Copyright 1922 By The Bobbs-Merrill Company Indianapolis—New York, U. S. A. THE INHERITANCE OF JEAN TROUVE

BY NEVIL HENSHAW Author of Aline of the Grand Woods, etc.

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED Later, when we had breakfast, she went out for a moment to return with the visitor who was to accompany me upon my travels. That it

crafty personality.
"And you will see that the child yourself?" asked Madame Theres for probably the hundredth time.

As I have promised, Madame. " And you are sure that he is the M'sieu the General of the letter? You are confident that there is not

At this the storekeeper permitted was his usual smile—a noiseless, perceptible parting of the tight-pressed lips, suggestive of bitterness rather than of mirth.

"That would be impossible, Madame," he replied. "You remember I spoke of a favor which only M'sieu the General could grant. Had he a double in the parish, I, of all men, would know of it.

The gleam of avarice in Monsieur

That is the question, Madame," "Perhaps M'sieu the General will not be pleased. He was, as I have told you, furious at a wide placid river spanned by a

ror which I have done my best to repay you," Madame Therese reminded him a trifle coldly. "One must ever risk to gain. Should his grandfather refuse him, you have your instructions. At least you will feel to furnish the state of my future? And enter it land of my future? And enter it will find no fury here.

"Bah!" she cried impatiently.
"Why should I think such things?
One would imagine that I did.

Shortly after dark.

Rising uncomfortably, Monsieur Dugas consulted his watch, and announced that it was time to leave.
"At all events," he muttered, heartily thankful that our journey a child, he had loved her "At all events," he muttered, following the trend of his thoughts, "a present gain is most assuredly better than a future favor."

so well in hand that her voice scarce trembled when she told me good-by trembled when she told me good-by and handed me a little package Dugas was economical.

Down-stairs, in the big front hall,

parish of my father's youth. The day was clear and warm, touched with a promise of the coming spring, and, as I trudged along, my thoughts raced on before me. Gone already was the memory of that loyal figure upon the other side of the door, lost in my anticipation of the coming journey.

And so, my brain in a whirl at the unfamiliar streets, the crowded what is your business anyway?"

and so, my brain in a whirl at the unfamiliar streets, the crowded depot, the wonderful voyage across the river, we came finally to Algiers. Here, hurrying aboard the train, Monsieur Dugas took instant and selfish possession of the wide double seat at the end of the arocking are Monsieur Dugas took instant and selfish possession of the wide double seat at the end of the smoking-car. Then, having made himself comfortable, he thrust an inquiring hand into his pocket, and drew forth a roll of bills. It was a small roll, yet, in its way, it must also have been a great one, since it represented did it not?"

Moving slowly forward, Jules surveyed his visitor by the hazy light of the lamp.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" he grunted.

"Yes, the team is here, although where the one who brought it is, I cannot say. But surely you are not going out tonight?"

Madame Therese's annual windfall

at Mardi Gras.
Dear Madame Therese! And only the week before I had heard her pleading with the rat-faced collector in the lower hall.

> CHAPTER IV. I START UPON MY JOURNEY

All that day I traveled through a country which, to my starved city eyes, was like a glimpse of paradise. Hardly were we well out of the city before the plantations began. was the Monsieur Dugas with whom | Perhaps to one bred in the parishes time, but little impression upon the tumult of my thoughts.

Monsieur Dugas, however, was a very different person from the rough, surly poscher of our first for the more than the parishes the view would have seemed both sodden and dreary, as the cane was all cut, and even the late griading was over. Yet for me it was a marvelous scene of life and color.

The broad empty fields, resting the more than the parishes the view would have seemed both sodden and dreary, as the cane was all cut, and even the late griading was over. Yet for me it was a marvelous scene of life and color.

different person from the surly poacher of our first ng. Now he bore himself d me with a species of clumsy white sugar-mills, standing cleartoward me with a species of clumsy deference, not unmixed with a little cut against the blue of the sky, the awe. He spoke of me loudly as.
"The little M'sieu." He oozed servility from the toes of his heavy shoes, to the rusty bald patch upon shoes, to the rusty bald patch upon sand delightful possibilities. But the top of his head. Boy though I was, it began to be apparent to me that the grandson of General at that very moment, I was upon to me that the grandson of General my way to take my place among of our rough jolting journey he had made certain that there was when he compared to make the compared to make the compared to make the same of the compared to make the compared to make

"And you will see that the child goes immediately to his grandfather? You will deliver the f ther's letter yourself?" asked Madame Therese ence was forgotten in his exasperation.

"Bon Dieu!" he cried finally. "You will drive me mad. As I have told you you will most assuredly find both trees and land upon your grandfather's plantation. At this the storekeeper permitted himself what I afterward learned How, for that matter, could it be

After this I stared through the window in silence, while Monsieur Dugas, spying an acquaintance at the other end of the car, hurried

The train rushed westward into a land of swamps and bayous, and now I began to see things of which perilous perch, I fell quietly asleep. but the favor will be now I began to see things of which d," Madame Therese assured I had caught vague hints from the their whirling blades filling the air with a shrill unceasing whine, their Dugas eyes was suddenly quenched yards a marvel of fresh, sweet-by a touch of fear. yards a marvel of fresh, sweet-smelling cypress planks, stacked in smelling cypress planks, stacked in

After the swamps came cane and plantations once more, and then was, as I have told you, rurious at the marriage of his son. It is possible that he will be even more furious at the discovery of his grandson. Believe me, I am taking my chances in the matter."

"For which I have done my best to repay you" Madame Therese our journey's end.

I did across broad waters of the She paused, the sudden hope in Atchafalaya — a wondrous fertile her face being replaced by a look land of fields, and forests, and wide-

not be satisfied with such a grand- I stepped off from the train into the he had become a little bald and a town of St. Pierre.

By now I was thoroughly weary

better than a future favor."

The last farewells between Madame Therese and myself passed off quietly in the excitement of my departure. Indeed, she had herself so well in hand that her voice scarce might be conveyed to the town the following the conveyed to the town might be conveyed to the town might be conveyed to the town the following the conveyed to the town might be conveyed to the town the following the conveyed to the country to the country the country that the country the country the country that the country the country the country that the country the country that the country that

and handed me a little package done up in tissue-paper.

"Your mother, mon enfant," said she briefly. "Kiss her each night as did your father and, through her love which you have never known, perhaps sometimes you will think of your old Madame. No, you must not trust the valise. In your pocket, my little John, next your heart."

Dugas was economical.

Therefore, seizing his heavy valise and my lighter one, he led the way toward the scattered lights of St. Pierre. A heavy fog had fallen at sunset, and as we walked along it seemed to me that we were treading the vast open spaces of the sky above us, set with the faint twinkling stars of the little town.

Unon arriving at the main street

Upon arriving at the main street, Monsieur Dugas hesitated for a moment against her breast. "Bon lutely into the darkness of a cross woyage," she began, but her voice way. Down this he went for a short distance until he finally paused short distance until he finally paused a great open square of fog she strained me for a long silent moment, and then plunged resomment against her breast. "Bon lutely into the darkness of a crossway. Down this he way aused trailed off into a sigh of utter dreariness. "Dieu!" she gasped and, thrusting me almost roughly outside, slammed to the heavy door.

Thus I left Madame Therese and set forth toward the far-distant parish of my father's youth. The parish of my father's youth.

walk back will do him good."

He paused to hustle Jules impatiently inside, while I stared after him, amazed at his anger. Later I knew the reason for it, as I also knew many other things of the niggardly Monsieur Dugas. Truly does the miser pay heavily in discomfort for each useless penny that he saves. Well might Monsieur Dugas besitate upon the main street last, that it would be wise to trust between the long rold drive across

for which Madame Therese had so a bundantly provided.

The team, when it finally appeared, proved to be a thin mangy horse attached to an ancient jumper. It was a novelty to me, this jumper, with its high shaky wheels, its narrow seat, and its curved slat bottom in which the valises had already been placed. Refusing Jules' proffered aid, I climbed curiously to Monsieur Dugas' side, where he warned me to be careful to say, and hers—he wished he could feel certain what hers would reply.

When Tony reached Bennett think of him in connection with her. They considered him their friend, too old and staid to be classed with the green porch, only four doors already been placed. Refusing Jules' proffered aid, I climbed curiously to Monsieur Dugas' side, where he warned me to be careful have been the best possible good the words. This was the only ray of hope he saw.

him. Only the soft interminable stretch of fog-drenched grass below, the vague sky overhead, and in front, a blank hazy wall through which the sharp back of the horse was but faintly seen. Yet not once did the storekeeper pause or hesitate, jogging steadily forward with a persistency that finally caused my tired eyes to close. have a dim remembrance of a sudden lurch that sent me half off off to calm the confusion of his thoughts with the problem of the coming season.

The my cheek found the damp roughness of his

I was awakened some time later him. "Think of what it will mean to that lonely old man. Perhaps you will be rewarded in other houses at the scattered stations, the storekeeper which announced that we were approaching the end of cur drive. the fog had thinned into a twisting vapor, shot with the light of the winter moon and, upon peering through it. I saw Monsieur

> It stood upon a triangular strip of land formed by the intersection of a cross-road, a rough unpainted box of a building, long, and low, and with a narrow porch across the front. Flanking the porch upon front. Flanking the porch upon one side was a shaky hitching rack, while upon the other a stunted china tree writhed its thin twisted branches against the gray back-

ground of the prairie TO BE CONTINUED

A BUSINESS OFFER

Tony Teatino was wearing his new Sunday suit and his best purple tie; his shoes had been polished, and his hat carefully brushed, but, in spite was not amorous, but grimly determined, and it cannot be denied that the had become a little bald and a little round-shouldered during the little round-shou

Even when Lucia Montenaro was a child, he had loved her. His greatwas over. The depot in St. Pierre, as is usual in the country, lay some bananas for her, to take her to see a parade, or even—when business was particularly good—to pay her way into the circus. And in those days Lucia had often and earnestly declared that, as soon as she was old enough, she was going to marry

Lucia was old enough now; she was almost eighteen, but, sad to say, she was also pretty, and fun-loving, and coquettish, and, to the indignation and sorrow of Tony, all the young Italians in St. Anthony's parish seemed to be determined to marry her. Everyone else had been marry her. Everyone else had been aware of her popularity for a year or more; Tony had realized it only three months before, and after enduring agonies of jealousy for twelve long weeks, he had become desperate, and had determined boldly to assert his claim. He tried not to admit to himself that its foundations were of a kind often to see the popularity for a series of the popularity for a series of the popularity for a year of a kind often to admit to himself that its foundations were of a kind often the popularity for a year of the yea foundations were of a kind of the flounded by young ladies; long friendship with her father and mother, who had befriended him mother, who had befriended him has one dollar saved. Last month has one dollar saved. Last month foundations were of a kind often and without experience; long and slavish devotion to Lucia herself; the ownership of a small but prospering store, and a childish promise which even he could not consider binding.

It was early in the afternoon and the could not consider binding.

Tony did not laugh; he was too deeply in earnest. He had hoped Nickie would understand without much explaining on his part; wasn't the case as clear as daylight? Now

Montenaro could be trusted to sleep soundly in her chair after a good

would I have disturbed you have disturbed you have otherwise?" snapped the store-keeper. "Come, it is late, and I am in a hurry. As for my clerk, he can look out for himself. The walk back will do him good."

He paused to hustle Jules impatibility is ideal of the paused to hustle Jules in the paused to hustle Jules in the paused to hustle Jules impatibility is ideal of the paused

he saves. Well might Monsieur Dugas hesitate upon the main street between the long cold drive across the prairie, and the comfortable bed for which Madame Therese had so about a provided.

matter became, and he decided, at last, that it would be wise to trust to the inspiration of the moment. His heart would surely tell him what to say, and hers—he wished he could feel certain what hers would are were allies in his struggle to win Lorie.

marsh was a greater person even than the host of the balcony.

I pressed my face against the with Madame Therese, however, Monsieur Dugas showed the doubt that was the dominant note in his crafty personality.

"And you will see that the child"

To take my place among these many way to take my place among these many wonders.

I pressed my face against the glass of the car window in an agony of delight. I began to pick out glass of the car window in an agony of delight. I began to pick out the seat.

Of our rough jolting journey the had made certain that there was no back to the seat.

Of our rough jolting journey the had made certain that there was no one on the porch or in the tiny seemed that we were drifting aim gate that we were drifting aim gate the cartain entracing spots from the flying landscape which I promised myself I would reconstruct upon my grandfather's plantation. I weep across the open prairie. sweep across the open prairie.

How Monsieur Dugas kept to his road was a marvel to me. There begun to feel miserably shy and sheepish, and cer
when he reached the steps he had begun to feel miserably shy and sheepish, and cer
Mr. Montenaro.'

awkward and sheepish, and certainly looked all three.

The front door stood ajar, and as he approached it, Tony heard Lucia laugh gaily; he heard her father and mother both talking at once, as was their sociable habit, and, worst of all, he heard Nickie Columpo's deep, pleasant voice. Nickie Columpo was the most formidable of

Tony hesitated on the doorstep, and would probably have slipped silently away, if Mr. Montenaro had not chanced to catch sight of him

and called ; 'Come in! Come right in Tony! You're just in time to keep mother and me company," he added as Tony entered the sitting-room. "These young people"—and he indicated Lucia and Nickie with a wave of his plump hand—"these young people and two or three more, giddy just like them, are going to some new place they call Highland Park. We know enough to stay at home and save our money, and to keep away with the typical landlady's willingfrom crowds on a hot afternoon, don't we?"

He laughed as he spoke: Tony tried to laugh with him, and failed dismally. Mind and heart were aching too pitilessly to console him with the remembrance that, after all, he was only thirty-one—not old enough to be classed with Mr. Montenaro—not old for an American to be married, and he was American

"Papa, please don't say I must be home at 8 o'clock," Lucia began to plead (she had nodded to Tony Nickie was at no pains

Mr. Montenaro replied, smiling fondly at his eldest daughter over the head of the three-old who had climbed on his knee.

"You'll be here when we get home, won't you, Tony? You'll want to hear all about our outing, won't you?" Lucia called back coaxingly, as she and Nickie started 'No, I won't be here," Tony

answered gloomily.

Three young people from a house across the street joined Lucia and Nickie, and the party drove away in a gale of merriment, but the echo before Mrs. Montenaro sighed deep-ly and Mr. Montenaro's habitual smile faded.

girl, like this one on my knee," he said. "So much worry, when they're grown up big!"

"I wish Lucia could be a little

every day.

binding.

It was early in the afternoon—not long past 2 o'clock—when Tony started down St. Louis Avenue, having calculated that at this hour he might find Lucia at home and alone. On Sunday afternoon Mr. Montenaro of the went to see his father, taking of the case as clear as usyngm.

Sylvania Railroad, in the yards, and now there's a strike. He endeavored to be more explicit. "I did not mean I want you to buy it. I just thought that—"

He glanced appealingly at Nickie, who was still chuckling over the didat that someone had imagined he might be able to buy anything. He case as clear as usyngm.

Father and me, we worked hard when we were young—too hard, all day long," Mrs. Montenaro interrupted. "We don't want Lucia to the railroad. soundly in her chair after a good meal of spaghetti, and less intimate friends of the family would hardly make a visit so soon after dinnertime. He would speak boldly to Lucia, and the matter would be settled. They might as well be married soon; he had a nice little

"Would I have disturbed you flat over his store, and would buy and Lucia is happy, tomorrow, maybe he have dinner, maybe no.

Nickie Columpo," he ventured to say, breaking the long silence which had followed Mr. Montenaro's words. This was the only ray of 'He comes every day; she smiles en he comes," Mr. Montenaro when he comes,'

said, decidedly, and his wife nodded "Every day, and they talk and laugh all the time. How do they

laugh!" she murmured.
After a pause, she said thought fully, "It's the foolish boys they like, these silly girls!" And then, quite suddenly she laughed, adding, I was so myself: that's why I liked

deep, pleasant voice. Nickie Col-umpo was the most formidable of and still Tony had not moved. He his rivals, the only one whom Tony feared sufficiently cordially to feared sufficiently cordially to dislike—a good-looking, boyish fellow, with pockets as light as his thought, and planned, and grieved. It was almost 9 o'clock when, at length, he rose, slipped into his old, every-day coat, stole from the house way of a rear door, that he might escape the questions of curi-ous neighbors, and walked slowly down St. Louis Avenue. All the way to Eighth street he went, and entered a shabby, third-class rooming house, which faced the railroad

tracks. A slatternly woman admitted him and, in answer to Tony's question, directed him to Room 21, on the third floor. "He came in whistling, not five minutes ago," she added,

ness to tell all she knows. Slowly and wearily Tony grope his way up two flights of ill-lighted, creaking stairs, and knocked at the door marked 21. It was Nickie Columpo who opened it. For a moment Nickie peered at Tony, not recognizing him before he exclaimed, "Is that you, Tony Teatino? This old hall is as dark as a dungeon."

"Yes, it is I, Nick. It is late, but I came on business. I—I could not wait even until tomorrow." Tony

"Why should I think such things? One would imagine that I did not wish the child well. You must wait, M'sieu, until you are sure. You must use what influence you have before returning again. But after all it is a foolish fear. Who would that the child will have are the company of the window, the train came jolting to a standstill, and Monsieur Dugas shook my arm.

Sunday suit and his best purple tie; his shoes had been polished, and his bat carefully brushed, but, in spite of all this, no one would have taken him for a lover. The expression of his ordinarily mild and gentle face was not amorous, but grimly deterated was not amorous amorous amorous provides was not amorous amorous provides was not amorous provided was not a Nickie was at no pains to hide his opened the door wide enough for Tony to enter, and swept his hat, a bag of peanuts, and some faded flowers from the seat of the only chair in the room. Tony took it absentmindedly, and Nickie sat near him on the side of his bed, vainly trying to imagine what his

visitor's errand could be.

Tony began his explanations in a low voice, and with a shyness which Nickle interpreted as effeminacy 'Nick, I want to make you an offer I've been in America for nine years nine and a half. My old father and mother and one sister, they still live in Italy, all alone, not far from Naples, and I—I've made up my mind to go back to them. I have a their laughter had hardly died nice little business, a nice, neat fore Mrs. Montenaro sighed deepit, in St. Louis Avenue, near St. Anthony's Church. I've worked hard to make it grow, but I can't take it to Italy, and—I know you have no job because of the strike-so I wonder—if you want my store.' Nickie stared at him for a moment, and then laughed long and

moment, and then laughed long and heartily. "I buy your store! You're crazy, Tony Teatino! I couldn't buy a peanut stand! I tell you the truth I have only twenty-five dollars in the world, and I owe twenty-six—and no job—and only five dollars a week from the union while I am on strike! That's a crazy

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