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JEAN TROUVE By NEVIL HENSHAW Author of Aline of the Grand Woods, etc.

CHAPTER III.

A LETTER AND ITS CONSEQUENCES Of the time that elapsed between my father's death and burnar the little recollection. For the most part it passed in a peculiar blur part it passed in a peculiar blur part it passed in a peculiar blur father's death and burial I have part it passed in a peculiar blur of half-conscious misery, although there are certain small details that linger quite clearly in my memory.
The day following being Mardi

Gras, a funeral was out of the question. So the poor peaceful figure was laid in state in the big front room, with the shades drawn close over the French windows, and the small pointed flames of the holy candle fighting desperately against

the heavy gloom. the long, curious stare that the little fellow gave me. There was wonder in his eyes and also a certain fear as though, through the awful majesty of death, I had been set apart from our kind. But I have noticed this look in other older even oticed this look in other older eyes, and upon occasion have even felt that it was in my own; although why, with all our sympathy, we ould have this strange alien feeling for those recently bereaved, I can not say. Perhaps when a soul slips through the gates of eternity, a little breath of the beyond wafts back to touch the brows of those near and dear ones who have been left behind.

fellow workers at the commission house, in heavy, unfamiliar suits of "That is very plain," agreed Mr. were wondering whether they would be able to get away in time to other letters or papers in it besides witness the parade of Rex. Most the one that I have found?" sympathetic of them all was a Mr. Gray, who had known my father more intimately than the rest, and who, on account of this intimacy, took upon himself the responsibility for the arrangements of the morrow.

These arrangements he went over of her room, while his companions paced nervously up and down outside the door discussing in low tones with the few, home-keeping visitors. the crops of the coming season. was natural for these men to mingle their business with their sympathy and often, in the midst of some argument as to the possible price of sugar or of cotton, they would pause to speak to me or to pat me silently upon the head.

After they had gone I spent the afternoon in watching the maskers from the window of my little room. The child must be amused Madame Therese had said, and she

To this day I can not see a masker before the early dusk of that winter afternoon. Seated upon my little stool I watched the fantastic, many-

a silk-clad company of cavaliers. Down they would bear upon me, filling the air with confetti, calling brief witticism to the watching crowds. Then as they reached the long streamer crepe upon Madame Therese's doorway, they would fall suddenly silent, and perhaps, if they were French, a hand would go up in salute to the somber majesty

They were loyal subjects of Rex, those maskers, yet they could not ignore the banner of that other, greater King. And so they would pass onward, hushed for the moment by this fleeting touch of the unknown.

That night I again slept with Madame Therese, and early the fol-lowing morning the arrangements that had been gone over by Mr. Gray were put into execution. They were simple arrangements, chiefly concerned with four ancient hacks that crawled through endless littered streets whose gaudy decorations seemed curiously dull and tawdry in the early light. Late workers paused in their hurry to stare listlessly at the little cortege, their faces pale and drawn from their day of revelry. The whole city had an air of weariness, of unkemptness, as though it had but half-aroused itself from its night of

dissipation. Thus despite the novelty of the drive, it was a relief to me finally to slip out of the moldy atmosphere of the hack into the cool green freshness of the old cemetery. And there, after having followed him through the tarnished, futile trap-

of the morning sky.

Having accomplished its duty, the back to their desks at the commisback to their desks at the commission house, the visitors making their the arrival of his—" way more leisurely to Canal Street and their neglected buying. Mr. Gray, however, accompanied

lost the best part of the morning, he would look after them before returning to his work.

Madame Therese was very grateful.
"You are kind, M'sieu," she murmured. "Of course you mean M'sieu Marsh's papers. I had meant to ask you to look over

r. Gray nodded. "And the?" he inquired. "He will stay Mr. with

yes, M'sieu," Madame Therese interrupted eagerly. "Believe me, I will do the best I can. He has always been like my own child, and I have felt that if ever his father should-

She paused and the sudden tender pressure of her embrace finished the sentence far better than any poor words could have done.
On arriving at her home, Madame

Therese led the way directly to my father's room, and placed a chair

Unlocking the drawer of the writing-table, Mr. Gray peered inside. It was empty save for a single long envelope that had been placed carefully in its exact center. you, Madame," said Mr. Gray, and Madame Therese, taking the envelope, read its inscription in a broken

" For Madame Therese - To be ack to touch the brows of those ear and dear ones who have been eft behind.

After the cure came my father's came my father's was coming, the end. And my little John," she informed me.

black, some of them genuinely grieved, others scarce able to hide the impatience that told that they me. "This drawer here, John? Do you remember having seen any

the one that I have found?"

"Oh, yes, M'sieu," said I, relieved at the possible explanation of something that had puzzled me ever since the opening of the drawer.

"But the lodgers?" I asked, struck by a sudden thought. "Who will look after them?"

Poor Madame Therese! How I ribbon. My father always touched These arrangements he went over with Madame Therese in the privacy them as he did the picture of my mother. Who could have taken

> Mr. Gray's answer was disappointing.
> "Of course, of course," he mut-Everything was destroyed beforehand. And now for the letter,

Madame. Opening the envelope with trembling fingers, Madame Therese drew forth two smaller ones from inside The first was addressed to herself. The second bore a name that caused

Mr. Gray to cry out in surprise.
"Come, hurry, Madame," he
urged. "There is some mystery here.

Very slowly and carefully Madame had placed me there where she could had placed me there where she could had placed me there where she could had placed me there where she had finished she paused for a being dragged away. innumerable duties to give me a long moment before handing it to so fierce that my eyes were damp away. with pain.

"Then you know this M'sieu the General?" asked Madame Therese. Somehow her voice sounded very flat and very weary, and the arm about me had relaxed from its choking pressure into the limpness

of despair.

"Who in my position does not know him?" replied Mr. Gray.

"He is by far the wealthiest planter in the parish of St. Pierre, perhaps in all the other parishes around. I have often wondered why we could

the quickened interest of one who, having looked carelessly upon some rough pebble, is suddenly informed that it is a jewel of inestimable

it might be better for the child to watches of the night remain. Here in the city with its rested upon her arms.

schools, its-But surely, Madame," began Mr. Gray. Madame Therese raised her head

proudly. I know my duty, M'sieu, and l shall do it regardless of myself," she broke in. "St. Pierre, you said? There is a visitor here from that parish, a storekeeper. I shall question him about the matter, and perhaps he will take the child with him when he returns. I could not leave my house at such a time.

for you, I suppose that you also are too busy for such a thing?" pings of the carnival, so strangely reminiscent of the pageant of this life, I left my father to his rest beneath the clean sun-washed arch of the morning sky.

"Yes, Madame," assented Mr. Gray. "I am only an employee, you know. However, if you care to wait until the rush of the carnival Having accomplished its duty, the little funeral party dispersed at the cemetery gates, the clerks hurrying large to their deeks at the cemetery gates, the clerks hurrying large to their deeks at the cemetery gates.

would be too much. Also it would not be easy for me to wait. Each moment would but add a greater value to that which I am to lose.

Each word, each caress—"
She broke off abruptly to bury her face in her hands, and thus Mr. Gray left her with her tired old head bowed down upon the writingtable, while I stared out from the protection of her arm, and wondered what it all could mean.

For the first time in her life Madame Therese allowed me to accompany her that day as she made the rounds of the house. Often she would pause in her work to give me a sudden, silent caress, and once she held me at arm's length and stared at me so long and earnestly that I broke into a fright-

"Why do you look at me so strangely, Madame?" I quavered.
"So that I will not forget your

That night, after supper, Madame Therese took my father's letter from her bosom, and read it slowly by the light of the fire. "Bien," said she with the hopeless finality of her race and, having kissed me, walked heavily from the room. When she returned, an hour or so later, she took me into her lan and heren. took me into her lap and began to speak to me in the grave quiet

You are to live with your grandfather upon a great and wonderful plantation. You will be very happy, and some day you will also be very rich. Perhaps you do not under-stand this, mon enfant, but it will mean a great deal to you.

must have stabbed her with my simple question. How it must have brought back to her the anguish of thought which she was brayely stifling-the thought of the utter impossibility of our being separated.

Ah, mon enfant, mon enfant," she moaned, holding me close to her "Can you not understand You are going to leave me. not go with you. One of the visitors will take you away. It is your father's last wish, my little John. There is nothing that I can do.

Slowly, inexorably the meaning of her words came home to me. I clasped her wildly about the neck. I buried my face in her bosom, and clung to her as desperately as though at that very moment I were

not go, Madame, I will Mr. Gray. A white stricken look had come into her face, and the me off I will come back again. They without thinking of those long hours grasp with which she seized me was can not keep me. I will run

But even in her grief Madame Upon Mr. Gray the letter seemed Therese could not forget her duty.

memory of Madame Therese. Once without bothers mission."

"You are very kind. I appreciher faithful eyes a blur of tears as she told me of my duty and her own. How she cheered me with the promise of an immediate visit which, in her heart, she knew would never be made. How she pictured the delights and wonders that we would discover that we would discover author and before long she had had wonders. Thereafter the minister's wife had plenty of reading matter. A perusal of the "Dream of Gerontius" excited her interest in the author and before long she had had wonders that we would discover author and before long she had had wonders that we would discover author and before long she had had wonders that we would never be made. wonders that we would discover upon my grandfather's plantation, straining her poor trembling lips into the semblance of a smile. loving, how tender, how brave she visits or of the reading. I have often wondered why we could not get at least a part of his business. Now I know. And this boy—"

Now I know. And this boy—"

The three months were at an end and Mr. Clarkson left Freestone for Torren, where he was to officiate as the control of the lonely days to officiate as a pro-

"Come, up with you, my little John," she called cheerily enough. "You forget that you have a journev before you.'

TO BE CONTINUED

THE POWER OF A HAIL MARY

The Rev. Mr. Clarkson was puz-

Madame Therese and myself to the rue Bourbon. There were still some small matters to be attended to, he said, and, as he had already to he heind. I could not go myself. It a natural conception. In a word, they confuse their doctrines on the Passion Week and the tender, souldignity of marriage. They assert that the Nazarene idealized the marriage state and restored it to its her religious beliefs were underprimitive dignity, and immediately after this bald statement they condemn it, indirectly of course, by saying that when Christ was actually a superstance of the supe ally born He chose another way of reaching earth; He was not to be tossed the sheet to his wife for

> stition, Amanda ?" "Why, I don't know, Dwight. Someone taught me the prayer long ago, so long that I don't even remember where I was or with whom. I have said it every day since then, and I don't believe I could fall asleep at night if I omitted it."

Mr. Clarkson's face was a study. "Then it's time you gave it up, Amanda. I hate popish mummer-

omitted it.'

His wife looked surprised, though she knew her husband disliked Catholicism. The talk drifted into other channels. Mr. Clarkson had been asked to substitute in the village of Freestone for three months, and as he was leaving in a day or two he had many plans to discuss with his successor. He left his wife in a few minutes. Some weeks later they had taken up residence in their new home. By some strange fortune the Congregational rectory was directly opposite the Catholic rectory. The minister showed his chagrin by ignoring the fact completely. Mrs. Clarkson was pleased rather than annoyed, for she had regard for

Catholic priests. One day on her return from the village library, Mrs. Clarkson came face to face with Father Butin, an elderly priest of dignified bearing and striking personality. He greeted Mrs. Clarkson in a friendly man-

ner.
"I hope you will enjoy living in our little village, though I fear you will find it a great contrast to your old home.

"I have just encountered the first great contrast. I went to the library hoping to find a few books that I have been anxious to read." Here she laughed. "Your librarian is really amusing. She grew tired of saying 'No' to me and at last she said, 'Why don't you read something we have?'''

"I shall be very glad to have you take advantage of whatever facilities my own little library I have a good collection, and I shall really be pleased to lend you whatever you want. What were you looking for?"

'I should like to get Newman's 'Dream of Gerontius.' I heard Edgar's interpretation a short time before I came here, and since then I have been haunted by the beautiful imagery and the music that so appropriately brings out the mag-nificent spectacle of a Christian

stool I watched the fantastic, manycolored figures that passed endlessly
below me, dancing, singing, shouting in the high unnatural voice that
every masker feels called upon to
assume with his disguise.

Small bands of them would come
tramping in from Canal Street;
here a war party of Indians, there
a silk-clad company of cavaliers

"Therese could not forget her duty,
to have a more startling effect. At
the second he
grandfather. You will have to
stay."

It stands out very clearly, does
that last night, and, despite its sad
memory of Madame Therese. Once
without the first reading he gasped with
the first reading he gasped with
the first reading he gasped with
the second he
passed an uncertain hand across his
to say."

It stands out very clearly, does
that last night, and, despite its sad
memory of Madame Therese. Once
world."

"Then you know this M'sieu the
memory of Madame Therese. Once
with spectacle of a Christian
the first reading he gasped with
the first reading he g

ate your offer for I am lost without reading.

Thereafter the minister's wife several conversations with Father Butin concerning difficult questions. How Her husband heard nothing of the

When I awoke the following morning, it was to find her employed in packing the last of my ployed in packing the last of my from home the greater part of the company of the last of my from home the greater part of the company of the last of my from home the greater part of the company of the last of my from home the greater part of the company of the last of my from home the greater part of the company of the last of my from home the greater part of the last of my fro few possessions into a battered valise. Her face looked very old led a lonely existence but for her Madame Therese sighed.
"It is what I feared," said she in the same dull voice. "If this M'sieu the General were poor now, it might be better for the child to it might be better for the child to watches of the night, and now it might be better for the child to it might be better for the child to it might be better for the child to watches of the night, and now it might be better for the child to watches of the night, and now it might be better for the child to watches of the night, and now it might be better for the child to watches of the night, and now it might be better for the child to watches of the night, and now it might be better for the child to watches of the night, and now it might be better for the child to watches of the night, and now it might be better for the child to watches of the night, and now it might be better for the child to watches of the night, and now it might be better for the child to watches of the night, and now it might be better for the child to watches of the night, and now it might be better for the child to watches of the night, and now it might be better for the child to watches of the night, and now it might be better for the child to watches of the night, and now it might be better for the child to watches of the night, and now it might be better for the child to watches of the night, and now it might be better for the child to watches of the night, and now it might be better for the child to watches of the structure for the sacred watches of the sacred wa so much to her in Freestone—the comforting, enlightening counsels of Father Butin. She had had no idea that they were so helpful until they ended. With the quick decision that prompted all her actions, the few of the country of the she found out the name of the Catholic priest of Torren, and deter-mined to visit him. Newman's able defense of his conversion had upset her own notions on faith and she felt she could receive no enlightenment from her husband.

Whenever she tried to get his opinion they both quarreled. Al-The Rev. Mr. Clarkson was publicated by the question put to him by his wife: "Dwight, can you give me an explanation of a little prayer the promised visit became a reality. Dr. Harty, the pastor of ity. Dr. Harty, the pastor of These spiritual favors are being

for you, I suppose that you also are to busy for such a thing?"

"Yes, Madame," assented Mr. Gray. "I am only an employee, you know. However, if you care to wait until the rush of the carnival is over, I do not think that it would make any material difference. Perhaps it would be even better. It would give you time in which to write and prepare the General for the arrival of his—"

That will do, Amanda. That jibberish is part of an invocation addressed by Catholics to the soral Madame Therese winced as with pain.

"No, no, M'sieu," she interrupted"

"Yes, Madame," assented Mr. Gray. "I am only an employee, you know. However, if you care to wait until the rush of the carnival is over, I do not think that it would make any material difference. Perhaps it would be even better. It would give you time in which to write and prepare the General for the arrival of his—"

The promised visit became a reality. Dr. Harty, the pastor of Torren, suggested that Mrs. Clarks on visit the sisters in eharge of the context, and perhaps I'll know just what you refer to."

"Hail, Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee . . ."

"That will do, Amanda. That jibberish is part of an invocation addressed by Catholics to the so-called Mother of Christ. It's all bosh, you know, that theory of theirs that Mary was His mother through the operation of the Holy had been her reading and so open her mind that Sister Clotilde found her practically conversant with the mysteries of faith. Mrs. Clarkson that the context, and perhaps I'll know just what you refer to."

"That will do, Amanda. That jibberish is part of an invocation addressed by Catholics to the so-called Mother of Christ. It's all bosh, you know, that theory of theirs that Mary was His mother that the convext and explained her religious problems. So wide the remission, Hail, Mary, Give me thanke should give her books desired. Sister Clotilde met her when she called at the convext and explained her religious problems. So wide the remission, Hail, Mary, Give me translation, Hail, Mary

tainted by carnal conception.
Really, I haven't any very strong objection to that theory, because, after all, Divinity ought to be allowed all freedom in miracles, but what provokes me is this clinging to what provokes me is this clinging to the humanity of Christ, and devotion for His mother. How do you happen to know that bit of super-

'You are intriguing with priests and nuns! Are you trying to heap ignominy on me, a minister of a faith in opposition to that popish your sense of decorum allows you to make me an object of public ridicule." nonsense! I am astonished that

The logomachy continued. It was useless for Mrs. Clarkson to explain her position. The next morning the minister left quite early to attend a onvention, and his wife deemed the time expedient for decisive action. She went to the convent, where she asked for hospitality until she could receive all the sacraments. The sisters could not keep ner over night but they secured lodging for her in a prominent Catholic family. Dr. Harty told her he preferred not to give her baptism while she was estranged from her husband. The infuriated minister searched till he located his wife, incidentally giving the sisters and the Catholic rector his opinion of proselytizers. The quarrel was overlooked and the two reconciled temporarily, went home. Mr. Clarkson, who seemed to love his wife dearly, agreed to avoid religious discussions. The truce was of brief duration; the strained relations on so important a matter extended to everyday events, and a final choice had to be made. This was not easy, for faithful wife never loved a husband more dearly. The thought of renouncing his protection and affection was poignant. On the other hand, she would have

to sacrifice God to a creature, and imitate the example of the rich young man who had not the courage to follow the injunction of the Master, "Come, follow Me." She made her decision, but the prolonged bickering had told on her health. Through the influence Sister Clotilde, she obtained admission to a Catholic hospital, where she had the privilege of staying for a rest of soul and body. While there she received baptism, penance and Holy Eucharist. Her health returned gradually, and at the end her sojourn she went to her

father in the South. Archbishop Hayes confirmed her. Now she spends her spare time in helping to instruct little ones for the reception of the sacraments, and also gives her services as organist in the Catholic Church. husband has remained obstinate. Who knows, however, what the prayers of such a courageous soul may effect ?-Agnes R. McDonough in The Monitor.

STUDENTS' MISSION CRUSADE RECEIVES POPE'S BLESSING

blessing bestowed by Popes in the Middle Ages upon the warriors who went out in the armies of kings for the rescue of the Holy Land has been given by Pope Pius XI. to members of the Catholic Students'

M. C., May 31. This extraordinary blessing was given by the Holy Father in an audience granted May 28 to Bishop Francis J. Beckman, of Lincoln, Neb., and Rev. Frank A. Thill, of Cincinnati, national officers of the Crusade.

The full text of the blessing given by the Pope reads as follows:
"As Our predecessors, the Popes
of old, blessed the arms of Crusade warriors who defended the sacred

ment after the Vatican scribe had completed the writing of the docu-

The petition of the Crusade leaders for the old Crusade indul-

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