Published by permission of P. J. Kenedy & 44 Barclay Street, New York. HAWTHORNDEAN

A STORY OF EVERY DAY LIFE

BY MRS. CLARA M. THOMPSON

CHAPTER XXVI.

UNHEEDED WARNINGS At length came to the household of Colonel Hartland the news of the terrible siege of Vera Cruz, with the list of killed and wounded, and what is of more importance to our story. the tale of Lieutenant Hartland's promotion to "Captaincy," and his

troublesome wound. During these weeks of suspense no more was said of Marion's flirtation with Stapleton, so absorbed were the family in thoughts of the suffering member. Marion rode with her new lover, walked and talked with him almost unobserved, until one evening Dr. Hartland met him in the hall, and knew by his manner and the tone of his voice that his old habits were reviving. He found Marion alone in the library, from whence the gentleman had but just emerged; closing the door and speaking very sternly, he said, "Marion, did you know that fellow was half-drunk? I am surprised that you allow him the liberty of a private interview in his present

Marion colored with anger, and "I think you are rose haughtily. "I think you are mistaken, or that you misrepresent your cousin; I saw no maces of that of which you accuse him.'

There are none so blind as those who will not see." he replied sarcas-'The fellow is here altogether too much for your good. If you wish to jilt an honest man and marry this spark, who has been and is like to be again a common drunkard, why, you can take your choice : but you shall know what he is before you leap; and if you doubt my word, as you seem inclined to do, ask the Colonel or my mother. It is all humbuggery about reform ; I've seen him muddled several times this winter : but he was badly off tonight, he had to catch by the railing; I hope the police will have him in safe keeping

before morning."

Marion stalked haughtily from the room, she was intensely angry, and felt herself highly insulted.

What fools girls are!" soliloquized Dr. Hartland. What can there be this ancient jackanapes that is attractive to a bright, pretty young Certainly she is a candi date for Bedlam, it she means really to give up that likely western chap and marry this ass. I protest, a man can't be too thankful, who hasn't daughters to look after!"

The sons give us trouble sometimes," said the cheery voice of the who had entered the door Marion had left ajar in her hurried exit, unobserved, and had overheard the last sentence of the soliloquy. Are you scolding yourself, my son? he added, approaching the Doctor.

Not exactly; I am angry that this girl Marion should be making such a miserable wretch of herself, by jilting a likely man and taking up with our poor drunken cousin Tom, who has been closeted up with her here, half seas over.'

This is only suspicion, Ned," said the Colonel, looking at his son with astonishment; "you don't really think there is any thing of this sort

It is suspicion founded on constant observation, sir; by watching the weather vane you can soon tell which way the wind sits."

Philip Benton's child ought not to be brought into such a position in my house," said the Colonel thoughtfully; "but if there is anything in it, it may not be too late to break it up. I shall forbid him to come here at all, if he comes disguised as you say.' But the matter was taken up too

late, the mischief was done; that very day he had made a formal offer of his hand, heart, and fortune; the foolish girl had not accepted, neither had she refused, she had only delib erated. The Colonel had a sharp talk with Mr. Stapleton the next day about his habits, but Tom goodnaturedly assured him that Ned was altogether mistaken, he was suffering from an attack of vertigo when he met him; but like a sly old fox, from

that day, for many weeks, he timed his visits to avoid both father and son. Immediately upon this came—what each had anxiously feared-the ac. count of Aleck's fearful illness, with the daily bulletin from some secret friend, informing the Colonel with great minuteness of every day's Stapleton, (you will remember him,) change for better or worse. There returned from the East Indies this was no signature except "A Friend" to all these missives; gradually they grew brighter, more hopeful; and then to Laura—when the suspense which she had shared with the family through the daily letter which was carefully forwarded to her, when this dark night had begun to give way before the dawnings of hope—in that hour came to the stricken wife her own letters returned; those love manuals which she had filled with way you and I would both seriously regret, and although I saw him return from the cornfields heart, all had come back to her unopened. What can be told of her judgment as to believe she would harvesters their last day's wages, agony in that moment! and she felt for a moment think of him in that it was for all her life. She was comparison with Mr. Leighton, still the house. She made his tea while that it was for all her life. She was no longer a forgiven, heping wife, but a wife hated by her husband, dismissed without a werd. To Colonel Hartland came, in the postscript of the first letter written by Captain Hartland's own hand, this sentence, You will not be surprised that, having become convinced of the infi-delity of my wife, I have repudiated her by returning her letters unread, and I wish never to hear her name again. I would also add for your

satisfaction, my honored father, that there has never been a word between the Surgeon and myself in any way relating to Mrs. Hartland. Laura, who had sowed the wind,

knew, or would soon know, that she

was finally cast off. She felt that no

mercy was to be expected from the

Colonel's family; already she saw that her constant intercourse with

Miss Greenwood had led to the with-

drawal of Rosine almost entirely from

her loved visits to the Navy Yard.

Both ladies understood the powerful

influence of the Doctor, and right-

fully laid Rosine's absence at his

door; the influence had been exerted,

quietly, covertly, perseveringly, and

her young friend, they seldom met. At the coming of this stunning blow

to Laura, she would have gone back

at once to her position as a boarder

terrible waves of remorse that swept

when he returns, find you where he

desired you to be: do everything as

you know he would have you if all

were well between you, and I cannot

but hops that he will in some way be

brought to see his error; if even this

should never be, dear Laura, you can

take the step you contemplate when

And so the discarded, repudiated wife remained where she was, but

she could not conceal from the world

her aching heart, which left its im-

press on her whole life. Rosina's

was the only dissenting voice when

Aleck's decision was made known to the family, she said but very little,

she remembered her former failures

in this matter, but not a day passed

that some time the right might be

Between the sisters there had not

een quite the freedom of former

days, since the quarrel, though Rosine

said no more to Marion about Mr.

Stapleton, but she thought and won-

dered and tried not to see, but let

everything pass without observation, not even referring to "cousin Tom"

in her letters to her mother : she was

glad spring was close at hand, when

Marion was to return to Inglewood

after a visit to Hawthorndean, and

Marion; and on the whole, the winter

anticipated with so much joy, was a

time of trial and anxiety to Rosine.

requiring a reason for her cold infre-

quent epistles, and she took the op-

portunity of the answer to inform

him that her feelings had changed

more knowledge of the world had

life, and she thought the engagement

altered her wishes with respect to

must be considered null. The same

declaration, couched in different

terms, caused a commotion at Ingle-

thus far they did not there, associate

the breach of faith with any second

I ought to send for her home,

"It is better as it is," replied the

too strong an effort to bring them

together again; you don't suspect

her letter; it is to be hoped she has

more heart than such a fact would

indicate," replied the father thoughtfully, leaning his head on his hand;

I will write to the Colonel confiden

tially tonight, and tell him to act

The letter was written and dis-

patched at once; it crossed a letter

from Colonel Hartland to his friend

on the same subject, which we give:

This is the first time in my life

that I am at a loss for words to write

to you, but the truth is. I am anxions

about Marion, and though I know

nothing for certainty, Ned thinks there is serious cause why you

should know how matters are with your daughter. My cousin, Tom

autumn, and has been a constant visitor here of course, mine being the

only family with whom he can claim

any kindred. He professes to have

reformed his early habits, and I did not frown on his visite, for I thought

the girls entirely safe, both from extreme difference of age, and Marion

by a previous engagement; but the Doctor is of opinion that he is

--. March, 18-.

for her as he would for Rosa.

My Dear Philip:

There is no reference to any in

lover.

wife;

he folded the letter.

any other fancy ?"

It will be remembered that

that she did not offer a little

you find you can hope no longer

over Laura, "no; let your husband,

was reaping the whirlwind; she unrequired counsellor. She knew that pecuniarly her husband would not let her want, but how could she live, and act, and smile, in a world that

ALEX. HARTLAND." TO BE CONTINUED

DESMOND'S DREAM

In front of the Widow MacNamara's omfortable thatched cottage, the stretched themselves cornfields goldenly in the sun, heavily laden with their newly-out, newly-stacked arvest of wheat and oats and barley. The very last sheaf of the very last successfully, and though notes of friendship passed between Dora and field would be garnered and stacked, before evening, and then, once the threshing was over and the house thatched with the fine new yellow wheaten straw the heavy work of the year would be over, thank God, and as the House of the Infant Jesus, but beither Sister Agnes nor Miss Greenone might then look forward to a period of comparative rest and case till spring came round again. wood encouraged the step. "No," Dora had said, trying to calm the

Mrs. MacNamara had a great deal to be thankful for, she knew, with her fine prospercus little farm; her trim rose-embowered cottage that even a fine lady might not diadain to live in : her cows and her calves and her goodly flock of sheep; above all her handsome, strapping son, Desmond, whom, again, any fine lady might not have disdained as a lover. There was not a girl in the parish moreover, who would not have been proud and happy to have called him her own; and what a nity and misfortune it was that out of the whole of them he should have set his eyes and his heart on that silly, vain, good for nothing creature, Sadie Farrell, with her fair, false face, her fins clother, and her foolish reckless way!

It was thinking of her son now that had brought that unwonted look of trouble and anxiety into the Widow MacNamara's usually placid, kindly countenance. For three and twenty long years Desmond and sho had been all in all to each other, till Sadia, with her pretty witcheries and artfal designs, had come and thrust

herself rudely between them. It was not, however, that the widow was altogether jealous of her son's love for another woman, though there may have been a little of that very natural feeling mingled with hor anxious mother-love, too, per-haps. But it Sadie had only been a she sometimes wished time away that the hour migh; be hastened, and different kind of girl from the fighty. then she accused herself of unsisterly feelings in her desire to be rid of mercenary, heartless creature that Dasmond's mother knew her to be, the latter would have gladly rejoiced in her son's happiness, and given her blessing heartily and ungrudgingly to But the crisis was approaching; there came a letter from Mr. Leighton, a speedy union between them.

Foreseeing clearly, however, that Sadie was not the girl to make Desmond or any other man happy, the widow had refused to give he sanction to the match, asking only since her son was so very much in love with the girl) that no marriage or engagement of any kind should take place between them for another two years, when Desmond would be twenty-five, and the two of them might be better trusted to know their own minds.

If it had only been Elly Donovan, now, that Dasmond had set his heart on, his mother would have felt said Mr. Benton, a little sternly, as happy and satisfied; for entirely though Elly was, as poor as a church mouse (being one of a long family if she bave no real love for with very little means) and not Horatio, separation is the best thing for both; to send for her would be girl as Sadia there was separation to girl as Sadie, there was something so smart and kindly and gentle in her passionate, pitiable weeping. winsoms ways, and withal she was so sensible and managing and thrifty, that Mrs. MacNamara had often found herself wishing in her heart that God had blessed her with just

> who drove the egg-collecting van from Ballyrath, that Sadie Farrell was to be married on the following Sunday morning to Dominic Corcoran an elderly, but well-to-do, publican in the town. It was just what Sadie might have been expected to do, for she had never been content with her quiet life at home, and was ready to take the first match that offered. however elderly and ugly her suitor might be, as long as he was rich and ready to afford her the life of ease and the general "good time" which was her highest and only ambition.

Desmond must have heard the news, too, for these things travel quickly in the country especially at hay and harvest time; and his mother wondered sadly all day how her poor boy would take it. Badly enough, she feared; yet in this speedy marriage of Sadie to another, Desmond's mether realized, lay his surest guarantee of ultimate peace

and happiness. ously regret, and although I saw him return from the cornfields cannot think so poorly of her that evening, and, after paying his comparison with Mr. Leighton, still the house. She made his ton while I thought it right to advise with you he was washing his hands in the respecting this matter. We have kitchen, and a few minutes later the been of late absorbed in anxiety for two of them sat down together before Aleck; he is very feeble after his long a neatly arranged table spread with and terrible illness, and will obtain pretty china, homemade bread and pretty china, homemade bread and butter, cream, sugar, blackberry jam leave of absence as soon as he is able

leave of absence as soon as he is able to travel; the poor fellow has mere than his share of twouble, and is now smarting under what he says 'damning proofs' of his wife's infidelity; of course all is at an end between them.

The diele are well and happy. The

last news from Hawthorndean sort," and he made a half-hearted brought the intelligence of the very attack on a thin plice of griddle-

feeble state of Mrs. Hawthorne; the cake. old gentleman has the gloomy pros- "Ar Willie blind, and himself infirm, this

lay in their troubled depths.

'I heard something today about Sadie, mother," he said quietly. "She is marrying old Dominic Corcoran of the hotel in Ballyrath and they say the wedding is coming off in a hurry—as soon as next Sunday, in fact. So you need not be troubling your poor head any more, mother," he fluished willook, about her and me.

Well, perhaps it is the best thing that could happen, for your sake Desmond," she told him gently. "You'll find somebody else much more worthy of you by and by, my and inclination. So he contented alarmingly son, and somebody who will be a himself with writing every week and sat in the comfort and a blessing to you, too, as I fear Sadie never would have

He shook his head sadly. It's not the least use telling me these things mother," he said then, for I'll never love another woman after her. Sie has broken my heart. But, after all, why should I blame her. Why should she go on waiting indefinitely for me when by saying the word she could get far better and | behind him. wealthier match any day?"

ugly face and gouty limbs, brought on by drinking more than was good for him of his own beer and spirits!" his mother answered with scorn. Do you call him a better match? Why, if I were a girl, I'd rather go out and scrub floors for a living an marry such a man for the sake of bis money."

Well, she's marrying him, any how, and that is the end of everything for me. And, as I said before I can't blame poor Sadie. It's a pity you came between us, mother. hadn't a comfortable home of it, and she wasn't able for the work they

wanted her to do-'
"And which she never tried to do. either as a matter of fact," said his mother. good-for-nothing, too vain and selfish and frivolous to care about anything in the world only her own pleasure and amusement. If she were worth waited for you in preference to taking | rowed with much a man like Dominic Corcoran." spoke hotly, for, womanlike, she resented Sadie's desertion of her son, him to marry her. Besider, those quietly epoken words of his : "It's a pity you came between us, mother,' hurt her, and made her feel vaguely uneasy and doubtful, for the propriety of her own attitude in the

Mother." said Desmond then, with thought of it all! I must go away from here !

' Go away, Desmond !" she echoed,

with a suddenly pale face. Yes, mother, I must! I could not stay on here now doing the same work day by day; it would drive me mad! I must go, mother, but it will mad ! not be for long." He added this last only to console her, to pacify her, for in his heart of hearts, he would never care to return.

"Where to? To America?" she asked, blankly, and he nodded. Then

"But I cannot let you go, Desmond. How could I?' she sobbad. "I How could I?' she sobbad. "I were a man of sense! And, sure, man alive, don't you know that and miserable to live. Ah, my sev, dreams always go by contraries!" you would never leave me, would that God had blessed her with just such a daughter as this.

Well, things as regarded Sadie had turned out pretty much as the widow had anticipated, for only that day breath? You are all I have in the world. You must not leave! It and you, after all that we have been to to listen to any argument of the since the very first moment you drew due him, he set out for the Old would be too terrible, too cruel. I never live through it. I could

> and tried to soothe and comfort her have come as a warning; he might as bass he could, just as she had so still be in time to receive his often done with him through many mother's blessing, to bid her the a childish trouble.

Don't cry mother, dear. I'm not worth it," he said, brokenly: "and ing and remorse, remembering how I'm not going to go yet awhile. I'll of his own accord he had left with see the threshing through for you, out a single farewell word. and thatch the house, too, before I | During the weary and apparently go. You'll be able to manage the endless journey home, his thoughts rest yourself, for this year, at least. dwelt often on gentle Eily Donovan, And some time I'll come back to you, I promise I will!' But since he all along, would have been his would not say: "I will not go at mother's choice of a wife for him,

of going away, but went seduously that other Irish girl so strangely about his work as herestore, she like her in the streets of New York of hope and ranssurance. Now that of Sadie new, and when he did the worst of it was over and Sadie's it was only with feelings of unqualimarriage an accomplished fast, he fied indifference and contempt. would settle down cententedly as before to the work of the farm, and doubtless one of these days would begin to look about him and console himself with some better girl for his worthless Sadie's perfidy.

In this, she was mistaken, however. not return. And it was only after a day and a night of utter misery and anxiety that she had his farewell latter, telling he was already on the

him, as before, from doing what the light in the kitchen, and, again, him the only possible.

He had taken with him barely money sufficient to pay his passage out. But once landed in New York, unprecedented lack of appetite on he had not the slightest difficulty in finding work; his magnificent physique and the strength of his broad shoulders and arms proved a certain guarantee of good and constant employment. But the work was grieved sorely by the look of he had to do, though well paid for, hurt love and pride and pain that was arduous and unpleasant; it was carried on, moreover, in dark and close surroundings, very different from his former pleasant environment, amidst the green hills and golden fields of his home.

He wrote many letters to his mother, but never gave her his own address, from some strange feeling that he did not wish for any news he finished with a rusful from home of Sadie. Moreover, he ut her and me. feared that it his mother had his address, and was thus able to write to him, she might, perhaps, succeed eventually in coaxing him to come home, against his every wiser instinct sending her as many dollars as he could spare, by way of showing his affection, and even though he knew she had no real need of his money.

So the autumn and winter passed over, till spring came round again. He had never once laid eyes on a friend or neighbor from home, never once (but this was his own fault only) once (but this was his own fault only) had a line or message of any kind from the mother he had left lonely away into another room.

Soon he began to find the company old Dominic Corcoran, with his of the strangers with whom he ly face and gouty limbs, brought worked oppressively tiring and palling; and one day, when he had come face to face with an Irish emigrant girl, with the kind, blue eyes and pleasant smile of Eily Donovan-at first sight of her, his heart had jamped into his mouth, and he asked himself could it be really Eily, and a friend from home-he was assailed at last by all the pange of home sickness.

Still he worked on, silent, determined, uncomplaining, until one night he had a dream which troubled his waking hours each moment of every day and night thereafter. dreamt that his mother lay dead; that she had died of a broken heart, had fretted herself into the She was too idle and grave thinking of and longing for the son who had gone from her without ever saying even good bye. That Good-by" would never be said now in this world, he knew, as he looked thinking about at all, she would have at her pale, dead face, worn and farweeping, yet strangely peaceful and at rest now in death.

His mother was dead-he felt iteven though she had not wanted he knew it! And oh! what would he not give now for one line written by those poor, frail fingers, he who of his own foolish choice had deliberately put the wide waters of the Atlantic between himself and the first time, as to the wisdom and mother who loved him, this last long six months and more! Without breaking his fast, he went

that morning straight to his "boss ' a sudden, quiet determination. "I and told him he must get someone can't stand it! I cannot face the else to take his place, as he himself must go home to Ireland at once and without delay. Nothing wrong, MacNamara, I

hope?" his boss asked, with genuine concern, for as well as liking Des mond, he had found him an extremely reliable and valuable workman.

"Everything, I fear, sir. I dreamt last night that my mother was dead and I must get home without delay, Desmond answered despondently. The overseer looked as though he should like to laugh, but apparently

thought better of it.

"And for no other reason that !" he exclaimed, incredulously. "Why, MacNamara, I thought you

But Desmond was not in the mood Drawing what wages were World and home-his now empty You must not leave! It and desolate home - without a moment's loss of time. who knows ? and God is always good and merciful—the blow might not He drew her gray head to his breast | yet have fallen. The dream might last good bye, the good bye which he longed for now with a terrible yearn-

the girl whom he knew, and known all, mother," nothing else that he did say could comfort her.

and whose presty face, with its pleading, wistful expression, had say could comfort her.

Yet as the days went on and Desmond made no further mention since the day when he had seen since the day when he had seen that other Irish girl so strangely began to be filled with a new feeling | Oldly enough, he hardly ever thought

At last his journey was ended and late one night he found himself A few weeks later, Desmond went hesitated to make himself known of the last moments of James one day to Killoughter fair, and did to them, lest he should hear at once McCarthy, a baker of Thurles, who from their lips that which he most dreaded to be told.

Yet, as he stand now beside his old home, a curious comforting feeling taken this way of going rather than had face the ordeal of saying good-bye to her and having her try to dissuade had always been and exactly as it was a coording to the Daily course all is at an end between them.

The girls are well and happy. The or, indeed, for much food of any her and having her try to dissuade had always been; and there was considered a threaten-

thing in his mother's own room. It could not be possible that she was gone and another come in her placeso soon! Yet, considering his own long absence and complete silence. heaven knews what might have

happened since he left. He knocked gently at the door and waited, and when no answer came his heart seemed to grow cold and still in his breast. Then. it started again to thump violently against his ribs-those six months of oneliness and exile had strange tricks with his strangth and nerves-he opened the door and walked straight in, determined to know the worst or the best, once and for all.

There was nobody in the kitchen so, walking down the short corridor opened the door of it also, forgetting the formality of knocking, in his extreme trapidation and anxiety

And then, at the sight of his mother, happily alive, though looking alarmingly weak and pale, as she sat in the old armchair before the fire, his heart gave a sudden leap of joy, and he cried aloud in his relief and gratitude: "Oh, mother, thank God!" In another moment his arms were around her, and while the two cried and laughed together in the great joy of their reunion the girl who had been sitting by

Why, mother, can you ever forgive me?" Desmond was saying. "You would, I know, if you could have the faintest idea of all I have suffered since I left you. The last week or so was the most terrible of all, for, do you know mother, I dreamt one night you were dead.'

"And so I was, my son, or very near it. Last Tuesday night Dr. MacCarthy thought I could not live till morning. I had been ailing a good while, and then a heavy attack of influenza and bronchiti very nearly finished me. And. indeed, I never would have pulled through if it wasn't for poor Eily's careful nursing-the doctor said as much himself, for he never expected to find me alive when he That good, dear girl! Where is she? She has been better than any daugh ter to me ever sincs-" She stopped You lost your ungrateful sen,

Desmond finished for her, a little sadly, seeing how she hesitated even to refer to his shameful desertion of her. "Ah, well, mother, I'm glad you found somebody to make up for my absence.'

Nobody ever could, and you know the widow interrupted him kly. "Eily was more than a daughter to me, as I said; but I wanted my son, too," and she put her frail arm fondly about his great broad shoulders as he knelt like a child by her side.

He has come back, mo her, never to leave you again," he said humbly. Sure, I must have been mad all that time! And some day, perhaps, with the help of God, you will yet have a dear daughter, too, as well as a son—that is, if Eily would ever lock at me now! Somehow, I have been thinking a great deal of her lately. Her face has been always before me. Where is she, mother?"

She wanted to leave us alone like the gentle, understanding little like the gentle, undessessing is," said creature that she always is," said whisper. "I'll be bound, now, she's down in the kitchen boiling up the kettle and getting a meal ready for you. There don't you get the small of the rashere and eggs frying in the pan? It seemed to Dismond just then that a meal of rashers and eggs new laid Irish eggs and home cured

Irish bacon—was the one and only dish that he had been missing all these months. Eily came then, at the widow's call to give him two or three words of

hearty Irish welcome. And when, a few minutes later, she reappeared again, carrying a neatly-laid tray, which she placed on a small table between his mother and himself, Desmond said fervently, and out of a "Wisha Eily very full heart: hope I'll slways have you to make my supper for me," at which daring speech the three of them laughed long and happily together.

Why couldn't you have said that six months ago, you foolish, levesick omadhaum?" asked his mother, and saved us all this sorrow an loneliness? But, sure, I'm content and satisfied now if Eily is the same.

But from the shy, radiant look that the girl threw at Desmond as he draw in a chair for her between his mother and himself, the old woman guessed truly that Eily, too, as well as herseli, was content and happy.—Nora Tynan O'Mahosy in Missionary Record.

> IRISH RELIGIOUS SPIRIT STRIKINGLY SHOWN IN TRAGEDY

By N. C. W. C. News Service

London, May 21.-Illustrating the once again walking up the little importance attached by Catholics garden path that led to his mether's to the last Sacraments, and also door. The hour was so late that few the deep religious spirit of the of the neighbors were abread, and Irish people, the Daily Chronicle even if they had been, he would have has given prominence to an account was recently shot dead in the night in that town. The story recalls the death of the lord mayer of Cork, whe, after receiving the last rites, forgave

ARRISTERS. SOLICITORS

MURPHY & GUNN BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES

tors for The Home Bank of Canada tors for the Roman Catl Episcopal Corporation Suite 53, Bank of Toronto Chambers LONDON, CANADA Phone 178

FOY, KNOX & MONAHAN BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, MFG.

Cable Address : "Foy" Telephones { Main 461 Main 462

Offices : Continental Life Building

CORNER BAY AND RICHMOND STREET

DAY, FERGUSON & CO. BARRISTERS

mes E. Day hn M. Ferguson 26 Adelaide St. Wes seph P. Walsh TORONTO, CAN TORONTO, CARABA LUNNEY & LANNAN

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARING Harry W. Lunney, B. A., B. C. L. Alphonsus Lannan, LL. B. CALGARY, ALBERTA

JOHN H. McELDERRY BARRISTER, SOLICITOR NOTARY PUBLIC

CONVEYANCER to Loan Telephor HERALD BLDG. ROOM 24

GUELPH, ONT. ARCHITECTS

WATT & BLACKWELL Members Ontario Association ARCHITECTS Elixth Floor, Bank of Toront LONDON, ONT. onto Chambaco

DENTISTS DR. BRUCE E. EAID

Room 5, Dominion Bank Chambers
Cor. Richmond and Dundas Ste. Phone Will EDUCATIONAL

St. Jerome's College ounded 1864 KITCHENER, ONT.

REV. W. A. BENINGER, C. R. Prosident

FUNERAL DIRECTORS

John Ferguson & Sons 180 KING ST.

Th Leading Undertakers & Embalmaza Open Night and Day Telephone-House 373 Factory 543

E. C. Killingsworth

FUNERAL DIRECTOR Open Day and Night 389 Burwell St. Phone 3971

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J. FIREPROOF HOTEL OCEAN FRONT, INTHE HEART OF ATLANTIC CITY

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLANS.

Hot and Cold Sea Water Baths. Grill. Orchestra. Dancing. Gar

Church Decorating

r schemes and estimates submitted. CONLIN BROS.

Interior Decorators 587 Sherbrook Phone 1631 W PETERBORO, ONT. 587 Sherbrooke St.

87 YONGE ST., TORONTO Phone Main 4030

Hennessev "Something More Than A Drug Store" DRUGS CUT FLOWERS

PERFUMES CANDIES Order by Phone - we Deliver Watch Our Ads, in Local Dailies Thursday

Book Bargains

15c. Postpaid alt! Who Goes There? Wilfred Meynell. Every reader of "Aunt Sarah and the War." will want to read this book. Paper Cover.

60c. Each Postpaid

Bessy Conway. By Mrs. James Sadlier, Hawthorndean. By Mrs. Clara M. Thompson. Straw-Gutter's Daughter, The, by Lady Fullerton. Merchant of Antwerp, The. By Hendrick Conscience. Straw-Cutter's Daughter, The, by Lady Fullerton, Merchant of Antwerp, The. By Hendrick Conscience.
Lady Amabel and the Shepherd Boy. By Elizabeth M. Stewart.
A Mesalliance. By Katharine Tynan, Lightness of touch, agreeable and amusing people, a pretty plot are all here, as always, in shew novel by Katharine Tynan.
Memorials of Robert Hugh Benson. By Blanche Warre Cornish, Shane Leslie, and other of his friends. A beautiful tribute to Father Benson by his friends. The book contains a number of anecdotes and notes.
Deer Jane." By Isabel Cecilia Williams. A simple tale very pleasantly told. It is refreahing in its simple pathos and expression and truefeling. All who enjoy a clean, wholesome and stirring tale ought to read "Deer Jane."
The Honor of the House. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser and J. I. Stahlmann. In the ancient and grimpardens, is laid the scene of a story of treachery and loyalty, duplicity and upright fortiuds, cruelly light in the heights and depths of human nature that it discloses.

ORDER NOW Our Stock is Limited The Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA