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A STORY OF EVERY DAY LIFE

BY MRS. CLARA M. THOMPSON

CHAPTER XXVII. MARRIED IN HASTE

Mr. Benton was seated under the stoop of the cottage at Inglewood, in the early spring 'twilight, when he read this letter; he groaned aloud as he finished it, starting Sobriety out of a nap she was comfortably taking in her chair by the kitchen fire. The girl ran to the inner room where her mistress was quietly penning a letter to her dear absent

Mr. groaned a heap like a fit! she said, coldly. "I think you better

The wife was by his side instantly, inquiring. "Are you ill, Philip?" placing her hand on his forehead, which bore marks of deep distress. The look from his dark piercing eyes, almost terrified her as he pointed to the letter, placing at the same time his hands over his face. he burst into an agony of tearless grief, exclaiming, "O, my child, my child! my lost Marion, why did I suffer you to leave ma!"

Is it too late to hope?" inquired Mrs. Benton, after reading the epistle through without pause or exclamation : "this tells nothing cided, only gives reason to fear ; it is not too late to warn certainly."

It is all plain to me, Luoy," he replied, in a voice scarcely audible from strong emotion, which he was in vain endeavoring to control. (Philip Benton was not as proud and self-contained as of erst.) ious girl! this accounts for the last letter from her; how bitter is to ba her punishment!

But is it too lats ?" again inquired

the mother. "God knows," he said; "if Marion with her powerful will has become entangled with this man, she would hardly be influenced by the judgment or advice of a parent. I can use authority-I can separate them-but you know well what that means."

Never before had he referred to their own very early and somewhat imprudent marriage, against the approval of parents, and with at last only a reluctant consent. "The sins of the parents! O, dreadful penance, to see our dear ones visited in Mrs. Benton was silent; all the long years of their marriage were obliterated, and she remembered only the pleadings of her father as he said, "Lucy, I tremble for your happiness with this proud, haughty man." He had used his to prevent the union, till he found time and separation did not change their determination, and then his consent was given under "And yet," said Mrs. Benton to herself, "it was from no real evil that he knew of Philip, only an unaccountable dislike he had taken to the She wondered within herself, as she stood with her hand resting on her husband's head, that he should have spoken of these things in this connection. He connection. seemed to read her thoughts, and recovering himself, he drew her down by his side and said affectionately, Don't for a moment think, Lucy, that I mean to compare our court. ship and marriage with Marion's proceedings, if I guess the truth congenerous affection of youth; I only spoke as I did, to show how little parental authority effects in such matters, even in the most obedient if Marion intends to put off young Leighton for that scape-grace Staple it is because of a gilded bait she is making haste to be rich. like her father, and like him she will blast her whole life."

"Do you know him ?" inquired the "the Colonel speaks of re-

formed habits."

"I knew him well, fifteen years since, as a good-natured fellow about town, fast in many ways; he then spent the income of a large fortune in drinking and carousing. His respectable friends tried to keep him up, and he was never excluded from society, though he was often unfit to appear among ladies. He lost a part of his fortune by me," he continued, struggling with the memory of those days; " but the Colonel ought it would be a good thing for him to lose it, and persuaded him to enter into this East India scheme, in which he has been wonderfully successful, and reformed in his habits also ; it is time for that ; he must be nearly as old as Colonel Hartland. He is fine-looking, and can be a perfect gentleman, but ah! the golden hook which he holds out to catch my child! What shall I say to Marion? I have yet to answer her letter announcing a change in her toward Horatio.'

I think I should write as it were impossible she should think of any tremble for the effect

upon Horatio." Yas, Lucy, he will stagger under it, but I hope he will not fall; we must do what we can for him ; many a girl has the ruin of a man, soul and body, on her conscience. Leigh ton will bear it better than some men would-Dr. Nelson, for instance. I think it will harden Horatio, lead him to look on ambition as his bride, and make him thoroughly worldly you can do much for him, my dear.'

It was indeed a difficult task to speak to the wounded heart of a chesen this lot-Ged help you! young man, when he came to Mrs. Benton with the lines from Marien in came to her assistance, she did not his hand, declaring their engagement give way to grief, she rode rough shod his hand, declaring their engagement at an end, and with a restless and unquietable movement, walked the accomplishment of her ambition. Inhedded in the thin sallow cheeks;

the distressed lover his home, spent the night writing letter after latter to his beloved, and ended by tearing all into a thousand a few articles of clothing, he sur-prised Mrs. Benton at the first dawn of day, by appearing at Inglewood, with the intelligence that he was en route for the east without delay. Night and day - sleepless nights and wearisome days in those times of end of a week he found himself in a large hotel in the city that contained him the greatest treasure. He did not once reflect on his appearncs-his haggard look, ordered garments-he did not even wait for fashionable hours, but took his way at once to Colonel Hartland's mansion, with the look of an anxious speculator on his face. He inquired at the door for "Miss Benton;" the servant looked doubtful, and then replied that Miss Marion was out, but Miss Rosine was in-would he send up his name? He had forgotten the existence of such a little thing as a card, but fortunately for his wits, moment the Colonel crossed the

"Bless my heart!" he exclaimed, coming forward and giving his hand cordially to the young man. "Come in, I am glad to see you; come in " he added, and remembering all that must necessarily follow this visit, he opened the door into his own private parlor. It was a very awkward position, and no one could feel the awkwardness more sensibly than the Colonel, and as usual he made a rush in medias res at once

"I suppose you came, principally to look after Marion," he said after a pause that was terrible to both. hope you may be in time to make matters all straight again; she has gone to ride just now withcousin, Tom Stapleton; these constant attentions troubled me, but you know I felt she was safe.'

The hot blood mounted to the temples of the young man as he heard this, there was more to be feared than he had thought; he had not believed that Marion could already put another in his place. At that moment he heard her ringing voice in the hall, and the tones of her attendant as he followed closely upon her steps.

Will you see her here ?" said the Colonel, "or will you go to the library.

'I will meet them together," he said very angrily: 'I will know in his presence the result of my com-

ing."
The Colonel stepped across the hall and ushered him into the room unannounced. Here was a recontre indeed. Stapleton, good-natured man of the world, with his nonchalant air, his courteous manners, and (I must say it, shocking as it is, it is the truth.) his recherch dress, perfect even to the very tips of his boots, had a decided advantage over the plain, straightforward, somewhat diffident manner of our western hero. Marion gave a little scream of surprise as he entered, but she was not abashed, for she had neither the stern eye of her father, nor the cold, cynical snear of the Doctor to meet; she expressed her wonder very naturally, cerning her. Ours was the first pure and eagerly inquired if there was any trouble at Inglewood, that was the cause of his unexpected presence.

> Marion was entirely heartless, she was only weak and vain. It would have loved any man simply for him-self; over her soul, capable of great things but for this shadow grown the upas of ambition to be rich, to have position; the roots were imbadded in her very nature, and spite of the careful weeding of a mother's hand; nothing but the spade of affliction, sorrow, mortification, digging down deep into her soul, could tear out and root up this deadly plant that fed on the "right choice food" of her affections. As Leighton pleaded with her that night, opening before her the rich treasures of his love, and telling her what he would do for her, and of his high hopes for her sake; of political advancement, Congress, the Cabinet, even the White House, passed in review before her, but these were only possibilities while Mr. Stapleton, as he had told her often, was ready to make her at once mistress of as fine an establishment as the city could furnish, with every thing money could buy, and a voyage to Europe as a wedding tour these were tangible certainties. Let us hepe it was the tour of Europe, and not the filthy lucre decided her. Leighton was seen no more at Colonel Hartland's and in less than two weeks she allowed her new lover to inform the Colonel that they only waited the consent of her father to their betrothal. The consent was not given, neither was it withheld Mr. Benton warned his daughter of the possible consequence of her folly, in words that made her tremble and weep over the baautiful set of diamonds her lover had that day brought her. He did not order her to come home, he laid no commands upon her as she feared, but he did not give her his blessing, or wish her

Marion's energy and determination

fort as she could, would not allow his marriage? Matters were per-that all hope for him was lost, and haps hastened by a report which Dr. Tom's had just arrived in town, in the person of a rich and charming s. Seizing his portmanteau, widow. It may be said to Marion's which he had hastily thrust credit perhaps, that although her external manner was bright and gay as ever, she could not go through the preparation the Catholic Church requires even of her negligent children for the recaption of the sacrament of marriage, without much interior suffering and many misgivslow transportation; but at the ings. She did not care to meet Father Roberts, but a stranger might be found to perform the marriage

> It was the closing eve of the month of May, the day before the wedding ; a tender letter from her mother was in her hand, couched in those terms which only a mother can use. Marion had asked to be allowed to return home with her husband be fore their foreign tour, and it had been Mrs. Benton's hard task to say, that for the present she must spare them, the wound was too recent would be small satisfaction to either herself or her parents to come to them now; and then in the close there were so many affectionate hearty-earnings for her wandering child, that even Marion wavered asking herself almost with anguish. if it were best thus to grieve and wound those who loved her so

> It was dusk of a moonlight eve. the lamps were not lighted, and there was great quiet in the room, a silence almost ominous; no one observed the terrible anguish that crossed her brow as she sat gazing into the street, wholly unconscious of what was passing without, until she saw her lover alight from his carriage, and run up the steps. The splendid span of mottled bay horses pranced and champed the bit with impatience; he had come for a last drive together before leaving the country. Just for one instant she wished the horses, carriage, servant, footman in livery and the master of the establishment next she was arraying herself for the drive, scattering all her better

thoughts to the wind. The marriage was very quiet: the ceremony at the church, the leavetaking, and the drive to the steamer which was to carry them to the Old World. Rosine could not restrain her sobs as the last roll of the carriage resounded through the hall she rushed to her own room, and threw herself upon a couch, exclaim ing in the bitterness of her grief if I could wake and find this only a horrid dream! But my poor father and mother! I ought, yes, I really ought to go to them at once." She dried her eyes, and with something of Marion's energy and deter mination went to the library. Dr. Hartland was alone, looking very "Ned," she said, entreating savage. do help me. I ought to go to my parents; think of their grief and loneliness-five children, and not one left to them. O, do help me, dear brother, to do what is right; will you

ask the Colonel?" Ask him to please to send you off ?" inquired the Doctor. suppose I can live without you, Rosa ; I have done it, but the Colonel

and mother, I don't know-. But, Ned," she pleaded, "this will kill my dear parents; such a grief will wear them into the grave. I must go, I must go!" and she fairly down again

Let not my readers suppose that them, or they shall some to you, my dear child," he said, soothingly; is but right you should be restored to have been impossible for her then to have loved any man simply for him. leave this house. It has been one of the best blessings to us all that you came," he added, rising and rushing to the window, as if something unusual was passing in the streetsomething shall be done," he con they had grown with her growth, in tinued, "only let me see you smile as you used to do. This affair of Marion's has aged you as well as herself; positively, she looked twenty five when she left the house."

Yes, it has weighed me to earth," replied Rosine; "but O, if I could only believe that she is not already wretched! to think too, that she could have gone so far without even one word to such friends as

Father Roberts and Sister Agnes." "By-the-way, Rosine," replied the Doctor, "I saw Father Roberts in the street yesterday, he has received a late letter from Harry; it seems the young man has fine offers to remain where he is, and like a dutiful Catholic, probably wished his good con fessor's opinion; I gave mine pretty strongly off-handed. The prisst agreed with me, that we have not so many such souls in this country that we can afford to lose one."

"Perhaps Marion may meet him abroad," said Rosine, looking up quite like herself.

Hardly," replied the Doctor ; butterflies and bees rarely mingle." They were interrupted in their conversation by Colonel Hartland, who came hurrying in, agitation visible in every motion, with a letter in his hand. "Good news for us all!" he cried. "Aleck will be home before many days, he sailed the middle of May."

Eagerly they noted each day as it went by, and when at last anxiety had begun to take the place of hope. happiness; he simply said, "My he did come, but so changed! Nothing remained of the former cheerful, happy, almost boyish face of Aleck; nothing but the tender blue eye and its drooping lid : a fixed

oom, begging Mrs. Benton to tell him what to do. She gave him such combat to do. She gave him He looked older than his brother. and faith. Diligently she worked at this task through that long summer, waiting for her own restoration to her parents quietly and hopefully, and in the meantime working con stantly at that work which the good God had placed directly in her path-

There was no word of Laura from

the lips of her husband through all that long time, not even in the abandonment of a visit to her grandfather, which Rosine made in company with Captain Hartland, the Doctor hoping that the mountain air of that region might restore his exhausted powers. return, Laura had essayed to go to him, but had fainted in the preparation; she had also written two notes. which had been returned to unopened. Dora could not help her for the Commodore had been stricken by disease, and was more exacting than ever, not suffering his daugh ter out of his sight. At length Laura ventured her last effort, she wrote to the Colonel an imploring note, begging him to use his influence to gain her only one interview; it was an humble, beseeching letter, and Colonel Hartland's heart softened; he called Aleck to his private room, and gave him the note.

The young man only glanced at the first santence and threw it from "Base woman!" he exclaimed. if she torments me thus, I will take legal measures to be rid of her if she would leave me alone, I would be content to remain as I am, to save her from shame. Why should I care for her shame?" he added, grinding his teeth. " She gave little heed to it when she gave herself to dishonor -to infamy.

"Then you have no doubt of her criminality?" inquired Colonel Hart-

land. "There, sir, is our wedding-ring,' he replied, with unmitigated scorn his voice, drawing the bright with Pharaoh's lost chariots; the circle from his finger-"our wedding ring! given over to the villain to whom she had given herself! bandy words with her?" he said, is an advantage she would have over striding across the floor in his those accustomed to the more ener. wrath. Colonel Hartland said no more.

TO BE CONTINUED

ST. ANTHONY OF THE SINGLE ARM

Au Dehors!" the thin sharp voice clearly cut through the air and an object projected from a window of the house fell upon a rubbish heap. Melains knew both the voice and its owner. Paul Sehrt, the infidel cobbler, has just moved into the house from his former shop lower down in be performed shortly. But it's a alike of a splendid winter sunset the village. He was an old resident question of money, mon Pere — of and the salutation of the passers by. of the neighborhood who for years had shocked the people by virulent attacks on religion and the Church. Otherwise he was a worthy man and did his work well.

Melaine walked slowly to the heap, being curious to see what had been thrown there. She walked very slowly, as her health was poor and she was easily fatigued. She looked it up and dusted it reverently with one. simple one of wood, had had hard treatment, as one of the arms was missing; as diligent search failed to discover the fragment, Melaine concluded that it had been previously datached. She walked to the house and tapped timidly at the door. Sehrt thrust his head out of a second story window and glared at the

'M. Sehrt," said Melaine, "you of the window. Is it that you do

Why do you ask ?" he queried. would very much like to have it, if you do not want it," answered

"Do I want it ?" he cried, sarcastically. "Surely I would not throw away something I wanted! No! I do not want it. Some simpleton like yourself, pardon me, Melaine, but it is the truth !-evidently believed there was some virtue in a piece of wood shaped like a man. I do Take it, and I advise you to make your fire with it.'

Melaine was so terrified at the irreverence of the man that she hurried off with the figure without house. thanking him for it. She climbed wearily to her little room and sat down on the bad. How tired she and how the little walk she had taken had weakened her! She knew sha was growing worse each day, and that the dall pain pain growing sharper - that pain which kept her awake at night and which she bore silently on her mother's account. At times the thought came into her mind that she had not long to live. She had seen her mother turn away and wipe her eves when she looked at herhow pityingly Pere Ribot had spoken to her after Mass that morning deserves it.' Melaine was a pious girl, and if she must die, she felt that she had noth

Ernest. She and Ernest had grown up together, and today as she sat there so sad and weary, her thoughts flew back to that sunny May day when

as they entered the door, she kissed result in the loss of a ten thousand returned to Hartland mischievously brought Here was a mission for Rosine, a her daughter and embraced Ernest. night writing home, that a former flame of cousin sister's mission, to bring back to the When M. Dourges le perc came in scarred heart of the brother, trust he slapped Ernest on the back and all over his face. M. Dourges was a man of few words.

When, the next Suaday, Ernest accompanied her to his ago-Medama Perin showed such joy over her son's choice and was so loving and kind that Melaine cried

for very thankfulness. There was no talk of immediate marriags-for among the villagers engagements are long and a man and woman must see their way very clearly before they venture on this important step-but was ever a love match so full of sunshine promise? And now was she to die? She locked at the poor one armed

figure in her lap. ' Saint Anthony she cried, "pray that I may not die. Pray that I may have Ernest.?" Then she placed the figure on

a shelf just over her bed. summer had passed with its hot days and its thunder and bail. storms, and now the frost sparkled in the morning on the tufts of grass. came swiftly, and by All Saints there had been flurries of snow and the ground was frozen.

In the les of Cabot's baker shop sheltered from the cold wind that blew down the street, Pere Ribot and Doctor Debrun talked earnestly. The priest's face was very sad as he listened to the vehement speech of the doctor, who had a kind heart. though he was rather snappish and gruff, and became violently enraged whenever anyone charged him with doing a kind act.

And you can give me no hope of Melaine's recovery?" asked Pere Ribot.

"Ma foi, how can I? She has a malignant tumor which is dragging her to her grave.' Can nothing be done, doctor? Is

it absolutely incurable?" Yss and no," answered the doctor. If she were the daughter of a rich man and could afford the treatment of a skilled surgeon, she might recover. The chances would be in her favor as she lived simply and Infamous! Do you think I wish to breathed pure air all her life. That He could refuse a request with the is an advantage she would have over vating life in the great cities. But, then, she is the daughter of a poor peasant - and therefore she must

who could cure her ?"

Physicians, no - surgeons, yes. brother of our esteemed fellow villager, who could doubtless effect a cure by an operation. Maupin has a formed an great reputation and has lost only promising. one or two out of ten in similar cases, and I think he could save Melaine's life if the operation could money!

Can you do nothing of yourself?' asked Pere Ribot.

Sapristi, what am I," cried the doctor- "a plain village doctor. I Pere Ribot inquired after M. Maupin. can set a break, amputate a limb, pull a tooth and handle the cases his walk, when the priest interposed that come ordinarily within the scope of a man such as myself, but I cannot compare myself with such around for the object cast away, and men as Maupin. I am not equipped to her astonishment found it to be to handle such cases and would a figure of St. Anthony. She picked absolutely decline to undertake

such a man as Maupin ?"

-possibly more. If we could - ?" began Pere Ribot.

"But we cannot," interrupted the doctor. of getting that much money together. Why, not a centime would be left threw the figure of St. Anthony out in the village, leaving out Merchant Maupin, of course.'

They parted, but from the expression on Pera Ribot's face he had not dismissed the subject.

In the twilight he walked slowly in the direction of M. Maupin's house. He passed for a resolute man, but he was evidently depressed about his mission, for he walked by the house twice bafore he knocked.

M. Maupin received him cordially. He was, he claimed, a good friend of the Church and frequently made small donations when besought by le Pere, but for individual charity he was net famous. Pere Ribot plunged at once into the matter that had brought him to the merchant's

"M. Maupin," he said, "there is now in the villlage a case where charity is needed and where it would be well placed. Melaine Dourges is dying of a tumor which is beyond the skill of Doctor Lebrun. He is confident, however, that such a man as your brother could most likely effect a cure. He is a very famous man, but I hope he is not deaf to the call of the sufferer, and I hope you will lay the matter before him in such words as will influence him to come to the aid of one who is unable to pay for help, yet richly

M. Maupin shock his head. "Mon Pere," he said," you speak as a priest, but you are not speaking as ing to fear. But, then, came the thought of mother and father-and a man of business. With you, money means a new seutane once and a while, repairs to your church and the balance to charity. The business or prefessional man has other werries on his back. My brother demands and receives very large fees. He is obliged to live in a style

franc fee, besides gravely disarranging his relations with his important I could not ask it of him, Mon Pere.

Not to save a life ?" asked Pare

anied her to his mother's

his father had died years days might cause the death of one of his clients. You see, while he death of the clients of his clients and the girl he might sacrifice another life."

"If M. Maupin," continued Pere Ribot, who was a hard man to beat, such an arrangement is impossible if I could get together a fairly substantial sum to pay for a surgeon would you help us make up the deficit ?'

Mon Pere, you came in a bad time. What with hallstorms in south France and floods in Italy my bustness is in a bad state. I ask for payment and receive petitions for extension. I cannot my usual outlay at this time.'

Pere Ribot departed deeply disappointed at the result of his

It began down about the fish market, did the gessip, and spread over the vising over a puddle. "M. Maupin over a puddle. "Ha shot himself." "H over the village as a ripple spreads over a puddle. "M. Maupin has He is dying." He is dead. is only slightly hurt." Then time waved a mighty hand and swept away the chaff and the facts

M. Maupin had left the village that morning on a shooting excursion. In crossing over a dyke his discharged and the load went into his leg. Doctor Lebrun was in attendance and had said that in his opinion, the wound was not dangerous.

But it was dangerous and gave n intimation of healing. In fact, blood poisoning was so imminent that Doctor Lebrun sent an urgent message to Professor Maupin Paris to come at once to his brothers bedside.

The professor was marked contrast to his brother, the merchant. The latter was a smoothed faced, bald man, inclined to corpulancy, with a manner which was suavity itself. utmost grace - and he refused a great many. The professor was thin with an abundance of grizzly hair and a stiff grey beard. His manner was forbidding and his words curt and ungracious. His reputation was, You believe there are physicians however, very widespread, and he could cure her?" was held to be wealthy, and somewhat miserly.

There are skilled men in Paris — With a few words he approved of among them, Professor Maupin, the all that Doctor Leburn had done and acknowledged the necessity of an immediate operation. This was per formed and the result was most

That evening Professor Maupin took a walk in the village. strode along, face down, oblivious At the corner of a byway he collided with Pere Ribot.

Priest and surgeon apologized. The one politely, the other gruffly. The professor was about to continue I wish very much that I could interest you in Professor Maupin.' in another case,

"Ah," remarked the professor without interest.

Unpromising to say the least, but How much money would be sloquent words he pictured the plight required to procure the services of of Melaine—the utter impossibility of sufficient money being raised to Such a man would not consider procure the surgical aid which in a fee less than two thousand francs | the opinion of Doctor Lebrun would the opinion or possess.

most likely result in a cure.

most likely result in a cure.

no more princely fee obtainable than the gratitude of deserving people "You can dismiss the idea and the knowledge that one has aided one of God's creatures."

> " Mon Pere," replied the professor coldly, "the calls upon my services are extremely exigent at present and my time is not my own. I regret that I must decline, as I leave for

> Paris tomorrow morning."
> Then Pere Ribot drew his sword and threw away the scabbard. Have a care, Professor Maupin," he "The eminent abilities which said. you possess are the gifts of God Beware how you refuse to use those gifts in charity to one of God's

The professor shrugged his shoulders and continued his walk. The following morning was very cold, and when Pere Ribot arose at five o'clock to prepare for the six o'clock Mass his teeth chattered. He descended the stairs by the light of a

candle, and when he reached the bottom there came a knock at the "A sick call," he murmured, and opened the door. When he saw his visitor he came near dropping the candle in amazement.

Professor Maupin stood on the threshold.

Pere Ribot made him enter and be seated, at the same time apologizing for the absence of heat in the room. The professor cut him short. 'Mon Pere," he said, and his words

and manner evidenced great pertur-

bation, "I have had a disturbed and restless night. I had a dream-no rather a vision, as a dream could not have made such an impression on my mind. There appeared to me a figure which I recognized as Saint Anthony. His countenance was sorrowful and the words he speke reproachful.
'You have refused the only request I have made of you,' were the words I heard. New, men Pere, the only call is the ene you made last evening befitting his position and his in behalf of a young girl and I shall ARRISTERS, SOLICITORS

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