

Published by permission of Burns, Oates & Washbourne, London, England.

HONOUR WITHOUT RENOWN

BY MRS. INNES BROWN

Author of "Three Daughters of the United Kingdom."

CHAPTER XXXII.

Once or twice, as they bore him over the grass-grown plot to De Woodville's carriage, which was waiting outside, Leadbitter stirred uneasily, as though he sought to rouse himself and see what was taking place around him; but the well-known voice of his old friend and comforter reassured him, and bade him rest and be still, for all was well. So, like a happy, helpless child, he obeyed, submitting to the sweet lethargy which overpowered him. He had swooned away under the influence of sudden joy, and the perfume of its welcome presence seemed to linger and soothe his brain.

And now, once more, the sweet breath of his fanned and played upon his pallid cheek; but no rough fetters bound his limbs: no harsh words hurried him forward. Charity and sweet brotherly love bore him tenderly in their arms and whispered soft words of kindness and joy.

"And now, by Heaven!" said the Earl between his teeth, as the heavy door closed behind them, "once out of this—hole, if there be justice on earth, it shall be meted to thee poor Edmund. My friend, thou art a free man once more!"

"Hush, hush!—such language may excite him should he hear and comprehend it," remarked the doctor. "Step into the carriage, sir, and we will lift the patient in beside you, and coachman, do you drive very gently to the address the chaplain has given you."

The man, somewhat astonished at all he witnessed, made no remark, but carefully fulfilled his orders, for which he received praise from the doctor and a handsome acknowledgment from the Earl.

To the surprise and evident consternation of the good brother, the men not only bore his burden into Father Lawrence's own room, but laid it upon his very bed. This last act so paralysed his usually voluble tongue that he was for the time being rendered almost speechless with horror. His arms and eyes were raised to Heaven in hope, less appeal.

"The good Father has lost his senses," now all was settled comfortably. It was long since the poor patient's head had rested on so soft a pillow, and the doctor looked pleased and satisfied as he held the sick man's hand and felt his pulse. Had Sister Marguerite been there she would have recognized a strong likeness between this patient and the one for whom she had done and risked so much.

"I think we may take great credit to ourselves," remarked the doctor freely. "Things could scarcely have been managed more prudently or expeditiously. He'll do now until he rouses. Here, my good brother, don't look so scared; but hasten to the kitchen and make the best cup of beef-tea that it is in your power to produce. The better you feed him, the sooner you will get rid of him," he added encouragingly.

"Write down everything that you think would be for his good or comfort, doctor. Spare no expense; my purse is at his disposal," said De Woodville heartily. "I will assuredly do so, my Lord. I will likewise send a good nurse too, who will relieve Father Lawrence of all fatigue and responsibility."

"I know of one already, doctor! A better could not be found. Let us have no strangers here, I entreat. I speak of his wife."

"His wife!" and the doctor gave a low whistle. "Is she so near, then? No, no, Father. We cannot be too cautious; we must move very, very slowly. He ought not to see her yet."

"Then I shall procure help for the kitchen; and the brother and I will tend him until his wife is permitted to do so. By the way, I must go and tell her of all this."

"No, again, Father; you must remain where you are. He will rouse himself, and it must be from your lips alone that he first learns where he is. Do not tell him too much; ease his mind; satisfy his curiosity; and persuade him to take plenty of good but light nourishment; and, above all, to rest both mind and body as much as possible. I have observed what great influence you have over him, won doubtless by long kindness and sympathy. Cannot you, sir—turning to the Earl—"be the bearer of a message to his wife?"

"Only too gladly. Give me her address, and I will set off at once."

"Stay," said the priest, drawing De Woodville aside; "I must explain matters more fully to you. Let me speak to you apart." They were closeted together for some time; after which, in due course, a fly drew up at Marion's lodgings. She was seated by the window in the humble first floor apartment, waiting and watching for the priest's promised visit, when, to her surprise and consternation, she recognised Earl de Woodville as he stepped from the vehicle. She heard his loud rap at the door, and the distinct tones of his voice as he inquired if Mrs. MacDermot was

in, as he wished particularly to see her. Then, with a beating heart, she heard the echo of his firm tread upon the stairs, preceded by that of her landlady, who, filled with awe, led the way herself. There was such a decided air of authority about the visitor that the woman was secretly convinced he could be no less than a limb of the law—a detective in disguise, no doubt, and hers a house of such noted respectability too. She was "hard of hearing," and so had not caught his name; and her eyesight did not permit her to decipher without her glasses what was written upon his card. Any way, she'd "see the end of this business."

It was a sharp, quick knock that she gave at her lodger's door, and in a strained voice, with pallid lips, Marion cried, "Come in!" whilst with trembling limbs she rose to receive her visitor. Had he come to convey to her the good news spoken of by Father Lawrence? or why was he here? Would he know now who she really was?

To use the good landlady's own words, she was "struck all of a heap, quite flabbergasted like," as lingering curiously, she witnessed what followed.

"Lady Leadbitter," said the Earl, bowing graciously and advancing to meet Marion, whose hand he pressed warmly within his own, "you have succeeded in hiding from us your identity for so long, but, thank God, we are permitted to know you at last."

"O, Lord de Woodville, pleaded the poor lady, flushing with timid pleasure at his kind words and manner, "you would not blame me if you knew all that I have suffered?"

"I? We—blame you? How could we? Father Lawrence has just told all; and would that you knew how I honor and respect you for the part you have played." Here the door closed very softly after the landlady's exit. "Listen to me, dear lady—and oh, what joy it is to tell you—your poor husband has left that dreary dungeon, please God, for ever. We have but now carried him thence."

"What! He is not dead?" she gasped, shaking her head to foot. "No, no, God forbid! An order arrived from the Home Secretary—I was there when it came—for his immediate release, ostensibly on account of his health, but really, I trust, because his innocence is practically established."

With the greatest difficulty she controlled her voice sufficiently to ask, "Where—where is he now?" He pressed her gently into a chair and sitting down beside her, begged of her to be calm. Then in a low voice, and with a look of relief, he related the story of the last few hours, enlarging upon the joy and happiness they had all experienced in being able to aid in his friend's deliverance, and the determined manner in which he and others were setting about to prove to the world her husband's perfect innocence.

She listened and drank in greedily every word he uttered. She thanked him; oh, how she thanked him from her heart, and blessed God for His goodness; the tears coursed down her cheeks, but she could not utter a word. He had much difficulty in soothing her. He had not realised before how deep and unselfish can be a true woman's love.

"Take me with you," she said at last; "let me see and speak to Father Lawrence." He took her little bag and gently supported her down the steep and narrow staircase; then handed her into the fly which was waiting outside. She had already paid her bill; nothing was owing here. With the aid of her glasses the landlady had deciphered the name upon the visitor's card, so bursting with curiosity she and the whole of the Palmer family, screened by the shabby lace curtains, watched from the parlor window the departure of their strange lodger and stranger visitor.

As Mrs. MacDermot, Marion had usually evaded her master's presence. She never felt quite certain how he might regard her did he know she was the wife of a man convicted of fraud; and yet, now that she knew everything, here was she seated beside him with only the feeling of a great, deep gratitude welling in her heart; for who could have been kinder, more thoughtful, or more considerate towards her than he had been?

"Will you mind," he said kindly, "if I tell the driver to stop at the first telegraph office we pass? My wife and many another will rejoice at the message I send them."

Do so, by all means. God alone knows how deeply I thank you and all your kind help and sympathy. The dear little Countess—how good, how kind she has always been to me!"

"You must tell her so, for she blames herself unmercifully for not having guessed your secret long ago and done more for you."

"It would be a base heart that could blame her for unkindness, even in thought, to anyone." He knew how true were her words, and he liked to hear them. They drew up presently, and after despatching his wires, the Earl sprang lightly in beside his companion, and a mischievous smile lit up his face.

"There, now," he said, with an air of amusement, "I guess that I have given those dear ones something to occupy their little brains and tongues with for the next few

days. My dear sister deserves to hear the glad news."

Marion did not learn until a few hours later all that she and her husband owed to Sister Marguerite. That same night she was seated in the very room from the window of which Father Lawrence had gazed so wistfully only a short time ago. In the twilight Marion and her kind host were enjoying a happy conversation.

"He has borne the removal so well, and looks so very peaceful and contented, that I feel sure he will be allowed to see you before many hours are over. You see, he has so hoped and prayed for this by day and dream of it by night that it is not all so strange to him as the doctor thinks. Such faith as his I never saw. I was standing quite near to him when he awoke, and I watched him closely. First his eyes fell upon me, and gradually they filled with a soft, child-like trust; then his gaze wandered slowly over the ceiling and walls, lingering with unmistakable pleasure upon each picture hanging upon the wall, where they rested and centered in loving gratitude upon the large crucifix suspended above."

"Well!" I said softly; and he started as I spoke. "Do you not feel better?"

"I am so glad to hear your voice," he exclaimed. "Give me your hand, Father. I feared that I was dreaming."

"No, it is all real," I said, pressing my other hand upon his brow. "You are in my house. All that awful misery is over, and you are to grow strong again."

"Father," he replied—and he looked so happy as he said it, holding my hand so tightly—"Father, I told you it would come! I will obey you, for you are my best friend. But you will tell her—my little wife?" Very gently and quietly I promised him everything if he would but obey me, as I am sure he will; so wait a little and endeavor to be patient."

"How easy the task so long as he is happy," she said. "My poor husband is right; you have indeed been our best friend. We have contracted a debt towards you that, neither of us can ever pay."

"No, dear lady; there you are wrong. I have done my little best for him: the doctor also, and De Woodville; we have all done what little we could, but we have not been his best friends; you must go beyond us; there are others who have done far more for him than we."

"You mean that dear little Sister of Charity—who all gave her life in our cause? True, no one could have done more."

"Yes, she and all of us were instrumental one way and another; but I am convinced that it was even a power beyond us all that set us all in motion."

"How do you mean, Father?"

"Just this. I am perfectly convinced that your husband's great and unswerving faith in God's goodness and mercy, even when things looked blackest and darkest, moved the heart of God in his behalf; and to accomplish His will we were the instruments chosen. I tell you, my child, that his heroic faith, his constant patience, amidst the severest trials, have been an object lesson I shall never forget. Have courage, for he will yet be restored to perfect health."

"And you will permit me to remain near and assist in the house-keeping?" she pleaded. "I have learnt to be such a clever cook, and will promise to send in the most delightful dainties for him, if I may."

Yes, she might lodge close by; he could not refuse her that comfort. The following day De Woodville set out to hasten with all his influence the tardy process of his friend's exoneration.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

It was a right merry party that slowly wound its way through the dear old familiar grounds of St. Benedict's one glorious afternoon in June.

How long ago it seemed since, as schoolgirls, together they had left its kindly shelter—weeping, yet ready on the instant to dry their tears in youthful and expectant wonder as to what the life upon which they were then entering, and this strange, beautiful world, held in store for each of them. How different beyond expression had been the destiny of each from what she had then surmised. Nature, too, that day had seemed to veil her face and partake of their despondency, for it had rained copiously; but this day they would not even shade their eager eyes, which were almost blinded by the brilliant sunshine, as in dazzling splendor it strove to welcome them back, and forced into prominence every well-remembered curve and angle, and gilded with a glory all its own each pinnacle and spire of the dear old place. They leaned backwards and forwards and in all directions, to catch every first and possible glimpse of their girlhood's home, and with the greatest enjoyment and animation drew each other's attention to each familiar object as they passed. Now they drove under the old archway and looked up with delight at the coat of arms and the familiar "Pax" engraven there. By their joy at beholding it once again, one might have supposed they had almost expected the elements to have

erased it ere this. Yes, the members of the United Kingdom had seen many faces and loved things; had learnt by experience many things, sweet and bitter; had endured them, too, since last they stood together in the dear old precincts. Yet they were intensely happy this day; for, through all, they had been faithful to God, their duty, and each other, and He had blessed them.

I know of few joys sweeter than that of visiting the dear loved home of youth, especially when we know for a certainty that it will be little changed or altered, and still filled with kindly and expectant hearts, all yearning to welcome and embrace us.

Sister Marguerite forgot her own bodily pain and weariness in her joy at the thought of seeing so many kind friends again, but most of all in the knowledge that her presence would bring comfort and happiness to one who, in the days of her wilful girlhood, had not only feared and soothed her grief, but with authority had rebuked and shown her the sin and folly of her own proud heart—one to whom she felt she owed so much!

Marie, too, was happy. How peaceful and sweet was this visit! No spot on earth, however dear could ever be quite the same or recall half so many pleasant memories to her mind.

Madge was filled with present and expectant joy. The home she was nearing contained such friends as we are permitted to make but once in a lifetime. Was not this the very home that had opened its kindly doors to poor Margaret the First and her brave but forlorn daughter Madge when, almost destitute and forsaken, they had sought refuge there? Aye, and had even laid the poor mother to rest within its peaceful shelter! Her heart might well throb, then, as she neared its loved portals.

And Leo, faithful Leo! he too was of the party. Seated low between the trio, his aged head resting on the lap of her he loved so well, her kind voice sounding in his ear, and one dear scarred hand pressing tenderly his shaggy coat, he too was very content and happy.

With a satisfied heart and proud smile, as of duty faithfully accomplished, old John Ryder had bidden "Our young lady" a reluctant farewell, and had returned to his duties at his master's home, but he had returned alone. "He has left his dog to mind his house!"

As they neared the great entrance Madge sprang lightly to the ground, and having assisted her companions to alight also, grasped the big bell and rang it with a vigorous pull. So there once again, on the old familiar ground, stands "The United Kingdom." She, the once self-willed, merry Bertie, clothed now in the lowly garb of charity; her winsome face grown sweeter still from its outward expression of unselfish kindness, and inward peace. Close beside her stands the once shy, blushing Marie. Though she had never sought wealth or rank, yet the world had lavished them upon her. But the coronet pressed lightly on her brow; free from all false pride and filled with love and kindness was the still gentle heart of Ireland's daughter.

And little Madge, heretofore so doubtful of her own virtues and strength, stands there also again. She has increased not only in stature and comeliness, but in beauty of mind and character also. She has traversed the valley of pain and sorrow, has drunk at the fountains of loneliness and suffering, and has learnt to bless the Hand that led her there; so when peace and plenty came she was prepared to use them well, and no heart turns to her in vain.

And now, in justice to this famous convent, I am bound to relate that upon this day at least it broke the record, for, instead of the regulation wait of three minutes, which usually occurs at such places, the great bell had scarcely ceased pealing ere the doors flew open to admit the cheerful guests; and what is still more worthy of note and admiration is the recorded fact, that no sooner were the visitors ushered into the old familiar guest-room, than they were met by the Lady Abbess and her Sisters.

Perhaps a bright little sentinel, who had watched from her turret on high the approach of the guests, could in some measure have accounted for the unusually speedy answer to their summons. A pair of clear girlish bright eyes, had spied the carriage ere the inmates of it had caught more than a glimpse of the Abbey, and excitedly she had called to the companion who stood near to guard her:

"There, Mary! Now I see them coming; yes, indeed I do! I saw the carriage pass that open space between the little woods."

"Now, Miss Margaret, I'll back me own eyes, for distance like, again anybody's; and though I was staring me hardest, I never saw no sign of naught like a carriage."

"Of course not, you old silly. I know you so well. You were staring, no doubt, old dearie; only not out of this tiny window, but at me, lest I should fall. There now!" playfully—"deny it if you can."

"Rubbish, child!" But the hard mouth could not repress the smile that broke over it.

"There it is again, Mary! Now climb up here and look for yourself; then you will believe me! I see the carriage quite distinctly; and there are three figures inside; and—oh, quite plainly—I can see

the white *cornette* of darling Sister Marguerite. They'll soon be here! I'll run and tell Lady Abbess."

Down she sprang from her rickety perch, shaking the old turret floor, and Mary's heart also; and away she bounded, light as a fawn, this favored child—little Marguerite the Third—to the Lady Abbess's side.

"The little elf!" thought Mary, as she followed her flying charge; but there was a very soft light in her old eyes—as she continued to ponder within herself, "Had ever such a bold, daring spirit as this little one, I wonder? Nivver, no niver! And yet how sweet and gentle she can be! Well, anyhow, she shall have her own way, the darling. Old Mary can't find the heart to check her bright spirit; sorrow will come soon enough to mar that bonnie face, I'll not begin it." It seemed as though all the love for her two former mistresses was rolled into one, doubled, and trebled for this little girl—so deeply did Mary love and admire her.

"Dear Mother, they are coming! They will be here directly; and dear Sister Marguerite may be tired."

The Lady Abbess—apparently so little aged or altered—smiled cheerfully at the girl's sweet, excited face, remarking as she stroked one little hot hand:

"Then, Margaret, dear child, since you cannot walk, run and meet your mother. How like in face and form to her grandmother, the dear companion of my youth, is this sweet child," soliloquised the nun; "and yet, whence has she derived that bold, unerring spirit which, even in very childhood, marks her out as one almost fit to command and lead. I marvel much what destiny Heaven has in store for her. It has entrusted much also of wit and talent to her keeping."

But little Margaret had another duty to perform. Between herself and old Father Egbert there had sprung up, strangely enough, a sudden and strong attachment, and today they had a secret together. So away she rushed down the very corridors and passages that Beatrice de Woodville had traversed, when, in defiance of rules and etiquette, she, yet a schoolgirl, was determined to bid her old friend farewell.

TO BE CONTINUED

MOTHER MELSON'S MATCHMAKING

By Mary T. Wiggan in The Missionary

"The best laid plans of mice and men Gang aft aglee."

The two splint wickers on the Melson porch creaked in comfortable union. Mrs. Cynthia Melson and her summer boarder, Miss Ellis, were shelling peas. It was one of the pleasant friendly ways of Miss Ellis to like a share in such domestic duties; picking berries and feeding chickens made her, as she said, "feel" at home, though she said, "I'm a little bit of a fussy body, but I'm sure I can do anything."

Still, besides lounging in a pleasant sun before her two boys could take hold of things, these yearly incursions on Melson Farm had proved a three months' outlet for conversational powers that the good woman found sadly hampered by a family of men. The two Melson boys were notorious "among the lively belles of the neighborhood as 'dummies,' though their records at school and college, to say nothing of the modern methods they had introduced in their home farm, seemed to make the title in its usually accepted sense rather a misnomer.

But this story begins in years before the Kaiser had set the world afire, and no awakening thrill had as yet come to the young farmers plodding their quiet way over their native hills and quickening their broad acres' plenteous yields. There was no need of summer holidays, with a gay season and reparations for an autumn wedding, had pleaded for a few weeks' absolute rest with her old friend and hostess before the happy day, and Miss Ellis was one of those charming pleaders who could not be denied. She had the magnetic sympathy that silently invokes confidence and good Mother Melson was pouring out her fears and hopes fell beneath her practiced hand.

"There's folks that say matches are made in heaven, but I never heard of any Scripture for it, did you?"

"Well, don't know," Miss Ellis said, smiling with the detached interest of one whose fulness is secured. "There was Isaac and Rebecca, you remember, and Jacob—" the speaker paused, feeling not altogether sure of her Scriptural ground.

"And a nice mess he made of it," broke in Mrs. Melson, "working for

seven years and getting the wrong woman after all. No, I ain't looking for heaven to settle my boys. And as they ain't the kind to see an inch before their noses, where wimmen folks is concerned, I mean to take a hand in it myself."

"After the good old world fashion," laughed Mrs. Ellis.

"I don't know whether you call it old or new, but it's my fashion," answered Mrs. Melson, rattling the contents of her pan into a yellow bowl and gathering up a fresh batch from the brimming basket beside her. "My boys ain't got no notion of gadding; they jest like to poke 'round the house and farm, studying new ways of draining and fertilizing as they call it. They are making things go, I must say, and it's for me to do my part. It's cording to reason and nature for them to marry, and I'm looking to it that they marry right."

"And how will you manage it?" asked her listener, whose experience had been wide enough to teach her that "managing" marriages required wit and wisdom beyond good Mother Melson's gifts.

"Pick out their wives myself," was the confident rejoinder. "I'm doing it already. The boys are not the gadding kind, as I said. So I bring the girls here. There's three of them coming today."

"Three?" echoed Miss Ellis, rather startled at such wholesale arrangement.

"Three," replied Mrs. Melson with satisfaction, "nice girls that I've known all their lives and their mothers and fathers before them. Girls that I'm sure would all make good wives."

"And you mean—you mean," the fine eyes of the young lady were dancing with mirthful amazement, "that nice girls are coming here to be picked out for your sons' wives?"

"Oh, bless you, no, I don't let them guess that at all, or if they do," parenthesized the boys' mother sagely—"we don't put it that way, my dear. I ask them down because I'm lonely and like to have girls around, or because there's a fair or a church supper, or something pleasant going on in the neighborhood, or I think they are looking a little pale and peaked and need some good country fare. And, of course, being here the boys have to be nice to them and bea them 'round, and by and by the right ones will come along. Oh! I'm keeping my eyes open. Oh! I ain't looking for money. The way they're running the farm now the boys will have plenty of that for their wives, but there's other things." Mrs. Melson was launched in a tide now that swept her beyond all rocks of reserve. "There is Sallie Romde, for instance, as sweet and pretty a girl as you'd see in a day's walk, but, though I wouldn't mention it to anybody else, there's a queer streak in the Romdes. It ain't generally known, but old Silas Romde hung himself on his own barn and two of the boys died in sanatoriums. So I had to cut Sallie out, and Nettie Deane, though her mother and I were schoolgirls together, I couldn't think of Marthy as a mother-in-law to one of my boys. She would drive him to distraction with her nagging, so I don't dare to risk having Nellie down at all. And then there's Betty Wade—"

"You mean Dr. John Wade's daughter?" asked Miss Ellis. "Surely there is no objection to him or her?"

"Oh, John Wade is all right—he was an old sweetheart of mine, and gave Melson a close run for it thirty years ago," laughed Mrs. Melson with an old belle's complacency. "But the girl—the girl—was brought up in a convent and is a rank Romanist! And I'd rather see a son of mine marry a heathen Chinese."

"Oh, would you really?" asked Miss Ellis gently.

"Much rather," repeated Mrs. Melson, "for there would be some chance of turning a heathen Chinese into a decent Christian, but with a Romanist there ain't no chance at all. They're set forever and forever, and like as not would carry a man to perdition along with them. No, I ain't bringing any idol worshippers out here. Specially as the boys ain't neither of them professed Christians and, as our minister said the other night, read a lot more books than is good for them. I never held to so much reading. It's unsotting to your mind."

"There comes Dick now," the good woman paused in her confidences as a strapping, sunburned young fellow of five and twenty strode into sight from the fields beyond. "And I'll lay he has forgotten all about taking the spring-wagon into town for the girls."

"Dick! Dick!" she called eagerly; and the young man turned obediently at the call, showing an honest, kindly face lit by a pair of thoughtful eyes.

"Don't forget you are to bring out Jessie Wythe and her cousins today," said his mother. "They're coming to spend Sunday with me."

"What, again?" said Dick pleasantly. "I thought I brought Jessie out last week."

"My dear boy, no; that was Lottie Lane."

"So it was," laughed Dick to Miss Ellis. Mother had so many girl friends that I get them mixed. But Ted and I are stupid company and if she wants something prettier and brighter it's all right. So I'll harness up, mother. How many did you say were coming?"

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS

MURPHY & GUNN

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES
Solicitors for The Home Bank of Canada
Solicitors for the Roman Catholic
Episcopal Corporation

Suite 53, Bank of Toronto Chambers
LONDON, CANADA Phone 170

FOY, KNOX & MONAHAN

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC.

A. E. Knox T. Louis Monahan
E. L. Middleton George Keogh
Cable Address: "Foy"
Telephones: Main 461
Main 462

Offices: Continental Life Building
CORNER BAY AND RICHMOND STREETS
TORONTO

DAY, FERGUSON & CO.

BARRISTERS

James E. Day 26 Adelaide St. West
John M. Ferguson TORONTO, CANADA
Joseph P. Walsh

LUNNEY & LANNAN

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES

Harry W. Lunney, B. A., B. C. L.
Alphonse Lannan, LL. B.
CALGARY, ALBERTA

JOHN H. MCLEDDERY

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR

NOTARY PUBLIC
CONVEYANCER

Money to Loan Telephone 108
HERALD BLDG. ROOM 24
GUELPH, ONT.

ARCHITECTS

WATT & BLACKWELL

Members Ontario Association

ARCHITECTS
Sixth Floor, Bank of Toronto Chambers
LONDON, ONT.

DENTISTS

DR. BRUCE E. EAD

Room 5, Dominion Bank Chambers
Cor. Richmond and Dundas Sts. Phone 5566

EDUCATIONAL

The Influence of a Well-Known School

When you graduate from Westwell School you receive a diploma from the Business Educators' Association of Canada, a nation-wide organization, which conducts all examinations for high-class business colleges from the Mari time Business College in Halifax to the Spirit Slave Business College in Vancouver. Held this diploma is also the influence of Westwell School, which has stood for thorough training for thirty-six years. These are facts to consider, and will mean much to you when securing a position.

ATTEND

Westwell School

Corner Richmond and Fullarton Sts.
LONDON, ONTARIO

A Business College of Strength and Character

St. Jerome's College

Founded 1864 KITCHENER, ONT.

Excellent Business College Department.
Excellent