Published by permission of Burns, Oates & Washbourne, London, England. THREE DAUGHTERS

OF THE UNITED KINGDOM

BY MRS. INNES BROWNE

CHAPTER XVIII.

Never had a winter appeared to Mrs. Fitzallan so cold and lengthy as the one which followed the meeting of Louis and Madge. She shud dered visibly as she sat over a large fire and listened nervously to the monotonous tick of the clock and the sound of the hail and rain beating March had come in like a lion, in good truth, and the piercing wind was blowing north-east.

'Miss Madge is late tonight,' spoke the poor mother almost peevishly. "What can have detained ishly.

Maybe she is sheltering in the church until the storm be over," remarked Mary quietiy.

God grant it may be so, poor child; but I do wish she would Terribly pale and careworn was

the once bright face, and white as the driven snow was the smooth, soft hair.
"Don't be anxious, me lady.

will go in search of her if it will please you.'

Oh, do! for my nerves are so shattered, that the smallest fear on her account overwhelms and excites

Mary retired to her kitchen with no present intention, however, of searching for her young mistress. The invalid mother had become quite childish of late, and she did not care to leave her alone. The poor delicate frame was worn out at last, and the brain was growing weak from the the

years of mental strain. On her return from evening service, Madge had lingered, gazing awhile into the well-lighted window of a music shop, and, whilst thus occupied, had over heard a conversation which set her pulses throbbing wildly with hope, fear, and excitement. Close to the door stood a gentlemanly looking man engaged in earnest conversation with the owner of the shop; they spoke in loud voices, and heeded not the presence of the tall, slim girl standing near.

It is so annoying," spoke the former of the two; "tomorrow is the night of the concert. Royalty is expected to honor us with their presence, and my prima donn's has been taken ill and cannot sing. Where in the world can I find, in so short a space of time, any one to fill her place? I would give £30-40-£50 to any one," he cried energetically, who could help me out of my difficulty, and sing one song for me as

she would have done it. It is truly a terrible disappoint. ment," answered the shopman, rub-bing his uncovered head. "I only bing his uncovered head. wish I could suggest some one, but

the time is so short."

The girl at the window raised her eyes to view the speakers. The con-cert manager had a kindly face, and the offer of money tempted her sorely. "If I had but £30," she pondered, " poor mother could enjoy the change the doctor so urgently insists upon. fulfil my promise to Lady Abbess, and take her to visit dear old St. Benedict's. Oh that I had but the means to do so! My God, give me courage to speak !" She stepped in front of the two men and said timidly, " I will sing for you."

You!" said the man in astonish. ment, as he gazed down at the eager but shy face of the girl. "Have you but shy face of the girl. ever sung in public before ?" Never!" firmly.

"Then how do you know that you can sing ?"

Because I know that I possess a good voice, and when I feel that an only parent's life depends upon it, I know it will not fail me."

"Step in, miss," said the shopman kindly. He knew the girl well by sight; had he not seen her morning after morning wending ber way with amazing regularity to the little chapel in that quiet back street? Both men scrutinized her keenly. She thought only of what the £30 would mean to her mother, and stood the scrutiny well. They plied her questions, but her answers were so quist and self-reliant fast-receding cliffs of Dover, whilst that the manager felt tempted to

Do you know the song called 'Hope on, my heart, hope on for of France. ever

'I do," she replied.

hurriedly.

1

"And you will call at my address"
—handing it to her—" early tomorrow morning, so that I may judge of your capabilities ?"

I will," was the firm reply. Well, should you succeed, I will be liberal with you, Miss-?" Never mind my name," she said " Should I succeed, it is

all you will require of me !" It is more than I dare hope for," he said, turning to the shopman as Madge hurried away. "And yet, each other if she has not music in her, I never problem.

saw it in any face before !"

No sooner had Madge completed her bargain than she trembled at the | tion upon them thought of what she had undertaken Sing upon a public platact? Surely not," she argued, " when a mother's life appeared to depend is, and yet we rested in London last upon it. No, she would close her night."

eyes to all around, and sing with all

"Never mind it now and again

Early on the following morning, as agreed upon, she called at the manager's lodgings. He must have thought something of her voice, for

herself for her task, and prepared to walk to the concert room. I shall not be back for a few hours, Mary; take care of mother

and ease her mind about me.' Mary looked up, not well pleased at hearing this statement. She knew their bank-account was low (Madge alone knew how low), and dreaded lest her young lady should endeavor to raise it by undertaking any arduous task or labor. 'You'll be home as soon as you

can, miss?" Trust me, Mary, replied the girl, kissing her. "I would not go if I could help it. On my return I will tell you whether or no I have been successful.

She sped hurriedly along the streets, her heart beating quickly, her spirit praying for help and cour-Pondering all the way upon what the £30 would mean to her mother, her mind was so engrossed upon the subject that she failed to notice the looks of scorn and con tempt lavisbed upon her by her fellow performers when, throwing her hat and cloak upon a chair, she exhibited to view her plain but neatly fisting black dress. They were filled with indignation at the bare idea of this young, and to them insignifi-cantly dressed girl taking the place

of their prima donna.

The third song on the programme was Madge's, and dingy as her dress appeared, the manager bowed low as he escorted her to the stage. "Preposterous," whispered her companions indignantly; " he must be mad. She is bound to ruin our concert.' The surprise of the audience was even greater when they saw the youthful, and whose apparel was so simple and sombre. Disappointment was plainly depicted on the countenances of many. The quick eye of manager detected it instantly, and, fearing the effect it might have upon Madge, he leant forward end whispered kindly, 'Courage, courage!" All their looks and gestures were, however, lost upon the girl; she knew that on her song depended her mother's life, and the knowledge gave her marvelous cour. She was only aware that a deathlike stillness seemed to pervade that vast assembly, that a sea of faces appeared to float before her change eyes; then fixing her own upon an object above the heads of the audience, she never lowered them until her song had ceased. At first her voice was low, sad, and plaintive; then, carried away by her feelings clear, thrilling notes, well suited to

the words she uttered. Never had the hall resounded with poor Margaret FitzAllan fin-Three times the ished her song. Three times the on her quiet way, and now stood upon her myself." Lady Abbase did girl retired, and three times she on her quiet way, and now stood upon her myself." Lady Abbase did on her quiet way, and courage fearing not add that the portress had ingirl retired, and three times she returned and renewed some verse strong in nerve and courage, fearing not add that the portress had introduced in the returned and renewed some verse strong in her heart a strong formed her "she feared the poor of it, and yet they were not satisfied.

So in answer to their desires Madge peace and calm, in her mind a strong leady could not last many days."

Dorothy." So in answer to their desires Madge sang another song, a low, plaintive confidence in God. one, and the manager knew his con cert was a success. Bowing even lower than before, he led her off the

not the pleasure of knowing your name, miss, but should you ever be turned, and before the dismayed in trouble or distress write to me, and it it is in my power to aid tion the tall young lady sprang eageryou I will." It was always a pleas ure to him in after years to feel that | walk. he had dealt generously and kindly with this sweet Scotch girl.

One month more, and a of a vessel as it sped merrily on Reclining in a restful attitude, the eyes of the elder lady were levelled almost vacantly upon the white and those of the younger, as she stood erect enjoying the breeze, were straining eagerly for the first glimpse

O Mary!" she inquired anxiously, do you think all this travelling is too much for mother? Her mind is going. Do listen—she is talking of things that happened years ago as though they were taking place now She imagines she is a school-girl

again !" What is it, miss?" asked Mary, starting. She had been watching steadily for some time with a look of undisguised scorn the gesticulations of two excited Frenchmen, evidently endeavoring to explain to each other's satisfaction some knotty problem. "What is it, miss?" she reiterated, turning her back with an air of crushing scorn and indigna-

Never mind the men, Mary; but tell me what you think about mother. form. Oh, was there shame in the Can she bear the journey? Look at her poor face; how ill and pale it

her mind wanders, miss: perhaps room now, the very room in which it is a mercy, and blots from her Lady Abbess had bidden the girls her strength to save her mother from her mind wanders, miss : perhaps

as the evening drew near she steeled she would have been dead months girl herself. How joyful and excited may advise us what is best to be sweet task of nursing her mother. little ones claim my care."

No anxiety about the ways and "Certainly they do;"

I do wish we were safely there," sighed Madge. "All my anxiety will cease when once I can place dear mother in Lady Abbess's care." "I wonder if Marie de Valois will helped to make her face so pale, her have arrived before me?" mused the invalid, talking gently to herself; and little Mary O'Hagan also? We pinch and save. Ob, the relief of it! all slept in the same dormitory last year! I hope they will not change us now. Dear, dear, how very slowly ble ear to the poor and homeless, "But the child will be so lonely ble ear to the poor and homeless," "But the child will be so lonely constructed by the child will be so lonely the child will be so lone the vessel moves, and I feel so tired; and were they not both now? Doctor, I fear she will pine and fret. my head aches dreadfully! Yet I Madge knew it, yet felt that as thus just try and be patient."

ne to grow selfish nor impatient, word was spoken. The girl endeav-Madge.

ney by rail is somewhat long and end of it.

"Oh, take me to her, Madge!" she answered piteously. "I want her; I want her; care of me," she added with childish developed into the tall, refined, but band. "Do you approve?"

helplessness. The poor invalid was so weak that little Madge no longer—God knows we are most grateful to you for your it was with great labor and difficulty how pleased and grateful I am to kindness. But, of course, there are the rest of the journey was accom- have you with us once more!" famous singer represented by one so plished, and the shades of evening were fast drawing in ere Madge, with her dear but weary burden, arrived at the big stone archway with its hospitable iron doors. As they drove through the well-remembered grounds, Madge sat and pondered. Three years ago this April, and she was a school girl vowing as a faithful member of "The United Kingdom" to keep that memorable and solemn compact. "Surely it is ten years ago," thought the girl, "for " Surely it is was a thoughtless, careless child feet, she dropped wearily upon it and then, and now what am I?" Yee, rested her poor, thin, flus what was she? Where was the dif- upon the dear rough babit. ference? In what consisted the

Three years ago she stood a timid, frightened girl, her weak heart almost failing her, her poor eyes weeping bitter tears, as the fear and dread of all the trials in store for her rushed constantly upon her mind, she gained more confidence, and overwhelming her with pitiless sang, as if her heart would break, force. But she had borne her trials overwhelming her with pitiless bravely. With eyes raised upwards, and strong, steadfast heart, she had taken up each cross lovingly as it such prolonged applause as it did came in her way, and yet had found school apartments. There is a nice room to carry the crosses of others. room which she and you can share, Thus, thrice blessed, she had gone and I shall be better able to attend

Her mother, overcome by fatigue, kissed Lady Abbess's hand, and had fallen into a heavy slumber era pressed her hot cheek closer upon it. the carriage drew up at the friendly She knew her mother was dreadfully platform, and drawing her aside, he thanked her warmly, and pressed a sician's orders, feared the effect of a herself would share her responsibilithanked her warmly, and pressed a roll of bank notes into her trembling hands.

The poor overwrought girl bowed

A loud peal of the bell summoned a little novice to her call, the lock was turned, and before the dismayed just like her; she has never been Mrs. Sister had time to ask a single quesly past her and rushed up the garden One of the French windows secod partly open and through it Madge sprang into the school room beyond.

A few girls who were scattered near the desks looked up in terrified night to Mr. FitzAllan; and when astonishment, and Mother Agatha she rose she led the girl towards the honeycombed the high sand cliffs— In the afternoon Dorothy took her April sun shone on the bright decks near the desks looked up in terrified its course, conveying the two had no time to speak before she was Margarets to their girlhoods' home. clasped in two strong young arms clasped in two strong young arms and almost lifted off her fest. Mother, Mother! do you not know me ?" cried the old school girl.

" Madge! Madge! my darling child! the voice is yours; but oh, is it you really ?-the face, the form, so thin, so tall, so altered !" and tears of joy and welcome started to the good nun's eyes. "My poor, poor child, what joy to have you back again! Does Lady Abbess know of your arrival? Then let us go at once in search of her."

With arms entwined they traversed the well - remembered cloisters, Mother Agatha talking rapidly all the while. "What have you done with those round plump cheeks and their rosy dimples, Madge? And your hair—the deep red tinge has completely gone. I should scarcely have recognized you. Let me see, child. Oh yes! I should have known those clear, truthful eyes anywhere. O my dear child! we have heard of your noble life of self sacrifice. The name of our little Madge has been frequently upon our lips and in our hearts, and constant ly breathed in our prayers. You are a child of whom we as well as your

parents may justly be proud." They had reached the first class

"But how, Doctor?" she asked. up, and even though it's not the "A young girl cannot go alone. I kind you used to pray in, it's God's ago, I doubt me not. Maybe this she felt; so many willing hands and nun that you are both so fond of kind hearts to aid her now in the would gladly go with her, but my

were safely there,"
"All my anxiety
once I can place
ady Abbese's care."

were safely there,"
"All my anxiety
once I can place
ady Abbese's care."

petty cares and worries that had
go abroad alone," interposed Mr.

her to go to a quiet little village in

" My dear Mrs. Trevor, you are the most wonderful stepmother in the they were even more welcome than Madge stood at the back of her had they been rich and powerful. Whilst standing rapt in thoughts my old pst, Dorothy, than about your Jesus, and the manger where he was round her neck, and stooping, she like these, there came upon her ear kiesed her forehead.

"So you are there, my sweet child, hasty cough, and the light fall of a worry, or more either."

Whilst standing rapt in thoughts my old pet, Dorothy, than about your own children," said the Doctor kindly. "No, no, she won't fret, or too, and St. Joseph with her. You "So you are there, my sweet child, guarding me as usual with your nuwearied care. You must not allow the door. For full half a minute no tree well-known step. Madge rushed to two miles from the village of Bally-bleak it must have been that grand grow selfish nor impatient, word was spoken. The girl endeav cottin is the beautiful strand called night. You can see the ground sometimes I fear I am ored, but in vain, to suppress one great convulsive sob of joy, then felt who cared for my nephews and the hills the Shepherds are coming You impatient!" exclaimed the that she was held tightly in the nieces, lives there; she is quite a with their sheep, and up in the trees girl, etroking her mother's pale warm embrace of her best friend on specialist in staving off consumption. cheek; "you could never, never be earth. She could not refrain from I have sent several patients to her, that. But tell me candidly if, when weeping; big tears of joy rolled and in each case the cure was perwe arrive at Calais, you would pre- down her cheeks as she rested her | manent. If you both wish I will "Thank you so much, Doctor," said returned to me once more." Holding

Mis. Trevor. "Your plan is admir able. What do you think, Henry?" she continued, turning to her hus-"Certainly, Ethel. Indeed Doctor,

"My child-

delicate girl before bei?

upon you taking something."

temples, the almost frequent quiver

ing of her lips, and the thin, white

she strove with motherly tenderness

to soothe and calm her.
"You are to make a long stay with

us, my child, and I shall endeavor to

obtain instant permission for your

dear mother to be moved within the

Madge made no response; only

amongst nuns before, and was

relax and trust you."

you again in the morning.'

TO BE CONTINUED

STAR OF BETHLEHEM

"I am sorry to have to say it, Mr

And Dr. Chapman paused ominous

I had no idea Dorothy was so ill,

said Mr. Trevor; "but surely, Doctor, you hold out some hope."

"Hope; yes, of course, there is hope, that is if you send her away.

She must leave this low-lying, ener

vating town; she needs bracing air

complete change, absolute rest and

quiet, otherwise she, like her mother,

Have you spoken to my wife

Not in detail. I told Mrs Trevor

would wait for her in the library.

Ah, here she comes."
"I am so sorry to have kept you

waiting," she said, as she seated her

self in the chair Dr. Chapman had

You must send her away, direct-

will be the victim of consumption.

about this?" asked Mr. Trevor.

placed for her near the fire.

Travor, very sorry indeed, but your

daughter's case is really serious."

where to begin."

Protestant families about the place." "Sit down, dear Mother," cried egirl, drying her eyes. "I have reply. "The people are mostly reply. "The peasant proprietors, or fisher-folk, peasant proprietors, or fisher-folk, beasant proprietors, or fisher-folk, reply. The peasant proprietors or fisher-folk, reply the figures, and 'tis he that works reply. "The peasant proprietors, or fisher-folk, reply the figures, and 'tis he that works reply." the girl, drying her eyes. "I have so much to tell you, I know not where to begin."
"Gently, my child, gently," said
the Abbess, seating herself, still
retaining the girl's hand. "You are
with anyone's belief. Dorothy will at present overcome by fatigue and have a colony of birds and the great very near his people!" excitement. I will order you a little sea to entertain her. Then she will see me occasionally, as I run down to refreshment. No refusal; I insist Ballycottin once a month to see an And so Madge did; then drawing old patient. I will bring her books

rested her poor, thin, flushed face out-of the-way place." Lady Abbess saw the girl was overthis kind thought and interest? set with anxiety, that her nerves were unstrung. She noted with painful accuracy the hollows at her Mr. Trevor.

me once, before you came this way, transparency of her hands, and so my good six, and, of course, that accounts for it-that accounts for it," he repeated wisifully. "But now," minded girl had won the old woman's he added briskly, "what of this love, and ceaseless petitions were young Kelly? Is it true Dorothy is ever ascending to Him who said:

to marry bim ?" the wedding was to come off in given to her.

January. Just three months from Father Tom was glad indeed of January. Just three months from

Dr. Chapman decidedly, "The child leaves were arranged round the is far too run down, too weak and Tabernacle. sickly. By the way, how old is Dorothy?" She knew her mother was dreadfully

hands.

The poor overwrought girl bowed her head and burst into a flood of tears. Her mother could visit France now, and that meant rest and peace to her worn out frame; "And I—1 have earned it for her," she sobbed.

"On what into ''."

Well! well! how quickly the years go by. But, bless my heart talked and smiled as they fastened brought to her young but troubled mind!

"Well! well! how quickly the years go by. But, bless my heart talked and smiled as they fastened to be with old Andy McCarthy at their festoons round pillar and balf-past four. Good evening, Mrs. Trevor. No. thank you. I don't take tea at all. Yes, I'll call again in the morning." And away hurried hour that Christmas did Dorothy.

Mrs. Connors was an ideal nurse, bright, cheerful, gentle, and decided. They were as far apart, as different, taught to look upon them as scarcely With wonderful tact she gained her as earth is from heaven. human beings. When she finds how good and kind you all are, she will was a marked improvement in the elax and trust you."

Nearly an hour passed in bright and cycle without fatigue. For the poor manger. The Star of Bethand cheerful conversation. Never hours she would wandar down the labem gleamed over the crit, Jesus once did Lady Abbass allude that beach, watching the frolics of the would call the strangers, the outguest-rooms, and kissing her good- at times when they swooped down wonted walk down the beach, and night, bade her rest well, with the suddenly from their lossy homes round the headland to the church on fond assurance that she would take good care of both her and her with many a "twit, twit" they longer than usual, lost in a sort of "Sleep well beneath the old roof once more, and so soon as high. my duties will permit it I will see

quiet and its beauty grew into her time she was present at a Catholic the treasure in the deep-stories of ence. Instinctively she repeated the approval, and the music of the waves | gifts.' ever whispered "True, true, ever

Christmastide, with its wealth of memories, came on and found Dorothy busily engaged knitting long-eared caps and mufflers for ome of the neighboring fisherfolk, whose kindly greetings and fervent "God bless you, Miss," had won her heart. At home they would decorate the church, for years she had done the chancel herself—if she could only send the beautiful sprays of ivy that night to her kind nurse.

"But sure, Miss," was her reply, "you have pillars here that you can decorate. The little church beyond will be all the nicer for your doing now about Dorothy. What are we to

house. Do you really think I might Jo it "Certainly they do; you must Mrs. Connors?" asked Dorothy. "I say at home, but she can easily go would be so glad. You don't think it would be wrong for me, do you?' How could it to give God what He made? every good thing and every beautiful is from Him. No. no: I'll run thing over in the morning and ask Fathe Tom if you may make twiners and wreaths for the pillars. Isn't that

what you want? 'Tis busy he'll be all day fixing up the crib. that, is it, Miss? Why it's just a way of showing everything that happened the first Christmas. a few angels are holding a scroll with Glory be to God in the highest, and peace on earth to men of good will written on it. You could think they ney by rail is somewhat long and "At last!' said the kind, tedious, but Lady Abbass is at the firm voice, "my two Margarets have there next week."

write to her at once and make were singing it, alanna. Then on arrangements that Dorothy go down twelfth day, they call it the 'Women's there next week." maybe it's because they were so busy making cakes and good things for the real Christmas that they had little time for prayer, so they make up for Well, on twelfth day the it then. star comes over the stable—the star guided the Kings, and sure, Miss, I've often heard tell that this blessed star brought light to many. That's what

> entirely. He has brought heaven 'I would love to see that crib, Mrs Connors," said Dorothy. "Do you think I might go?"

hard putting them up every Christ-

mas. 'Tis he's the grand priest

"Why, alanna, the door of God's a low stool at her second Mother's and papers, and news of this world house is open every day. Sure the of ours, as Garryvoe is, indeed, an Blessed Lord is glad to see everyone. Your Bible will tell you. How are we to thank you for all is always saying: 'Come to me.' But there now, we've talked too lo wife feels it as much as I do," said You should have been in bed this hour back. Go now, Miss, and God "Tut, tut," interposed the Doctor. love you. I'll stay here and say the Docothy's mother was very dear to round of my beads for you." How little Dorothy knew of all the prayers faithful Mrs. Connors was offering for her. The simple, pure

'Blessed are the clean of heart," that 'Quite true," replied Mr. Trevor; the priceless gift of faith might be

today. Raymond Kelly is most de Dorothy's help—her quick, deft voted—he will be everything to ingers twined the ivy and holly into Dorothy."

"Yes, yes, how could he help loving her? But the wedding. Of relief against the white altar, and course, that must be put off," said sprays of beautiful, tinted bramble

As she worked, Dorothy was conscious of an Unseen Presence, a feel 'She was twenty on the first of ing of reverence such as she had never before known possessed her. February," replied Mr. Trevor.

"Well! well! how quickly the How different it used to be in the have earned it for her," she sobbed.

"Oh, what joy!"

Crossing one of the passages came a maid-servant; the manager called to her, and giving Madge into her to her sound to the school before the gates are closed for the night."

She flew around the well-remem to find the morning." And away hurried to the kind old Doctor on his errand of the kind old Doctor on his errand of the Crib; it was a rest to her soul to sit and look at it. The sweet Infant in the morning." And away hurried the kind old Doctor on his errand of the Crib; it was a rest to her soul to sit and look at it. The sweet Infant in the morning." And away hurried the kind old Doctor on his errand of the kind old Doctor on his errand of the Crib; it was a rest to her soul to sit and look at it. The sweet Infant in the morning." And away hurried the foreign watches her every movement, as though she feared she would steal her mistrusts and suspects her, and in the morning." And away hurried the kind old Doctor on his errand of the kind old Doctor on his errand o ponder on it. Every day she visited the Crib; it was a rest to her soul to ATLANTIC CITY, N. J care, charged her to hail a cab and take the young lady home. He spoke in a fatherly manner to Madge, and handing her his card, said, "I have handing her his card, said, "I have larged her to hail a cab and in a few seconds informed the Sister that she had on their way to Garryvoe, where the bered walls, and in a few seconds given your mother a strong sleeping pretty cottage, the great expanse of draught, and that no one was to sea, the lotty sandcliffs and the long-drawn beach delighted the infetes when compared to those bours

> Very quickly the days sped till the glorious feast of the Epiphany brought the holy Eastern kings to they longer than usual, lost in a sort of would wheel round and dark on half-dresm, half-reverie, from which the sound of singing aroused her. Soon Dorothy loved the place, its Benediction had begun for the first soul. In the long winter evenings she sat by the turf fire and listened monstrance raised slott, she heard she sat by the turf fire and listened monstrance raised aloft, she heard to Mrs. Connor's endless stories of the beautiful "Tantum Ergo." So the sea—of the ships that went down distinctly were the words enunciated that their meaning was borne in to in the bay, of the brave men, who at deadly peril went to the rescue, of her. She was in God's visible prescalm and storm, of sunshine and cloud. Down on the beach the waters seemed to murmur their their treasures they offered Him

And she, too, fell down and adored. The Star of Bethlehem had brought light to her, the gift of faith was hers. The hand of God had touched her, and her whole being responded to His call. She was wrapt above earth, her soul intoned its first "Credo;" she tasted, as did St. Pau!, earth, the bliss of heaven-the strength of God was imparted to her weakness for the hour of trial was nigh.

Mrs. Connors was the first to hear the good tidings : her joy and grati tude cannot be told. But what of grew up the gully—how graceful tude cannot be told. But what of bunches of the long sedges from the moor would look behind the Company the company to the co moor would look behind the Com-thy's letters revealed nothing, as munion table. All this she said one Father Tom thought it was better she should learn more about Catholic doctrines before doing so.

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