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

BY NEVIL HENSHAW BOOK THREE.—BÖIS BERARD CHAPTER I.

BOIS BERARD wooden structures strung along the leafy edge of the forest—seemed quite imposing after the stark desolation of the marsh. It Bois Berard-a brief thread of was a small place, even for a settle-ment, yet its scatter of rough buildings was so widely spaced, that it conveyed the impression of being twice as populous as it really was.

Coming in from the prairie along a grassy, woodland road, one first encountered the store of N. Bonnemaison, a truly wonderful emporium which was said to contain a stock unmatched between St. Pierre and the bay. The store building was wide and deep, with a high slanting roof, and a spacious front porch. Upon its right, behind a fence of fancy wire, stood the storekeeper's

This home was the wonder of the prairie, for its owner had modeled it in miniature from a dwelling in St Pierre. It was a square house of a story and a half, severe in its lines to the tops of the upper win-dows. Here began an elaborate contortion of scroll-work pendant from the eaves, and at one side bulged forth a bay-window with a round peaked roof that resembled a

huge dunce cap.
Next to his business, which was founded upon long years of square dealing, Monsieur Bonnemaison was proudest of his home. Always in going to and from his store he sed for a final glance at it.
You are surprised?" he would

exult when strangers came to view the marvel. "Well, it would be the And he always ended with the joke that had become a legend in that section. "You see, I am goodhouse himself." he would chuckle. 'Even though I am in the woods I

must live up to my name. Beyond the store straggled a line of small cabins. In them dwelt the nhabitants of Bois Berard, woodfolk who followed no especial calling, tending their small gardens, hunting, or gathering moss in the forest, turning their hands to such odd bits of work as came along. They were a cheery lot, indolent and care-free, keenly alive to all forms of amusement. Seldom was there a ball, a horse race or a cock fight upon the prairie that did not poast of at least one representative from Bois Berard.

Following the cabins came the home of Madame Alcide, a modest structure in comparison with that of Monsieur Bonnemaison, yet one far better suited to its environment. Dignified by age, weather-beaten to a uniform, silvery gray, its squat single story rambled into all sorts of unexpected and out-of-the-way corners. As a house it had no definite design, nor indeed had such a thing been considered in its leis-urely, haphazard construction.

In the days of Madame Alcide's prosperity, her husband had often found it necessary to visit this por-tion of his holdings. Accordingly serve him when overtaken by night. Finding good hunting at this particoriginal hut that his friends might share in the sport. Later, when this edge of the forest had been given his name, he had shown his appreciation by adding still more, often coming to the woods for weeks at a time. Valued by Alcide Berard solely through Alcide Berard solely through reasons of sentiment, this forest retreat had proved a most welcome refuge to his widow upon his death and the melting away of his estate. siveness, a self-effacement that Before the house stretched a broad ragged lawn, shaded by two

enormous live oaks, and other smaller trees. At the back was a huddle of outbuildings together with the prim green rows of Madame Alcide's kitchen garden. Inside the house was merely a succession of rooms that opened upon the wide galleries flanking the front

Reaching away from the farther limits of Madame Alcide's yard was a pasture, its outer edge indented by a sagging stretch of barbed-wire fonce. Inside the enclosure that fence. Inside the enclosure thus made stood a two-roomed out-house to which had been added a small

This outhouse, though dilapidated and sadly in need of whitewash, had about it an air of immaculate clean-liness, and to one of its pairs of doors was nailed a neatly printed sign that read.

"Charles Aristide Poussard" 'Docteur En Medecin

Upon the door of the lean-to was a second sign, its letters larger and more straggly as became its humbler cement. This time was pro-

trouble, Doctor Poussard had not been at fault. He had shielded some one, a relative or friend. Or perhaps the culprit had been married, while the Doctor was a bach-elor with no family to disgrace.

So ran the legend woven by the wood-folk about Doctor Poussard's

few words, and I, for one, accepted it without question. So mild, so

For the rest, the Doctor eked out an existence that was made possible solely through the charity of his friends. Trusting him absolutely as a companion, they distrusted him utterly as a physician, sending outside for medical aid in all illnesses of a serious nature. Only for slight hurts and simple ailments did they call him in, paying him in money or supplies according to their prosperity. Also they occasionally bought one of his mattresses, shapeless, lumpy affairs in the manufac-ture of which he seemed never to

"Poussard's is a hard case," said the wood-folk. "It is a miracle that he gets on."

that he gets on."

Chiefly responsible for this miracle was Madame Alcide. From the very first moment she had taken the little Doctor under her protection.

Always she was having him in to meals, to Sunday dinners, to weekday suppers, to little feasts born of the arrivel of some rear or was the arrival of some rare or unexpected delicacy. Also she assisted him financially, consulting him about an invented disorder which she termed vaguely, "My migraine," buying his mattresses and presenting them in secret to the poor.
But of far more value than these

material benefits was Madame Alcide's attitude toward the little Doctor-the attitude which brought into his barren, pitiful life a sense of worth and usefulness.

Let any question of importance arise, and Madame Alcide's first act was to send for the Doctor. having stated her case in full, she would request his advice. Then would follow a period of silent reflection after which the Doctor would cry, his face aglow with timid pride, "But, Madame, there is nothing that I can say. It is all exactly as your sold have said exactly as you, yourself, have said. I have considered it from all sides, and yours is the only way.

And Madame Aicide, exhibiting a truly remarkable show of surprise, would exclaim. "But, Poussard, you delight me. Even though I am a woman, it would seem that I am not wholly bereft of sense."

At other times she treated him with the utmost bruskness, but this, she told me, was done through stern necessity.

"You see, like most unfortunates Poussard is very sensitive," she explained. "Once let him receive the impression of patronage or of charity, and he would disappear at once. Then, too, he must have faith in himself, and this can be accom-Then, too, he must have faith plished in no other manner. To defer to him entirely would cause him either to become suspicious, or oversure of himself. Eternally to rebuff him would crush him and drive him away. A pat here, a slap there is the way to keep him going

And for all this the little Doctor repaid his benefactress with a devotion which approached close to wor-ship. Always he was at her command, appearing instantly upon her slightest need for him. Always he was ready to advise her, to look after Achille, to accompany her upon those occasions when she travelled abroad in state. And always he contrived an unobtru-

made him a very prince of attendants. Beyond the Doctor's hut the settlement ended in a second row of cabins, the last of which posed fitfully as a store. Here a succession of ever-failing proprietors sold tobacco, fruit, prize packages of cheap candy, and the sticky, red soda pop that was known as rouge.

It was significant that Monsieur Bonnemaison's emporium was called the store, while this second, smaller place had no fixed designation. At the time of my arrival it was known as Gilbeau's in honor of the hardy soul who defied ruin through its

management. This, then, was Bois Berard, an oasis of wood-folk who, turning their backs upon the sun-baked prairie, had come gratefully into the shade of the trees.

TO BE CONTINUED

Let persons in the world sanctify themselves in their own houses, for neither the court, professions, nor labor are any hindrance to the

Dot closed her novel regretfully as a small child in a scarlet coat and cap entered the schoolroom bringing a rush of frosty air with

"Will you pull off my rubbers?" The little girl held up a snowy foot.

Dot complied, and for the next
half-hour she helped various chubby youngsters out of the complicated vrappings necessitated by long trudges through the snow-covered roads or rides in open buggies.

Ma said to tell you she'd stop you tonight," Ethel swung bashfully on the edge of the desk as she poured the words out rapidly. Her seatmate had a similar invitation for the popular young teacher and Ethel was afraid she'd get ahead of her.

Dot thanked her suitably, but her

mind was still athrill from her book. The gleaming lights of the far-off city, the music that sent life racing in a whirl of happiness, seemed to her very real: "The amazing genius of the girl, Lolande, was instantly discovered by the musicians, ever alert for new talent. The girl's magically-wielded bow gave her entrance to the most exclusive homes and Lolande found herself entering fairyland—" Dot's resume of the exciting chap-ter anent the simple country girl with her old violin was interrupted by two red-cheeked matrons who had come to visit the school: had come to visit the school:
"Tisn't so long since you were a
little tad yourself, Dot," chuckled
fat Aunt Betsy as she accepted the spelling-book preparatory to grilling the class.

Dot's face crimsoned, as an affectionate titter ran around the crowded, stove-heated room: "I wish folks would remember that grown up," she thought resentfully. But when her guests rose to go, she was still further embarrassed by the gift of a bag of home-made doughnuts.

I told your ma I'd bring them into town for you, Dot, I expect you get pretty lonesome, being away from home all week. Is Mrs.

Gray pretty good to you?"
"Oh, yes, they treat me like one
of the family. We drove over to
Kempton last night on the big haywagon." You were lucky to get them to

take you to board," returned Aunt Betsy comfortably. "Lida Gray was a Graham, and the Grahams are good stock. Dependable!" "Dependable!" thought Dot, as

she mechanically reproved Willy Grimes for pulling a yellow pigtail that hung temptingly in front of him, "'dependable' is the greatest compliment given around these parts but—" all through the sunny morning her thoughts circled about the green-eyed heroine of the best-seller. "I'd like to see something of that magic land of laughter and adulation. It must be nice to be treated as a grown-up girl should be treated, not patted on the head and given cookies when one longs for long-stemmed American Beauty

butler with some difficulty, and with a wink at the attentive room

the boy emitted a hollow cough. "Yes, put in some," she said wearily, with a glance at the big white-faced clock. Would the day never end?

Just a little before half-past three Dot heard sleigh-bells outside. A small, grimy hand shot up instantly: "That's Uncle Jack. He stantly: "That's Uncle Jack. He said he'd stop and ride me home." The little girl wriggled with excitement. "I needn't put my overshoes on 'cause-"Bring your overshoes here."

Dot rose and pushed the excited feet into the shoes, that always seemed too tight to slip over. "Now, don't get so excited; you cannot go until you are properly wrapped up—"
"But, he mightn't wait!" Rosy stuck her hands into the mittens

hung about her neck from a that as well as she could, but I ain't 'Am not," corrected the pretty

teacher absently.

"Say, Miss Dot, you're mighty good to this little girl, and we appreciate it." The big man in the worn fur-coat beamed in from the doorway. "We'll stop for you would be a reacher that the party at the tonight to go to the party at the Ethel's face became scarlet with suppressed remonstrance. Would

Teacher remember? Thank you, Mr. Sancken, but the Murrays have promised to pick me up," Dot smiled towards the

trouble had occurred, and he had resigned and come to America.

This was all, but at Bois Berard it was well understood that, in the trouble, Doctor Poussard had not THE PLACE OF GOLDEN DREAMS

By Laura Reid Montgomery in Rosary

By Laura Reid Montgomery in Rosary

Magazine

Magazine

Mer dark hair in her cold room.

'I'd like to find the feity of goldendreams; silver is cold, just like the shut-in lives of the people here. The folks grow old and serene withhaving experienced the magi-

' Dot, do put your lamp out and go to bed, or you'll never be able to get up in the morning," called Lida Gray, and with a heavy sigh Dot blew out her lamp and jumped into

" It is so dull here," she reflected drowsily, forgetting the pleasant evening. "If I could only go to the city, where people really do things! The intellectual atmosphere is so stimulating and although I mightn't do quite so well as Lolande, still, with my talent for painting—"her sleepy mind dwelt upon the much praised little snow-scenes that she had painfully accomplished under the instruction of the art-teacher who came one day a week from Pontiac, and presently she slept while the silver-glory of the moon beat down upon the peaceful fields.

The homely scent of griddle-cakes and sizzling pork sausages awak-ened Dot, who jumped up to find ened Dot, who jumped up to find the sun already above the wind-mill that pumped the water for Mr. Gray's blooded stock: "That yard looks as though it had been frosted with pink icing," she thought, but toning her warm frock hastily and smiling at the tiny marks left in the snow by a fleet rabbit that scurried under the hedge.
"Well, child, I'd begun to think you were going to call it a holiday."

you were going to call it a holiday," smiled her hostess, putting a generous plateful of deliciously-browned griddle-cakes in front of her. "Too

much party last night?"
"No," Dot absently poured on the maple syrup that was made in town, "I've been thinking about going to the city. I dreamed that I was there last night and that I had painted a great picture that was being shown at the Art Institute. I wore a velvet dress, with golden slippers, and-'

Lida Gray patted the dark head kindly: "Better eat your break-fast and get to school. The Smith kindly: boys have gone past already, and you know they always start a fight in the schoolyard if you're not there. It's lots easier to dream of gold slippers than it is to part a bunch of fighting boys—" she con-tinued to speak as she moved about the sunny room but Dot had ceased to listen. She was planning.

The first day of the Christmas vacation saw Dot on the little station platform. She had talked her family over and she was about

her family over and she was about to try her plan to get work in a large city where she would have a chance to develop her gifts.

"Remember, Dot," said her father, looking fondly at the unshadowed youthful face, "if you don't like it as well as you think you will, we'll be waiting for you here."

Dot laughed at the idea: "Of course I shall miss the family, but I'm away from home all week anyway and I know I can come home once a month. You will be sur-prised to see how well I shall doroses and gilded halls. Now, for instance, a butler! I've never seen one. If I had one I'd call him not mentioned her ideas of painting. "Simpson'—that sounds so—"
Her people admired her work
"Teacher, the fire's nearly out."
vaguely, but did not consider it in May I put in some wood?" A terms of dollars and cents. A sharp-faced lad with canny black former neighbor was working in a her bag and went to the boardinghis holdings. Accordingly built a rough shelter to m when overtaken by night. good hunting at this particot, he had added rooms to ginal hut that his friends utensils.

Dot dreamily watched the white fields and big red barns slip past as the train pursued its rather leisurely trail towards Chicago. She did not notice cosy homes snuggling under the snow-blanketed roofs. She was seeing visions of herself in a becoming smock, somewhat stained with paint, receiving her eager guests in a lofty studio furnished with rare antiques and Oriental rugs. She was rather childishly engaged in phrasing a newspaper article telling of the newspaper article telling of the exhibition picture shown by the brilliant young person from the tiny Illinois village when she was aroused by the odd scrutiny of a young man who had taken a seat

For the first time she thought of her clothes. She had felt rather extravagant when she had bought "Does costing a lot make any the pretty blue serge suit the year before, for clothing had advanced so sharply that the purchase had made a large hole in her teaching money. Her mother had wrapped bitter. Dot, rather embarrassed, untied this and glanced around at the other passengers. Across the aisle a girl of her own age sat reading the strength of the color was and was and the ablouse to wear the landlady is a tright. She put a girl out last week for making fudge in her room. Nan was hungry because the other passengers. Across the aisle a girl of her own age sat read-ing; her seal-skin hat was pulled down over a mass of fuzzy red hair, and the costly fur-coat was thrown open, revealing a frock of golden-tan velvet. Her high-heeled pumps were of brown suede with ribbon-

bows.

"She looks as though she were going to a party," thought the young teacher, accustomed to a sane view of life. But as she service of God.

The more we know of men, the less we love them. It is the contrary with God: the more we know of Him, the more we love Him. That knowledge enkindless oi intense a love of God in the soul, that it before he had drifted in from somewhere out in the world, small, brown, dingry, exactly as he had remained ever since. Of his history little was known beyond a word dremained ever since. Of his history little was known beyond a word dropped by him here and there upon his arrival. In France he had been a surgeon in the army. Then some less time of God.

The more we know of men, the less we love them. It is the contrary with God: the more we know of Him, the more we love Him. That knowledge enkindless oi intense a love of God in the soul, that it can no longer love any thing or demanded ever since. Of his history little was known beyond a word dropped by him here and there upon his arrival. In France he had been a surgeon in the army. Then some

the ravages of travel with a frankness that bordered on brazenness. "I feel as though a'd accidentally forgotten to change from my work ing dress to my suit," Dot thought turning her attention back to the

She had the afternoon to herself, on arriving in the city, as Amy would not be free until half-past five, so she checked her suitcase and, retaining her portfolio of sketches, prepared to try the plan she had evolved in her dreams back home. As she turned in at a large art store her heart beat high with excitement.

"No," said the grave, rather indifferent man who looked to her country eyes as though he might be an undertaker in his expensive clothing, "we need no one." His eyes told her what his speech repressed, as he surveyed the shining rubbers that, seemed suddenly, very conspicuous against the background of the green velvet carpet.
"But," she persisted, "I would be rather valuable to you because of my knowledge of art. I know all

the names of the artists, their most important pictures, their dates He permitted himself a faint

"And—" she deftly pulled the strings to her portfolio, "I am considered rather good in colors, myself."

He turned away with a definite air, and Dot somewhat found that she had closed her portfolio and regained the street. She visited two other art stores where received even less attention; but the fourth one had a woman mana-ger who looked intently at the wist-ful young face and dreaming eyes. "Don't you know that art requires

years and years of the hardest toil?" she said. "It takes years and money to fit you to begin on the first rung of the ladder. Talent and the genius that starves the body, to achieve a perfect line are two different things. Look at this—" she touched the pitiful she touched the pitiful little picture of a pretty-very pretty snow scene, with the invariable pink glow on the snow from the blazing fire that shone through the uncurtained lattice - window, smiled at the zig-zag fence that inclosed the dormer-roofed cottage, with the spiral of smoke curling out towards the three birds soaring evenly towards the fleecy clouds "and then go across Michigan Boulevard and into the Art Insti-tute and look at the paintings After that go home, or, you are alone in the world, find ome real work to do. If you cannot find anything come back to me and I'll take you home with me until we can find something that is sure pay-"

Dot's face flamed. "I am not poor—" her tiny hand in the thick wool glove trembled as she tied up her pictures—"I am a teacher, and I have a lovely home and lots of friends . . . but you are very kind—"

The grey-haired woman patted her shoulder. "I'm glad to hear it! A home and friends are far more important than fame—they," she smiled whimsically, "wear better." Dot found the Art Institute and found the paintings. It was a girl with vastly changed ideas who passed out between the iron lions

"I suppose you'll be going some party tonight?" said D said Dot, who looked pale and tired.

Amy stared. "Party? Who vould ask me to a party? A girl once half-asked me to join a social club, but when she found that I lived in a cheap boarding-house she changed her mind. You see, each member entertained. Only one of the club lived in an apartment; the rest all lived in houses, and the apartment was a fine one with three bath-

rooms—"
"Bathrooms?" Dot looked amazed. 'What difference would bathrooms

make Amy tossed her head. "Oh, when one mentions three bathrooms and a sun-parlor, it means that the place costs a lot, that the doorknobs will be glass and the ceilings drop-beams

difference?

"Say, you've a lot to learn!
Money is the only thing that counts
in the city. If you've got a lot,
every one wants to entertain you. a crocheted scarf about her neck Party! I've got to lock the door and shoulders, for the cold was and wash and iron a blouse to wear the meat for dinner was spoiled and she couldn't eat it." "But, the movies—you go there often?"

Amy unlocked her bureau drawer and extracted some laundry soap: "Oh, sometimes, but they are so crowded that the air is bad, and, ARCHITECTS

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