

GERTRUDE MANNERING

A TALE OF SACRIFICE

BY FRANCES NOBLE

CHAPTER XXVII.—CONTINUED

A few hours later, between five and six o'clock, Gertrude awoke, and asked at once for Father Walsley; and while her father went to summon him Rupert arranged the little altar in her room, as it had been now three or four times since her return home from Beachdown. Impelled by some irresistible feeling, Lady Hunter begged to remain in the room, and Gertrude's face was lighted up with a smile as she heard her decision.

"She has never been so near to God before as she will be now," she whispered to her father and Rupert, as Lady Hunter knelt, as they did, by the bed.

Then with her father's arm supporting her, and after a few earnest prayers, Gertrude received her Lord into her heart—Jesus, for whose love she had given up so much of earthly love and joy. Father Walsley let her pray silently for a few minutes, and then began to make aloud for her the thanksgiving after Communion, during which Lady Hunter was motionless, with her head bowed in her hands. Then suddenly, as he paused a minute, a change came over Gertrude's face, which quivered in pain as she gasped for breath in her father's arms.

"Papa," she whispered, "it is coming—now, the end! I feel it—papa—kiss me—and say good-by! Father Walsley, I am not—to see—him! God is—calling—me—his—will—be done!" And then, with the deadly faint coming over her again as she struggled for breath, she lay speechless with her head on her father's breast.

Whist she did as had been ordered, Lady Hunter carrying out the doctor's directions, as Mr. Mannering was too paralyzed to do so, Father Walsley whispered to the latter and Rupert, and a minute or two later was administering to the dying girl the Church's last holy consolation of Extreme Unction, with an inward prayer of thanksgiving that time was granted for it. She seemed to revive a little as he finished, and they knew she was conscious by the sweet smile on her pale lips.

"Father Walsley, the crucifix—give it to me," she said. And he placed it in her hands—the one she wished to have there at the last, the one which was to be given to Stanley Graham—asking her as he did so if she suffered much.

"A little, but—the joy—is greater!" she whispered, the beautiful smile breaking over her face again as she looked up for an instant at her father, and then with one gentle sigh lay back quite still in his arms. For a minute, only Father Walsley knew that she was dead, that the pure spirit had passed away to God, to the heaven which it had so well won; then, as the rest slowly realized it too, as even Mr. Mannering, in his speechless, tearless agony was forced to do, the good priest, with trembling voice, repeated aloud the prayers for the soul just departed. Then, with only Rupert's and Lady Hunter's sobs breaking the stillness, he waited for Mr. Mannering to grow more able to realize that his darling was dead, as the little hand grew colder each moment in his grasp; and in a few minutes, still upon his knees, he spoke:

"Mr. Mannering, now that she is dead who was so dear to us all—to you more than all the world, your most precious treasure—now that God has called her to himself while yet he dwelt sacramentally in her heart, I may tell you what, in deference to her sweet humility, I might not tell you while she lived. Months since, whilst her trouble was still fresh, when she felt her bodily health just beginning to fail, she offered up her young life for Stanley Graham's conversion, with a perfect spirit of self-sacrifice and submission to God's will, feeling, somehow, as she told me, though then I made light of it purposeful, that if God heard her prayers for this conversion, he would want Stanley Graham in some way for his own service, for some nobler destiny than earthly love and marriage. Hence she, in making this offering, drove all selfish human motive from her prayer for him who had been her earthly idol, being ready to rejoice to be taken away in God's own good time. And even now, when her prayer was so wonderfully answered, when God accepted the pure offering of her innocent life, she yet made a further sacrifice, in the fear lest anything of mere earthly love and regret should tarnish her thoughts at the last; for with her other abundant graces God gave her that of true, earnest humility and distrust of herself. She prayed that if He should will, this last joy might be denied her—of living to see again the object of all her prayers; that He would make it easy and best for Stanley Graham himself to come and find that the pain of parting was spared him, his ring upon her finger to be the silent token of their reunion. Mr. Mannering, even in your terrible loss, your intense grief, you must feel what holy consolation is yours, to know that you have reared a little angel for God, that you have this day given back to Him another sweet saint for heaven; for I seem

to feel, almost with certainty, that this last sacrifice was enough, sufficient to purify whatever of earthly stain remained, and that our little Gertrude is already in heaven with God."

And now, from even the parched-up eyes of that bereaved father, that bowed old man, lately hale and strong, the tears flowed freely—the kind, relieving tears—as he gazed on his darling's peaceful, dead face, with a feeling in his heart, broken almost as it was with his grief, that he could not have called her back, that he could cherish no selfish yearning to have his treasure again on earth, away from her eternal rest in the blessed home with God, where she was praying for and awaiting him.

CHAPTER XXVIII

A few hours later they had made her ready for the grave, three young girls from the village, who had been special favorites of Gertrude's, having come with many tears to beg to be allowed to help in the sweet, sad work, bringing with them choice, beautiful flowers to be laid about her remains, which they persisted instinctively in reverencing as those of a saint, even before they knew anything of the secret of her death. They put a wreath of the purest white roses upon her brow, and on her breast and about the pillow they placed lilies, fitting emblems of her maidenhood and sweet virginity. And while they were yet engaged silently and tearfully at their task, Father Walsley came to them, and bade them also to let the ring they observed upon her finger be left conspicuously to view, so as to be seen at once by any one entering the room. They obeyed him, and then in a few impressive words he rewarded them by telling them that what was no longer a secret now, but a beautiful, edifying fact, the story of their dear young lady's love and self-sacrifice; of the wonderful conversion granted, as if by miracle, to her prayers; and that he who was to have been her husband, but whom she had renounced for God's sake, was coming that very day, to find her dead with his ring upon her finger—the silent token of forgiveness she might not speak in words. Then, when all the household had visited her, their sweet little saint laid ready for her last resting-place, when her father prayed long and silently by her side for strength and resignation, the spirit of agitating expectation seemed to come upon them all, as though they could do nothing now but wait for the arrival of him to whom the blow of her death meant so much more than even to that bereaved father.

It needed all Lady Hunter's sweet persuasion, all Rupert's holy consolation, to calm Mr. Mannering's agitation, as he moved restlessly about the rooms so desolate to him now, looking every minute at the clock to see if the hour drew near at which they expected Stanley Graham.

"Rupert," he said two or three times that long afternoon, "pray that when I see him the spirit of unforgiveness may not rise again in my heart, that the thought of my darling's holy death may help me to feel kindly towards him, as she would have wished."

About six that evening, when the bright August Day was beginning to decline, they heard the sound of wheels through the closed blinds, and a minute or two later Stanley Graham was shown into the breakfast room, where Lady Hunter, with her heart beating terribly, had gone first alone to receive him. He had seen the drawn blinds as he drove up, but refused yet to realize what they must mean; meeting Lady Hunter's gaze with one of almost wild entreaty, "Lady Hunter! I am not too late?"

And the hollow, agonized tone struck to her beating heart. "My poor Stanley! And she held out both her hands, taking his own into them for a moment.

Then with a terrible groan he turned away, and leaned upon the mantelpiece in his old attitude, with his head bowed upon his hand. "When was it?" he asked at last, still with that hollow tone.

"This morning, about six o'clock, very happily and so peacefully, Stanley," she replied, in a broken voice.

"My God! am I not punished too heavily?" he groaned, as he leaned there still in that bowed-down position.

Father Walsley entered just then, in time to hear that agonized exclamation, and approaching Stanley he laid his hand gently upon his arm.

"Mr. Graham," he said kindly and solemnly, "you are a Catholic now already in heart, by God's mercy granted to her unceasing prayers; you can understand how that which, in your present bitter grief, seems so cruel, may yet be to you a source of holiest consolation."

"Consolation!" burst quickly from Stanley, heeding and knowing not who spoke, as he looked up with the old sternness on his face; then seeing it was a priest who addressed him, he at once changed his look and attitude to one of respect and attention, while Lady Hunter gently explained:

"It is Father Walsley, Stanley, her confessor and best friend."

"Father Walsley," he continued then, respectfully but with the bitter pain ringing in every word,

"you do not know, as I do, how I tried to tempt her to eternal ruin; you did not hear her plead for her religion, to meet only with a stern refusal to believe that she could love me sincerely unless she gave it up at my bidding; you did not see her face that night as I let her leave me, carrying with her the cold, cruel words that broke her heart, or you would not speak to me of consolation."

And, as Father Walsley listened to his words, as he looked on the noble face, its beautiful features so stamped with stern anguish, he understood still more fully how Gertrude must have loved him, how he had won such a deep idolatry from the sensitive heart now so still upstairs in its hard-won rest; he felt clearly, old man as he was and detached from all mere earthly affection, what it must have cost her to make her sacrifice so promptly and willingly. There was silence for a minute, and then Lady Hunter gently went closer again to Stanley.

"Stanley," she whispered, "you must not think it was all that, that alone which caused her death. The doctors say that she was never really strong; that she inherited her mother's delicacy; that she would not have been long-lived, even if she had been always perfectly happy. If she had become your wife, Stanley, you might have lost her very soon, by the first illness that came to her. And as it was, Stanley, she begged so hard that you might never be let to reproach yourself."

TO BE CONTINUED

BY THIS WE KNOW

"I wonder if anyone has ever seen a vision in Westminster Cathedral?" the girl in secular dress asked the question of the old nun whom she was "chaperoning."

"But, no," she went on. "I'm certain that haven't. It's much too matter-of-fact—much too near Victoria street." She heaved a sigh that did not escape her companion's notice.

The old nun smiled. "It would be a vision in keeping with its surroundings," she observed. "Westminster is very wonderful, but it is wonderful in its own way. As a matter of fact, I do know someone who once saw a vision here—in the chapel of the Sacred Heart. I can tell you about it as we walk to the station, if you like. We have just time enough."

Outside, the old Sister plunged into the story:

"It was told to me by the woman to whom it happened," she explained. "She was employed in an office somewhere near here. She had intended to enter a contemplative Order, but God said 'No.' He sometimes does that when people have a strong vocation. It seems to be a favorite paradox of the Divine Mind, that calling and rejecting, as the soul sees it—poor human soul!"

"Well, she had to get her living in business instead of becoming a nun. A post came along—up in London, and the small mercy for which she thanked Providence was that the office where she was employed was quite near Westminster Cathedral. She would be able to slip in during her lunch hour, and after work. I think she had been 'at her job'—isn't that the right way to put it?—about a week and was feeling what the young ladies employed in her office call 'fed up,' when one evening—yes, of course it was Friday evening—she turned into the Cathedral to say 'Hours.'"

She had done this every day. Her one object, she told me, was to get the office, and everything to do with it, out of her head as soon as possible. Sometimes this was exceedingly difficult, and my poor contemplative resented the havoc that her unregimented surroundings played with her recollection. They were quite a well-meaning, well-behaved set in her office, but my young friend was irked by their frivolity and shallowness of the interests that she heard discussed. There was one young person who especially got on her nerves. She was a Catholic, my friend discovered, but not one of the type which visits the Cathedral in lunch hour unless there is something to be got out of St. Anthony. My 'epicure' found her no better than the others—rather worse, in fact, for she was the biggest chatter-box of them all and talked incessantly about the 'boy' who took her on the river on Saturdays, or to Kew Gardens.

"On this Friday evening my young woman felt as she turned into the Cathedral that she had come to the end of her tether. She had her book with the Little Office, but the other office, the one that Providence had chosen for her, insisted on intruding itself. She found herself reading mechanically and listening to Betty Whatehername's shrill voice exclaiming on the probability of a fine next day for a proposed trip to Chertsey with 'my old beau.' The narrator's face beamed. 'I've got it verbatim, she said. 'My club girls keep me up to the latest.'"

"Then my friend closed the book and tried meditation. That was even more hopeless. Betty and the boy presented themselves in the composition of place, and Chertsey's tea-shops and a crepe de chine frock as 'points.' It seemed useless trying to meditate. Then she did what was really a very sensible thing. 'Well,' she said to our Lord, 'I simply can't think or pray, so I'll

just sit here till You suggest something. You tell me something.' It was a kind of challenge. She had never done such a thing before, but she really was on her beam ends.

"So she sat there, near the statue of St. Anthony, just outside the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, and waited for something to happen. Something did. A pious zealot came and began to clean up St. Anthony's candle-stand. My poor friends got up and moved on. There were people kneeling in the chapel before the Blessed Sacrament, but to the left she noticed a blaze of light indicating a corner which she had not as yet happened to penetrate. It was the chapel of the Sacred Heart, and she remembered dimly having been told that it contained a beautiful statue of our Lord.

"She moved over and made her way into the little chapel, realizing its nearness to the Blessed Sacrament, but to the left she noticed a blaze of light indicating a corner which she had not as yet happened to penetrate. It was the chapel of the Sacred Heart, and she remembered dimly having been told that it contained a beautiful statue of our Lord.

"The moved over and made her way into the little chapel, realizing its nearness to the Blessed Sacrament, but to the left she noticed a blaze of light indicating a corner which she had not as yet happened to penetrate. It was the chapel of the Sacred Heart, and she remembered dimly having been told that it contained a beautiful statue of our Lord.

"The moved over and made her way into the little chapel, realizing its nearness to the Blessed Sacrament, but to the left she noticed a blaze of light indicating a corner which she had not as yet happened to penetrate. It was the chapel of the Sacred Heart, and she remembered dimly having been told that it contained a beautiful statue of our Lord.

"The moved over and made her way into the little chapel, realizing its nearness to the Blessed Sacrament, but to the left she noticed a blaze of light indicating a corner which she had not as yet happened to penetrate. It was the chapel of the Sacred Heart, and she remembered dimly having been told that it contained a beautiful statue of our Lord.

"The moved over and made her way into the little chapel, realizing its nearness to the Blessed Sacrament, but to the left she noticed a blaze of light indicating a corner which she had not as yet happened to penetrate. It was the chapel of the Sacred Heart, and she remembered dimly having been told that it contained a beautiful statue of our Lord.

"The moved over and made her way into the little chapel, realizing its nearness to the Blessed Sacrament, but to the left she noticed a blaze of light indicating a corner which she had not as yet happened to penetrate. It was the chapel of the Sacred Heart, and she remembered dimly having been told that it contained a beautiful statue of our Lord.

"The moved over and made her way into the little chapel, realizing its nearness to the Blessed Sacrament, but to the left she noticed a blaze of light indicating a corner which she had not as yet happened to penetrate. It was the chapel of the Sacred Heart, and she remembered dimly having been told that it contained a beautiful statue of our Lord.

"The moved over and made her way into the little chapel, realizing its nearness to the Blessed Sacrament, but to the left she noticed a blaze of light indicating a corner which she had not as yet happened to penetrate. It was the chapel of the Sacred Heart, and she remembered dimly having been told that it contained a beautiful statue of our Lord.

"The moved over and made her way into the little chapel, realizing its nearness to the Blessed Sacrament, but to the left she noticed a blaze of light indicating a corner which she had not as yet happened to penetrate. It was the chapel of the Sacred Heart, and she remembered dimly having been told that it contained a beautiful statue of our Lord.

"The moved over and made her way into the little chapel, realizing its nearness to the Blessed Sacrament, but to the left she noticed a blaze of light indicating a corner which she had not as yet happened to penetrate. It was the chapel of the Sacred Heart, and she remembered dimly having been told that it contained a beautiful statue of our Lord.

"The moved over and made her way into the little chapel, realizing its nearness to the Blessed Sacrament, but to the left she noticed a blaze of light indicating a corner which she had not as yet happened to penetrate. It was the chapel of the Sacred Heart, and she remembered dimly having been told that it contained a beautiful statue of our Lord.

"The moved over and made her way into the little chapel, realizing its nearness to the Blessed Sacrament, but to the left she noticed a blaze of light indicating a corner which she had not as yet happened to penetrate. It was the chapel of the Sacred Heart, and she remembered dimly having been told that it contained a beautiful statue of our Lord.

"The moved over and made her way into the little chapel, realizing its nearness to the Blessed Sacrament, but to the left she noticed a blaze of light indicating a corner which she had not as yet happened to penetrate. It was the chapel of the Sacred Heart, and she remembered dimly having been told that it contained a beautiful statue of our Lord.

"The moved over and made her way into the little chapel, realizing its nearness to the Blessed Sacrament, but to the left she noticed a blaze of light indicating a corner which she had not as yet happened to penetrate. It was the chapel of the Sacred Heart, and she remembered dimly having been told that it contained a beautiful statue of our Lord.

Do you know as an Actual Fact That the cost of having your estate administered by a Trust Company is the same as if you were to appoint a private individual as your executor? In both cases when the accounts are being passed the Judge of the Surrogate Court decides what the fee will be in proportion to the amount of work that has been done and the value of the estate. CORRESPONDENCE INVITED.

Capital Trust Corporation LIMITED Temple Building Toronto 10 Metcalfe Street Ottawa

CUTICURA HEALS PAINFUL PIMPLES On Face and Shoulders. Itched and Burned. My trouble began with a rash of pimples on my face and shoulders. The pimples were hard and red and feasted and scaled over. They were very painful and itched and burned so that I could not sleep nights. I was ashamed to go anywhere where my face was so disfigured. The trouble lasted about four and a half years. I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and after using three cakes of Cuticura Soap and two boxes of Cuticura Ointment I was completely healed. (Signed) Miss Myrtle A. Westover, Bolton Centre, Quebec. Rely on Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum to keep your skin clear. Sample Each Free by Mail. Address Canadian Agents: "Cuticura," P. O. Box 2614, Montreal. Try our new Shaving Stick.

ARCHITECTS Randolph 7887 Kenwood 1080 J. M. COWAN Architect (Registered) Churches, Schools, Colleges and Specialty TORONTO WATT & BLACKWELL Member Ontario Association ARCHITECTS Sixth Floor, Bank of Toronto Chambers LONDON ONT. W. G. MURRAY ARCHITECT Churches and Schools a Specialty Dominion Savings Building TORONTO JOHN M. MOORE & CO. ARCHITECTS 489 RICHMOND STREET LONDON, ONT. Members Ontario Association of Architects J. C. Pennington John R. Boyde Architects and Engineers John W. Leighton Bartlett Bldg. Windsor, Ont. London Diocesan Architects Specialists in Ecclesiastical and Educational Buildings F. E. LUKE OPTOMETRIST AND OPTICIAN 187 YONGE ST. TORONTO (Upstairs Opp. Simpson's) Eyes Examined and Glass Eyes Fitted BROWN OPTICAL CO. Physical Eye Specialists 223 Dundas St. London PHONE 1877 Branches: Hamilton, Montreal and Windsor London Optical Co. Eyesight Specialists A. M. DAMBRA, Optometrist PHONE 6180 Dominion Savings Building London, Ont. Lighting Battery Service 294 York St. Opp. C. N. R. Freight Sheds 362 Dundas Street, London, Ont. Phone 8370 Your Battery Recharged in 1 hour. In or out of your car. Wright Teale Co. Plumbing and Heating Jobbing a Specialty Phone 7984 60 Dundas St. London, Ont. Geo. Winterbottom & Son Sheet Metal Workers Agents Pease Furnaces Phone 5889 W 819 Richmond St. London, Ont. CHURCH WINDOWS MADE IN CANADA BY COMPETENT ARTISTS J. POSHEA & CO. 15, 19 PERREAU LINE MONTREAL, QUE.

1869-1924 THE MUTUAL LIFE OF Canada, fifty-four years ago, was an experiment, but is now one of the outstanding financial institutions of the Dominion, destined to live as long as the nation itself. There can be no better proof required as to the strength of this Company than that it has developed its assets, income, surplus and insurance in force steadily and consistently for fifty-four years. Write us for Mutual literature. The MUTUAL LIFE OF Canada WATERLOO, ONTARIO 753

CHAMBERLIN METAL WEATHER STRIPS SINCE 1893-THE STANDARD Should be on every door and window of YOUR home. They save from 20 to 40 per cent. fuel, stop wind rattling, keep out street dust. Full information and estimated cost on request to Chamberlin Metal Weather Strip Co. Ltd. KINGSVILLE, ONTARIO We want district representatives. There are some real good territories still open. Big money for men who will work. Write us today.

for cuts & bruises use Mentholatum You feel it heal Price 30¢ 50¢ Tubes 50¢

"AUTOMATIC" SPRINKLER SYSTEMS Installed in Factories, Stores and Warehouses, Prevent fires and consequent losses of money, stock and sales. Estimates furnished promptly. THE Bennett & Wright Co. Ltd. 77-81 King Street London, Ont.

W. G. MURRAY ARCHITECT Churches and Schools a Specialty Dominion Savings Building TORONTO JOHN M. MOORE & CO. ARCHITECTS 489 RICHMOND STREET LONDON, ONT. Members Ontario Association of Architects J. C. Pennington John R. Boyde Architects and Engineers John W. Leighton Bartlett Bldg. Windsor, Ont. London Diocesan Architects Specialists in Ecclesiastical and Educational Buildings F. E. LUKE OPTOMETRIST AND OPTICIAN 187 YONGE ST. TORONTO (Upstairs Opp. Simpson's) Eyes Examined and Glass Eyes Fitted BROWN OPTICAL CO. Physical Eye Specialists 223 Dundas St. London PHONE 1877 Branches: Hamilton, Montreal and Windsor London Optical Co. Eyesight Specialists A. M. DAMBRA, Optometrist PHONE 6180 Dominion Savings Building London, Ont. Lighting Battery Service 294 York St. Opp. C. N. R. Freight Sheds 362 Dundas Street, London, Ont. Phone 8370 Your Battery Recharged in 1 hour. In or out of your car. Wright Teale Co. Plumbing and Heating Jobbing a Specialty Phone 7984 60 Dundas St. London, Ont. Geo. Winterbottom & Son Sheet Metal Workers Agents Pease Furnaces Phone 5889 W 819 Richmond St. London, Ont. CHURCH WINDOWS MADE IN CANADA BY COMPETENT ARTISTS J. POSHEA & CO. 15, 19 PERREAU LINE MONTREAL, QUE.

CHAMBERLIN METAL WEATHER STRIPS SINCE 1893-THE STANDARD Should be on every door and window of YOUR home. They save from 20 to 40 per cent. fuel, stop wind rattling, keep out street dust. Full information and estimated cost on request to Chamberlin Metal Weather Strip Co. Ltd. KINGSVILLE, ONTARIO We want district representatives. There are some real good territories still open. Big money for men who will work. Write us today.

for cuts & bruises use Mentholatum You feel it heal Price 30¢ 50¢ Tubes 50¢

"AUTOMATIC" SPRINKLER SYSTEMS Installed in Factories, Stores and Warehouses, Prevent fires and consequent losses of money, stock and sales. Estimates furnished promptly. THE Bennett & Wright Co. Ltd. 77-81 King Street London, Ont.

DR. REBECCA HARKINS DR. MARIE H. HARKINS OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIANS Abrams Method of Diagnosis and Treatment The St. George LONDON, ONT. Wellington St. Phone 1566 DR. LEROY V. HILES SPECIALIST IN ALL FOOT AILMENTS 202 Dundas St. Phone 7308 BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS MURPHY, GUNN & MURPHY BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES Solicitors for the Roman Catholic Episcopal Corporation Suite 35, Bank of Toronto Chambers LONDON, CANADA Phone 111

FOY, KNOX & MONAHAN BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, Etc. A. E. Knox T. Louis Monahan E. L. Middleton George Koogh Cable Address "Foy" Telephones (Main 461) (Main 462) Office: Continental Life Building CORNER BAY AND RICHMOND STREETS TORONTO

DAY, FERGUSON & WALSH BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, Etc. Rooms 118 to 122, Federal Building, TORONTO, CANADA James E. Day, K. C. Frank J. Hart Joseph F. Walsh T. M. Mungovan

LUNNEY & LANNAN BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES Harry W. Lunney, K.C., B.A., B.C.L., Alphonso Lannan, LL. B. CALGARY, ALBERTA

JOHN H. McLEDDERY BARRISTER, SOLICITOR NOTARY PUBLIC UNION BANK BUILDING GUELPH, ONTARIO CANADA Rep. Lakewood 1395 Cable Address "Lendon" Hillcrest 1027 Main 1588

Lee, O'Donoghue & Harkins Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Etc. W. T. J. Lee, B.C.L. J. G. O'Donoghue, K.C. Hugh Harkins Office 241-242 Confederation Life Chambers S. W. Corner Queen and Victoria Sts. TORONTO, CANADA

KELLY, PORTER & KELLY BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES W. E. Kelly, K. C. J. Porter David E. Kelly Crown Attorney County Treasurer Solicitors For Norfolk County Council SIMCOE, ONT., CANADA DENTAL

MICHAEL J. MULVIHILL L. D. S., D. D. S. 25 PEMBROKE STREET W. PEMBROKE, ONT. PHONE 175

Beddome, Brown, Grony and Pocock INSURANCE Money to Loan Telephone 693 W 392 Richmond St. LONDON, CANADA

James R. Haslett Sanitary & Heating Engineer Agent for Pease Oil Burners 521 Richmond St. London, Ont

UPHOLSTERING Of All Kinds Chesterfields Made to Order CHAS. M. QUICK Richmond St. London, Ont. Opposite St. Peter's Parish Hall

Where Do You Go When You Wish to "Say It With P" The West Floral Co. 249 Dundas St. London, Ont.

HEXTER TAXI (Formerly Marley-Hexter) Day and Night Service 5 and 7 Passenger Seater 483 Richmond St., London Ont.

St. Jerome's College KITCHENER, ONT. Founded 1864 Business College Department. High School or Academic Department. College and Philosophical Department. Address: REV. W. A. BENINGER, C. R., President.

87 YONGE ST., TORONTO PHONE MAIN 4030 Hennessey "Something More Than a Drug Store" DRUGS CUT FLOWERS PERFUMES CANDLES Order by Phone—we deliver

CLINGER London's Rubber Man 345 Dundas St., London, Ont. TIRES and VULCANIZING We repair anything in Rubber, Galoshes and Rubber Boots a specialty.

Casavant Freres CHURCH LIMITEE Organ Builders ST. HYACINTHE QUEBEO Benjamin Blonde General Contractor CHURCHES and Educational Institutions a Specialty Estimates furnished on request CHATHAM, ONT.