little afraid of you."

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UNITED KINGDOM

BY MRS. INNES-BROWNE

CHAPTER XIV.—CONTINUED

Reginald had been a little spoilt by ladies, it is true, and for the first time in his life he felt he was gently but decidedly shunned. Yet in his heart he knew the girl to be too genuine and good hearted to wound him purposely; so he wrapped himself all the deeper in his own thoughts and feelings, watching and hoping for an apportunity of proving to her was worthy of at least sincere regard. Marie examined her own thoughts and teelings, and wondered considerably why she felt so contented and happy She was not carried away in the slight est by her luxuriant or gay surround. in one sense, she never lost sight of the fact that they who owned such wealth, and enjoyed such honor, must keep their minds well balanced, or how would they be able to render correctly their strict account hereafter; then truly she argued it would be worse than folly to love or cling to things which sooner or later you must relinquish forever.

Then the little chanel here seemed possess a peculiar fascination her. She could glide off at will, and pay those sweet visits she loved so well, and which she relied upon to sustain and keep her mind settled. For, truth to tell, she did not quite approve of being so contended and happy far away from her convent She wrote to her aunt and Louis frequently, and endeavored to the best of her ability to keep in touch with the poor and those she had left behind. The weeks had passed rapidly, and Christmas was drawing near.

To say that Marie was totally un conscious of the attentions of Lord Reginald would be to state what was not true. Much as she wished to persuade herself that he was not more than ordinary polite as became a host to his guest, yet she was fully aware that he had treated her with more respect and kindness than he bestowed upon any other of their lady visitors; and, mcreover, she knew instinctively that he was desirous of standing well in her

feelings in public, but, like many another in the same position, his disguise or mask was so badly worn that it but served to expose his weakness, and confirm the suspic ions of all around. It was impossible to prevent his eyes from follow ing her movements, and when she spoke he listened attentively, eager to drink in all she said; nay, often he turned abruptly on his heel and left the room, a dark scowl gather. ing on his brow, for apparently no reason whatsoever save that Marie had answered his brother more graciously than he deemed was neces-

"It is really a thousand pitles!" spoke Marie half aloud, as she toyed impatiently one night with a small silver ornament upon her dressing table. "Why does Lord Reginald look so disappointed and so dreadfully hurt if I chance to refuse any unnecessary service from him? I cannot think why he is so attentive Such a proud, handsome man should search for some diguified beauty who could better return and more worthily appreciate his many virtues and attractions. It is so very ridiou. lous, and yet it grieves me so to wound him. What can I do?" she murmured.

Go to bed, little dreamer, and cease to puzzle your tiny brain about problems you cannot at present comprehend," said the voice of Beatrice as she entered the room. " How times have you bid me leave the future in the hands of God."

'But it is the present that perplexes me," was the somewhat confused rejoinder. "But you cannot understand of what I was thinking;

how could you?" Perhaps not," said Beatrice atly. "But do come and nestle quietly. near me on this cosy rug, the fire is

so tempting. I am not at all sleepy, and have something to say to you." "Is it very serious?" queried her

friend, as she sank down on the soft woolly seat. "You look quite solemn, Bertie.' No; only I fear you may think it

attired in warm dressing gowns. their hair hanging loosely around nightmare of my implety and selfish-

This is it, Marie. You are aware night of the 31st, the last day of the won't you, Bertie?' year, and I am to make my formal Of course the house will be pretty of course the house will be present forget what has between us, and you will see how the course that I gay I will be this merry Christmas his Caristian name. May I not even in trifles like this be treated as he is the course of the c to call upon in the afternoon, she requests Percy to go also, in order to look after me when she is thus occupied. You know we have a large house in town, though since dear father's illness it has been much closed; he seems to prefer the country." She paused.

"Well, why should you not go, Bertie?

But it is leaving you the whole day alone, dear."

everything!"

quite like the arrangement," mused seatrice. She had a quick mind, well capable of putting two and two together, and suspected her mother had motives for throwing her elder society

"So far from objecting to the plan," was the reply, with a mischievous laugh, "why, nothing could please me better than to be relieved of the presence of you two unprincipled torments for the space of a few f should have hours. Just fancy! time to make a quiet little preparation for Christmas Eve, and it is close upon us now."

"Oh dear!" sighed the younger girl. "what a little saint you are,

Marie!" For shame, Bertie! do no talk like that. It is not nice of you; for you know it to be very untrue. But," she pleaded softly, go to your duties on Christmas Eye, will you not, dear? You could never consent to be the only one left out on that beautiful Feast. Besides, it would give such bad example to the servants and people.'

I cannot say what I will do," she replied turning away her head. Marie! if I had only been consti-tuted like you, how easy it would have been to be good !"

But what is your motive, my darling? why should you stay away Just imagine how grieved dear old Father Egbert would be; and what would Lady Abbess say if she did but guess that her old favourite stayed away so long at a time from God? Be lieve me, my own Bertie, you would be far happier if you went, in your old noble and generous way, and made your peace with God."

Marie spoke earnestly-she had seized her companion's hand and was gently pressing it within her

Hush, hush, Marie ! do not speak like that; I cannot bear to think. It is all very well for you to talk. Sweet, gentle souls like yours seem drawn irresistibly towards Heaven their every impulse is for good. What do they know," cried the girl, covering her face with both hands, "of the struggles that proud nearts like mine have to endure, of the bruises they have to sustain silently, most of all of the bitter feeling within them warning them that they have lost their own selfrespect, and yet they cannot yield!' What is it that you cannot yield,

Bertie ?" I cannot, nay I dare not, explain it to you," said the poor girl, in a piteous tone. "But I cannot yield my will to God. In mercy to me Marie, ask me no more at present, but pray for me, and I will try so hard be one with you on Christmas Eve!

Marie was silent. Many times of late she had observed a craving, unsatisfied look upon her dear friend's face; but this-as likewise all her various mocds, semetimes wildly gay, and then as suddenly silent and thoughtful — she had attributed to the unsettled state of mind, caused by her father's illness. But tonight she had caught a glimpse of mute agony on Bertie's beautiful face, had seen such a piteous expression of torture in her sensitive eye that she was tempted to conclude all this could but arise from interior trials, struggles 'twixt God and the

"Day by day, nay, hour by hour, cried poor Bertie. "Here are you ready to give up all for God, and yet

you are happy to overflowing."
"But I have nothing to give save my poor self, and that is scarce worth

'Ay, that it would," said Bertie, tears from her eyes. "I have a gay day before me tomorrow.'

Marie's arms lingared fondly around Bertie's neck as she kissed her good night, and the latter knew how full was her little heart of true

sympathy for her. 'Don't fret about me, my Marie. Where is the heart that hath not its burden ? Mine, doubtless, is no unkind of me, and really I cannot help it." Here she gave the fire a vigorous stir, which started up the bright flame, and better revealed the girls as they crouched down, red in warm dressing gowns, perhaps only a fearful dread, the

ness. But you will tell me some time, that our ball is to take place on the and not let it drive you to despair -

Yes, I give you my word of honor entrés into society on that occasion. I will some day, darling; but for Of course the house will be pretty the present forget what has passed

> Marie, as was her wont, extin. pride in his voice. guished her light, and drawing her window curtains to one side, knelt but you are so different from Percy, long in prayer, gazing deveutly upon the ruby flickering of the lamp outside. "Poor Bertie," she mused, "is "Is Percival of her sorrow. Can she have met it is presumption on my part asking some gallant during her travels who and desiring to be treated with equal has stolen her heart away, and cruel

sible—that cannot be; for, to use

No-impos-

fate is against them?

"Oh, I shall not mind that one her own words, her grief would be to little bit. I will look after your me a cause of joy. Surely, surely poor father and enjoy it beyond I do not read her secret aright., hing!"

How strange, and yet how beautiful
mehow for your sake I do not if it should be as I think."

"My God," said the young girl aloud, clasping her hands tightly together—"my God, help her! for she is a noble girl, and inspire me best.

CHAPTER XV.

The following morning, Marie, who had taken her work into the library seated herself near the Earl, and was regaling his mind with some choice tales and scenes, well fraught with Irish wit and humor, when the door opened suddenly and Lord Reginald appeared.

father, turning abruptly upon him. the villages? The steward informs for the future, speak your mind out me they are scarcely tenantable this openly to me? Correct, upbraid, me they are scarcely tenantable this weather.

"I was about to walk over now and see to them, could I but prevail upon Miss Blake to accompany me," was the prompt reply.
"I-I don't think I can go. You

see I promised Bertie so faithfully to remain with her father and attend to him during her absence."
"A little martinet!" exclaimed

the Earl laughing; "presuming to leave me in such close custody. However, you are relieved on my account, dear child, for I am expecting my lawyer this morning, and his visit may be a lengthy one. It is a lovely morning, and I should like you to go and assist Regie with your advice. You see you understand the poor and their requirements so much better than he does." Very well, since you wish it I

acquiesced the girl simply. will go, "Thank you so much," said Reginald, in a low and earnest tone, Baid as he held the door open for her to Your help is just what I pass.

most need." A few minutes later the Earl steed at the windew and watched the young people as they walked side by side down the avenue. Presently Maris turned, and ebserving him waved a parting salute. He knew by the signals she made and the mock gravity of her face that she desired him to lie down and rest. Reginald also wheeled around and raised his hat gaily, and the Earl returned their greeting with heartfelt pleasure. Then pretending to leave the window in order to sbey the little nurse's instructions to rest, he hid behind the heavy curtains until they resumed their walk, when, coming forward once more, he watched them with glistening eyes until the winding road hid their forms from his

Dear little girl!" he murmured; "what a sweet wife she would make for Regie! She would be the saving of him, body and soul; and it is easy to see how deeply he is attached to Poer fellaw! it will go badly with him if he cannot win her. And the fairest and the first cheice of our flowers; but oh," he sighed heavily, what an immense amount of good a girl like that might ackieve in the world! I cannot but regret that she does not see it herself. However, time and patience; and who knows what may happen. Shall I ever live to see it, I wonder!" and he threw kimself with a smothered gream upen the couch.

Meanwhile the young people had You know I would count pain reached the ledge gates, and having always urging me to aid and assist night prayers. Hew as pleasure if borne for your sake, as pleasure if borne for your aid you in any way you will permit of the park gates Raginald felt that to see him kind and gentle with his Mary! They had been wonderfully

you do help me, and I stand amazed never get, Miss Blake, he said in a and marvel at your generosity, tone of triumph, bending kindly tone of triumph, bending kindly

Reginald?" inquired Marie timidly. "That of having the pleasure of our little guest's society all to myself the asking," smiled Marie. "For you for a few hours. Bertie guards you it would be different." so jealeusly that it is impossible for Bertie, me to come near; and why should I to all she deemed necessary for "What not be parmitted to enjoy your help them, that his people were enchanted hastily springing to her feet. "What not be permitted to enjoy your help nonsense am I talking? Let us go and companienship as well as my to bed!" she cried, dashing the brother and sister? They always

There was ne reply; but as the so pleasant before. young man leeked down upon the

girl's cheek. Then again," he said more gently, and Lord Reginald between us? May I not enjey the same privilege as the ethers do and call you Marie?'

"Indeed you may," she answered, looking up for the first time. "None other name.' And yeu will call me Regie,

inquired anxiously. Oh, I cannot promise that,"

Oh, yes, yes! of course you may

I-I don't think I dare call you what Is Percival so for raised above it possible that love can be the cause me, then, in merit and honour that

courtesy and friendship by you, Miss Blake?" he asked, bitter disappoint-

ment in his tone.

She looks upon Percy as a mere boy, then, after all," he whispered to himself. "On that head I am at least satisfied." "What an uncouth wretch I must be to inspire a kind little soul like yours with fear and dread. But believe me, Marie, that where I "How now, Regie?" asked his respect truly and sincerely, I may be thoroughly trusted in return. "Have you given orders regarding you not be my little friend, and the repairs of those cottages in instead of fearing and shunning me

> old me, advise and condemn medo what you will, but cease to avoid and fear me. God knows," he said vehemently, "there is enough metal, both true and strong, to work upon. would some firm and gentle hand but take the trouble to forge it. Perhaps I am not so bad as people think," he said humbly. "A h exterior often hides a wounded and suffering heart. Help me to overcome myself, Marie; you possess the power to do it if you would only

try."
Marie was moved with pity she heard the proud man plead thus, and saw the humble look upon his handsome face. "May I check you when I hear you speak haughtily, as you often do to the servants and poor people, and feel assured you will not be angry with me?" offence suddenly, may I tell you gently that no one meant to burt or injure you ?"

indeed you may, and I entreat of you to do so," he replied, almost peside himself with joy. "O Marie! if you only knew me thoroughly you would never, never fear me again! I will try to be so humble and good if you will only help me. Begin this day by teaching me how to treat the poor and those beneath me as I should do. Act and speak for me when I neither do nor say the right. thing. Teach them to have confidence in me; for I would really befriend them, did I but understand how to set about it."

They reached the summit of a steep hill as he finished speaking and paused to recover breath, as also to turn and admire the view.

Will you promise to fear me no longer, but to aid and help me, Marie?" he asked, taking one of her small hands and holding it reverent-

I will do my very best to please nd oblige you. 'And you will call me Reginald?"

up archly. God bless you for your goodness and kindness!" he said earnestly; and now to work, for the village is well in sight, and you must begin by teaching me how to be a good and kind landlord to my people. I am but a poor substitute for my father yet with his advice and your kind aid I may yet achieve wonders.'

"Surely," reflected Marie, "in promising this. I am but carrying out Lady Abbess's and Gallaher's desires! Are they not poor; and how very humble it is of

The young lady was already well This is a treat I seldom, may, known at many of the cottages, and ver get, Miss Blake," he said in a was warmly and gladly welcomed by the inmates. At first the women held aloof a little, through timidity To what treat do you refer, Lord and fear, and when they observed that she was accompanied by their young lord; but Reginald pleasant and affable, listened attentively to all that Marie pleaded in their behalf, and agreed so readily with him, and declared amongst themselves that they had never known him to be so handsome ner

Part of the next few days the girls awast face as if for an answer, he deveted to writing affectionate letters was conscious that the keen wind to the Convent. Bertie dashed off a was not entirely responsible for the kind but merry letter to her old and point in her revery a crease made by sudden and deepening flush on the valued friend and adviser. Father more than more thought lined Egbert, and a more sedate and carefully written one to Lady Abbess. why should it always be Miss Blake | Marie also wrote to her, and likewise to Mother Agatha, and tried to depict to them how very much she was emjoying herself with "dear old Bertie," Bertie," and spoke warmly of the great kindness shown to her by every one. Nor was poor Madge of my friends ever call me by any forgotten: together the girls indited s long letter to her, filled with the most sincers and kindly expressions, Reginald, Grantheuse, anything but and renewing their vows of eternal Lord Reginald, will you not?" he friendship, no matter what troubles or misfortunes befell her. Ah! they little knew nor guessed how fondly the poor little recipient lingered ever and drank in every kind and loving word, nor yet with what eager and feverish joy she clasped the letter to her heart as though is were a living thing, and thanked God for their

constancy and kindness.

The four young people lent their willing aid and best endeavours to decorate and adorn in a becoming manner the rich little chapel, and, much to the delight of the country folks, an exquisite crib was arranged in a small recess near the sanctuary

But, to the intense amusement and no less asterishment of Beatrice, her brother Reginald invariably formed liked. Most of them are so inartistic. to you, Eugenia," she said.

"No, no! a thousand times no! one of their select party now. So They would simply spoil my decoration upon Percy as a merry, simple designs and gorgeous ideas of ornal tant friends wouldn't understand. I boy, and we behave to each other menting and improving things in almost as a brother and sister might general-all of which, however, do. But you—oh, you are totally different. You seem years older and first graciously submitted for his different. You seem years older and little guest's approval—that the wiser than he is, and perhaps," she continued, with an upward glance of earnestly Marie entered into all his with the knowledge how to serve her shy mischief—"perhaps I am just a plans and shared his enthusiasm, was, to use her own words, The young man's heart bounded dumb with astonishment at with delight as he heard these words. sudden change in the tide of affairs, and could with difficulty recover breath sufficiently to gasp Percy's ears: "When and wherefore woeful change, my brother? Alas, atas! how have the mighty

TO BE CONTINUED

"GATE OF HEAVEN"

By James Louis Small

Ellen Malloy bent over her knitting, straining her eyes to catch the last of the rapidly fading daylight. There was only half a row left to do on the gay little woolen garment that lay upon her lap. It was a sweater for Eugenia's eight year-old and she was anxious to finish it before supper.

A fine old figure was Ellen as she

sat in her rocker by the open window. A peace well-earned reflected itself in the clear grey eyes and rested like a halo upon the white hair, which crept, in spite of frequent brushing, from beneath the snowy cap. There was bint of humor about the corners of the shrewd mouth, and the broad needles bespoke capability.

asked, raising her eyes steadily to folded her knitting, rose from her his. "And when you appear to take rocker and gave vent to a sigh of folded her knitting, rose from her satisfaction. Well," said she, half aloud, " 'Tis done, and I'm glad of it. before the real warm weather comes and never in church. his growing by next fall."

near distance. Ellen turned about, shaded her eyes with her hand and psered into the gathering gloom. Two giant eyes were approaching In their wake came a flurry of dust and another shrill "honk" of the horn. In a second the motor had vanished around a bend in the road. A moment later its lights re-appeared in the grove of trees, where windows began to shine brightly from the big house of stucco and brick.

Ellen sighed again and went inside. Absently she made ready her solitary supper : tea of liquid amber, honey with comb as white as the clover that had yielded it, pats of golden butter and flaky biscuit fresh from the oven. Yet she ate sparingly. The meal was left almost untasted and Ellen set methodically about the task of dishwashing and putting "I will try to," she replied, looking

things to rights. Working on the sweater had brought back many memories to her on evenings like this had trudged by milk the cows and had carried his way about the status. the barn. Afterwards there had come the story before bedtime, with the lithe, warm body clasped passionately in her arms. Ah, but God had Ellen, that was more than the Hely Family had. She and John and the child had enough to eat and a comfortable place to sleep. They were

beholden to no man. The years that followed were hard ones, but she straightened with honest pride as she recalled them. The fever came that took away her man and left how alone with little But they managed somehow or other. Young John worked his way through high school and through callege, too. Then it had been one rise after another for him until it ended in the presidency of the bank in the town nearby.

And John had married. At this more than more thought lined Ellen's smooth brow. If the gay little sweater had summoned throng of memories the twe glaving eyes and the honk of the meter had called up others. And these last were not all pleasant.

Oh, yes, the girl he had married was all right. John and she had met during his schooldays. Her father was a big man in the cellege town. They were Cathelios—of a sert. She was pushing and energetic and bound to get ahead. She was always nice enough to her mother in law, (she never failed to speak of her as such before strangers) but there had never been much of an understanding between them. Ellen was, as it were, constantly running into blind allays in her interceurse with this new daughter.

It had not taken long to see which way the wind blew, religiously. "You've ne picture of Our Lard er the Saints?" the elder woman had asked, with no thought of harm, as she was being shown through the neat cottage in town where the young couple had set up housekeeping.

a suggestion of scorn. "No," she replied, "I couldn't find any I really

tion scheme, and besides my Protestant friends wouldn't understand. I think one ought to be broad in these matters.

Well, it had been a long story The good God had prospered John Malloy. In the midst of the trees on the park way rose the big house of brick and stucco, with (to quote Jerry Moran, the pious old caretaker) its dens, and its haythen pitchers." hillside close by, in a cozy bungalow built for her by her sor Ellen was rounding out her days, filled with useful, homely duties. It was sufficient for har that she could be near her boy and enjoy his fre quent visits. Often little John would come with him, and as she cuidled the child in her arms recollections of bygone days surged over her like a

Meanwhile the pretty wife went her way. The bungalow and its occupant saw her but seldom, and her occasional calls were punctuated with half hearted apology. Ellen knew that the child had been bap tized, but she feared for the mother

Then came the evening, just such John a spring evening as this, when a white faced messenger sped up the hill with the news of John's death He had made a slight mistake at the wheel, and the car in which he was underneath and crushing his life out. The accident had happened at the bend of the road, almost in sight of his mother's windows. He had died in the Church-thank God for that His mother and he had made their forehead, and firm, generously formed | Easter duty together not two weeks fingers that wielded the flashing before. He had tried to get Eugenia needles bespoke capability.

The kettle on the kitchen stove Holy Communion but twice since was humming merrily when Ellen their marriage. But she had laughed lightly and put him off. are good enough for two.'

Ellen had rarely seen her daughter-He'll have need of it for a while yet in law in three years since John died, and I've made it plenty big against ing visitors came and went, some of them from foreign parts it She had scarcely finished speaking rumored. Always Eugenia invited when a "honk honk" sounded in the her to the great house for Christmas dinner, but Ellen felt awkward and constrained there; glad when the time came to return to her tiny home Sometimes John danced into the bungalow like a ray of sunshine, and tonight she looked hungrily at the gay worsted sweater. She could scarcely wait to in your life. Sae that you chouse the BEST see him in it. She had heard the other day that John's wife had the flu," the new disease that had ravaged the country-side and was now making its final stand in the valley. As no word had come from the grove she supposed that Eugenia must be better. Possibly it was no more then a bad cold in any case.

It was nearly bedtime. Eilen took her prayerbook from the drawer of the sawing table and knelt before the statue of the Blessed Virgin in the corner. Eugenia would have have called it gaudy and inartistic. To Ellen it was very beautiful. These many years past she had poured out teday : memories of a small boy with her strong soul to God as she knelt tousled yellow hair, her John, who at its feet, and God had heard and answered. A climbing vine, trained his father's side when he went to by her own loving hands, twined its own diminutive bucket brimful frem clung to Our Lady as if loath to let go their grasp, and lacslike, yellow blossoms wreathed themselves into

a crown upon her head. Ellen opened her prayerbook to the been good to her when He made her Liveny of Loreto. When she reached a mother! Last of all were the the petition," Gate of Heaven," she happy in those days. 'Twas only the God. Somehow Heaven seemed close old log cabin of her girlbood that tonight. . She herself would sheltered them, but sure, thought like to enter through that Gate She felt very tired. . .

very spent. Suddenly the door opened, with a rush as if forced by the wind outside. Ellen dropped her prayer-book, rose quickly from her knees and turned to close it. When she did so it was to find harasit face to face with a flushed, flaxsa-haired small boy, with eyes dilated and arms outstretched. So startled was she that she did not immediately resognize her guest. For a mement it seemed as if an angel from on high had come to her cottage. Then she opened her arms and the child fled to their shelter sebbing out his trouble on her "Gramy!" he cried, Geanny !" the nurse wasn't looking. Mother is awful sick and I knew you could make her better.'

A premenition laid its hand, icy upen Ellen's heart. Without cold another word she donned bonnet and cloak. Then she realized that the boy was without hat or coat. Her eyes fell upon the gay little sweater that had been intended for a happier eccasion. Swiftly she buttoned it around him and clasping him by the hand hurried down the bill. The labored breathing of the sick

woman cut the air like a knife as Elles entered the room. The nurse on duty in the hall tried to bar the way, but she had been silenced with a calm, "I have a right to be here. Eugenia Malley's face was drawn and purple and her dark eyes wandered restlessly from place to place as if in vain search of long lost and dearly leved object One hand lay upon the coverlet, and the brilliant jewels in their chased setting were in sad contrast with the

thin fingers they were meant to adern. Eugenia tossed her head, with just suggestion of scorn. "No," she came to mind, and silently she hurled it heavenward. "I have come hurled it heavenward. "I have come Ellen groped for a prayer. "Gate

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