Published by permission of Burns, Oates & Washbourne, London, England. THREE DAUGHTERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM

BY MRS. INNES-BROWNE

CHAPTER XXIII.—CONTINUED

The Earl led his bride elect to where auntie sat. The girl, all blushes and half tears, knelt umbly upon the stool, and throwing her arms around the old lady's neck,

O auntie! what will you say? I

Much moved by the girl's bashful excitement, and the young man's sarnest bearing, she answered

And so you have come to tell poor old auntie that you have at last the leading journals. discovered you love each other so dearly that you cannot bear to live apart !

replied the Earl earnestly. wish to hear from your lips that you trust me, and can give this dear little one confidently into my keeping, and far too long, and she knows it," he continued, slipping his arm boldly around her waist, and dropping upon one knee beside her. "Also, we have one more request, and that is for your blessing. It is as a mother's to both of us, and we should feel happier did we possess it."

Ged bless you, then, dear children!" said the old lady, greatly touched by the young man's humble appeal, while she tenderly disengaged the girl's hands from her neck, and placed them firmly in those of her intended husband. With all my heart I bless you, dears, and may you both be good and worthy members of society, and fulfil your duties faithfully in that high position in which God has placed you. As for you, she centiqued, resting her hand gently on the young man's shoulder, the son of such a fasher could be but brave, and generous; and fully, freely, and with joy even, do I entrust my niece to your love and care. And, my little Marie, well pleased am I that you have found your vocation at last. It is one you will well fill, nay, may even adorn : for I do not think you will ever be entirely carried away by worldliness or luxusy, and thus will shine in your own gentle way, and give a noble example of virtue to all

"It is like you, dear auntie, to say these kind things. But, oh! what will Lady Abbess and the dear nuns

They will laugh, dear, and be as delighted as we are. Why, Lady Abbass never thought you would be a nun. Girls are constantly making the same mistake as you did, Marie. and mistaking an enthusiastic love for a certain convent and nuns, thinking it means a vocation, when all the while God has often very different designs for them, would they but listen to Him, and lay aside their own wishes and desires.'

Well, it is very strange," said

God's poor and afflicted ones hovered to her at once. near and around her. In a pover#ystricken hevel, seated by the bedside gentlest slumber, sat Beatrice, her with sympathetic serrow and tendersin, and remorse

Father Gallagher watched the girl, and marvelled within himself how could with such wonderful skill and shall give an entertainment on a cleverness, adapt herself to the needs large scale. Many very distinguished of the poor and the sick. "Was she people will be here, and I shall purely heaven taught? or had the desire you to sing during the evening,

This poor wreck of better days, pauper, clung with the persistency of the dying to the sweet girl at his side as to a very angel from heaven; and listening to her, he became calm. even joyful, content to leave his children orphans, and accept death and there was that in her eye and willingly as a just punishment for form which recalled in Lady Lins. his useless and miserably spent life.

Father Gallagher and Beatrice remained with the poor sufferer, until his humble and penitent spirit was freed, and had winged its way to the judgment-seat; then leaving the orphans in the charge of kind neighbors, they both walked towards the where different scenes and joyful faces awaited them. No words could command. can describe the joy with which "Ns,-" resur Beatrice clasped her little sister to her heart, and assured her how she and all her family had longed for this happy event to come to pass. It was the yearning desire of poor father," she exclaimed; "and my mother will find in yeu, dear Marie, a daughter whe will bear with

and shaking the young people warmly by the hand, warned Marie seriously more spiritual cottons and homespuns, for which she had once so great a respect.

CHAPTER XXIV.

and the city was close, hot, dusty. But Parliament sat late that | all. year; moreover, there was much sickness on the Continent, so that a have tried so hard not to love him, large portion of England's upper ten it did, just when she folt so dull and attracted or for whom we feel an even to forget him, and I could not were fain to content themselves with spiritless, and she longed to be intense aversion. eyes, and noted with pleasure the gentle, respectful manner in which he treated her niece. She felt he was sincere, and that she could true i marriage in that quarter ere long.

There were signs and rumors of was sincere, and that she could true i marriage in the great flat quarter ere long.

The marriage in that quarter ere long.

the most expensive and fashionable countenance. much more than that, dear auntie rooms thereof, resided poor Mardren of Lady Linsdale, whose whole life is given up to frivolities of anxiety and craving appears to be to and in every ridiculous and fashionable and which no circumstance of pov-

extravagance. No one knew, nor could they guess, why the tall fair governess scanned so eagerly every day the column of fashionable news; nor yet why she invariably took har charges to one of the large parks for their daily walk, and gazed with such a hungry, yearning look on the faces of the ladies and occupants open carriages. Sometimes the children spoke to her and she did not seem to hear them, so absorbed was she in her task. Once they declared that she fairly started, and almost shouted, as an elegant carriage, containing a very handsome gentleman and a sweetly pretty lady. dashed past them; but the horses shied at the moment, and Maria was whisled away, never noticing the sweet eager faced girl who stood upon the pavement, her hands outstretched as though to stay her. Again the children wondered why she seized so greedily upon every picture of the future Countess de Woodville, and cutting them out, carefully slowed them away in her

Sometimes when no one was near she would draw these tweasures forth and talk to them. "Dear little Marie," she would say, "how very beautiful and sweet you look! I wonder how you like being feled so so, and decked, in all these precious jewels? How well shat neckles of pearls becomes you! I have read of their immense value, and also that but the bride or wife of a De Woodville may ever wear them. The beautiful and gifted Lady Beatrice too, and your kind brother Louisyes, I read of you all. I long-O yet I dare not write, for I tremble to make myself known. The Countess staircase, rising higher and higher, many people might object if I did even to the children's apartments, so, for I am so poor, and only a govand roofed in by a handsome glass erness. Oh that I could meet them dome. Across this hall must the erness. Oh that I could meet them dome. Across this hall must the somewhere alone! Perhaps, after guests walk to the various rooms Marie, resting her head on Reginald's all, they would not know me. Alas, of entertainment. On a lewer porhow times are changed!" and the tion of one of the landings paced all."

scalding tears rushed to her eyes. Madge, her hands sometimes classed

How was Beatrice occupied whilst Shabrushed them away quickly, for tightly together as though in speech her friends were pouring out their a maid servant entered, telling her less agony, sometimes crossed upon love rhapsodies? Ah! the angels of that Lady Linsdale desired to speak her breast as though in mute appeal

with a beavy sigh she locked them caught the sound of a feesh guest's of a sick man, in her arms a little up. "Each day," she thought, "I voice, she leant over the banisters, rise with the fond hope that I may her long delicate fingers clutching mentions and hushed into meet them; each night I lie down the rail for support, her anxious sorry and disappointed. But I must eyes scanning with intense eagerness fair face bent kindly towards the not keep her ladyship waiting," and for the sight of some old and long-sufferer, her beautiful eyes beaming she descended hurriedly the long loved face. At last came the echo of flights of stairs to the beautifully ness, as she listened to the sad recital furnished morning room, where of that oft-told tale of misfortune, resting upon an easy-chair, Lady

Linsdale awaited her. " I beg to tell you, Miss FitzAllan, that on the evening of Thursday one so nobly born and gently reared next I shall require your services. I power of suffering made her what and trues that you will be attired she was?"—
suitably—in something simple—yet tashionable enough to pass muster, once a gentleman, now a wretched for it would not be pleasant to hear," and a palpable sneer curied her lips, "that any of my dependents were

underpaid. Subdued as poor Madge was, she draw her tall figure to its full heigh? dale's jealous mind the fact she could never quite forget, namely, that the girl before her was every inch a handsome "Gordon," and was far more highly gifted and nobler

born than she was herself. " Have you a wish for any particu lar song, may I ask?" demanded Madge, in as calm a tone as she

'Ng,-" returned her ladyship, in a hasitating tone; "only let it be something good, something that is sure to attract the notice of first class musicians, for several of great note and reputation will be here likewise one or two of our mest famous artists and peats."

"It will be altogether an artistic

But the good news had been selves, we are in close proximity almost too much for her, coming, as

Thank you," was the meek yet dignified answer of the poor gover-

Lady Linsdale would have given half of her fortune could she but have refinement which clung so outdo her neighbors, and be the first easily and naturally to Madge, and erty or position could ever conceal or hide. Herself a widow, short of stature, stout in figure, harsh of voice and coarse of skin, she could around her. not but envy the tall, handsome there. figure, and clear transparent cem. Probab

notice, and even to admire. Madge thought Thursday would never arrive, but it came at last. upon a handsome black silk dress, trimmed with shining jet trimmings. Her snowy throat and arms were short burning prayer for help; and bare, though partly hidden by some whilst the young people were enjoy-lovely lace, which tell softly and ing ices and other dainty and light gracefully around them. She wore single ornament. Her auburn hair was tastsfully and skilwith a nervous, almost expectant

the hours passed. It was growing late. The grand reception rooms were thrown open, Girl." met with some slight refreshment, selves as they desired in the various room was silent, and, like an electric rooms or ferneries, discussing art, shock, stillness fell upon every guest politics, or what not, during which within hearing. time rare and beautiful music would bs performed wherewith to enchant a tenderness of expression in the how I yearn to meet them land and delight their ears. From the inflections of the powerful young dare not write, for I tremble to hall arose a large, almost circular voice, and in the expression of her to Heaven for patience. Every now Madge replaced her treasures, and and again, when her anxious ear a low musical laugh, and surely the sound of familiar voices. Her heart seemed to stand still as, forgetful of all results and decency, she leans

still lower, and listened and watched. "O my God!" she gasped, "is it them at last?" Yes, there was no mistaking the fine form and prond carriage of the Counters de Word. ville; no, nor that of her eldest sen, whilst at his side, has little arm through his, walked Marie Blake. Close behind them, walking side by side, came Louis and Beatrice, from whose parted lips still issued the low rippling laugh. A dull, svified ory waret from the lips of the poor girl watching above, and in an instant the quick ears of Beatrice caught the sound, and her eyes were raised with a rapid, searching glance to the range of the vast stair case. As she did so, she paused in her walk, and the laugh suddenly died upon her lips, for, as she raised her eyes, the bright light below reflected for an instant only Regi intensity of expression that in anything else recalled to her mind the thing else recalled to her mind the face of one whom years ago she had known and loved. But like Marie." We will indeed go in search of her. Come along, Marie." a flash it disappeared, and was lest to view in the dark background.

"What is it?" inquired her companion. "What startled you so ?" "Nay, it was but a momentary vision," answered Beatrice, with a lofty staircess, and seizing the hand a few mements size gazed meditative of her sempanion, they—children of lives in second eight I should de impuise both—actually ran through hung lew ever the mantle. When clare that these walls contain a the now almost described ball-room, she began to talk she was far mere ghost, for there flashed from the nearly falling on the lap of their communicative that was her wont,

and shaking the young people warmly by the hand, warned Marie seriously that she must never so far jeopardise her soul as to clothe herself in purple or fine linen, but stick to the Warney of Her.

Of her.

"Not at all," was the rather impatient rejoinder. "There will be bending eagerly towards her.

Prince Henry of Her.

"Vhose was it?" asked Louis, bending eagerly towards her.

"I cannot answer you at present," and Duchess of Coventry, Earl de where the country is the returned, endeavoring to speak Woodville and all his party, including as indifferently as possible. "Ask his pastty little fiancée; Lord and Lady—. But what is the matter tell you then." Another minute and with you Miss FitzAllan; are you they were surrounded by friends and lost in the crowd : but about them 'No, thank you," came faintly both hovered and shadowed a myster-The busy London season should have been over, for it was August, and the city was close, hot, and support. "I felt a little giddy, that is with a strange disquietude and uneasiness when, unconsciously to our-

do so. And he loves me so dearly; indeed he does."

No need to assure auntie of that fact; she saw it in the burning look of generous devotion in the proud of generous devotion carnest prayer before her favourite "Louis!" cried Bertie, arresting crucifix and picture of the Mother of him suddenly, "we must not startle

> through the noisy and numerous of it." guests and quietly took her seat upon the music stool, awaiting with a fastthrobbing heart the signal to commence. She raised her eyes timidly and cast a rapid glance at the faces and soon they all stood a around her. "No they were not bahind the pretty singer. there. Where, then, were they ? Probably in the ball-room. Ob plexion of the young governess, would they hear her?" Heaven had whom strangers never failed to befriended her befere when, nervous and well-nigh hopeless, she had felt

that a parent's life almost bung upon her song. It would not desert Fearing to appear in anything very now when, to her lively imagination, young and pretty, lest Lady Linzdale it seemed that her own life's weal or should object, Madge, for once in woe depended upon the amount her life, had been extravagant, and of strength and pathos she could had spent much of her small savings | command and throw into her voice. Soon there was a lull in the merry dance music. Madge breathed a

refreshments, or cooling themselves rich | amidst the tall palms and forns, or even in the small terraced garden, fully arranged; her fair cheeks were she, in a wild, impassioned manner, fluenced with a bright hectic tinge; struck the first grand chords of her whilst her large clear eyes shone song-the very one she had sung nearly five years ago in the London light, which grew more intense as Hetel, on the last occasion when the 'United Kingdom" had met beneath the same roof-"The Captive Greek Her long white fingers carriages began to roll up, and pressed with consummate skill the guesas to arrive. They were to ba ivory notes, and they rang forth music responsive to her call; her pretty whilst the great ball-room would eyes were raised in pleading earnessstand open, and musicians be in ness, and, oblivious to all around, yet readiness to accommodate as many with an almost bursting heart, Madge of the young people as cared to sang her song. She had scarcely dance. Others could amuse them. sung a line ere every voice in the

> within hearing.
> There was a wildness of note and face, which draw forth transports of wonder and enthusiasm from the

> astonished listeners.
> Apparently unconscious of the admiration which she elicited on all sides, Madge sang on. Oh that Marie and Beatrics could only hear her! Suraly her voice must recall her to them and bring back to their minds dear old days of long ago !

Enjoying the cool air of a large fernery after their merry dance, sat the two old school friends, talking in a brisk but animated manner to their late partners, Reginald de Woodville and Lauis Blake. The latter was calling upon himself their chearful but marited rebukes by the comic remarks he was passing upon some weaker members of their sex. when suddenly the loud and clear notes of the prelude to Madge's song struck upon their ears.

Lady Beatwice broke off abruntly in the sentence she was speaking, and, with a startled expression in her eyes, exclaimed huzriedly, "Hush! Listen!" Instant ellence followed. Then, borns upon the air, through the now still apartments, came the sweet and powerful veice of the

vonne singer. Both gisls rose to their feet, the eager excitement anhancing the seized the arm of her intended hus-band and cried, "O Regis, dear Regis, it must be her!"

Whom, dearast, do you mean?' he askad, drawing her affectionately lowards him, and looking down tenderly on her flushed and excited brow-" whom, dearest ?"

"It is Madge! It must be Madge Oh, do listen! No one could aver sing that song as she could. Deswest Ragie, coms with me and let us seek

"Ah, new I remember it well," be

But the other two had flown; they had not waited to hear more than he would." peering down upon them from the Marie, a daugater who will be will be will be will be will be will be much more to gathering, then?" said Madge, her ghost, for there flashed from the nearly falling on the lap of their communicative that was her wons, her than I ever could have been." said Madge, her ghost, for there flashed from the nearly falling on the lap of their communicative that was her wons, her than I ever could have been."

Pardon !" exclaimed the girl apol-"But, Lady Linedale, whose is the voice of the singer?" Oh, pray don't excite yourself, Lady Beatrice!" was the cold, languid reply. "I do assure you it is only my children's governess who sings at "I do assure you it is only present-rather a nice voice, has she

Rather, indeed!" said Beatrice, tossing her head and moving on.
"Her name?" inquired Louis anxiously

'Only Miss FitzAllan, a most quiet and ordinary kind of person. Please don't trouble yourself about her."

But they did not even stay to hear

him suddenly, "we must not startle was the most promising young fellow her. She knows we are here, and is he ever employed. And there's no There were signs and rumors of a warrings in that quarter ere long.

People liked the pretty retiring girl, whose beauty and sweetness of disposition were frequently commented position were frequently commented coldly, as she watched with envious

Dolours.

"My God, Thou wilt aid me!" singing that song in the fond hope she said aloud, as the messenger that we shall hear and recognise it. See, veryone is listening; all sound my special good feeling for Pretired. "And once more, thou, wilt intercede for me, but the papers, and whose coldly, as she watched with envious and obtain for me courage and song and rob her of the well merited in the season why Mr. Bennett should be under the singing that song in the fond hope she said aloud, as the messenger that we shall hear and recognise it. See, veryone is listening; all sound has ceased. We will not spoil her of course four thousand song and rob her of the well-merited in the season why Mr. Bennett should be under the singing that song in the fond hope she said aloud, as the messenger that we shall hear and recognise it. See, veryone is listening; all sound has ceased. We will not spoil her of the well-merited in the season why Mr. Bennett should not she said aloud, as the messenger retired. "And once more, thou, see a season why Mr. Bennett should not she she said aloud, as the messenger retired. "And once more, thou, see a season why Mr. Bennett should not specific the she said aloud, as the messenger retired. "And once more, thou, see a season why Mr. Bennett should not she said aloud, as the messenger retired. "And once more, thou, see a season why Mr. Bennett should not she said aloud, as the messenger retired. "And once more, thou, see a season why Mr. Bennett should not she said aloud, as the messenger retired. "And once more, thou, see a season why Mr. Bennett should not she said aloud, as the messenger retired." "And once more, thou, see a season why Mr. Bennett should not she said aloud, as the messenger retired." "And once more, thou, see a season why Mr. picture graced the pages of many of eyes the varying and changeful lights strength to act my part. The result praise and renown it is certain to he leading journals.

In a high house standing in one of he most expansive and fashionable countenance.

In a high house standing in one of he most expansive and fashionable countenance.

It leave to thee." She rose from her same for her. Let us enter the room knees, gathered her flowing train in by yonder door; thus we shall be her trembling hands, and, with a asle to stand behind her unperceived brave hears but unsteady steps, she and watch for the moment when her descended the long flights of stairs to song is finished, and then I will for you must permit me to call you garet FitzAllan. She is governess to ness, who bowing gracefully, left the whirling scene of gaiety below. clasp her in my arms once more.

She was aware in which room the Louis, I know now whose face it was grand plane stood, upon which she that I saw as we crossed the hall; it was expected to perform, and like was hers, but I did not dare to raise every description, and whose sole acquired that peculiar air of birth one is a dream she glided silently your hopes until I was more certain

He pressed her hand warmly, and they moved quietly to the other door. Catching sight of Reginald and Marie, they backened them towards them. and soon they all stood a few yards Lepeyre.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE HOPE OF THE DE VAUCOULEURS

Madame de Vaucoulsurs flitted joyously from one big room to another, carefully placing the seft sushions where they hid the most badly worn places in the French velvet upholstery of the resewood chairs, moving a table that it might cover ne spet where the carpet was worn through, and making a stool cover a drawing the point-lace curtains into closer folds, that the beautitul darns in them might be less conspicuous and adjusting the shades so that they prevented the sun's garish finger from pointing out the shabbiness of the once paintial rooms. Afterwards she went to the little garden before the house-the only part of her spacious grounds that did not look neglected—and gathered an armful of pink and white roses. With exquisite taste she arranged them in an old slightly cracked Sevres vase, and a tall crystal pitcher which had been one of her mother's wedding gifts.

As she was placing the second bouquet on a table in the drawingroom a sprightly dark-faced little woman, far more typically French in appearance than Madame de Vaucoulsurs, came into the room, fanning herself and saying vivaciously :

"The front door was standing open so I did not knock. Oh, how lovely your roses are, especially the white ones. And Philipps loves roses. Surely heaven made this perfect day as a setting for his home coming? I fan myself from force of habis, but really it's not at all hot this morning.
I could easily imagine that I am at Beloxi instead of New Orleans-late

in June though it is." Madama de Vaucouleurs smiled. I am glad that it is a nice day. As protested. you say, Cousin Marie, everything—everything—is perfect for Philippe's coming. And to think that at last he will be home to stay-to stay-Miss Lapsyre's face was buried in the largest bauquet of roses and the made no reply, except to ask a minute efterward, as she sank into a

Madame de Vaucouleurs laughed again far sheer joy. She had not seen so happy in many years. Laava him to me. Marie! Already the Bentons, and Laverts, Beauchards, and Jean Morreau have told me that they will be here by three? I fear that I shall not do much more than look at Philippe across the room today-or tomorrow. sither. But even that—and he will

time is his train due?"

not go away any more." Every one loves him; that's the trouble," grumbled Miss Lepsyre, who loved him only less than his mother did. "I can's imagine why." she added, trying to look as if she means what she said.

"Nor I; there is no reason,"
Madame de Vaucouleurs rejoined merrily, and then went on, as she searranged her flawers for the third time and raised one of the shades a little. "I told you, didn't I, that he graduated at the head of his class.' It was the fifth time in two days that she had teld Miss Lepsyre, but

the loval little causin school her words almost as enthusiastically if indeed, she were hearing the news for the first time.
"At the head of his class! And it

was a big class, tee. But I knew that the first few notes. Beatrice thought Madame de Vaucouleurs sank into of the face she had seen that night a chair at last, as if she were a little weary despite her happiness, and for

Father Gallagher laughed heartily, of disappointment taking possession of one long loved and well remembered."

corner, was enjoying a deep flirtation with a rich but lately widowed intimate friend though she has always been to all- the de Vaucoul

No one but Philippe and I know what a struggle it has been to send him to college and afterwards to give him his engineering course. These last years, when prices have advanced so outrageously, I could not have afforded it at all if Philipps had not worked during his vacation and made enough almost to pay his own way. He did so well that Mr. Bennett—of Bennett, Lagois & Co.-has offered him a salary of four thousand dollars a year and advancement if he deserves it. And he will deserve it; you know that he will, Marie."

Miss Lapsyre made a quick little gesture to emphasize her words. "Deserve it—he'll deserve anything! He's clever and ambisious and a hard worker, for all his fun. It isn't only you and I who think so; Mr. Ber himself told me last summer that he reason why Mr. Bennett should have any special good feeling for Philippe.

"Of course four thousand a year isn't wselth," Madame de Vaucoulours continued after a little pause But that, with what we have, will enable us to begin to improve the house and grounds a few months from now. We have waited so long Philippe and I-many, many years. We both love this old, old houseand all it stands for; the generations who have lived and died here, two of them Gevernors of the State, one a Major General in 1861, one a member of Pierce's Cabinst, and one a priest —a missionary in India." As Madame de Vaucouleurs finished her face flushed a little; she was ashamed of having boasted even to Miss

It's a beautiful old house, with glorious traditions," Miss Lepeyre But, of course, the place is agraed. need of repair.

Every corner of it, inside and out woodwork and walks; and furnisare the roof, the pillars, and the garden but if Philippe succeeds-why after a faw years we will begin to live as De Vausouleurs should.

Miss Lapeyre nodded earnestly The henor of the house meant much to her, and she cordially disliked each new family that climbed into promisence and filled places which had long belonged to her old friends and

relatives. Of course, the estate was never able to support such splendor as Philippe's grandfather loved and insisted upon having, but it is not easy to understand how he spent the vast sums that slipped through his fingers." Madame de Vaucculeurs said thoughtfully. "My busband was more level-headed, more practical. He did what he could to the mostgages, and so on, but he died so young! He was only thirty, remember. Philippe was a little child then, but as my husband lay ill he said to me, again and again, I'm not werrying about you or about the estate. There is enough for you and the boy to live on, and when he is a man he will do what I have not had time to do.

We've planned each step of the regeneration, Philippe and I. The house can be made palatial once more, and the grounds levely. for the plantation up the river, it needs only a little money and good deal of work to make it a gold mine. And-and bye and bye, Philippe will marry and bring his wife bere, and-She was smiling and her eyes shone. She had dreamed it all a thousand

Miss Lepeyre laughed teasingly.

"Marie Boudranux!" she suggested. Madame de Vaucouleurs laughed too-laughed happily-although she "They were friends when they were children: that is all':' adding to herself, rather than to Miss Lepsyre: "A dear girl, and one of his own class."

It was half-past two o'clock when Philippe de Vaucouleuss reached home, and by three old friends and life-long neighbors had begun to big, comfortable chair, "At what stream into the house, so it was almost evening before his mother had an oppertunity to talk quietly with him alone. She had gone out on the gallery, and it was there that he found her when the last visitor had said good bye.

Sit hers class beside me, Philippe, and les me look at you. Do you know, I have thought all afternoon that you are a little pale. Are you well dearest? Philippe took her hand to his and

held it fast. "Pastty well, mother," he said. After a little silence, she asked another quastion. "Worried about

anything, my son?" Well, yes," Philippe admitted very vely. "Worried a great deal gravely. about -about you, mother."

Madame de Vaucouleurs starsled by the gravity of his tone and the sudden paller of his face. Tell me, Philippe," she said, very very, very quietly.

'Il is-ob, mother, I know it will hust you! You have made so many sacrifices for me. You have counted so much on my retrieving the family forsuper, and so did my father -- and l meant to-I want to be a priest, mother !"

He had said it at last. He dared not even glanes at her, but he felt her hand tremble in his and heard har catch her breath sharply. A long minuts passed before she toward him. He looked into her there was a light in her eyes that he had never seen there when they planned the future glories of the de

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS

MURPHY & GUNN MARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTANIAN

sitors for The Home Bank of Canada Solicitors for the Roman Catholic Episcopal Corporation

Butte 83. Bank of Totonto Chambare LONDON, CANADA Phone 176 FOY, KNOX & MONAHAN

ERISTEES, SOLICETORS, NOTARIES SPRE T. Louis Monathon George Known Cable Address: "Foy"

Lelephones Main 461 Main 462 Offices : Continental Life Building DORNER BAY AND RICHMOND STRUKER

DAY, FERGUSON & CO BARRISTERS hn M. Ferguson reph P. Walsh TORONTO, CAMANA

LUNNEY & LANNAN BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTABING Harry W. Lunney, B. A., B. C. L. Alphonsus Lannan, LL. B. CALGARY, ALBERTA

JOHN H. McELDERRY

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR NOTARY PUBLIC CONVEYANCER

HERALD BLDG. ROOM 24 GUELPH, ONT.

ARCHITECTS

WATT & BLACKWELL Members Ontario Association ARCHITECTS Strib Floor, Bank of Toronto Chambon LONDON, ONT. DENTISTS

DR. BRUCE E. EAID Boom 5, Domin'on Bank Cherebon.

EDUCATIONAL

St. Jerome's College Founded 1864 KITCHENER, ONT.

Excellent Business College Departm Excellent High School or Academic tent. Excellent College and Philo epartment. Address: REV. W. A. BENINGER, C.R., President

Westervel School Diplomas Are B. E. A. Diplomas W. F. MARSHALL, Principal.

FUNERAL DIRECTORS

John Forguson & Sons

180 KING ST. The Leading Undertakers & Himbalmers Open Night and Day Telephone-House 375 Factory 543

E.C. Killingsworth FUNERAL DIRECTOR Open Day and Night 389 Burwell St. Phone 3971

LOUIS SANDY



GORDON MILLS

Habit Materials and Veilings SPECIALLY PRODUCED FOR THE USE OF

BLACK, WHITE, AND COLOURED SERGES and CLOTHS, VEILINGS CASHMERES, ETC.

RELIGIOUS COMMUNITIES

cked in a large variety of widths and qualities Samples forwarded on applica LOUIS SANDY

Gordon Mills, STAFFORD, ENGLAND Telegrams—Luisandi, Stafford. 'Phone No. 106

In the Country of Jesus

By MATILDA SERAO A very charming account of travel

and worship in the Holy Land by a writer of the first rank, recording the impressions of a devout and truly poetic mind. Postpaid 90c. Catholic Record

LONDON, ONT.

87 YONGE ST., TORONTO Phone Main 4030

Hennessev

"Something More Than a Drug S

CUT FLOWERS PERFUMES CANDIES

Order by Phone