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### HONOUR WITHOUT RENOWN

BY MRS. INNES BROWN

author of "Three Daughters of the United

CHAPTER XVI.

Sister Marguerite was speak ing of hope and repentance to her suffering patient, another scene was being enacted, which, though quite trivial in itself, bore strongly upon our present narrative. Just as the stable clock, in solemn tones, anounced the hour of seven, there issued from the door of the quiet Western Lodge at Baron Court the form of a woman, closely enveloped in a long dark closk which entirely her figure, leaving exposed only her head, upon which she wore a small, closely-fitting black bonnet secured by white ribbons. A long black gauze veil hung over her features and concealed them, when allowed to fall back into its proper position, together with the deep white collar and cuffs which ancircled her neck and wrists, gave her much the appearance of the ordinary hospital nurse.

Locking the door securely hehind her and putting the key safely in her pocket, she paused on the little garden path and looked fondly If there was one thing she loved to linger over, tend, and watch, it was her garden; and soon—in a few weeks—it would be a pleasant picture indeed to gaze upon. It was only May, but Nature had called forth the green buds early that year, and this was a sunny sheltered nook. Was there one rose bud, she wondered, sufficiently defined to pluck? She stooped over her favorite tree and raised the branches, looking at them proudly and tenderly; to her joy, she found one just bursting through its green envelope. This she carefully plucked, and after pressing it to her lips in memory bygone days, and murmuring to herself. "I was ever his sweet mountain rose," she placed it, with a deep sigh, in the front of her dress beneath her cloak. Innocent little rose! Though the wearer knows it not, you have your mission to fulfil; you shall carry to a captive heart a message of true love, strong hope, and faithful

endurance Then Marion MacDermont walked through the little gate, and drawing it securely to, turned and looked once more at her home. She would not be long absent from it, thought; "and Heaven aid and strengthen me for the task before me," she prayed, "and breastely back to work for him." "and bring me

After glancing once or twice furtively around, she passed through the larger and private gate and bent her steps along the high road leading towards the village of Oakhome. One more look around, to assura herself that no one was watching her movements, then adjusting the small hand-bag which she carried, and drawing on her black silk gloves, she held her veil securely down, and with a quick, light step, but with fluttering heart, passed on her

Since the day upon which Earl de Woodville—then Lord Grantheuse— had first driven the shy blushing into the very heart of the seclusion of Oakhome; and a small neat station had risen up in its midst, to which Marion was now wending

was growing dusk as she hurriedly mounted the steps leading to the upper portion of the station, after having secured her first class ticket at the office below, and there paced wearily up and down until the train should come into view.

So engrossed was she in her own thoughts that she failed to observe that she was recognised, nay, that her very entrance into the station. her every movement, had been closely watched and commented upon by three of the village scandalmongers and gossips. We will not linger over the spiteful remarks they passed upon her "disguise," as they pleased to term her drass, nor the virtuous manner in which they assured each other that they felt obliged to inform the Countess and their neighbors of this secret midnight excursion, which could not but be linked with some deep, dark mystery that it would be their plain and painful duty to unravel. Nor will we enlarge upon the bold manner and virtuous, indignant stars which each of them cast upon poor Marion through the open window of her She should know that she was not only recognized, but was severely condemned by them for this midnight escapade. right had the likes of her to a first-class carriage? Marion shrank from their ill-natured remarks, many of which she plainly overheard—as they intended her to do—and sinking upon the seat at the further end of the carriage, turned her face to the window and looked at the rising the reality of any anxiety or sintended to arise at once from all points of the compass.

Night and darkness carry their own power of augmenting and magnifying the reality of any anxiety or the dark ridge of trees which darkened her little home. She was glad and thankful when the train moved on the head of the head moon, which was just visible above

1 .

crushed heart, even they might have paused in admiration at the vision of so much patient endurance. What a pity it is that more of us do not pause ere we let fly the cruel dark which oft-times pierces so sorely nay, sometimes morally wounds—our neighbor's aching heart!

On rushed the train, gathering speed as it went; and higher and higher in the clear evening sky rose Whilst Father Lawrence was pacing the roads, his mind in a a rolling plain of sleeping meadows, turmoil of perplexity and doubt, with the cottage lights dotted here and there, now a silent glen, dark With hollow rattle and and gloomy. With hollow rattle and shricking whistle it had crossed the bridge over the shining river, and dashed into and out of the glo Presently they were intrudtunnel. ing boldly where, perchance, once stood some proud castle or monastery, each in itself more or less cemetery. As Marion pressed her face nearer to the glass she became fascinated by the dim and ever-changing view, and some lines which, when a child, had once been read to her from an old poem, came to her mind; they seemed to her appropriate now, and served to appropriate now, divert her thoughts for a moment :

> The dead lay down to rest, To wait the first sound of the judg.

ment day! The railway whistle woke 'em up; They're shovelled all away."

So upon this night, under this same moon, Manfred, ill in mind and body, brocded over his brother's wrongs, as he tossed on his bed of pain and suffering. Sister Marguerite, after her day of toil, unable to rest for the noise and horrors around, was praying for the poor prisoner and her charges; Father Lawrence, his mind racked with anxiety for the same cause, was his silent church, kneeling in beseeching Heaven for help; whilst Marion, the faithful wife, was speeding to his side, though he knew it the subject of their And thought and prayer lay peacefully smiling in his sleep on his hard

CHAPTER XVII. None of those whose fate it was to be in Paris during those last days when, after severe fighting, the Communists were finally driven back, are

The roar of cannon, the roll of musketry, had been continuous. To the north and the south, the east and the west of the city and its suburbs, barricades were raised and batteries levelled against them. Even the last resting places of the quiet dead, the cemeteries, were entrenched; whilst in the churches, notably that of St. Sulpice, the foes met in mortal combat, and kneeling upon one knee took aim from behind the stately pillars, slaughtering one another on the very threshold of the sanctuary

The terrors of these few days seemed doubled and trebled on that last night when the Communists were finally vanquished. No sooner had the sun set, and darkness enveloped the city, than from the Tuileries and other palatial buildings arose columns of black, blinding smoke, so dense as effectually to obscure the pale light of the moon as she climbed the blue vault. These columns were intersected by rapid and flaming tongues of fire which, as they leaped up into the air, shed a lurid light around, lapping up and destroying in their greedy haste every combustible school girl, Marie Blake, now his dear little wife, to his paternal home at Baron Court, the steam locomotive around, intent upon their heartless had, with its usual indifference to the ancient and beautiful, forced its way largest and stateliest buildings, with matches upon it until, what with the bombardment and malicious aid of these wretches, flames burst forth in all directions, not only from the Tuileries, the palaces of the Legion of Honour, of the Council of State, of the Court of Accounts, but even from the Palais Royal and the Hôlel de

The fires burst forth simultaneously in all directions; it was beyond the resources of the city to subdue them until they had completed their work of destruction. Seen through the light of the crimson flames the disc of the pale moon looked red and inflamed, whilst the darkened vault above was lined with sparks of fire marking the course of the shells as they flew from battery to battery.

There was no rest for the tired inmates of the little Convent of the Rue de Cloys. Under obedience, Sister Marguerite had lain down to repose her weary limbs; but too much disturbed by the uproar without, and racked with anxiety for the safety of Ma Four and her community, who were in the very midst of the heat and strife of the battle, she and all her companions had gradually sat aside all thought of sleep. One after another they had risen to pray for a speedy cessation, and for safety for poor Paris and all their friends. Soon they had collected in twos and threes, and were watching with white scared faces through the various little windows the reflection upon the now darkened sky of the great raging conflagrations which seemed to arise at once from all

own power of augmenting and mag-nifying the reality of any anxiety or or worries which under the glars of

unendurable to her, and she longed for the first streak of daylight, when she might sally forth and lend her little aid in the endeavor to still and lend the burned a ray of eager joy, a fit reflection of that light above.

thought of the poor prisoner in his lonely cell preyed upon her mind, and she almost wept as she besought Heaven to befriend him speedily. The moonlight shone upon her up. of entreaty she knelt.

Small wonder, then, that as he slept the prisoner smiled : for far above his dull, sad surroundings, borne up by the prayers of others, soared his now unfettered mind; and by his side his guardian spirit stood ever ready to ward off the Evil One, and to whisper words of hope and faith; and low he bowed, in reverent love and gratitude, as he caught the prayers of her who kept the midnight vigil for his precious charge.

Ever and anon Sister Marguerite's thoughts flew to the bedsides of her own special charges, and frequently her gaze wandered in the direction Madame Corbette's domicile. There had been some stiff fighting near, but the Communists had vacated their posts and had fled panic-stricken in every direction. but the Communists had while every now and again shells from the captured batteries followed their flight, "putting in imminent peril my poor little cottage," thought the nun, as she strained her eyes once more in that direction. "God grant that it at least may be spared." Filled with an overwhelming anxiety the Superioress rang a bell, likely ever to forget the horrors of it. and thus summoned her small com-The roar of cannon, the roll of munity around her. "They would retire to the little oratory," she said, "and await in prayer the return

> It was still but early dawn when, in answer to urgent calls at the Convent gate, she allowed her Sisters to depart on their different errands of charity. To each she imparted stringent orders, with grave instructions as to care and prudence in running no unnecessary risks.

When all the others had departed, one alone remained, and this was Sister Marguerite. the only one left unemployed ? Truly she hoped not; for in her present frame of mind inactivity was the one thing she dreaded most.

Turning at last towards her, the face of the Superioress beamed suddenly with fresh warmth and kindness. Did she not guess quite easily the impatient zeal that was burning in this little English Sister's heart? Taking her therefore by the hand, she said kindly but reservedly :

Some little time ago there came most urgent call for you, Sister Marguerite; but learning that there was great danger on the way, I scarcely deemed the cause worthy of to that of her companion. "What to that of her companion. "What to that of her companion. "But son. the rick you would run in attending to it. But twice since then has the flendish joy they dropped lighted call been repeated, and I am per-

best."
"Who is it that needs my ald?" eyes full of auxiety.

Only old Madame Corbstte. It appears she is seriously worse, and entrea's that you may be allowed to visit her. But," said the elder nun, averting her eyes so as to avoid meeting the pleading free before "she has resisted grace so long! The distance to her abode is too great, and the road therato is baset with so many dangers that I cannot

bring myself to bid you go."
"Oh, Sister, think how long Heaven has waited for this old sinner's return. Remember the years she has lived in avowed separtion from God. She is very, very old, and it would so gladden my heart to see her make her peace with Him whose very existence she has en-deavoured for so long to deny. I am sure Ma Scenr would not refuse me

and patience !" The sweet face of the young nun looked so eloquent in its pleading that the Superioress was moved to yield a tardy consent, though her heart somewhat misgave her : a foreboding danger for the young Sister overshadowed her mind. However, duty must give place to sentiment, she thought, as chasing the evil present-iment from her mind, she repeated her instructions for prudence and caution; and calling an elderly woman from the kitchen-one who had sought refuge and rest in the Convent—she desired her to accom-pany Sister Marguerite; then blessing her she bade her go in God's

Having packed with alacrity her little basket of provisions, the young nun moved joyfully forward and before her, and knew that it would be some hours ere she reached her destination.

Perhaps, had her slanders and unjust accusers been permitted to

stricken face at the red firmament above, reflecting in so many places the angry glars of flames below, as she listened to the ponderous roar of cannon and continuous rattle of musketry, inaction became almost unendurable to her, and she longed to the cort attach of dashe longed to the cort attach of dashe longed in the case of the horsested street.

soothe the unfortunate partakers of the harrowing scenes.

In her agitation, and in order to procure a clearer view of what was passing around, she had mounted the stairs and gained the attic window. Opening it couldn't she was a clearer with the stairs and gained the attic. window. Opening it quickly, she passed through, and stood for a moment upon the flat root of the Convent. Then, struck with horror at all she saw, she instinctively fell upon her knees and prayed aloud for morey for all who were in partl or residence and it was a struck or a struck with the convent. mercy for all who were in peril or rapid succession in her mind, forcing should fall that night. As she knelt there, her hands tightly clasped together, her brave eyes raised, the more or less a worried, blackened appearance, she suddenly recognised a little aside, begged of him, in the turned face, and played upon the name of mercy and charity, to direct folds of her habit, as in an attitude his steps to the nearest church, and thence to conduct a priest, with all possible speed, to the abode of the dying woman.

It will save time," she argued, "if you go at once—and there is none to lose—so go, good Pierre—go quickly!—and God will bless you." There was no need to urge serve any of the kind nuns to whom he owed so much? Saluting her with the gravest respect, he his steps without hesitation in the direction of the chareb."

A smile of sudden delight broke in answer to the summons," "He is now there, for his note of yesterday acquainted me with the fact. What it God should send him to aid the poor old soul How would be to meet at such a death.

"Sister Marguerite!" cried her companion, "I am growing old, and cannot run as you do : kindly let me pause for breath. I am almost to time.
exhausted from the fatigue of hurry. ing so. Here, come this way," she gasped, suddenly jerking the unsuspecting nun round a sharp bend in the street. "See you not those the street. "See you not those ruffians ahead of us?" continued the continued the woman sharply. "We must hide in this deserted yard until they have We must hide in passed. Have you so soon forgotten your promise to be cautious?'

The woman was only too thankful for the opportunity to rest and breathe, but the quick spirit of Sister Marguerite chafed inwardly at the enforced delay. "Oh dear, oh dear —would they ever reach the poor old oman in time ?"

It was fully ten minutes before the motley mob of soldiers, with their prisoners and the usual gaping crowd, had passed, leaving the street once more in comparative quiet; then with a kind and merry word of apology to her now pacified companion, on sped the Sister again, faster than before. The poor woman gave me? it up as hopeless; and running after her, clutched tightly hold of the nun's habit. "The weight of me will steady her a little," she argued to herself: "I must do something since she will not listen to reason."

Sister Marguerite was compelled to laugh when she felt the full weight of the drag brought to bear upon her, and endeavored to still her it is yet early; perhaps, after all, I

may be in time." They were well outside the city now, amidst the deserted walls she asked quickly, her expressive houses, when Sister Marguerite suddenly stopped, and raising her hands in horror and alarm, exclaimed My God, what is that! My

cottage on fire! Oh, cease to hold me, good Melanie, and fly with me. Nay, do not detain me," she urged, springing from the woman's grasp and dropping the basket on the shat-tered pavement. "Carry that for me, and follow as quickly as you can! My patients-where are they? Kind Heaven, where are they?" she cried in slarm, as she flew down the rough, uneven street, and round the corner of the next. "Would anyone have remembered these poor creatures and have gone to their aid in Was it, indeed, her cottage, time? or was it some building close to it that was ablaze? Sweet Jesu, help them." she cried as, almost breath permission to go to her; we must less, she still ran on. One moment not lose her after all our striving more and she would be within eight of the burning pile.

TO BE CONTINUED

# A PRODIGAL'S RETURN

(By A. Raybould, in The Magnificat) The little village lay bathed in the

warm sunshine of a southern June, and a Sabbath peace was in the air. Through the stillness the bells of the parish church clanged loudly, and a crowd of peasants, in holiday attire, flocked towards the house of God. A travel stained wanderer, weary

and aged, was making his way through the same village. His hardened face did not soften as he glanced at the children singing on their way to church. It hardly relaxed whon once, looking into a home poorer than the rest, he saw an old mother bent in two with age and infirmity passing her resary through her gnarled and wrinkled fingers, while listened the good Father's tears minher tears fell softly. Yet he paused gled with those of his penitent. As

gaze into her over-burdened and stricken face at the red firmament but the air was still heavily laden a moment, looking through the open he spoke the solemn words of abso-

candles upon the altar, and garlands of flowers. Some feast was being

celebrated. In curiosity the stranger halted before the church door, and as he did so some words of the sermon reached him. Some chord of memory was struck, some fibre subconsciousness stirred, and he

entered the church.
"The Heart of Jesus is calling you, is waiting for you here! The Heart of Jesus has been yearning over you all these years! Perhaps of God will show you how to atone "God will show you how to atone" His Heart has never forgotten you. You have wandered in the paths of He is waiting now for your return. The weight of your crime is crushing you? His Hands are out-stretched to lift that burden from your soul. You despair of His mercy? His Heart is ready to forthe figure of old Pierre. She went mercy? His Heart is ready to for straight up to him, and drawing him give though your offenses are numer. ous as the sands of the seashore. His love knows no limits, His mercy

stranger might have heard any day, but now they seemed addressed to him alone. They conveyed a new meaning, carried with them a power more; what would he not do to of grace. They went straight to the man's heart and changed it in a moment.

once familiar had had its effect. Perhaps the religious surroundings stirred memories long dormant. Percy.—Father de Woodville—be sent of grace which did its work. Rethought "He is now these for the pentance filled the wanderer's heart and tears rose to his eyes. His thoughts traveled back to the days when he had knelt before this same poor old soul! altar as a child, learning the truths beautiful it of faith. The old-time faith came back to him in that hour.

He stood as one in a dream, one for whom the present is lost in the past, for whom the passing moment has more relation to eternity than The sermon over, Mass was re-

The stranger fell on his sumed. knees and buried his face in his hands. He was still kneeling thus when the crowd left the church.

Some hours later the priest was walking in his garden when a man

appeared at the gate.
"Might I speak with your Reverthe stranger asked rather timidly.

"Certainly," answered the priest.
"But your Reverence, I cannot speak here, I have much to tell you." The priest led the way into his study, and begged his visitor be seated. The man twisted his bat uneasily between his hands, tears rose to his eyes and when he tried to speak a sob choked his utterance.

Encouraged kindly by the priest, at length he asked : Does your Reverence remember No, my friend, I do not remem-

ber ever having seen you before." "You have often seen me. I served your Mass when I was a lad. I am Jean Paquin.

The priest started. But you were sentenced," he said. "Yes I have served my seven comfortable." years," the man answered.

pose it killed my mother ?" No, your mother is still living. Would you like to go to her ?' sin and sorrow of

first speak with you. But where and repentance.

I remember it, and I saw the house today. I saw an old woman in it—Good God! Can it have been it was his joy to work.

my mother ? How changed she is !" sobs broke the man's utterance. There was a pause before he went on. "But I must not think of her yet, but only of what I came to you

"And what is that?" asked the "My sine, my sins," groaned the

man, and the tears ran down his withered cheeks. God can forgive your sins," said

the priest. I believe that, your Reverence, but it must be now! When you spoke in the church today, I thought you were only speaking to me. I thought you could see into my soul and that you knew all its secret deeds of guilt. I thought you could see my hands steeped in blood and my feet wet with the tears of those

whom I have injured." "Hush, hush, my son," interrupted the prices. "When you are calm you can confess your sins. You are agitated now."

Yes, I am sgitated, for my heart is broken, broken because of my But I am calm enough to sins! repent. While you were preaching a light came into my soul and I saw there horror and God's love and pity. I know He can forgive even such as I am. But I cannot rest an hour till I have confessed my sins. You have a father's pity and you will allow me to lay bare my soul to

Come," said the priest and he led him to the confessional.

It was such a story as even God's priests seldom beam, and as he listened the good Father's tears min-

owder door. The place seemed familiar, but lution his voice broke. He could think only of the words: "There His way led him past the church.

Its door stood open and through it he could see the flicker of many penance than upon ninety-nine just

Truly the feast of the Sacred Heart had been rich in its harvest of mercy !

As the stranger rose to leave, he said, "How shall I make reparation for the past in the short time which remains to me?"

How do you know that it will be short ?" asked the priest. still young."

for the past. Leave the future to Him. For the present, your first duty is to your mother."

she not scorn me if I return to her. Trust her mother's heart. Seek her forgiveness at once." And bent on the fulfilment of this duty, the man went out at once through the priest's garden.

But can she forgive me? Will

can find peace, where alone you can find pardon and joy—"

They were simple words which the stranger might have heard are the was late in the afternoon and the mountains were throwing long shadows across the valley, their summits glowing in the evening light, and the little village. ling whiteness against the purples and greens of the hills beyond. It was a scene of vivid and light and it corresponded with the man's mood. the inward light which was illumin-Perhaps the sound of a voice ating his soul, and he stood awhile gazing on the scene and blessing God for His mercy.

Then he went towards his mother's house. It was a tumbledown costage, poor beyond his expectations. Suffering and poverty had written their tale upon its walls for all to read—the man read it, and with it the tale of his own shame. He heeitated before the door, for

it was closed, and he did not know whether to knock or to enter. At last he softly lifted the latch and went in.

The door led immediately into a small living room, bare of even the rudest necessaries. On a stool be-fore a little table, reading an old prayer book, sat an old woman. The crippled body, the white hair, the turrowed face, all spoke of pain and privation. He had time to take it all in, for absorbed in devotion she had not noticed his approach till he stood beside her. Mother," he said softly, and she

looked up. He expected the withered lips to curse him, but she only looked at

him in blank astonishment. For a moment she scanned him from head to foot, then stretching out her bony hand she turned up the sleeve of his coat. knew she was searching for an old mark. Then she stretched out her

arms and drew him to herself. "You have come back !" she said. Can you forgive me, Mother ?-

God has forgiven me. "A mother's heart is like the Saviour's heart, it can always for give," she said, while the tears rained from her weak eyes.

"I do not deserve your forgive. ness, mother." Are you come to stay ?" she said. looking at him with hungry eyes.

"I'll stay if you will let me, Mother. I can at least make you He stayed, and their lives became

one, for they had one common What Sorrow and infirmity have crippled interest-God-God, whose love had her, but she lives and prays for her bridged over the chasm made by the Not now, your Reverence—I must united them at last through prayer The old house by the stream was

"In the old white house by the stream was abandoned, and another and better home substituted, a home which the son goon appriched by the stream was

plete he was struck down by an illness which chained him for months, to a bed of pain. The old mother nursed him, thus satisfying her longstarved instinct of devotion. her efforts were unavailing, he grew worse day by day. He took pains to hide his suffering from her, and she never heard a murmur escape his lips. Only the priest who was constantly by his side knew the inten eity of his pain, knew too, that his illness was as mysterious as it was painful. The man understood. It was his atonement, the atonement he had desired—and he blessed God Who had nailed him to the cross. Upon it he learned the secrets of divine love, learned them to such an extent that his friend, the priest, marvaled at the working of grace in his soul.

The time had been short, but the

result of grace had been so swift and perfect that every fibre of the man's being seemed to be on fire with the love of Jesus Christ.

At last the end came. The priest was kneeling at the man's bedside, the mother stood on the other side looking into the eyes of her dying son. All at once he raised himself and—he seemed to be looking upon something invisible to the others. Then his lips parted and he said :

"He is there, the Saviour, I see Him. His Sacred Heart is open to receive me." And he fell back upon his pillow dead. The Sacred Heart had had one mere triumph. Another prodigal was safe in the Father's arms.

The idle find the days long and the years short .- Diderot.

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