### A DAUGHTER OF THE SIERRA

BY CHRISTIAN REID

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#### CHAPTER IV-CONTINUED

They rode under the overhanging shade of trees, and dismounted be-fore a house of more pretension than most of the quebrada residences : an abode structure, with a long, parti-ally enclosed corridor in front, instead of the usual ramada. In this corridor one or two lamps were burning; a table, covered with a cloth and bearing some dishes, stood; while various figures, both masculine and feminine, were moving about; and as the newcomers rode up a middle-aged man came forward to meet them.

Ah, Don Pablo !- come esta Vd.? said Lloyd, putting out his hand. It was dark under the trees, but

Don Pablo knew the voice. "It is Don Felipe!" he announced delightedly. "Don Felipe himself! A thousand welcomes, senor. I knew you would come back, although you told us you were going away to

Yes, I am back," Lloyd answered. "And you are well? and Dona Maria? and all the family? Good! This is my friend, Senor Armistead, — another Americano. You can give us food for ourselves and our horses

All that I have is yours, senor, and you shall be served as soon as possible; but there are many people here to night, and my wife and daughter have their hands full." Who are the people?'

'The Gerente of the Caridad, with a party, senor; and the adminis trader of the Santa Cruz, with his We passed the conducta out yon-

der, and-but what is that ?" It is the ladies in huerta, senor, singing.

The ladies ?"
Dona Victoria Calderon and the daughter of the Gerente of the Car-

Lloyd turned to his companion.

Do you hear that?" he asked. The singing? Certainly," Armiad answered. "What does he say He says that the singers are

Miss Rivers and Dona Victoria Cal Dona-who ?"

The daughter of the owner of the Santa Cruz Mine,-if you understand that better." Armistead stared.

You don't mean it !" he said. It does seem like overdoing the coincidence business," Lloyd admitted. "But since things always turn up when you want them, and it's to be supposed that you want Dona Victoria, she has only followed the rule in obligingly turning up.

Rather prematurely," Armistead arned. "I could have waited for the pleasure of meeting her; but, after all, I suppose it is a lucky accident. She doesn't know who I am or why I'm here, and this meeting will give me a chance to study her a We'll wash our faces and join them.

A little later they came upon a pretty scene in the huerta. The aspect of this charming place — a grove of orange-trees, forming deightful vistas for the eye, all green and gold in daylight and full of shadowy mystery at night—had so enchanted Miss Rivers that she insisted upon her tent being pitched here. A moon but little past the full was now risen over the heights and poured its radiance into the que-brada, showing every fold of the great hills, flashing on the swift crystal river, making a fairy lace-work of silvery lights and black shadows in the wide alleys of the huerta. The white canvas of the tent shone like snow under the broad boughs of glossy foliage; and before its door, over which a Moorish lantern hung, with the light gleaming jewel-like through ruby glass, a group was gathered in various easy attitudes—Miss Rivers, Dona Victoria, Thornton and Mac-Kenzie, on bright colored blankets and cashions; Mr. Rivers and Don Mariano a little withdrawn to one side, and more sedately seated on chairs brought from the house.

Lloyd and Armistead as they an. proached under the trees, paused at sight of this group : struck not so much by its general picturesqueness as by the central figure on which the moonlight fell most broadly .- the figure of the Mexican girl, who, as she sat in the lustrous radiance, with a guitar in her hands, seemed en-dowed with a beauty altogether marvellous. She was singing at the moment, and what she sang was 'La Golondriana,"—that sweetest and saddest of Spanish airs, the very

cry of an exile's broken heart : Adonde ira, veloz y fatigada, La golondrina que de aqui se va, O si en el viento se hallara estra-

Buscando abrigo y no lo encontrara.

There was a pause, in which no one stirred; and then, like honey dropping from the honeycomb, the low, rich notes fell again on the

Ave querida, amada peregrina, Mi corazon al tuyo estrechare Oire tu canto, tierna golondrina, Recordare mi patria y llorare.

With a cadence full of tenderness and pathos, the voice died into silence over the last words: and

'La Golondrina' before. They are exquisite. And one might fancy that you had been an exile like delightfulness of her companionship; Aben Hamed in the other version, senorita,-you sing them so feel-

to understand them, senorita," Vic-toria answered, in a voice almost as musical as her singing tones; but I learned these words from my mother, who has felt all that they

Why, Lloyd-Armistead!" Mr. Rivers suddenly perceived the two figures now advancing from the shadows. "So you two fellows have caught up with us!

It hasn't been very hard to do," Lloyd remarked as they shook hands. "Your progression seems to have been most leisurely."

"Why not? Haven't we left the Land of Hurry behind? Isabel, you remember Mr. Armistead and Mr. Lloyd? And we have some Mexican friends with us. Lloyd, you know Don Mariano Vallejo, of course? Don Mariano,"—lapsing into Span-ish—" let me introduce Mr. Armisstead, a distinguished mining expert from the States, come to examine the mineral resources of your country in the interests of capitalists. And this is the Senorita Dona Victoria Calderon. Dona Victoria, these senores Americanes desire to place themselves at your feet."

was all over presently - the hand-shaking, bowing, compliments and the senores Americanos dropped into their places,—Armistead by the side of Miss Rivers, and Lloyd near Thornton, who expressed his pleasure at seeing him again.

"I was afraid you had grown dis-gusted and left us," he said. "I'm glad to see you haven't. There are great chances here, once this region is opened up; and you have spent too much time in the Sierra to let other men come in and win the

prizes."
"They are likely to do that any way," Lloyd answered. "I have long since made up my mind that I'm one of the unlucky dogs of the

world, who win no prizes."
"It's your own-fault if you are—
but it doesn't look like it just now. To have got hold of Trafford's expert is pretty good luck." The boot is on the other leg—he

has got hold of me."
"Whichever leg it is on, you can make use of him can't you? here to look up mines, isn't he?" He's

To some extent." "Oh, I'm not asking you to violate confidence! One knows the mystery in which these gilt-edged experts enwrap their business. Diplomatists settling the affairs of nations aren't in it with them. Some day I intend to begin to put on such airs myself.

It seems the only road to success."
"Don't begin yet. You are too good a fellow to be spoiled. And really Armistead doesn't put on the airs to which you allude to any offensive extent. But tell me how things are going with you, and how come to be with these people of the

Santa Cruz?"
"Purely by accident. They came up with us at the noon rest to-day, and we've travelled together since. I wish they were-elsewhere.'

"Well, Miss Rivers has taken a great fancy to Dona Victoria, and devotes all her attention to her. This makes things rather tiresome for the rest of us."
"Meaning Mackenzie and your

self .- I see. But Mao is putting in his time very well just now, and the girl is magnificently handsome. Thornton glanced at Dona Victoria and Mackenzie, who were talking to-

gether.
"She's handsome certainly—to anybody who likes the style," he answered. "I have been in it a great deal, and I like it extremely." (You — have understood?' he kenzie, he's more of a Mexican than Her surprise was now mingled He had been there half an bour. anything else, and always gets on with the same incredulity she had theiress, you know. Her mother's the sole owner of the Santa Cruz Mine."

Mer surprise was now integrate with the same incredulity she had shown when Miss Rivers declared her admiration of the quebrads.

"You like the Sierra!" she repeated. "That is not common with

woman for a Mexican," Thornton continued. "Manages the business woman for a secondary well.

herself and does it uncommonly well.

Even gives orders to Don Mariano vonder, who looks as if he could take vonder, who looks as if he could take orita," he remarked. "There are orita," he rem perience with him. We part with them to morrow, I'm glad to say. How about Armistead and yourselt? You are going on to Topia, I

suppose? The cordiality of the supposition is so great that I regret not being able to say positively that we are, but we may go instead to Canelas. There's some property in that neigh borhood we wish to look at."

Then you'll travel with the Santa

Cruz party, no doubt?" Passibly—if we like to do so." "Oh, I should think you'd like! Dona Vistoria, as you've said, is tremendously handsome and the Santa Cruz Mine is the best ore-producer in this part of the Sierra.'

" I fail to see the connection." "Many men would see it quickly enough. Armistead would, but I suppose he's too prosperous now for that sort of thing. But, prosperous or not' the speaker rose with an air of determination,—"I don't see why he should be permitted to monopolize Miss Rivers, and I'm going to join them. Will you come?"

Lloyd looked at the girl who was talking to Armistead. Had he never seen her before he would have felt attracted by the charm, resistless as

after a moment it was Miss Rivers who spoke:

"I never heard those words of had talked with her under the stars delightfulness of her companionship; and he was conscious, therefore, of a temptation to share, even with others in the conversation, so sweet, so gay, so full of that quick comprehension and sympathy which is the fine flowis answered, in a voice almost as conversation, so sweet, so gay, so full of that quick comprehension and sympathy which is the fine flowical as were all the sympathy which is the flowical as were all the sympathy which is the flowical as were all the sympathy which is the flowical as were all the sympathy which is the flowical as were all the sympathy which is the flowical as were all the sympathy which is As they were entering the huerta Armistead had said :

" You know my Spanish isn't good enough for conversational purposes, so I wish you would cultivate the Santa Cruz young woman. Try to find out, as far as possible, what

kind of person she is.' "I didn't engage for diplomatic service," Lloyd reminded him.

But you engaged to do my talk ing, and this is a case where it's very important that it should be done," Armistead responded impatiently. "I'd like to exchange some of my French and German for a little Spanish just now: but, since that isn't possible, I must use yours—and I want the benefit of all the brains you have in the bargain.'

It was the recollection of this which moved Lloyd when, in reply to Thornton's last words, he answered a little reluctantly:

'Thanks!-no. Miss Rivers will be quite sufficiently monopolized with yourself and Armistead. I believe I'll join Mackenzie and cultivate the heiress of the Santa Cruz.

CHAPTER V.

UNDER THE ORANGE TREES That Mackenzie was quite ready resign his place by the heiress of the Santa Cruz became apparent as soon as Lloyd approached them. He

arose with alscrity, commending the newcomer to Dona Victoria's consideration, and then himself made haste Lloyd looked after him with a an immeasurable distance. her head. These accessories-fragments of the modern craze for tungs ments of the modern craze for tungs and bizarre,—which had been brought by Miss Rivers for purdent decoration, seemed to decoration, seemed to decoration, seemed to decoration decoration.

of wrought iron swinging in so many shadowy arcades and dim chapels since the sixteenth century, Especially they suited this girl, who belonged to the world they suggested, or at least to a world remote from all that is classed under the term more widely differing hereditary in-fluences which might be supposed to Lloyd found himself regarding her curiously; but, except in the fairness of her skin, he could perceive the no trace of alien blood. Otherwise year she seemed to him a perfect type of a race he had always admired, a superb impersonation of the finest phy-

sical traits of her people. Sierra." he said to himself: and then he spoke aloud: "I suppose that you are on your way home, senorita?" " I suppose that

"Si, senor," she answered courteously but briefly.

"I had once the pleasure of seeing your home. It is very beautifu," Lloyd went on, chosing the only
him.

opic which seemed available. She looked at him surprised. You have seen my home, senor ? It is very far in the Sierra."

But I know the Sierra well," he struck terror to his heart. great deal, and I like it extremely."

Her surprise was now mingled with the same incredulity she had shown when Miss Rivers declared shown when Miss Rivers declared beginning, but, after the first few words, he did not know if she had words, he did not know if she had said.

peated. "That is not common with "Ah!"

"Rather a remarkable young try rough and ourselves uncivilized, —at least that is what I have heard

rude in their criticism of things to the realization of overwhelming sorwhich they are not accustomed; but these are uncultivated and what we call provincial. There are others who not only admire all that is pic-

Victoria, glancing at Miss Rivers. did not suppose there were any gling to hide for a Americans of that kind until I met row of the mother. She admires even the queb-

are Americans and Americans. Unfortunately, not many like Miss Bivers have ever found their way into this part of Maxico."

"The way way in the beautiful and their way into this part of Maxico." "But you are like her if you ad-

"Is not that very inhospitable?"

"they would change all things. It would be no longer our country after from women such courage is demandmany Americans came into it. af I ed. could I would make them all stay

away!" You would banish us all—even time to dress for dinner. Miss Rivers, who admires the country so much ?"

Victoria hesitated an instant. Plainly Isabel Rivers' charm had been potent even here. But potent as it was it did not make her waver. "Yes," she said, "I would wish that even Miss Rivers did not come, because she may bring others; and, whether they admire our coun-

try or not we don't want them."
"If admiration of a country is not a passport, then there is clearly no place for me," said Lloyd, who was "And I have at the same time amused and sympathetic. It is possible that these sentiments might have yielded to a sense of natural offence at such plain speaking but for his remembrance of the story which justified both the feeling and the manner in which it was expressed. A mingling of curiosity and interest made him hers. probe a little farther. "I suppose that with these sentiments you would close the gates of your hacienda in the face of all Americans?"

Americans do not come to our hacienda, senor," Victoria answered. "But if they should—our gates are never closed to strangers. It is not the way of the Sierra.'

TO BE CONTINUED

### JACK'S MOTHER

"He died, Madam, like a soldier

and a gentleman."

The words seemed to come from smile: and the smile was still on his lad she heard them before? At lips when his glance returned to the Mexican girl, as she sat on her Or- those very words snoken, and on just iental-like pile of cushions, with the Moorish lantern hanging from the not affected her then; they had held end of the ridge pole of the tent above no significance. But now — wais her head. These accessories—frag. when was it they had been said?

to fit into the scene as perfectly as in her mind-aroom with dark green the Hispano Mores que architecture curtains, a book case with glass of the country, or the ancient lamps doors, a table covered with much

thumbed books, and, outside a gar-den bathed in sunlight. "He died, my dear, like a soldier and a gentleman."

They had been a few words spoken

by her governess at the end of a lesson on one of the world's heroes. modern. With his knowledge of the How little a man's life and death had widely differing strains of blood mattered in comparison with a few which met in her veins, and of still hours in the open air, a meadow sweet with hot hay, and alive with the myriad sounds of summer. Was have aided in moulding her charac- not that the end of the lesson. Could she not now escape into the sunlight, away from the darkness of closed room? But that was ago. What was she thinking years ago. about? Had that man a mother, too? She had not thought about his mother. Was that why she had not

> old schoolroom at home. This was her house in London, and that man opposite her had just said something, the same kind of thing her governess had said on that summer afternoon so long ago. Well, she must make an effort to be polite, to attend to sweeping. No; it wasn't chimneys She put them gent

She turned towards him. He could see her face, and, though he was an old soldier and had seen many battles, the gray numbness of it

The pleasant-faced, white-capped battles, the gray numbness of it

He waited: he saw her eves wan dar slowly round the room, seeking the everyday objects that were a reality, striving by the realization of them to force her mind back out of

raised them to his face, cut him like

'I have understood. Thank you, turesque, but who would not if they Colonel Graham, for coming yourself could change foreign manners and to tell me. It cannot have been an

couttoms, because they give variety easy task."
and color to the world."

"The senorita is like that," said now, the charm, the grace, of the "I reserved woman of the world struggling to hide for a moment the sor

She held out her hand. He took it, pressed it hard, then stumbled "Se you see I tell the truth. There awkwardly from the room, swearing softly to himself as he went down

And in the room he had left, the woman sat still by the window.

She knew it all now, everything he

mire the Sierra."

had come to tell her—the story of a "In that respect, yes. And there life given for a life, her boy dead that are many others who would be wild another man might live. The other with admiration over its beauty."

"I should be sorry for Americans and was doing well. She had asked of that kind to come," said Victoria, that. The trained politeness and deliberately. "We do not want tact of years does not easily desert The trained politeness and tact of years does not easily desert one even in a crisis. She was glad of it. She was glad, too, that that other mother was not to suffer as she was suffering. Yet, was she really of it. She was glad, too, that that other mother was not to suffer as she

"There is no merit in hospitality the only one. He had been brave; toward those who come to ruin and she must be brave, too. But it is rob," she said. "And if they did not rob," she added, with a keen instinct, the heat of battle than through the

> She rose slowly from the window and went up to her room. It was

> Her maid looked at her with sym pathetic eyes. The news that trouble was in the air had traveled to the

My black dress, please, Newman, And, Newman, Colonel Graham brought bad news. Mr. Jack has been killed in action.

The woman stopped halfway across the room, the dress in her hands. Ste looked at her mistress for a mo-ment, then let the dross fall, and And I have not even shed one

tear," thought the mother. When her husband came in later, she knew from his face that Colonel Graham had been to the club with the news. It was good of him to

save her what pain he could. "Graham has been here?" said Sir John. His eyes did not meet Yes." said Lady Mitchell.

Sir John coughed. "I'm—I'm cut up," he said. "But, bless me, I feel it worse fokyou, Di; I know what he was to you. She could not answer, and together they went into the dining room. It was a very silent meal. When their glasses had been filled with port and the butler had withdrawn. Sir John looked across the table at his wife

Woolich with flying colors the same Jack, God bless him." But tonight Sir John's hand trembled, and he raised the glass unsteadily. By an effort he straight-ened himself.

Every night since their son had left

To the man our boy saved," he

said huskily.

And then she broke down.

II. It was the beginning of a long ill ness, one to which the doctors could give no definite name, and during which she was conscious only on fatigue. Even the moments between sleeping and waking ceased to ter-rify her. She did not actively with rify her. She did not actively with to die, but neither did she wish to only active force within her, if anything so languid can be termed act

The illness lasted for six months. and the first signs of a recovery showed themselves in the wish that she were less tired. Fatigue became a monotony, and gradually-very gradually-her mind roused to resent She had been moved from Lon don to their house near the sea, and whenever his work in town allowed of his escape, Sir John came down to

south, and from her bed she could see the blue water, and the boats as

they went sailing by.
How long was it since that day
Colonel Graham had stood in the
London drawing room? She would count the boats; that would tell her how many months had passed. She began to watch, dreamily, lazcared then?
What was it? This was not the sails, that was one. Next came a yawl, that was two; then a fishing

smack, then another yawl; made four. Then came a ketch, and after that a little fussy, spluttering steamer, vomiting forth clouds of

nurse turned to the window. "Why, from its funnels, Lady Mitchell. The coal they are using on for the enlivenment of the journey, board must be very dirty stuff,"

Lady Mitchell laughed a little. How silly of me! It was Di the sixth boat, but I don't know whether I was going to count steam- his little arrangements for her comwhether I was going to coult sweam-ers or only sailing boats. Nurse, fort. He was very fond of her, and how long is it since that day—that she knew it. It was not his fault that

to get well quickly now."

Lady Mitcaell looked at her. "Yes," she said, with a little sigh, "I am going to get well. But I am not quite sure that it will be quick-

quickly as the white capped nurse mind in an overwhelming rush of had hoped. At first there was a memory. great improvement. She could be read to for two or three hours at a past now," she said one day to Helen time, and she looked forward quite when they were sitting for a few moeagerly to the doctor's visits. But then again came lassitude, and that

old utter fatigue.

-just after I was taken ill?"
"Yes; a great many," replied the
urse. "I read some of them to you nurse. and Sir John answered most of them. But you were really too ill then to take much notice, though you asked

Was there any special letter—one I asked to keep? I seem to remember something."
The nursed crossed to a drawer and took out a little folded piece of

This came from Mrs. Desmond, with a great box of violets. had stained by the color from the flow-

paper.

H. D.

Lady Mitchell looked long at the paper. Yes; Helen understood. Aloud she said to the nurse: "Mrs. Desmond understands. Her

little son was—was taken away when must say they are sorry for one, and I know they are. But she really understood, and so she didn't say anything."

There was a little pause "Do you know why she sent me violets? But of course you don't. I always loved violets, and he—Jack used to say, 'I know why you love violets, mummy; they are like me, modest and retiring.' We laughed often, and called him my little violet. He was so absurdly big. you know. suppose no one would like to give me violets again for fear of hurting me. But Helen-Mrs. Desmond-understands. Since I have begun to get better I have lain here remembering, and there are so many things to remember. I'd like you to write and me. She knew him."

And Nurse Joan wrote, a thankful little smile on her lips.

III.

At the beginning of November Lady Mitchell went into the country with Helen Desmond.

The day before her departure she turned out a small box in her room. In it she found three or four very old letters from Jack. There was a school letter, written when he was eleven years old. It told her that he had exchanged his two white rabbits fer an aeroplane, as he thought the rabbits were going to die. A hasty postscript had been added to the

letter. Jones Minor knows I think the rabbits look rather ill, but he says he can cure them. He means to be a doctor, and he makes pills out of rhubarb roots, but he can't get any

of the fellows to try them."
Evidently he had thought that, without the explanation set forth in appear a trifle dishonorable on his part. Whether pills made from rhu barb roots had been used on the rab bits with good effect she did not know; but they evidently had not succumbed as Jack had feared they would. A later letter told her that they were still living while the aero live. Life, death, everything, had become a negation; fatigue was the master's study window. She gathered that the window also had suf fered; but learning that the direction of the aeroplane's flight ha been the result of pure accident, the master had proved magnanimous. He had even defrayed the expenses of the broken window from his own pocket. He was-so the letter informed her-"a decent fellow."

She followed the letters carefully and put them back in their enve-

lopes.
There were two other documents belonging to his very early years. From babyhood he had had a mania for carpentering. Tables, chairs, doors, were alike maltreated he called it mended by him. And the bills for the work done were sent in to her. She looked at one of the papers be-

fore her. It was written in an unsteady round hand: Mother detter to Jack. For making a door shut that wudent. Four

The second paper, written in the same unsteady round hand, bore the statement:
"Mother detter to Jack. Mending Hotel

a tabul leg. I don't want bulls eyes this time. I'm giving you this; you

She put them gently back, and her on a steamer, it was something else hand shook a little. There lay the "Nurse, where doss all the smoke deepest pain—she could do nothing more for him. And she had, as Jack had written, done such a a lot.

Sir John saw them off at the sta-tion. He had engaged a reserved and ordered two luncheon baskets Lady Mitchell laughed a little.
"I thought its chimneys wanted he considered, might be trying for Lady Mitchell looked tenderly at

day—since—"-she broke off.
"Since you were taken ill? It's that makes affection love, that binds just six months. But you are going | two souls by the completest cord of understanding. Jack had had it. The link between them had been more than the ordinary tie between mother and son. It had been one of perfect sympathy. All the words the thoughts, the silences, they had It was not; at any rate not so had in common kept returning to her

memory.
"I think I shall always live in the ments on the moorland together. "It holds so much for me. And, you see, I am not like the women whe "Narse," she said one day, "I suppose a lot of letters came for me after sure and certain hope.' It is neither

sure nor certain to me. Helen was a Catholic, but she knew that Di had quoted from the Protestant burial service. One day it will be sure and certain," she replied confidently.

Lady Mitchell was silent. After a

few mements she spoke.
"I think," she said, with an odd little weary smile, "that the hardest thing of all to bear is the knowledge that I can do nothing more for him was always doing things for him and now there is nothing left for me

to do. She was looking across the valley as she spoke. Helen looked up quickly, a sudden flash of illumination in her eyes.

The following Sunday, Helen persuaded Di to come to Compline and

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