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HONOUR WITHOUT RENOWN

BY MRS. INNES BROWN

Author of "Three Daughters of the United

CHAPTER XXIV—CONTINUED He gained his ground, and was walkattitude expressive of bowed and know I'm near."

God?" she gasped, "they're coming now; I hear their tread!" An instant afterwards the leading ranks, closely guarded by strong, armed warders, had stared at her and passed by. Tramptramp, clink-clank, they still moved on. Oh, whither had her woman's courage fled? She scarce dared raise her eyes. Would he too be chained? and could she bear to see him thus?

File by file they passed, those desperate men, in their garb of derision. Last of all when already she had given up hope, she saw her husband's face. What a contrast to those of his companions! Worn it was, and sad; but, alone among the visages of those wretches, it bore no stigma of shame. For one electric moment their eyes met. The convict's pale face flushed, then turned deadly white. He fell to the ground in

Marion bounded from her seat, She forgot everything save that her husband lay, to all appearance, dead before her. But a firm hand held her back, and a kind voice whispered in her ear

"Marjon Leadbitter, my child, hold back! Be calm, be firm, and all may yet be well." Then turning to the warder, Father Lawrence asked in a louder voice: "He is not dead? This lady is weak; her nerves are unstrung; she feared the man was dving.'

"No, sir, I think he has but fainted. warder, calmly. "He is not fit for work like this !"

"Let me assist you to revive him; then we will lead or carry him back to jail. He ought to be in the infirmary,' continued the priest, seriously.

"I really think he ought, if he is to live at all. It's a shame to work the man like this; he wasn't built for it."

Once more Marion's courage returned. It came like a touch of magic, when she heard the name by which no tongue had addressed her for three long weary years. Who was he that dared or cared to breathe it now? Surely a friend of her best beloved-of her husband. Yes, she could trust the voice that called her that. She would strive to calm her throbbing brain-to school her heart to further endurance yet. Might she not even now get near him?

Her woman's wit came timely to her aid. Stepping aside, she seized a hollow yet! stone and filled it at a small running stream. Then timidly, she bore it to the sufferer. Father Lawrence knelt station-master looked serious and upon the ground. He had raised the poor man's head, and now let it rest upon his knee. But, when he marked the wife's trembling hand, he took the water from her and poured it down the latter, he walked with a solemn step to said to the warder kindly, "and please fill it once again." When the man had turned his back, he spoke hastily to

Marion:

"Marion, poor child! this should never have been! But do not weep. Trust me: I am Father Lawrence, the prison chaplain, and I will watch and tend him daily. And, believe me, God feet and pocketing his spoils. will help you both." She had only time to bend over the dear, prostrate form before the warder turned again. As she did so, the white rosebud, unperceived, fell from her bosom, and hid mighty importance. Ask to deliver it itself within the folds of his open shirt. Then, for the sake of the sick man, whose evelids began to tremble, Marion rose and turned away, lest she should betray him, and so add to his sufferings. She felt more dead than alive, as, chok- at once, sir." ing her grief, she struggled on. Not The station-master watched him once did she turn her head to glance at pocket the telegram carefully, then him whom she had left behind. At scrambling nimbly upon old Jim's back, least, she knew that he was not friend- gathered the reins and apply the whip less now; and she had that good man's so freely, that boy and steed were soon assurance that Heaven would aid them out of sight. Then he turned slowly Meanwhile, the prisoner slowly re-

covered; and by his friend and the business, very !" warder was supported back to prison. He looked long at Father Lawrence, to be gentlefolks, and live in grand but uttered not a word. Nor did he places like this," said the merry boy, offer the slightest objection when ordered, almost sternly, by the doctor to the infirmary.

Beat on true hearts, your day of trial is Look up brave eyes, Heaven bids you

for the bed beneath him was strangely soft and warm. The Governor himself

was clasped a sweet white rose. But Father Lawrence and Marion " Poor child !" must not kill her!" though it was for

beating and pulses wildly throbbing. Never had the good priest shared such him. earthly joy as this. Does not the darkest hour herald the dawn?

CHAPTER XXV

The great living pulse of human life, with its deafening rumble of steam, commerce and pleasure, was seething and throbbing with its usual force and vigor in our famous city of London, throbbing and beating with such ing quietly on, when his heart gave a incessant and continuous noise and sudden bound. "Whose slender form hurry, as though no power for good or was that seated upon the bank, her very evil could ever again still or calm its noisy beat. Thousands upon thousands. striken fear? God help them if it's of human forms moved to and fro, each she!" he thought. "I will walk face seemingly intent upon that one quietly up behind; she is too intent to idea which was uppermost in his or her tiny brain. Still there was one great How faint she was growing. "My link of interest that day which more or me Lord." less bound numerous minds together. The newspapers narrated and discussed in brilliant and excited language how clouded, the firm lips tightened. France-in spite of all her late sorrow and disaster-had rallied her remaining strength and forces, and rescued the city of Paris from the degrading and has been caught, and this is to tell enemies. There was joy in our sister about it, anyhow." had friends in the beleaguered fortress, account; but, above all, the money of the presence of the little messenger, market of this great nation, so calmly who stood waiting patiently beside looking on, was visibly affected by the him. news, and those who had time to pause at all stood about in groups talking with hurrying after him, "but be there any great animation and hope of the future answer to go back?" prospects of commerce and finance.

thought of pity or admiration upon that well to hurry as you did." little soldier-one of England's fairest

It was but a few years since they had entrance. courted her. Society had rung with "Where is her Ladyship?" he He has done it before," replied the wealth she bid her friends adieu, and far too well to dream of changing it, earth-by them she was known, loved his.

almost despised her, for the choice she She and the young ladies have taken had made; the best among them had flowers from the conservatory and are but smiled in their superiority, calling now in the little chapel. Shall I tell her, "good, but silly." not blame them, nor term them shallow in mind or heart; how could such as her myself." bright May day; but none were aware that high above their heads flashed, had secretly left the ball-room and had with electric speed, to the once proud stolen away to the solitude of the home of this fair daughter, the sad chapel,

Dear, bright, unselfish and forgotten Sister Marguerite, there are hearts loyal and true that shall mourn you

news of her fall and probable decease.

Telegrams at Oakhome, save for Baron Court, were rare; and the worried after duly deciphering and writing the meaning of this one. Folding the carefully written words within the envelope and securing the occupied in a game of marbles.

"John." he cried, addressing sternly the elder of the two, "stop this tomfoolery and pay attention to what I say to you. Is Jim in the stable at

"Yes, sir, he is; and saddled too, replied the boy, springing briskly to his

"Then mount him, my lad, and ride quickly with this "-holding out the yellow envelope-"to the Court. Now mind, quickly I say, for it is of most yourself, or have it given at once into his Lordship's hands. Do you hear, boy, and do you understand?"
"Yes, sir," said John, with a quick

and intelligent look. "I'll get the pony

back to the station, muttering to him. self, "Poor little Lady! This is a bad

"My eyes! but it's a rare fine thing as he cantered up the glorious avenue of chestnuts and beeches, his round face crimson with the exertion of keeping old Jim up to the mark. " It's fine,

this is! Earl de Woodville was leisurely strolling about his grounds, admiring the That night the prisoner slept well, fresh green buds that each hour seemed to unfurl and multiply, when his attention was aroused by the quick had visited and spoken to him words of clatter of the pony's hoofs on the wellhope; whilst in his frail weak hands kept drive. He turned, and recognizing the boy as the village telegraph messenger, raised his hand as a signal watched late, for their hearts were full. for him to stop. John pulled up he thought, "joy instantly, and began to fumble in his pocket for the envelope. Then dis- face now. Kev O'Donnell was cervery joy she wept. Father de Woodmounting, he stood respectfully waiting tainly a masterful man, and in her ville's telegram had set brave hearts until the great man should draw near girlish heart there lurked a little fear of child has!' marmared Kev O'Donnell. afternoon? Eh?"

enough to enable him to present it to him. He dominated her, just as he

what did that for him."

John was better acquainted with the ment. Now his political editorials were Countess than her husband; she had been kind to his mother when sick, and the country. And she recalled also, the he had seen a great deal of her; but he owned to feeling very shy and bashful before "me Lord."

"Well, my boy! I see you've got a said. telegram for me." "Yes, me Lord," touching his cap

respectfully. unmercifully-up hill, too?"

"Station-master told me to hurry up, John noticed that as he read his strong

hand shook; the handsome face grew "I'd give a lot to know what's in that telegram," thought the boy. "Likely enough some of them poachers

baneful dominion of her own internal him on it. He looks rare and upset city of London at this news, for many | De Woodville read the message for the third time; then, pressing his hand and felt no small anxiety on their to his brow, moved forward, forgetful

"Beg pardon, me Lord," said John,

"No-yes-of course! Follow Yet, not one in all that gay or dingy the house and wait until it's ready. throng, not one knew or cared, or cast a And stay-take this, my boy! You did

"Thank you very much, me Lord," daughters-who had fallen at her post said John, once more touching his cap, that day. Such deeds as hers are ere he pocketed the coin. De Woodhidden from the eyes of busy men, but ville walked quickly forward, and, on are recorded in the eternal courts reaching the Court, turned in at a low wicket-gate and passed through a side

praises of her wealth, her talents, her demanded, hastily, of blooming little beauty, until at the sound of a higher Norah, the maid, catching sight of hervoice she had first paused in her figure as she crossed the hall in front of brilliant career, then divining its him. She had grown more bonnie than ourpose, had listened, and responding ever in the service of her gentle cheerfully, obeyed. Casting aside her mistress, and liked her position there society knew her no more. But others though many a love-sick swain in the hopeless, the forgotten ones of God's persuade her to link her fate with

and blessed. How the world had pitied, | "I have just left her, my Lord. Well, we will her that you wish to see her, sir?' "No, thanks; I will go in search of

they understand that it was not she Up the broad staircase, across the who chose, but that she was chosen? picture gallery, hurried the Earl, over And so they talked and hurried on that the very ground his wife had trod that

TO BE CONTINUED

A MAN NAMED O'DONNELL

By Grace Keon in Rosary Magazine vitingly.

The car stopped at the curb, and her laughing, roguish face peeped out in She had the coloring of a gypsy, with red blood under the olive skin, and brown eyes startlingly luminous. He raised his hat, advancing "Take this," he where two small boys were intently toward her, his smile reflecting her

"I'm so glad to see you!" She held out her hand. "I wanted to be sure. You're coming tomorrow afternoon, Kev? Positively?" "You insist?" He clasped her

fingers warmly, leaning forward. 'Insist? I command !" "Then how would I dare refuse?" h asked, with an air of finality. She

laughed, down in her throat. "That is heavenly of you. Breck will be there. And he's so conceited. I do want some one to share honors.

His hand tightened. "If that is the only reason. Confess! Is it the only reason?"

She flushed under his ardent gaze. "Perhaps . . there is another, she murmured. He smiled, the grip of his fingers

"Nothing would induce me to miss it. And we'll let Breck swallow all the adulation. I'll have a little private worshipping of my own to do."
"Honestly, Kev!" She drew a deep

breath. "I don't know where you've learned to say such things." I didn't learn-it's an inheritance. "It's a mighty nice inheritance,"

she remarked. "I'm glad it's thatand not practice." She shrank back among the cushions. "But with practice I could improv marvelously," he suggested.

Given the opportunity-"Given the opportunity?" Her eyes widened. "No one ever gives you opportunity. You make it. Good-by,

"Good-by!" he smiled, and as the car rolled away, he added, under his breath. "You little beauty !" It was deserved, for anything more daintily lovely than Beatrice Littell would have been hard to find.

There was an odd look on the young

dominated all men and women with What a fine fellow! Lor', what a whom he came in contact. She recalled Catholics. handsome man he is!" thought John. very distinctly her father's first descrip-'I'd give something to hold m'self tion of him on that day two years ame as he does. Expect it's soldiering before when he walked into the Courier office and literally demanded an assign-

> "Old Man's" later appreciation. "A chap like Kevin O'Donnell happens about once in a century," he

"But why gallop your poor pony so had been invited to meet a leading the sacred precincts were crossed in a you're not." perfectly natural manner. He met Beatrice, with never a question in the 'Old Man's" mind as to the outcome. t was true that Kevin O'Donnell made his own opportunities, but this one had been made for him, and even his selfassurance would have stood abashed before the "Old Man's" conviction that he was the first male he had ever felt was worthy of his daughter.

Beatrice herself, thought of him with not in this! Steady! mixed emotions. He was evidently in love with her-she knew that-but his ove had nothing servile in it. She was intensely proud of her father, had always been; now she found another man coming to the fore in her consider ations of the future.

The car stopped with a sudden joltso severe that she was pitched forward. People began to run toward her. She stood up.

"Andy! What is it?" she asked. The man turned a frightened face. 'We've hit somebody, Miss Bea-

"Hit somebody? Oh, Andy!" "Couldn't help it, Miss Beatrice He walked right into us-he must have been mooning along, not looking where

A policeman came up, note-book in hand, and the girl, much distressed, answered the necessary questions "Can't we take him to the hospital?"

she urged. "Please put him in herehe may be badly injured." "The hospital's just a block away, Miss Littell-and the ambulance has the poor, the sick, the forlorn, the servants' hall had tried his best to been called," said the officer. "There it is now," he added, as the gong

> man briefly. He was of middle age, fairly well-dressed, with black hair, tinged with gray-respectable, thought ance only. Beatrice, as she looked down at the white face with its closed lids.

"Seems a fractured skull to me, said the doctor. "But we'll go over him thoroughly at the hospital in a few and would certainly shrink with horror minutes." Beatrice's lovely face, a from even caring for one outside the New Year's Lve when, as a guest, she little pale now, met his gaze, and she Faith, let alone marrying him! Ted gave him her card.

"See that he has the best of care, doctor," she said. "I will be responsible." And, deeply upset, she watched generous way, he could not help feeling the ambulance drive away, Andy no less a little sorry for the handsome, courtly disturbed than she.

"Miss Beatrice, honestly . . you know how careful I am. I never saw likes him -and of course she must-old him until he stood right in front of the Man Littell will certainly give him a which way he came."

'Never mind," said Beatrice, comfortingly, "don't worry about it, grin lighted up his good-natured face. it Andy. He's probably not badly hurt." "Guess he's right, after all-I do sound Kevin O'Donnell knew nothing of empty! back, heartily, and a pleasant face

smiled into his own. "Well met, Kev! How are you?" "Fine, Ted! Couldn't be better." all that inside dope? You're certainly going ahead, darn you-and everybody's

'Think so ?" grinned Kev.

"Old Man sent for you yet?" "No," said Kev. His voice sounded Ted—but if these others thought—flat, suddenly. "But I'm going in Lewis swung back in his chair, with a today. It's double or quit." He drew sarcastic glance. himself erect. "Takes the good out of it when one has to ask," he added.

daren't refuse."

less . . . he's got a partnership up taken to the Knickerbocker Hospital "Whew!" Ted Conklin whistled.

But, say! Why not? And something a little closer, too? They're beginning to link the Princess Beautiful and you together, Kev."

"Don't jump at conclusions, Ted," said Kev. pretty well."

Conklin, pointedly. "I know just as great shape. Want to look at a few?" much about you as you choose to tellbut I like you well enough to be satisfied. Besides," bluntly, "I'm banking on your common sense. Miss Beatrice Thought it was fine, myself."
Littell—the Princess Beautiful of the "Thank you. Mr. Littell." Courier office-flies a strong wing.

"So does a humming-bird," said Kev O'Donnell. "Well-" The answer disconcerted

Ti Perhaps she has nothing else to do, continued Kev.

"Gosh! Ever tried to picture Old Littell waved the thanks aside, and ther Man Littell when you ask him for his daughter?'

"What a wonderful imagination the

"And even if you did have the nerve, you know the Old Man's opinion of

"The Old Man's opinion of Catholics ? "The Old Man's opinion of Catholics?" Kev looked at him oddly 'Why that makes no differ ence to me, Ted." the talk of the city and State, even of

"No difference! You're one of us, aren't vou ? "A Catholic? No, of course not." Kev O'Donnell threw back his head,

"He's worth his weight in gold laughing. "Where did you get that idea ?"

And, being consistent always, some six months previously the young man fused, "I apologize, Kev. But your name - Irish - and Kevin, a saint's State official in his chief's home, and name! Hardly seems possible that

"I'm sorry Ted, if you're disappointed," said Kev, imperturbably "Religion of any kind, and I, do not mix. I'm too busy a man just now to play with religion. What little devotion I have-" he smiled, engagingly, "I offer before the shrine of Miss Beatrice Littell."

"Steady!" warned Ted. "I may have been mistaken in one thing-but 'Steady it is, old boy. I'm no fool.

An hour in a garden won't hurt me." "It's the wrong garden," said Ted. "Why not? When there's an ange

with a flaming sword before the right one?" chaffed Kev. "But I'm an admirer of beauty where I find it." "You're the sort of fellow-"

"Look here, Conscience, you and I part at this corner. I'm going in to see Curran-you hurry and get something to eat - you sound empty." He laughed, they clasped hands, and Ted Conklin found himself going on alone. He liked Kev O'Donnell. No one could help it. He had always imagined he was a Catholic, and it surprised him to think that he was not of the Faith. Apparently the frankest of men, Key O'Donnell seldom discussed personalities. People, liking him, took him at his own valuation-and he was more He did not realize in the least what this 'thing to discuss with you. last bit of information meant to his friend, Ted. For the one girl in the world was in the Courier office, and the comet had swung into her orbit of vision, and occupied the chair next her. she added, with a mischievous glance. Ted couldn't blame her-his own liking The doctor examined the unconscious was too sincere especially since the comet regarded Mary Scott as a pleasant O'Donnell. fellow-worker, a casual office acquaint-

So, knowing Mary well, this scrap of knowledge was the most vital thing that could have come to him. For Mary was ardently, zealously, practically Catholic, meant no disloyalty when he decided that she should know it, too, as soon as might be contrived -though in his fellow.

"Supposing the Princess Beautiful car! I can't tell you for the life of me dressing down, even if he is Kevin O'Donnell. Kevin O'Donnell snubbed! Wonder how he'll take it?" Then a

what had happened, for as he turned "The Princess Beautiful had an away with that tribute to Miss Littell's accident yesterday afternoon," recharms, some one clapped him on the marked the city editor, next morning. 'Ran into a man named O'Donnell

Ted Conklin laughed. "I met him after she ran into him," 'he said, "and he seemed none the "Say! That article in the Courier worse for it." Then, as the door Kev. Lewis is trying to make a news item out of your meeting with Miss Beatrice Littell yesterday afternoon."

Key O'Donnell stood still, an ominous light in his eyes. He didn't mind Lewis swung back in his chair, with a

"If you have any sense, Ted," he remarked, "you ought to show evioccasionally. "Of course-some of the good. But dence of it there's sati-faction in knowing that he said that Miss Littell ran into a man named O'Donnell, and so she did. Michael O'Donnell, carpenter. He was

Lewis turned to his desk and picked up a proof.

"You're to go in to the Old Man, Kev. He's waiting for you. Orders." So Kev went into the sanctum where the Old Man reigned supreme. From "You're about the closest overhanging eyebrows a pair of steelfriend I have. I think you know me grey eyes regarded him scrutinizingly Congratulations on yesterday's

"How well is that?' asked Ted work, Kev. Comments coming in in He tossed some papers toward him Kev took them up and glanced through them quickly. "Pretty good, eh?

"Thank you, Mr. Littell."

"Like a little more money, Kev?" "I could use it, sir,"

"I've told Lewis."

"Thank you!" A look of pleasure shot across the handsome face. "All right! All right!" Old Mar

as Kev stood with his hand on the door nob, he recalled him. "You're a guest at the house? This

"Yes." For the first time in Old Man Littell's experience, Kev O'Donnell seemed embarrassed. "Miss

"Don't hesitate." Again a swift glance from his piercing eyes. You've got it in you, Kev. Give those dancing popinjays up there a jolt or two. That man Breck ought to be peddling peanuts."

Kev turned from the door deliberately and walked back to Old Man Littell's desk. His jaw was set and determined

"This is bringing a private matter into business," he said. dodger. If Miss Beatrice consents to be my wife what objections will you

Old Man Littell smiled, and his

seamed face was suddenly human. "I have never refused my daughter any reasonable request," he said. for my opinion-I've given her that already." And as Kev O'Donnell turned without another word and walked out of the office, his firm bearing giving not the slightest intimation of the tumult within his brain, the Old Man began to laugh.

"As if I-or he-had any chance

against Beatrice," he muttered So Key O'Donnell went to Beatrice Littell's "party" and met Breck, the famous violinist. He met many others too, and he handled the "popinjays" i a manner that was the embodin skill. No general on the field of battle could have executed better manoeuvres. Presently Beatrice Little noticed that there was an odd expression about this young man-something she had never noticed in him before.

"You took-like a conquering hero. she remarked, surveying him critically over the top of her fan. "If there are such things nowadays."

"There aren't." he answered prompt ly. "All the conquering heroes are dead-and I am very much alive. Would you mind, fair lady," his eyes twinkled at her merrily, "making business appointment with me than clever and exceedingly capable. for tomorrow at ten? I have some

"At ten? Tomorrow!" She looked her regret. "I'm sorry-but I'm in court tomorrow. My man drove into things had seemed fairly promising until some poor chap and hurt him yesterday a man named O'Donnell, too.

"Of course! That had to be. You are fated to injure men named

"I don't know whether that's pretty or horrid." "Both," he said. "Shall we make your appointment with Kevin O'Donnell for the afternoon, then?'

"If I refuse I suppose you will go or and on-and on-"No." he reflected. "I won't. But I'll waylay you coming from court tomorrow, and kidnap you.

I'm tempted to dare you. "Don't. Give yourself a loophole in case -" His eyes met hers and her lids drooped. "I would, you see, in broad daylight-and your friends might misunderstand me. At least I will not play Lochinvar to Ellen without her

"And if you never get it?" Never?" He seemed puzzled. "What is that word? I do not know

It was rapid-fire American courtship. straight enough, with a prize well

worth the winning. The next day she was present in court. Andy testified-and witnesses corroborated him-that the accident was unavoidable. The injured man, while suffering from a severe scalp wound and shock, had escaped fractured skull, and had sent word that was the best ever. Where do you get opened, and Kev came in, "Look here, he did not wish to make any complaint. So the case was dismissed and Beatrice drove at once to the hospital, carrying a huge bunch of flowers. Her tender countenance, full of sympathy, bent above the man's swathed head. From the handages a pair of haunting eyes. intensely blue, encrcled by deep shadows, gazed up at her.

"I am sorry," she said, and her voice trembled. "I want to do all I voice trembled. can to help you. Is there any one? Have you a family? Please let me call on them. I will do anything . . anything." There were tears in her soft eyes-the gaze fastened upon her

was such a pathetic one. "I'm not hurt so bad-lon't worry. miss," he whispered "They found out yesterday the skull wasn't fractured

thanks be to God for that !" "Why, yes," she faltered. "But it hurts me to see you lying there so helpless. Isn't there any one I could

"No one-not one in the world, miss, only myself," he said with an attempt at a smile. "Not one in the world The wife went away years ago, and if it wouldn't be bringing harm to you, poor child, I'd like to open the door and slip through after her."

"Please get better," she said. 'Please-and perhaps I can help to-to make you happier." Her tender glance rested on him. "I'm very happy myself. I wish I could help every one in the world to be happy.'

"My dear little lady!" His eyes "Don't be thinking things to shone. sadden you this bright May morning. Beauty should be like a star in the sky twinkling away to make us marvel at the goodness of God. That's what

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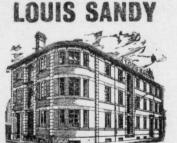
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