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HONOUR WITHOUT RENOWN

BY MRS. INNES BROWN

Author of "Three Daughters of the United

CHAPTER XXI Father de Woodville advanced and took his stand beside the old wooden upon which they had laid Taking one of his wasted hands he felt his pulse; then he laid

his other upon the sufferer's brain. "Go at once for wine or milk, good woman; for he is faint, and his lips are parched with thirst. He is exhausted and must have susten

She bustled off, saying that " she wondered indeed where she should find it;" but she had not proceeded far before the met old Pierre hurry ing forward. Dr. Arno, with great forethought, had stopped on his way to the Convent, and had procured restoratives for the sick patients charging the old man to deliver them

into the hands of the priest.

Manfred groaned a muttered some thing incoherently as Father Basil some wine through his before he opened his eyes wearily; then, as he met the gaze of the priest bent full upon him, the two men looked long and curiously at each

Who can he be?" pondered the priest. "Poor fellow, he is but a wreck of what once he must have en; and yet—and yet—long ago I have surely known someone like

Who was it?" Who is he?" puzzled Manfred fixing his large brown eyes upon the Are my syes features of the priest. bewitched?" he asked trembling. or does this man show a face like hers? I dare not ask if she her-self is saved? How could I bear the answer if they were to tell me that she has perished ?-perished that I saved. And yet I cannot endure this agony of suspense." relaxed his gaze for a moment and heaved such a painful sigh that Father Basil once more laid his hand kindly on that of Manfred, saying

You are very tired. Your heart is ill at ease! Come, do not sigh so hopelessly, but confide in me, and tell me how I can aid you."

His words, his look, his very manner of speech and touch minded Manfred so forcibly of Sister Marguerite that he stared more anxiously; and though he gasped audibly in his endeavor to speak, no word prassed his lips.
"You look," resumed the priest,

as though there were something in my appearance which fills you with astonishment. Pray what can it be that strikes you speechless?"

"Who — who are you?" at last gasped the sick man, wiping the perspiration from his brow. I am Father Basil, a Benedictine monk; and have been sent especially to your relief and assistance.

But who sent you ?-for I know neither priest nor monk; and whywhy - you are the image of her whose very name I dare notcannot - breathe; for, alas, I know not whether she lives or the crue! flames have devoured her! But this much I do know; whilst the flames raged wildly around us, in the midst of their fury I divined her name, her image. Then I seemed to see—to know and understand—the sublimity for her calling. And to save me sh willingly and nobly risked her life!

The color rose to Father de Woodvilla's brow as he heard Manfred's | close words, emphasizing the likeness batween brother and sister. Then, bowing his head, he said :

Thank God, she who by her charitable exertions saved your life who preserved her alone knows.

ceased speaking, he burst into a

There now, you must be brave, and not let joy kill you outright though, of course, it is but natural place. that you should feel grateful to Sister Marguerite for all that she has done

Grateful! Oh the word is coldno words can ever express my feel-Had you sinned as deeply as I-had you endured the remorse which I have suffered—you would be after a long and weary illness in a better able to judge what she has done for me. But tell me yet another thirg. Who sent you to my aid? gracious in its pitiful charity, as it Did she? If so, then you are more than welcome, Father!" And the poor wasted hand sought and grasped, with all its little strength, all, disinterested virtue might exist

Listen, Father. I have a solemn vow to fulfil—a vow made to her in Father Basil frowned, and a look of our direct moment of peril. first shall hear the confession I have to make : for it shall be public. You shall listen; but you must not pity, nor must you spare me! I have and thinking might weary wronged another that I am prepared to suffer any penalty in atonement. I have told her all, and she is just :

she bids me make compensation."
"There—gently! gently!" said the priest scothingly; for he noted how wild and excited the sick man "By-and-bye you was becoming. "By-and-bye you shall tell me all. Meanwhile, try and recuperate your strength, and take feeling somewhat tired and faint; for power, she turned upon me eyes as yet I have not broken my fast this filled with pity and compassion; so,

strength to fulfil my vow, I will take all the sustenance that I am able perhaps it may help to still the wild throbbings of my heart. Only, as we are thus quietly together, tell me yet one thing more. Did Sister Marguer. ite ask you personally to come to my aid ?"

"She did. I came to her assistance; and she bid me go in search of you. God knows, it cost me much to leave her; for we had not met for years, and I am her brother."

"Her brother! You her brother and a Ds Woodville!" stammered Manfred, endeavouring to raise him self upon his arms and thus gain a clearer view of his companion. hat is why you are so like her; and you would not say it it it were not true. No, I see it written in your face. That it was which unmanned me when first I saw you—the close resemblance between you. Her brother! Oh, thrice happy man! Had she been my sister, never had I

Once again the blood dyed the brow and neck of the young priest, but he spoke not a word; for few knew how dear to him had always been his affectionate, merry little sister! and his heart throbbed nervously as he thought of her now, perhaps dying, having given her life for another-he not near to aid her. There was a long pause, during which Father Basil fed, soothed, and comforted the invalid. But when the feverish light had somewhat faded from his eyes, it was plainly to be seen how weak, exhausted, and emaciated the sick man was.

How terribly he must have suffered!" thought the watcher. cannot last long. And yet from what I gather he has a statement of importance to unfold ere he leaves I can whilst life lasts. You are very my friend," he said, turning to Manfred: think and speak, and tell me all that

Yes, I am very tired; but I have my mind events which before I had almost forgotten. Some few years ago, when your sister was a bright, eantiful schoolgirl, I encountered her, and incurred her displeasure; for which I received the prompt reprimand I deserved. But even as, snubbed and cowed. I stood before her, some instinct made me feel that, though strangers, a day would dawn, sooner or later, when we should meet again, and she would play an active part in my destiny.

"This is all very strange," soliloquised Father Basil, somewhat wearily; "and yet, after all, it is often wise to allow sick men to ramble on as they list. There are frequent snatches of truth in their ravings, from which one may catch a clearer vision of their character and history. He scarcely seems to recognize my presence at all, poor fellow, as he rambles on to himselt."

"Never had I seen a face before," continued Manfred, breathing heavily, which revealed in its intensity expression such high souled purity and generosity of purpose. inquired her parentage, and learned with no surprise of the noble race from which sae sprang; but for six years I was preoccupied by a basely dishonest scheme. My avarice and greed being in a measure satisted. everything having turned out according to my wishes and endeavours. I nd leisure to trace out the destiny of her whom I felt to be the very antithesis of myself. One day I found myself in an old country town made the necessary inquiries. I learned that the beautiful young lady of whom I spoke had made a rare hash of her life; she had com mitted a most foolish and irreparable still lives; though for how long He act-one which would close to her the doors of her home for ever. Manfred listened breathlessly, as Also that a brother of hers had first though his frail life hung upon the set her the peruiclous example; and words; then, when Father Basil that the behaviour of the two of them was a sore blow to their paroxysm of tears, sobbing for relief family. Filled with rage and disappointment I risked no more inquiries, but turned from informant and hurriedly left the

Never more could I believe in virtue again! There was no such thing in the world. After all, my life was no worse than my neighbours. So I tried to persuade myself, and had almost succeeded when (to make the story as short as possible), foreign country, I opened my eyes to see a strange face-so sweet and on earth.'

Several times during this recital You annoyance had flitted across his have face; but he said nothing, allowing Manfred to ramble on as he listed, hoping that the exertion of talking So bitterly have I and cause him to fall into the sleep

he so much needed. "But I was hardened," continued Manfred. "How could I recognize in the patient nun before me the proud girl who had once so deeply impressed me? In my hearts I tried to despise her calling: I treated her with scorn-even as a menia!; and she but smiled, and redoubled her charitable exertions. some nourishment. Like you, I am If I spoke or boasted of wealth and

wealth she had none, yet she wanted for nothing; I had made huge sacrifices to attain happiness, and yet had never for one instant grasped

Father; but I am growing weary and my voice is tired. I was stubborn and hard to conquer, but at last I am totally subdued. It I fall asleep,' murmured the sick man faintly, shall not sleep for long, and should you leave me, return again soon; for I have still my vow to fulfill, and cannot rest until it is accomplished. How strange it all seems to me now she might well wish me to linger a I spoke of Baron Court. Little did I dream whom I was then addressing." His voice grew gradually slower and weaker, until at last it entirely ceased, and he fell into a heavy eleep.

In a few minutes Father Basil arose quietly, and finding old Pierre, bade him watch by the sick man's side until his return.

"I shall not be long," he said; I go to see Sister Marguerite. But should the sufferer awake, and call for me, send a messenger to acquaint

CHAPTER XXII

Father Basil De Woodville lost no time in traversing the distracted streets. He knew well where the little Convent stood, and chose the shorlest cuts and least frequented route. He passed many groups of excited men and women; but serious and preoccupied, he was neither noticed nor accosted by any of

them. His face had lost its early freshthis world for ever. For dear ness; the once laughing eyes looked Bertie's sake I must do for him what darker, steadier, more thoughtful; and the features tore a more marked and manly appearance. There was, "will you rest awhile? in fact, an expression of thought and After that you will be better able to purpose about his person and bearing in contrast with the sunny, careless Percy of old. His was a face that to see was to trust. His quick, imbeen thinking even now. It is patient knock at the Convent door strange how clearly I can recall to was answered by Ma Sœur in person, who, hurriedly sent for by younger Superloress, had just arrived to find her dearly loved Sister Marguerite not only terribly

ill, but unconscious also. "How is she, Sister?" inquired the priest in a low tone, as he paused an instant within the little passage and scanned the nun's face anxiously. Ma Sœur's face expressed more con cern than she was aware of as she shook her head and replied: "I fear that she is very ill. Come and see for yourself; she is in the little parlour."

They entered the darkened room on tiptoe; and whilst Father Basil took the proffered chair beside the improvised bed. Ma Sceur stood at the foot of it, and looked gravely and steadily at them both. Her heart was full of sorrow and sympathy for the brother, as she noted the spasm that passed over his countenance and the strong effort he made to subdue his feelings as, bending low, he gazed fondly and sorrowfully at the sweet flushed face resting so calmly and helplessly before them, Neither was surprised to see her thus, for both knew full well how strongly governed by generous impulses was the heart of their favourite; and that if duty or charity called for her aid, Sister Marguerite would never hesitate or weigh the cost to herself. She was one of the very few who knew how to give to Still, the blow had fallen suddenly at last, and their hearts ached while they trembled for the issue.

For a long time the brother bent over the suffering form of his sister. he listened to her painful breathing and recalled to his mind the days when the proud high minded girl was wont to rebuke, pet, or coax him, just as the fancy seized her, and they two were almost all in all to each

Poor little Bertie!" he murmured; and yet he was never prouder of her than now, when she lay there, a martyr to charity. Would she permitted to rally and know him? is was a terrible tr'al to meet her thus, after all their anticipated pleasure in a reunion; and fearfully in earnest he looked when, as though moved by some strong internal impulse, and oblivious of all around, he sank upon his knees by her side, and, covering his face with his hands, cried out in the agony of his soul, "My God, she is Thine! May Thy holy will be done!' Oh, words fraught with such sublime and heroic power, and yet oft times so hard to utter! There is a soothing balm in the very agony wherewith you wring the hearts of men as they breathe you raising and ennobling us, making saints of the most abandoned, and drawing us all very near to God.

TO BE CONTINUED

LEGEND Once upon a time, there was a menk who had a great dislike to confession, and the devil put into his head that it was no use of his going the same sins to tell and grew no

better. morning."

"Alas, I cannot eat; I am not hungry. But to gain the necessary measured my life by hers. Of the pitcher and bring it to him.

"That is, of course, if it is for the good of the supplicant," Joan added. She was examining the tiny case as the pitcher and bring it to him.

The monk did as he was told. St

anything sticking to the bottom, said the monk.

"That is just what your weekly confession does to you, my son," replied the abbot; "it washes your soul and keeps it pure and prevents sin and imperfection cleaving to it."

—The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacra-

FOR THE GOOD OF THE SUPPLICANT

ors of rubbish!" Susette drew her unfashionable, but becoming eyebrows into a disapproving frown. "This desk is absclutely the worst catch all I've ever met up with ! Susette, Susette, watch

step! Where do you get that 'met up with?" Meta demanded from the depths of the big chair in which she was languidly nibbling at a weird specimen of French pastry. In the familar intercourse of her home she still answered to the name of Martha, especially when it was bellowed by her father, seeking assistance in her father, seeking detection.

Look," went on Susette. ends, two erasers, neither any good; a paper of pins without one pin in it Ob. pshaw! I mean an empty pinpaper. Three knives and six chev up pencils. Oh, I hate a man that

Except his food. You will allow. Susette, that even a mere man has a right to that," laughed Joan from a desk near the window, heaped with blurred duplicate sheets, which she was looking over.

"Yes, I suppose sc." Susette pulled another handful of miscellaneous trash from the offending top drawer. Well, here are some loose leaves Just the size for my note book. Finders keepers—but what did he ever intend to do with all this string? It's all so knotted and twisted, I won't save an inch." Empty the drawer out on the

deek," began Joan.
"Or into the waste basket. That was the plan I had in mind," said

Susette Why didn't old Jenks burn his bridges before he left ?' asked Meta. You mean make a bonfire of this trash? Ask me, ask me! It's what I'd like to do, bat old J. S. said to me this morning, 'go through Mr. Jenk's deek very carefully, very carefully, at your leisure, Miss Whitley (just as if there was such a thing in this office.) He may have left some valuable memoranda.'

Susette's voice held so much of the throaty rumble of the senior member of the J. Simpson Supply Co. that Meta choked on the ultimate fragment of her pastry and Joan laughed till the tears came.

Induced by the scaring prices of the spring fluery, which alone would their yearnings, the three girls had practised a self-imposed economy for the last six weeks, bring ing lunches from home. They had consequent upon the absence of the occupants of the other nine chairs, and a friendship had despened to a degree impossible of achisvements in the high tension of working hours. Oh, fudge! More bent pens, another stubby pencil! Well, did

you ever ? Catch !' "Ob, for goodness sake, would you ever think it of old Jenks?" Meta's coumb had at length wandered down over the suffering form of his sister. His heart was too full for words as throat, and she added, "The very he listened to her painful breathing idea!" as she looked at the small object Susstie had tossed into her outstretched hand.

Think what?" asked Joan. "That old Jenks would have a little Saint Joseph. It's an old one, too. The cover's all bent." Meta lifted out the tiny figure. Susette giggled

Poor Jenks, he'll be sorry that he left it." said Joan. What's it good for ? He's

not a Chinee, though he is homely enough to be one." Susette laughed. What does he want an idol for ? Joan sprang from her chair, dropping several sheets to the floor. She was at Susette's deak and towering above the fluffy haired girl before

her laughter was ended. "If you want a shaking, say that again, Susette. You know better, for ven if you are a Baptist, you have a little sense. Haven't you?' neld out a trembling hand to Meta. A little," laughed Susette. "And

I take it all back, Joan! Of course, Mr. Jenks does look like an image worshipper, but he probably isn't. What is it good for?"

"What is that picture of your for one minute that I d tell him so, cousin Tom's chum, which is filling or give him any of her messages?

stablished in the saddle. your looket at present, good for? Or

languid tones were tinged with earcasm. Ask me, ask me!' cried Susette, tragically, while she poured the last spirators were still the sole occu. his earlier attacks upon the nobles, of the drawer's accumulations into

her waste basket. You are quite hopsless," laughed every week, bacause he always had Joan. "Nevertheless, as the old priest who prepared my mother for her First Communion used to say, 'I'm He told St. Bernard, who was his going to inform you,' Saint Joseph innocence abbot, of his temptation, and the is a friend in need, Susan Barbara concluded. saint desired him to take a large Whitley. To the deserving he gives pitcher with water, and leave it at their heart's desire-power, riches, the gate of the monastery a love." Susette's blue eyes widened. week; he made him repeat this "That is, of course, if it is for the

Bernard desired him to look into the pitcher and tell him what he saw statuettes." Meta leaned forward in It was precise the huge chair. "My father knows four an awfully rich man who is as par- the For whether well or sick, weary or gay, peace, joy, and serently lived in her heart and shone from her countenance. There is much to tell, water has washed it and prevented a Little Sister of the Poor water and shone from her water has washed it and prevented a Little Sister of the Poor water has been streeted as the "something," did happen. Susette was certain about the time. I see nothing, Father Abbot."

An awfully rich man who is as particular about seeing that he has his in his pocket every day as he is alternoon when the property did happen. Susette was certain about the time. I see nothing, Father Abbot."

An awfully rich man who is as particular about seeing that he has his in his pocket every day as he is alternoon when the property did happen. Susette was certain about the time. Susette was certain about the time. I see nothing, Father Abbot."

Susette was certain about the time. I see nothing an awfully rich man who is as particular about seeing that he has his in his pocket every day as he is a washed it and prevented a Little Sister of the Poor washed to be about a clean handkerchief. He says have the skyhim. I can't imagine what he'd do if he ever lost it.'

"My, my! Power-riches-love! want all three," declared Susette. 'I suppose the Saint would want you to make a choice ?" She turned to Joan.
"Don't worry. Saint Joseph would

not give you anything. You're far too frivolous;" Joan meant to be stern, but meeting Susette's appeal-ing stare, she smiled in spite of her-

No. I'm not really. That's only on the surface." She slid the heavy drawer into the desk. "And that's that! A new man coming tomorrow, Miss Whitley (again she mimicked her employer greatly to the shocked delight of her hearers) I look to you to see he has the proper equipment." Then lapsing into her own mischievous inflections, "He'll find this a live concern, I don't think."

What is old Jenks' address?. We might send it out to him," suggested

" Let me have another look, please, Joan," Susette begged. Thoughtfully she studied the bent case and the tiny figure it enclosed. "The I don't believe it's old Janka' after all. Look there are three initials on the case. One is an 'L' and I can's make out the others. One though, neither one is a 'J.' I think -maybe I'd like to drop this into my new bag." She locked up to meet the astonished eyes of the two girls. " Susette !' cried Joan.

All right then, I won't." She was almost pathetic in her swift abandonment of this wonderful plan. Meta laughed.

'It he cared anything for it old Jenks should have taken it along, I suppose," she ventured.
"Who, him?" demanded Susette,

most inelegantly. "My dear old Janks was so overwhelmed with the idea of getting out of this stuffy place into the new branch at Omaha that it's a wonder he remembered anything. Now, though I don't hon estly think it's his Saint Joseph, or that he ever knew it was in his desk; he never cleaned it out in life, you know he didn't, and half a dozen men must have had the place before he came into the firm, notwithstanding all this. I'm going to give bim a chance to reclaim it.' With quick fingers she was arranging stationary of various sizes and style within the drawer, while she talked. 'I shall slip the little thing under these envelopes away back in the drawer. It old Jenks writes to any one of us about it, we'll drag it forth. If he doesn't it's there for the new man and I hope it brings him good luck. He'll need it !"

There you go again, Susette. You muen't talk about it as if it was a charm," scolded Jean. Because it I know it isn't," insisted the

offender. Stephen Roche fitted easily into the routine of the main office of the J. Simpson Sapply Co. It was his third place in five years, and Stephen had by this time arrived at the point where he realized he was not the indispensable adjunct to the commercial life of the city which he had believed himself to be on that day in which he had rented his first hall bedroom in an unattractive Chicago

rooming house. He had long since achieved more congenial surroundings and contact with men who accomplished "big things," while preserving a simplicity amazing to the youth, had rubbed away much of his superflous con-So Stephen Roche sat grateceit. So Stephen Roche sat grate-fully in old Jenks' swivel chair and dictated reams of letters into old Jenke' dictaphone, as if he had grown up with the firm.

Three pair of eyes, grey, brown and deep blue, watched the Omaha mail anxiously as January melted into February, but though Robert Jenks wrote voluminously in regard of the ruler as absolute "patriarcb," office inquiries as to the bent silver He was to appoint bishops, to extir appeared nowhere in any letter.

You might as well have taken it, Susette," Meta said one blustering conform outwardly to the Lutheran March day. "Certainly we know worship. A theocracy was, there-March day. "Certainly we know now it never was Jenks'. As to our Mr. Roche, he'll not want it." worship. A theoracy was, theratore, privately established, with the most despotic power entrusted to the Mr. Roche, he'll not want if."

like it," said Susette. quickly. with his sort! Just as soon as they come up to town they imagine every-Not I! Take it now, Susette, if you perhaps it is no longer there," Meta's still want it."

"No, let's give him a little more pants of the long room. "If some thing doesn't happen soon I'll go right up to him and ask him for it. I can say that I must have dropped it when I cleaned out his desk.' Susette cast a look of unutterable

"Susette you are impossible," cried Joan. Meta buried her laughnothing in the way of reproach or

"Ever and ever so many folks who gossipy switchboard operator, to

It was precisely one minute after four o'clock of that afternoon when morning, suddenly precipitated a deluge into the canyon-like streets, and brought consternation to the umbrellaless.

Will it stop before closing time?' Susette whispered to her nearest neighbor, Meta, and they both glanced at the clock above Stephen's desk. One minute after four," impeccable hands recorded and Stephen Roche was reaching back into the orderly top drawer for

smaller envelope. Meta turned feveriably to her card indexing. Susette's lips parted in a mischievous smile, but her blue eyes were extraordinarily serious as they noted the flush of either annoyance or dismay which flared into Stephen's rather pale cheek, when he withdrew his hand. He dropped the envelopes upon his desk, and looked for a long moment at the worn silver case. Susette leaned over her machine. The little case seemed to scorch his hand. Stephen gave a defiant glance around the room, then becoming aware of the utter indifference of its absorbed occupants, he opened the tiny statue.

What is he thinking of?" Susette wondered. " Is he going to throw it away or will he put it back in the drawer ?" She held her breath. Stephen did neither of these ordinary things. When he had stared at it, for what seemed an age, but which the clock affirmed a scant sixty seconds, the statue returned to its case, and then Stephen Roche dropped it into a pocket of his fashionably cut clothes And looking up, he met Susette's wide blue eyes and mischievous smile.

'Did you see them in church last Wednesnay, Joan?' Meta asked. They waited to cross the boulevard until the lumber motor bus, from which Stephen and Susette, sharing the top with a much be my filed old man, waved a gay good by, should have passed. Of course I did, and at all the

other Holy Week services! Isn't it the most outrageously ridiculous thing," laughed Joan, "that his coming to his senses and going to church and all that, should be through that little imp, Susette! "I heard she is under instruc-tion," began Meta. "Did she tell

No!" cried Joan .- Alice G. Hyde in the New World.

THE REFORMATION

AND POPULAR LIBERTY

Joseph Husslein, S. J., in An

The gradual growth of religious and civil absolutism under the Reformation furnishes an interest. Luther's original plan ing study. had been the establishment of free congregations. Those "whose hearts God had touched" were to mest and chose their "ministers or pastors." The priesthood belonged to every man, he held, and no commission was required for the preacher's office. But such freedom soon led to divergencies of opinion. To stem these departures from bis doctrine he first demanded the intervention of his evangelical town councils. Even in the year 1525 he branded as "seditious" the wish of the peasant parishes to appoint or dismiss ministers without reference to this purely was already invoked at this early stage, not merely for the suppression of Catholic worship, but for the regulation of his own Lutheran congre gations. Yet even these civil councillors

might prove but weak instruments in maintaining the inviolability of his creed. His next step, therefore was to give full authority, religious to everything in the new branch whom he compared to King David. case and its tarnished contents pate religious errors, and by the power of the sword to coerce all to attend the Lutheran sermons and "He isn't a Catholic, but he might hands of the Lutheran sovereign. Catholic rulers were not to presum "He ought to be," Joan broke in to use such powers. The inquisitickly. "I'm all out of patience torial Electoral Visitation in Saxony was carried out, by Luther's consent. from 1527 to 1528, and was to serve thing they learned at home is old as a model for other Reformed fogyish! My mother knew his States. So, with Luther obsequious.

The course here described was doubtless accelerated by the Peasants' War. When Luther turned from time." It was nearing the end of these oppressed tiliers of the soil, the noon hour, but the three con- who had been roused to rebellion by and called upon the and slay them "like mad dogs," his once marvelous popularity with the masses was forever forfeited. Thenceforth he was constantly to be bound more closely to the aristocracy. innocence toward the ceiling and concluded. "And that's absolutely and positively true. Sh! here comes Mabel!"

Yet for the favors received from them he surrendered the freedom not merely of the people, but also of his own religion. His former protestations of liberty were now dry leaves upon the wind. His freing face in her hands, but added quent and indignant outbursts of chagrin were unaccompanied by any approval, as Susette ran past the effective will to break the shackles

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