seemed stuffy. He got up and striding over to a window, threw it up. A rush of fragrant air came in.

As he glanced out, a wagon, laden with green house plants and bunches of lilacs was passing slowly by. "Lilac! He had always loved it. Whiffs of its delightful scent floated up to him from the wagon. His thoughts went back to his boyhood home, the dear old country home. There had been great lilac bushes outside the windows of his mother's sitting room. He could see her sitting by one of them with her sewing, her favorite place in lilac time.

An intense longing for the old home came over him, a longing never to be fulfilled, for after the passing away of his mother, it had been sold. Its new owners had built a more modern house, and her lilac bushes were no longer there. He could never again see the old place as he remembered it, and in its new aspect, he could not bear to see it.

He was so absorbed in thought that he did not hear Thompson, his clerk, come in from the outer office until he was standing beside him and saying: "Here are the papers in that Brown case, sir."

"Oh, yes—yes, Thompson—just put them on my desk." Thompson's face wore an expression of surprise as he left the room. The lawyer had hurried him up on those papers, and now they seemed not a bit important.

No, he couldn't see the old home, but he could see the country. He wanted green fields, and trees in their first leafing; he wanted to hear the robins tell the world to "cheer up." And there would be lilac growing some place.

He hurriedly cleared his desk, unceremoniously shoving the Brown papers into a drawer in a fashion which would have scandalized Thompson had he seen it. Then grasping his hat from the peg on the door, he sailed forth. Thompson looked after him in wonder. The lawyer was not in the habit of leaving his office before lunch.

At the corner of the street the wagon of flowers had stopped, and people were buying them. There was but one bunch of lilac left, a big bunch of mingled wild and lavender blooms. The lawyer bought it, and hastily returned to the office, where he greatly astonished Thompson.

He laid the lilacs on the clerk's desk, saying "Take them home to your wife, Thompson, with my compliments."

Thompson managed to murmur his thanks. Lawyer Burton had left the room, but his head in at the door to say, "I'll not be back today, Thompson, and you can close up as soon as you like. Didn't you say your wife had not been well?"

"Thank you, sir. But what are your instructions about that Dalton matter?" "I'll let you know Monday, Thompson."

On deciding to go to the country for the day, Lawyer Burton's thoughts had been vague. There were always trains going to some country town. But Thompson's mention of the Dalton affair decided him. He would go and see what repairs ought to be made on the place in order to sell it to good advantage after foreclosure. There would be no difficulty in selling it, he knew. It was on the outskirts of Milford, a flourishing little village. It was a desirable property. The mortgage was long overdue. He had inherited it from a cousin the year he was in Europe on legal business. There was such an accumulation of matters requiring his attention when he returned, that he let the

Dalton affair go. But now he would foreclose. It had gone long enough. At the station he found that he would have to wait twenty minutes for the next train to Milford. He was strolling about when he felt a hand on his arm. He turned around to look into the face of Father More, formerly his parish priest.

"Well met," laughed the latter. "Now I need not come to your office as I intended doing."

"You wouldn't have found me today, Father, I'm off to the country for the day."

"Well, I can tell you now what I was coming for. I want a donation for my mission. I want a good one, too," said the priest bluntly.

Lawyer Burton frowned. "You know my opinion of that mission. I am not in sympathy with it. I don't think it was a good place to establish it."

"Wherever the people are ignorant and without God and His Holy Church is the place for a Mission."

The lawyer made no reply to that. Father More went on. "The Mission is prospering, but we need extra room for our school. I am trying to raise the money for it. You will not refuse to help me?"

Lawyer Burton looked thoughtfully at the worn face of the old priest. "I still am not in sympathy with it. You are wearing yourself out, Father, for that worthless set of people. Here, I'll tell you what I'll do. I am going to sell a piece of property soon. If I sell it to good advantage, I'll send you a check."

The priest smiled sadly. "Then I hope it will be very soon. God bless you!" He clasped the lawyer's hand warmly and walked away. A few minutes later the train for Milford was called.

The Dalton children, Grace aged twelve, David ten, and Alice eight, had been left to keep house while their grandmother went to the city on business. "You must not go away," she told them. "Play around home. I have left a nice lunch for you in the pantry."

"Oh, we'll take the best care ever of everything," they had assured her, as she kissed them good bye. "I'll tell you what let's do," said Grace, "let's bring our lunch out on the porch when it's time to eat it, and pretend we're having a party."

"It would be nice if we could take it over to the woods, and have a picnic," said David, "only grandmother told us we must stay around the house."

Grace clapped her hands. "I've an idea. Let's fix the porch up with evergreens and it will seem a little like the woods. One of us can go over to the woods and get cedar boughs. That will not be leaving the house alone."

"I'll go over and get some," agreed David. "There's a lot of cedar just as you go into the woods."

"Oh, and let's bring out some big pitchers and fill them with lilac. They'll look beautiful beside the cedar, and be so sweet smelling," suggested Alice.

"I'll get some lilac from that bush over by the fence. I like to see this one by the porch with all its flowers on it. I guess you better go with David to help carry home the cedar," said Grace.

It took several trips to the wood before they had enough evergreen to make the porch look woody," as Grace expressed it. Then, when they had made a bower of fragrant green with great bunches of lilacs intermingled, it did look beautiful. They spent several minutes admiring it.

"Say, I'm hungry," exclaimed David. "Let's have our lunch. I hope grandmother left something good."

"I'll go and see," said Grace. She came back in a few minutes to say that there were nice ham sandwiches and ginger cookies. "I'll bring that little table in the hall out here and put a white cover on it to eat off," she decided.

"Oh, we didn't go for the milk yet," Alice reminded her. "We'll have to have it to drink," said David. "Let's go for it while Grace is fixing the table."

Their daily supply of milk was obtained at a farm house a short distance down the road. The two children were coming from it, David carrying the pail of milk, and Alice skipping gaily along beside him, when a tall man came out of the branch road which led to the station.

The children glanced curiously at him. They were familiar with the people of the village and neighborhood. He walked along almost abreast of them in leisurely fashion, glancing observantly around the landscape. Alice stopped her skipping and walked demurely. As they reached their home, and were opening the gate, the stranger said, "Is not this where Mrs. Dalton lives?"

"Yes, sir," answered David. "Ah, then, I think I shall come in and see her."

"My grandmother isn't at home," returned the little boy. "Here Grace came down from the porch. The stranger turned to her. "When will Mrs. Dalton be at home?"

"Not before evening. She went to the city."

An expression of annoyance crossed Lawyer Burton's face. His crop for nothing. The children

stood in silence wondering what the strange man wanted with their grandmother. He glanced around the garden, and the lilac bushes with their load of lavender plumes renewed his sensations of the morning, when he had seen from his office window the wagon load of flowers and the fragrance of the lilac had floated up to him.

"You have a nice garden," he remarked. "And what a lot of lilac."

"I am sorry my grandmother is not at home," said Grace. "Won't you come in and rest?" I fear I am not remembering what she had been taught in regard to hospitality.

The lawyer felt that it would be pleasant to sit down awhile. "I think I shall, thank you," he answered, and followed Grace to the porch and took the chair which she had placed for him.

As he glanced around at the bower of cedar and lilacs, and the table with its plates of sandwiches and cookies, he said, "I fear I am interfering with some festivity, and stood up to go away."

"Oh, no, please sit down again," exclaimed Grace, and little Alice, looking up at him and saw an expression in his eyes that made her suddenly decide that he was not cross looking as she had thought at first.

"We're going to eat our lunch out here, and pretend it's a party."

The smile in the little girl's blue eyes brought an answering one to his lips. "Well, now, that's a fine idea," he said.

"We'd like to have had a picnic in the woods," went on Alice, "but we promised grandmother not to leave the house."

David had taken the pail of milk into the house. He now returned with it in a pitcher.

"Won't you have lunch with us?" invited Grace. She was pouring the milk into glasses as she spoke.

"I shall be delighted. We don't have milk like that in the city." And the lawyer, as he shared the simple meal, thought that nothing had ever tasted more delicious.

Thompson would certainly have been astonished had he seen his employer, whom he knew only as a keen lawyer, devoted to business, chatting and laughing with those children.

Presently Alice asked, "Don't you think the porch looks beautiful all fixed up this way?"

"Indeed it does," was the hearty reply. Then with a comprehensive glance around, he added, "The whole place is beautiful."

"It will be wonderful if we lose it," said Grace sadly. "Why should you lose it?" asked the lawyer.

"Grandfather lost a lot of money before he died, and so he could not pay the money he owed on the house. And grandmother hasn't been able to do it. She owns some land out West and if she can sell that she will be able to. But it might be a long time, and perhaps the man won't want to wait. She went to town to see him about it today. Oh, I do hope he'll be nice and kind and wait."

"Well, don't you worry about it," said Lawyer Burton. "He'll be sure to wait."

"Oh, do you think so?" "I'm sure he will." The lawyer stood up and looked at his watch. "Bless me, how the time has gone. I'll have to hurry to catch that half past three train for the city. Thank you, my dears, you have given me a delightful time. I am coming soon again to see your grandmother. Good bye." He gravely shook hands with the three children, and walked away.

As they watched his tall form disappear, Mary said, "I wonder who he is, and why he came to see grandmother. I didn't like to ask him."

"Why, of course not," said David. "It wouldn't have been polite."

"He's nice, I like him," declared Alice. "And I'm glad it's Saturday and we were not at school when he came."

Lawyer Burton's attendance at Mass had been irregular for some time, but he went the next morning.

The amount of the check which Father More received the following week surprised him. "He must have received a large sum for his property," he thought. "Well, its fine of him to be so generous when he doesn't approve of the Mission. God bless him!"

If you understand the value of a cheerful spirit of resignation to all that God sends, you would pray for it more earnestly; I mean the spirit that when anything painful happens instantly say: "I have deserved far worse—Deo Gratias," that acknowledges it is God's creature, and that He has a right to treat it just as He likes.

ARCHITECTS. Randolph 7887. Kenwood 1980. J. M. COWAN Architect (Registered). 991 Bay Street. Churches, Schools. 602 Dundas St. W. TORONTO.

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

W. G. MURRAY ARCHITECT. Churches and Schools a Specialty. Dominion Savings Building. TELEPHONE 1557-W. LONDON, Ont.

JOHN M. MOORE & CO. ARCHITECTS. 459 RICHMOND STREET. LONDON, ONT.

J. C. Pennington John R. Boyd Architects and Engineers. John W. Leighton. BARTLET BLDG. WINDSOR, ONT.

BROWN OPTICAL CO. Physical Eye Specialists. 223 Dundas St. LONDON. PHONE 1877. Branches: Hamilton, Montreal and Windsor.

London Optical Co. Eyesight Specialists. A. M. DAMBRA, Optometrist. 602 Dundas St. W. LONDON, Ont.

Wright Teale Co. Plumbing and Heating. Jobbing a Specialty. Phone 7984. 60 Dundas St. LONDON, Ont.

THE DARRAGH STUDIO. SPECIALISTS IN PORTRAITURE. 214 Dundas St. Phone 444. Photographer to the Particular.

Geo. Winterbottom & Son. Sheet Metal Workers. Agents Pease Furnaces. Phone 5899-W. 519 Richmond St. LONDON, Ont.

"PERFECT" Bicycles. The Bicycle of Quality. 3 STORES. Main-605 Dundas St. Phone 3426-W. 402 Clarence St. Phone 1899-F. 454 Hamilton Road. Phone 8767-W.

HEXTER TAXI (Formerly Marley-Hexter). Day and Night Service. 5 and 7 Passenger Sedans. Phone 2859. 483 Richmond St., LONDON, Ont.

PRICE & HAWKE. Auto Electric Service. Presto-O-Lite Battery Service Station. NEW ADDRESS. 381 Wellington St. Phone 8500. LONDON, Ont.

J. A. BARNARD. Sole Agent for Harley-Davidson Motorcycles, Massey Bicycles. Accessories and General Repairs. PHONE 2994-M. 338 Talbot St. LONDON, Ont.

ART WILKES. BALLOON TIRE HEADQUARTERS. Vulcanizing and Repairs of All Kinds. PHONE 2334. 354 Wellington St. LONDON, Ont.

C. L. LILEY & SONS. BRICKLAYERS and CEMENT CONTRACTORS. Jobbing Work Promptly Attended to. 340 William Street. LONDON, Ont.

London Vinegar Works. Manufacturers of Pure Cider Vinegar, Cider, Etc. White Spirit Vinegar Always on Hand. PHONE 631-W. 94 King St., LONDON.

The Grigg House. LONDON, ONT. T. B. COOK, Proprietor. Rooms with Private Bath. European Plan. Rates \$1.50 and Up.

A. W. MACFIE. Drugless Practitioner. Chiropractic. Electrical Treatments. 210 Dominion Savings Bldg. LONDON, ONTARIO. Phone 4710. Residence 5710.

Superior Machinery Co. Ltd. 151 York St., LONDON. Machinery of All Kinds. Elevators, Dumb Waiters, Laundry Machinery our specialty. Prompt Service Our Motto.

The Tecumseh Hotel. LONDON, CANADA. On Main Highway Detroit to Buffalo. Catering to the Tourist. Information Bureau in Hotel Lobby. Geo. H. O'Neil, Prop. Guy M. Ferguson, Mgr.

Wonderful Record. A record of Fires put out and money saved in insurance Premiums that is most convincing. Ask us details about what the "Automatic" sprinkler has done.

"AUTOMATIC" SPRINKLERS. STOP FIRES AND SAVE MONEY. Get our Estimate on Cost of Installation. The Bennett & Wright Co. Ltd. 77-81 King St., LONDON, Ont.

At-Causland Windows. Church Painting and Decorating. Designs and Estimates on request. ROBERT W. CAUSLAND - LIMITED. 141-145 SPADINA AVE. TORONTO.

DR. LEROY V. HILES. SPECIALIST IN ALL FOOT AILMENTS. 202 Dundas St. Phone 7808.

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS. MURPHY, GUNN & MURPHY. BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES. Solicitors for the Roman Catholic Episcopal Corporation. Suite 28, Bank of Toronto Chambers. LONDON, CANADA. Phone 170.

FOY, KNOX & MONAHAN. BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, Etc. A. E. Knox. George Knough. T. Louis Monahan. Arthur Kelly. Offices: Continental Life Building. CORNER BAY AND RICHMOND STREETS. TORONTO.

DAY, FERGUSON & WALSH. BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, Etc. Rooms 116 to 122, Federal Building. TORONTO, CANADA. James E. Day, K. C. Frank J. Hart. Joseph F. Walsh. T. M. Mangovan.

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

JOHN H. McELDERRY. BARRISTER, SOLICITOR. NOTARY PUBLIC. UNION BANK BUILDING. GUELPH, ONTARIO. CANADA.

Lee, O'Donoghue & Harkins. Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Etc. W. T. J. Lee, B.C.L. J. G. O'Donoghue, K.C. Hugh Harkins. Offices: 241-242 Confederation Life Chambers. S. W. Corner Queen and Victoria Sts. TORONTO, CANADA.

KELLY, PORTER & KELLY. BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS. NOTARIES. W. E. Kelly, K. C. J. Porter. David E. Kelly. Crown Attorney. County Treasurer. Solicitors For Norfolk County Council. SIMCOE, ONT., CANADA.

MICHAEL J. MULVIHILL. L. D. S., D. D. S. 25 PEMBROKE STREET W. PEMBROKE, ONT. PHONE 178.

Dr. W. S. Westland. L. D. S., D. D. S. DENTIST. 287 QUEENS AVE. LONDON.

Beddome, Brown, Cronyn and Pocock. INSURANCE. Money to Loan. 195 Dundas St. LONDON, CANADA. Telephone 698.

James R. Haslett. Sanitary & Heating Engineer. High Grade Plumbing and Heating. 521 Richmond St. LONDON, Ont.

UPHOLSTERING. Of All Kinds. Chesterfields Made to Order. CHAS. M. QUICK. Richmond St., LONDON, Ont. Opposite St. Peter's Parish Hall.

Where Do You Go When You Wish to "Say it With" P. The West Floral Co. 249 Dundas St. LONDON, Ont.

Casavant Freres. CHURCH LIMITED. Organ Builders. ST. HYACINTHE. QUEBEC. phone 516-J. Res. Phone 3874-W.

W. W. SCOTT. Successor to John Campbell & Son. 84 York St., LONDON. Entrance off 75 King St.

EXPERT MECHANICS - All Cars. Painting, Trimming, Wood Working, Carriage and Auto Repairs. "Service and Satisfaction". Lightning Battery Service. 294 York St. Opp. C. N. R. Freight Sheds. 362 Dundas Street West. LONDON, Ont. Phone 8270. Your Battery Recharged in 1 Hour. In or out of your Car.

REGO RADIATOR REPAIR. "WE KNOW HOW". Radiators, Fenders, Bodies and Lamps. H. G. KAISER. Phone 7249-M. Nights 1008-J. 150 Fullarton St. LONDON, Ont.