BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS

MURPHY & GUNN

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UNITED KINGDOM BY MRS. INNES BROWNE

CHAPTER XVI.-CONTINUED

"All are busy enjoying them-selves," thought the girl; "no one will miss me. Surely I may visit Our Blessed Lord and assure Him though so merry and gay, yet we have not forgotten Him.

The little white figure flew swiftly along the long corridors, up the easy flight of stairs, and soon stood at the heavy caken door of the chapel. All was still and quiet here. She paused to recover breath, and by the faint light near glanced once-more over

her programme. It was all right. In the dim dis tance, as it were, she could hear the merry sound of music, and could detect that the same dance was being prolonged, and yet she had the next one at liberty; then the one that had but a single "R against it. Marie colored deeply as realized how often on her that single "R" occurred. With beth hands she pushed upon the heavy door and then entered the silent chapel. All sound of the music and revelry ceased as the door

It was very sweet to kneel there alone and give and consecrate to God the first moments of the New Year, and the girl felt extremely happy as she prayed earnestly for blessings

Ere long a faint but certain stream of light fell across the little sanctu ary, and Marie felt assured that the door had been opened, and that she was not alone. A tall manly form attired in military court costume moved quietly and slowly up the aisle, then stood with folded arms and bursting heart, gazing longingly and sadly at the little white vision before him. On Lord Reginald's face were plainly depicted lines of the keenest misery and suffering. Alas! he knew too well that he was hope lessly in love with Marie. He felt that without her constant help and companionship he could not live, and yet as he gazed upon her his con-

science smote him bitterly.

What right had he to cull this fair young flower from God's sanctuary? Had she not given herself entirely to Him? and had He not the prior claim? But why—oh, why—struggle as he might against it—why had fate thus willed that his whole heart should have gone out to this gir), as he knew it had done? What was life to him now without her? And yet it must not be. Heaven itself appeared to have raised an insurmountable barrier betwixt them, and he durst not try to force it down. No; he must bear his sorrow alone. O God, have pity on me!" he murmured, and his head sank lower

upon his chest. At that moment Marie turned her head; she guessed too well who was standing near, and in an imperative yet almost playful whisper she demanded, "How is this, sir knight? You have not yet paid your respects

to Our Lady. Lord Reginald strode hastily to a seat in front of her, but upon the opposite side of the aisle, and dropping upon his knees, buried his face in both hands, whilst big sobs shook his whole frame. Poor Marie was deeply moved and sorely troubled. knew instinctively that she possessed wonderful power · to soothe him, yet she argued, "Ah! Have I any right to dare I use it do so?" Her kind heart as usual got the better of her scruples, and leaving her seat, she crossed over to where the young Lord knelt.

"What is the matter, Reginald? Do not fret so. I cannot bear to see it," she said kindly, laying her hand gently upon his shoulder. But at these words the sebs appeared to increase, and she heard him say—

"O God, help me! I cannot endure it any longer." He did not look up at her, but took the little hand in his and pressed it to his lips. give me, if you can, just this once, Marie ; but I have to face a life long trial, and, alas! I lack the courage and grace to do it.'

Can I not help you? Will you

Yes; come to the private enfor you will then pray for me in

the years to come.' He rose with more determination. and, taking her by the hand, led her outside the door into a broad her face was crimeon as if with burnarchway which led from a long pass-ing shame, and her breathing felt age straight into the private part short and difficult. Oh, what ought of the chapel. A solitary light she to say? Why did her usually gleamed from a bracket on the clear, quiet mind seem so suddenly opposite side of the passage, and clouded? Why was her heart so up the silvery sheen of the little

in his, and, looking down sadly and tenderly upon her, said, "Before I seemed to well, up in her heart for my grief, I entreat your pity and forgiveness, Marie, resting assured that, however unjustly you may conduct now, in the years to come your kind heart.

He walked on towards the church and the schools, and looked at his was pleasure or pain, but he felt more human, nearer to watch to see if it was past the time when the schools would discharge he had telt for years.

will pardon and exonerate me. Then be patient with me. Nay, do not start when I tell you that you, and you alone, are the cause of my lifeleng sorrow; for I love and revere you, dearest Marie, with all my heart and soul! Nay, bear with me and hear me out "-for Marie had with-drawn her hands from his, and sprung in evident terror from his side. Oh, not me ! not me !

you cannet mean me!" she implored, in accents of unfeigned alarm, "What have I done that you dare to say this to me?"

In justice and mercy to me hear out," he cried. "God knows me out." he cried. how much I have already suffered. Do not add to my burden by spurning me from you thus. Listen. I will never entreat nor implore you to bestow upon me what you deem belongs to God alone. But love you I cannot help, and never shall I love another as I do you, sweet Marie. should discover that you have made a mistake ; that God has not called you to that high destiny to which you aspire; that He has other designs, other work for you on earth -remember that there is one true and faithful heart who longs for your love, your help, your compannship, who values not existence without you. Remember also that Marie ?" by my side there is work for you to de, that as my wife you could accomplish much, very much good, and I vow that none other shall ever fill

"Lord Reginald," said the girl, greatly agitated, "you must not speak to me like this, neither should knowing well that had I sorrow, guessed for one instant the cause of

have desired you to explain it to me.' 'I know that full well," he answered mournfully, "and you are lips, a totally innecent and free from all gone. and yet Phoped that you would forgive me. Have I wounded your kind heart so much and erred beyond forgiveness this time, dear

No reply came from the closed escaped her, and Reginald gained

"Unknown to you, Marie, you carry about with you this evening a talisman that-had I not known you as I do-might fain have raised my hopes and given me more confidence. Well I know it was placed there by the hands of a fond parent, though she erred in doing so, thinks almost more of my happiness than of her own."

What can you mean?" she inquired hurriedly. "I with a talis-man of hope for any man?"

That necklace, Marie; it was never yet worn by any one save by the wife or promised bride of a De Woodville. Nay, do not break it,' he cried, seeing the girl seize the pearls as though to dash them from They are of great value, and their history is a sad one, for many times have the tears of royalty fallen upon them. Elizabeth, mother of the poor young princes so cruelly smothered in the Tower, presented

them to our family.' " And pray is every one aware of the conditions upon which they are worn?" demanded Marie, with some

indignation in ber tone. " Far from it, I do assure you. It has always been a purely private wish of the family's, and I am sure that both my parents knew of but one whom they wish or deem fit to wear them. Certainly I will take them off it you wish it," he continued, " neither will I vex nor trouble that during my lifetime one alone shall ever wear them again.

He unclasped them gently from her fair throat, and, ere he consigned them to his pecket, looked intently at them, and, as though speaking to them, he continued in a low tone: "Many eyes have gazed upon you, some filled with bitter grief, many with heartfelt joy; but never, never again shall mine look upon you until the hour arrives in which I may reclasp you from whence you have but now been spurned."

Marie feigned not to hear, but in a troubled, plaintive voice requested to be led back to the ball-room.

He kindly but gently draw her not tell me what it is ?" she asked, arm once more through his, and as so timidly that he scarce caught her words.

"Yes; come to the private enuits last hours out you may be under his window, he reflected trance, I will tell you there. It will able to forgive me the indiscretion I rather bitterly that Christmas held comfort me to think that you know, have committed during the first few no meaning for him anyway. He moments of it ?"

Still no answer. Marie but bent her head lower; she felt stunned, overpowered, her knees trembled, played upon the rich gold lace on filled with perplexed and mingled the young soldier's uniform, and lit feelings as not to be able to determine which was uppermost? Of maiden's dress. Never had she course she was appermose? Of looked more beautiful. In fact no angry-that Reginald, of all people framed proud dame nor courtly should have dared to speak to her as knight in all that abods looked more had done. And yet how gentle-handsome or more winsome than did manly and kind had been his words young Lord Reginald and his little and manner; how unselfishly he companion, as they stood side by side in that arched and gilded acknowledged it, and claimed noth ntrance.

He took both her trembling hands full of consideration for her. And to tell you the cause of him, which was not lessened as the my grief, I entreat your pity and night wore on and she noted how a little child.

evening after the ball-

Are you obliged to leave us so soon, Regie? I am sorry not to have seen more of you, my boy."

"I also am grieved, father, but tear I must go," he answered slowly. They appear to think at headdream, in fact, to me."

Marie felt that as he spoke turned and looked towards her, but for the life of her she dared not raise her eyes from her book, lest the tell-tale colour should betray But oh! if in the years to come you her, and convey to him the sorroy she really felt at the news of his sudden departure; so seizing the first opportunity she left the room.
"I shall leave early in the morn-

ing, even before you are up," said Reginald a few hours later, as he stood near the door of his sister's boudoir and wished Marie "Do we part as friends,

We do," said the girl in a low tone, raising her eyes bright with tears to his, for she felt she was driving him from his home, "andand I will never forget you in my prayers-never !"

God bless you now and always, dearest Marie: whether I die in I listen to you. You have taken peace at home or on the dreary field advantage of my sympathy for your of battle, the bright memory of the your pain and grief, never should I | Farewell, then, until God wills that we should meet again." Once more he gallantly raised her hand to his lips, and with one long last look was

Reluctantly, but forcibly, the girl withdrew her tear-dimmed eyes from the vision of that tall receding form, and turning into her own closed the door firmly behind her, lips, nor were the drooping lids and groping her way to the window, raised ever so little, only a deep sigh side and gazed with a sigh of sad appearance by pretty clothes. relief upon the faithful and steady light opposite.

"Sweet little flame!' she whis-pered; "more true, more steadfast rare and gentle constancy, whilst strange and contending feelings tear asunder my poor unstable heart! Then clasping her hands tightly together, she cried with passionate

earnestness, "Teach me to do Thy will, my God!-Thine, and Thine Ab, Marie! for the first time your life you have uttered that prayer without the least thought of

feeling of self. TO BE CONTINUED

> LED BY A LITTLE CHILD

By A. Raybould, in Ave Maria

It was Christmas Eve. Charles Roland pushed aside his books. Study was beginning to pall on him. Wisdom is an exacting mistress; but the ante-chambers leading to her royal presence seemed on that day to be full of a particularly stressful atmosphere. Charles went over to the window

and looked out. The enowilakes drifted steadily through the bare trees in the square, opposite his window, and fell softly on the pave-ment before the house. Two or three poor children, oblivious apparently of the damaging influences of the scene, and in spite of their scanty clothing, were talking with childlike earnestness near the open door. One, a little girl, five or six years old, was clasping a tawdrily dressed doll. To the two baby boys by her side, innecent of the mother instinct to which such ecstacy might be due, who surveyed critically enough the object of her aderation, the toy appeared to offer unthought of vistas of play and pleasure.

Charles looked down and smiled. The little scene was not without its humanizing effect; and it brought back to his mind with a rush many things which he had forgetten among others that it was Christmas was an exile and alone, and to give or to receive presents was a joy he could not hope to share. He had drifted away from family and friends he had also drifted away from his childhood's faith; yet the thought of Christmas now recalled memories which he could not lightly set aside -recalled the need of human sympathy and human kindness; made im feel acutely the necessity of taking some human being to heart, or of sharing with some fellow creature that love of his kind which, in spite of all his sophistication, had not quite died out of his heart.

Charles put on his hat and great coat and went out. The children he had watched from the window had disappeared, but he knew other children would be easy to find. The words, "and a little child shall lead them," kept repeating themselves in his mind, without any conscious put her down. Charles was unacacquiescence on his part; though he customed to such demonstrations,

During the following day Lord their inmates. No, it still wanted a Reginald appeared to avoid Marie. quarter of an hour to the appointed She was aware that he did it for her time. He walked slowly towards the quarter of an hour to the appointed they started on a tour of inspection time. He walked slowly towards the of the shops. He was altogether cal program the best in the city. girls' school. In the porch the Cure indifferent now about meeting his You know Dr. Jehnsen, of Wheeler to him for it; but, alas! our hearts are not always under our own control, and it was with a pang of almost sorrow that she heard the Earl address him thus on the second evening after the ball—

Other locality in the porch the Cure of the land, waited patiently, something evening after the ball—

Other locality in the porch the Cure of the land, waited patiently, something ent relative. The young man felt proud of his little companion. even of a smile upon his russet face. proud of his little companion; she, Charles took note of the old man's still prouder of her newly found

in the porch, waiting evidently to necessities of life, or such surprise the children by some act or as a few pence could

He walked up to the priest. "Monsieur le Cure," he said, when the children come out, wilk on let me have the very poorest of the lot, just for an hour or so? promise to take good care of her.'

The Cure's eyes wandered over Charles' face with one shrewd glance which left him apparently satisfied. At that moment the school doors opened and the children came tum bling out in mad disorder, like astream of water which had broken its dam

The Cure stood aside, but he watched the children. He knew personally every unit in that motley whole. Presently he seized one child and separated her from her in the porch with Charles and the priest

Make your choice, sir," said the one pure, good girl that I have met Cure. "You are not the only one shall ever be my shield and buckler. who has designs on these youngsters today. Providence is always very busy in their behalf at Christmas tide.

Charles looked at the children, and, as many a man in his place would have done, chose the pre -a dark-eyed, curley-headed mite of six, who, in her dingy, threadbare coat and faded cap, and broken shoes which was in darkness, she and stockinge, was still a pleasant object to look upon. Charles thought with pleasure of the transformation which could be effected in her

The child trotted by his side, quite unabashed by her sudden change of circumstances; and, taking it for granted that the young man was to than my poor heart, you burn with a be her special providence that day, expressed to him with frank simplic ity all the desires nearest to her heart.

"And a doll to open and shut its eyes, and with pink clothes to come off-real clothes with buttons and things."

nature baby?" suggested Charles, vainly trying to remember girlie." An or its significance. Me like a real doll, with a

nice face, and blue eyes and yellow She was evidently an epicure in

dolls. "Well, you can choose for yourself. But first you must come and have a bath."

I's not dirty." "But a nice, warm bath," said Charles, soothingly; "and your hair curled-And tied with blue ribbon? Den

won't mind the bath."
He gave the child in charge to one of the bathing women at the public the intention of procuring a complete

outfit for his protege. He was beginning really to enjoy his whim. Going into a large store, he gave an order for an entire suit of clothing for a girl of eix, naming an an order could not be carried out without some personal choice; and when it came to salecting between lace befrilled garments the existence of which he hardly suspected, he felt that it was time to draw the line. Compromise, he saw, must enter into the best intentions; and he decided discreetly to withdraw from the choice, confiding the whole natter to a competent and motherly. locking saleswoman whose sympathy saved the young man from further embarrassment. At last only the oat and hat and the inevitable blue ribbon remained for his personal taste to decide upon; and, these being chosen, Charles emerged from the shop with a goodly sized parcel and a treshly grown crop of parental feelings in his heart. He now smiled indulgently at what, a week

age, seemed utter folly.
Somewhat ashamed of his parcel he returned to the bathe, reflecting that even if he did meet any fellow students they could not know what was in the parcel. It was duly given to the bathing woman and a quarter of an hour later the little girl emerged so transformed as to be hardly recognizable. Her dark, damp carls glistened under the blue cap; her eyes and cheeks glowed with new life; the blue coat set off her well-knit little body; and the brown shoes and stockings showed to advantage her straight shapely legs and feet. Charles' taste had nade no mistake; as she was now dressed, the child was really beauti-She sprang in his arms and

kissed him on both cheeke. 'Isn't I fine? And I has laces and twills inside! I's just lovely now, I

know! She kissed him again before he knew himself to be now in search of and the child's embraces produced on him a strange effect. He could

kindly expression, it was childlike, protector, bounded gaily by his side, and it was pleasant. his side. Charles did not like priests; he particularly objected to their meek-

ness and good-will. But at that Her imagination had evidently moment the patient figure standing never strayed beyond the merest necessities of life, or such luxuries for us ?"

necessities of life, or such luxuries for us ?"

Undoubtedly, if I ask her. word of kindness, fell in with the young man's passing humor, and seemed to be part of a desired fitness to restrain him. Only on one point was she exacting—that of the doll, which was to be her own particular pink dress, and yellow hair. The exact shade of the hair presented a difficulty; but at last she was fully satisfied.

"And it's my own—my very own, forever and forever? And Marie is not to take it away from me?" "No; but Marie must have some thing, too-something for herself. What would she like?'

'Marie would like a book- a big nd was free to flow where it would. book with lots of stories in it; and then she can read the stories to me. Oh, it'll ba lovely !" "And you will let her play with

your doll sometimes?" Yes, pwaps on Sundays after companions; then another and catechism, and nights when we have another, until a little group remained a fire. Den we's awfy good and quiet, 'cause mother goes to sleep."

The book was bought, and some other things-for mother and father, and Aunt Louise, and even the baby. At last when Charles and his little companion had ended their pur-chases, he asked her where she "Oh, it's not far from the church !

come on Sundays?' Charles did not tell her that he did not go to Mass on Sundays or any other day; but she seemed to

have some misgivings on the subject for she repeated her invitation. Yes, I'll come to see you. But you must go home now." She saddened visibly, and trotted on in silence by his side.

Everything stops," she said at it. "I want comething that keeps last. on all the time. Dees things stop up in heaven, too? You mean do things come to an

end in heaven? No? in heaven things last forever and ever." "Den I wants to go to heaven and I wants you to go, too! Don't

you want to go to heaven?" Charles blushed and hesitated. 'I believe I do now for your sake,

"And you'll come to the Crib tomorrow! Oh, it's lovely! Lots of lights and flowers and things! And the little Infant Jesus-ob. He's so

won'ful! You'll come to see Him, won't you ?' They had reached the dingy street, and at the door of one of its poorest houses the child stopped. I lives here, up at the top of

that big house where you see the clothes dwying in his window. Then I must say goodbye but I'll come to see you."
"You'll come soon—very soon

And you won's forget the Crib tomorrow, will you?" He transferred the parcels from baths, and then went his way, with his arms to those of the child. She

> with tears. "I'll come very soon," he promised. "And you'll come to the Crib

orrow ? Yes, perhaps-Say really, truly!

She brightened at once. "The little Jesus will give you lots of presents," she whispered. I'll ask Him, 'cause I's got nothing

to give you myself." He watched her toiling up the dusty stairway of the wretched Halfway up she turned to house. call a last adjeu; and he saw her there as a thing of beauty and evening, and it is a comfort to sweetness-a flower fresh from the hand of God, blossoming in the midst of decay and dirt and ugliness. And he thanked Heaven for that flower which seemed to have sprung up along life's dusty highroad just

## ALICE McCAFFREY

A CHRISTMAS STORY

Father McGee was worried. His usual cheery smile had given place to a troubled expression, especially vident at this season of Christmas. Mrs. Dillon noticed it immediately when she came to him to get the names of the poor whom she was to know what ambition is, Josie. To me make glad at this jeyous time.

"You look worried, Father," she can give, and it inspired me to study said, as she was about to go on her hard. You remember when I went

errand of mercy.
"Dear me, and it is so evident? Indeed I am worried, and yet to you sible. Another pupil was Mrs. John-it may seem a trivial matter. It's sop, my husband's first wife, a beauabout our Christmas music. You tiful, amiable woman who took a know the pride I have taken in the deep interest in me, and made her music always—this may be my pun-ishment—and how hard we worked know my leap to fame, my debut, my at it, and here at the last moment laurels everywhere. The Johnsons most of the singers are sick, and it's were as pleased as I. Mrs. Johnson too late to get others, and so on. died the next season, when I sang at And that's my trouble; not as bad the Metropolitan. Two years after, as a fire or an earthquake, but bad he asked me to marry him, and I did enough, and the people are so used willingly, for I had come to love him to a beautiful program at Christ dearly. But there was a cloud over

that no greater trouble is impend- then, my heart was in the world. He ing. But about your music. Do had been a Catholic, but now was an

He took the child's hand and you know an idea has entered my hey started on a tour of inspection head this instant to make your musistreet? Of course not, he came here only a month ago. His wife beautiful singer, in fact a star of the first magnitude up to three years ago when he married her. Possibly you know her as the famous Alice McCaffrey."

The queen of song?" Father McGee trembled at the prospect.
"The same, known in all the civilized world. 'And you think she would sing

and I were classmates at Notre Dame and bosom friends for years."

"She is a Catholic then?"
"Nominally so. I fear the practical faith is weak. Dr. Johnsonpossession; a doll with blue eyes, a enormously wealthy you know-is an avowed atheist, a sort of icono clast, an anti everything, and I fear that Alice has borrowed many of his ideas.'

Hardly a suitable person to sing at the Mass-do you think so? I know Father, but then-it may stir up old memories. Who knows? "True, Mrs. Dillon. Dear me what a previdential body you are!

Always ready when you are needed mest. See Mrs. Johnston if you will. We'll have the finest music in the city." And so it was agreed that Mrs.

Dillon would ask the celebrated singer to assist in saving from deetruction the musical efforts of poor parish priest. She felt that she had a good cause to plead, and without a fear of defeat she immediately to the grand home which the doctor had built for happiness of his celebrated wife. As she sat in the reception room awaiting the entrance of her old friend she could not help contrasting the criental mag-Won't you come to see me when you nificence about her with the humble little cottage in which Alice McCaffrey had grown to maidenhood, and the simple rooms of the convent of their school days. In the wildest dreams neither had imagined an ending so romantic, so luxurious, and tonight, when her mind was upon music. Mrs. Dillon could fancy the rich rooms transformed into the exhibition hall on that fair graduation day when Alice had sung like an angel and won the plaudits of an outside world. She remembered how happy Alice had declared herself, and how she manifested her intention of returning after vacation to enter novitiate. The dear Sister, enter novitiate. smiling at her impulsiveness, had said: "It may be different when you see the world, peor child Sometimes I tremble for you-you are so heautiful, so talented." Alice

had laughed at the Sister's fears, and then - Mrs. Johnson entered the "Josie! You have returned my call at last! One feels doubly a

stranger when one's friends are almost next door and remain there.' "A thousand reasons, Alice, for such apparent neglect. And yet I wonder what you will say when you know my errand."

"Charity, of course. They tell ma you are the busiest woman in town and all for others. you I am a useless butterfly. 'I should rather call you a hum-

ming-bird, especially tonight, when I come to ask you to sing for charity. "That request is readily granted. his arms to those of the child. She I sarg for mency so long it is only could hardly hold them all. As he stooped to kiss her, her eyes filled pure charity. You are going to have a concert for the poor, I presume."

"No, not exactly. I want you to sing at the High Mass at Christmas." Mrs. Johnson blushed and looked tartled. That is different, Josie, I am

afraid I cannot. You see-Mr. John son-well I should have to consult him. Why, Alice, you do not mean that

you must ask him for such a service as that? To sing in your own church ?" 'My own church, yes, but not our church, and there is all the difficulty I am so glad you came tonight, Josie

I have been doubly unhappy this have a friend of the old days to con fide in. There were tears in her eyes as

ske rose and brought her chair close to Mrs. Dillon. "Why are you so unhappy, Alice

You have everything to live for."

"Yes, and still nothing to live for I have fame, wealth, a devoted hus-band, and yet unbappiness. Your presence intensifies it, by contrasting the present with the old convent days. Dear sister—how often ske teld me that she had flars for me on account of my voice; but God gave me that voice, and when I saw how people were charmed by it my soul was fired with an ambition to make the whole werld listen. You do not it was wealth, fame, everything earth to Italy to study with Lustrini. A dear friend of my father made it pos Mrs. Dillon smiled. "I'm so glad of the Church. I did not mind it

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