Copyright 1922 By The Bobbs-Merrill Co. olis-New York, U. S. A THE INHERITANCE OF JEAN TROUVE

By NEVIL HENSHAW Author of Aline of the Grand Woods, etc. BOOK THREE.—BOIS BERARD CHAPTER II. A START IN LIFE

It was wonderful how easily I slipped into the life of the woods.
Following the first weeks of
strangeness, it was as though I had
lived always at Bois Berard.

Established at Madame Alcide's, I began by looking after such of her affairs as were not beyond my rather limited powers. I chopped wood and hauled it in from the nearby forest. I looked after Achille. I tended the garden. Also I spent many hours with rod and gun so that the table seldom lacked its supply of fish or game. After the toil of the marsh it was like a long vacation, and my love of the soil, of growing things, increased each

now found my chief delight in Madame Alcide's garden, and only when some inbound traveler passed with his purple hoarding of plant cane did I lose my contentment. Then I thought of those vast rustling acres that had rimmed the prairie, so that I returned to my kitchen stuff with a mingled sense

of longing and contempt.

As for Toinette, she at last found herself in one of those long-envied nomes of the mainland. At first there had been some talk of the convent, but even then its winter session was far advanced. Accord-ingly Toinette joined Madame Alcide in the care of the home. As yet she lacked her bright humor, her quaint fancy of former days, nor did she soon regain them. In their place came a quiet wistfulness

to mark the memory of her loss.
Thus the weeks slipped by until, with the coming of spring, I sud-denly found myself at a standstill. The garden, fully planted, showed not an alien leaf. The care of Achille, formerly a dangerous adventure, had now developed into a tiresome routine. There was no game in the woods, and, after the plentitude of the coast, the fishing became a bore.

All of a sudden I found myself with nothing to do. I had enjoyed my rest, but few are the holidays that can not last too long. I became dull and discontented, and to the irk of idleness was added one day the realization that, whereas Madame Alcide was doing every-thing for me, I was doing nothing for her in return.

The thought of this decided me.

That night, during the interval between supper and bed, I spoke to Madame Alcide.

"I can not go on like this, Madame," I began. "I am used to work, and I have nothing to do." The old lady shot me a swift glance, sharp yet kindly. In her keen forceful way she had already begun to show me an affection that

"Nothing to do?" she echoed.
"Let us see. The garden is ready?" 'As you know, Madame."

"And Achille?"
"Achille is nothing," I retorted contemptuously. "I know him as well as I know his story and the story of the other Achille."

"He no longer stamps upon your foot occasionally?" persisted Madame Alcide.

"Wait, my friend," she had setonishment. "Why, wait done with you."

"Wait, my friend," she had stonishment. "Why, wait done with you."

"He never tries that now," I answered. "He knows it is no

Madame Alcide shook her head. 'Ah, you young folk," she sighed. "You learn the secrets of every-thing. No wonder you come to find the world empty. When Achille hears my approach, he immediately begins to stamp. As for Poussard, let him hitch up, and he

limps for a week.

"But I am glad to hear you speak this way, Jean," she continued, returning to the discussion. "It is not right that one of your age should be content with the garden and Achille. Had you gone on I would have been disappointed in you. The time has come when you must make a start in life, and it is

must make a start in life, and it is necessary that you be careful in your choice. You have thought of what you would like to do?"

"Ah, yes, Madame," I answered promptly. "I wish to plant cane. I have always wished it. I will do anything so that I can come to it some day." some day."
Madame Alcide considered this,

staring at me intently the while. Although she had never so much as hinted at my past, her reply showed that she had now entered upon a new train of thought.
"So, Jean," she observed. "You

aim high for one from the marsh. It is something to be a cane planter. To a certain extent I might help you, since Achille can still draw a plow, and there is my land upon the prairie. But there are other things—the implements, the seed cane-

Madame Alcide half-way was no

way at all.

"That is what I am thinking of, Madame," said I. "If I begin now to work hard and save carefully, I will, in time, have money for those other things. Then I will plant my cane, using your land, and sharing with you such luck as we may have."

clerk, he is my clerk, and there is an end of the matter.

"After this you will be as much a fixture as the store itself."

Thus Madame Alcide arranged the matter, and next day I presented myself at the store at opening time. Here I was received by Monsieur Bonnemaison who, through

listening quietly. "And if your enteyes than those of the months luck is very good, you may some before. For, judging him solely by day have a mill in which to grind his personal appearance, I had Madame Alcide, although not so

madame Alcide, although not so sanguine, appeared quite satisfied with this proposal.

"Bien Jean," said she. "It is agreed. You do your part, and you may count upon me to do mine. But first of all you must find work. You have decided what you will do?"

"I can trap, I can hunt," I began confidently.

The old lady made a gesture of

dissent. "You are through with all that," she interrupted. Go back to your skins, and in less than a year you will be a savage. No, Jean, you have chosen your goal, and from now on you must march toward it not away from it. There are many, many things that you must know before ever you put plow to earth, planted.'

This was good advice, and it was

voice of ambition.
"Yes, Madame," said I humbly.
"You are right. My place is here,
and I would like to stay. But what can I do?

benevolent appreciation. Now that I had become a petitioner, she was

"That is my affair, Jean," she replied. "While you have been thinking and planning, I have looked about me. Thus I have found that your best chance is with Bonnemaison. He is getting old, and each month his business increases. Also, in all the years that he has been here, he has had no clerk—only some one to come in and help in time of necessity. Here is your opportunity and, as it happens, it should fit in very well with your ambition. At the store you will meet men of all kinds, planters, farmers, raisers of cattle and of horses. Talk to them, remember their words, and when you come to put in your own crop, you will have a store of knowledge that you could have gained in no other

manner. She paused while I fairly shouted aloud in my enthusiasm.
"Madame, Madame," I

"It is the very thing. And you will let me stay on here with you?" A soft fond look shadowed for a moment the keenness of the old lady's eyes.

Yes, Jean," she answered. had thought of that also. This fall Toinette goes to the good sisters at St. Pierre. With both of you away I should have felt very much alone." And she added bruskly, as though

counteract this show of emotion, 'So that is settled, and now we will go to bed. In the morning will arrange with Bonnemaison. That night I enjoyed the luxury of Madame Alcide's sheets with a mind free from care. Never before

had I known the strong unerring force of such a guioing hand. No only had a place been found for me there had been something about Madame Alcide's attitude which suggested that, having made me worthy of the place, she would march with me shoulder to shoulder

The thought of this brought me a sense of security unknown since the days of the rue Bourbon. Somehow

I felt that my drifting was over, that I at last had found a true haven amid the cool green reaches of Bois Berard.

CHAPTER III. MONSIEUR BONNEMAISON

True to her promise, Madame Alcide lost no time in interviewing Monsieur Bonnemaison. Only waiting until breakfast was over the following morning, she donned her sunbonnet and set out for the store
"It is all right, Jean," she

announced upon her return.

"Then I am to be M'sieu Bonnemaison's clerk?" I questioned

maison's cierk? I questioned eagerly.

The old lady gave me a look, almost of alarm.

"Jean, Jean," she protested.

"Have you no discretion? You do not know Bonnemaison. He has run so long in a rut that the mere mention of a clerk would have thrown him into a pagic.

thrown him into a panic.

"No, Jean, you are to go to him as helper. He means only to give you a trial. Yet it is the same thing. If you do well, if he is satisfied, he will keep you on. Then people will speak of you as the people will speak of you as the clerk until it comes to Bonnemaison's ears. At first he will be indignant. He will deny the whole

planter. To a certain extent I might help you, since Achille can still draw a plow, and there is my and upon the prairie. But there are other things—the implements, the seed cane—"

She broke off impatiently. With Madame Alcide half-way was no way at all.

"Their in what I are thicking and of the matter."

Indignant. He will deny the whole affair. Later, when he finds it is no use, he will settle the matter with himself.

"Well, and what if I have a clerk?" he will say. 'Is it not my right, as it is the right of every storekeeper? Bien, if Jean is my clerk, he is my clerk, and there is an end of the matter.'

ing time. Here I was received by Monsieur Bonnemaison who, through "That is fine, Jean," put in Toinette, who all this time had been employer, I viewed with far differ-

his personal appearance, I had always considered Monsieur Bonne-maison with a species of mild con-

He was a small stout man, and his stoutness was of such a round puffy sort, that he resembled nothso much as a huge animated l. Indeed, in moments of excite-

with a fat pink chin like that of a baby. Between crown and chin appeared a pair of small, pensive blue eyes, a button-like nose, and a mouth that was forever set in an amiable smile. Whatever his mood, Monsieur Bonnemaison never lost that smile. Through long practice that smile. Through long practice it had become as much a part of him as the lips that expressed it. His eyes might betray impatience.

His assured his running mates he meant to keep it up as long as the money lasted, and then—then neither Dick nor his friends cared to pursue the subject any further. and you can not learn them in marsh or forest. If you would plant cane, your place is on the mainland where the cane is planted."

that smile. Through long practice it had become as much a part of him as the lips that expressed it. His eyes might betray impatience, anger, even despair, but one had only to glance below them to be reassured of his amiability. Thus, to the country at large, the

Summed up in a word Monsieur Bonnemaison was bland but, as I

god. "Well, Jean," he greeted me. "And so you have come to help?
Bien, you can begin by taking down the shutters. In no other way could you be of more assistance to one of my age.

This accomplished, he led the way indoors where, for a busy ten minutes, he waddled up and down the two long counters that lined the store on either side, pointing out the different articles, and firing their prices at me with the rapidly and precision of a machine gun.
"But, M'sieu," I protested when finally his breath gave out. "It is finally his breath gave out. their prices at me with the rapidity

could not keep one-half of it in my

maison evidenced a mild surprise.

"But it is not to be kept in one's head," he explained. "I could not do it myself. It comes when you need it, and the next moment it is gone. You understand? It is not gone. You understand: It is that you must know the exact price that you must know the exact price article. It is of each unmarked article. It is that you must be able to feel what dering his sins.

"But dar's other folks dat can't

Even to one as ignorant of the ways of trade as myself, this reply was startling. However, I held my peace, and answered with a polite, "Yes, M'sieu."

Having made the round of the store, Monsieur Bonnemaison went out to the porch where he promptly lowered himself into the broad, cane-seated chair which, in warm weather, he was wont to occupy during his moments of leisure. Here he sat smiling and staring out from the doorway in an ever-in-creasing agony of helplessness.

"And what must I do now, M'sieu?" I finally burst out when I could stand it no longer.

Again Monsieur Bonnemaison's eyes expressed a species of quiet

to his smiling and staring.
Utterly demoralized, I stumbled
back inside where I wandered aimlessly from one counter to another. All along I had thought Monsieur Bonnemaison peculiar. Now it appeared that he was undeniably mad. And here I was expected to look after the madman's customers.

Having never made a sale in my life, I was further handicapped by my complete ignorance of the prices and disposition of the stock in trade. I could only wait in impotent despair for the customers to come

along. When, however, the customers made their appearance, my difficul-ties vanished in a wholly unexpected manner. At that early hour the demand was solely for supplies, for flour, and sugar, and coffee, commodities of which I knew the prices by heart. To my joy and amazement I found that I had only to weighout, to wrap up, to hand over my ill-bound packages and receive the money in exchange for them. As for salesmanship, I discovered at once that it played no part in the

disposal of these simple necessities.

'No, Jean,' Monsieur Bonnemaison observed afterward. 'If your supplies are good, they will sell themeelves. Why waste your breath upon a pound of flour when all the time its praises are being sung for you by the voice of hunger?" ger

TO BE CONTINUED

Do not turn your eyes on your infirmities and incapacity, except to humble yourself; never let them discourage you.

Prayer places our understanding

DICK CARLETON'S CHRISTMAS

It was Christmas Eve—a white Christmas, with snow blocking the highways and byways and shrouding the lawns and gardens and terraces of Carleton Hall in the ceremonies of death. And perhaps it was a kindly veiling, for beneath ball. Indeed, in moments of excitement Monsieur Bonnemaison seemed fairly to bounce along, although at ordinary times he proceeded by means of a sedate waddle.

His head, like his body, was wastes of field and meadow—the broken winged nymph of the silent was a second for the silent His head, like his body, was smooth and globe-like, beginning in a perfectly bald crown, and ending fountain holding her shattered urn.

It was enough for them that the old "Roose" (as they irreverently dubbed the stately mansion) where five generations of Carletons looked This was good advice, and it was something more—something that had been woefully lacking upon the marsh. For the first time in many months I hearkened to the voice of ambition.

"Yes, Madame," said I humbly.

"You are right. My place is here,"

"You are right. My place is here,"

"You are right. My place is here,"

"You are right. Wy place is here,"

" Summed up in a word Monsieur servant, and factorian in general Bonnemaison was bland but, as I was prepared to serve such viands, came to learn, his blandness was of came to learn, his blandness was of surpass, although the cordon bleu surpass, although the cordon bleu came to learn, his blandness was of a sort peculiar to himself. Outbenevolent appreciation. Now that I had become a petitioner, she was all indulgence.

"That is my affair, Jean," she replied. "While you have been this indulgence and planning. I have the was as inscrutable as a Chinese god.

"Well, Jean," he greeted me. "Well, Jean," he greeted me. "And so you have come to help?"

her boy.
"Yes, he'se gwine to de debbil," Aunt Keziah had agreed this morning to the crony who had stepped in to borrow a "taste" of flour and sugar for a belated cake. "Marse Dick is guine fast and sure I know, but dar ain't nobody or nothink kin stop him. Like all dis high stepping fust class stock, when he takes de bit in his teef, dar's no bridling You jes have to fold yo hands and shet yo' eyes, and pray de Lord for mussy on yo' sinful soul.

"But de sinfulness ain't in yo'r soul Sister Keziah," consoled her hearer, "An if it was you'se been on de mourner's bench offen enuff to hev it washed away."

"Dunno chile, dunno-when you sible fur his misdoings. Ef you shoulders dat boy's sorrows and sickness and sufferings, looks ez if you hadn't ought ter shirk shoul- with scarlet fever and the house in

do no shirking nuther, Sister Sailara," continued the old woman, her sunken eyes kindling with Sibylline for "Crond and so with the poor children we fire. "Grand and fine ez she is, Miss Milly Somers got to face de judgment fur the way she treated my boy. He lubbed dat gal like he lubbed his life, and she done make believe she lubbed him back—she did for sure. And wif de wedding clothes bought, and de wedding dress made, and de wedding cake baked, wif three coats of icing and a sugar bell on top of all, dat gal done turn him down."

"But, but"-Sister Salina hesitated over the well known explanation of Miss Milly's turpitude—
"'Twas cause of her hearing 'bout the other wife."

"The other wife," echoed Aunt Keziah indignantly. "Who keers stonishment.

"Why, wait upon the customers, f course," he replied, and returned be described and returned about 'nother wife described here days them."

"Ine other wife," echoed Aunt "They would nx that all right."

"They would nx that all right." chile? Ain't Cunnel Greaham got 'nother wife? And ain't Mr. Len Lanson got one too? And all of em taking it kind and friendly and making no particulation. making no perturbation. And 'cause my boy made a fool marriage wif a dancing gal 'cross de sea, when he warn't twenty years old, folks is flinging it up at him. Didn't he buy de divorce? When you buys de divorce it sets you free —like Marse Abe Lincoln set de niggers free when you and me was little gals. An' you ain't got no master or mistress or husband or

Milly Somers was Romist, and de Romists ain't allowed but one wife at de time—and Miss Betty Bond—dat I wash fur (she's Romist too) say dat Miss Milly dun just right, dat when you stands up 'fore de preacher and says you'se gwine ter take a wife until death do yo' part, dar ain't no jedge or jury can set you free from dat word. And folks say, spite of all Miss Milly holding her head so high, she tuk dat disappointment mouty hard, she aint ner nead so high, she tuk dat dis-appointment mouty hard, she aint looked at no beau since, though all dat was five years ago. Jes' stirs round helping de poor and de sick, and de needy, ez de Lord commands, so I can't 'gree with you, Sister Keziah, 'bout de jedgment waiting for her. Ez for de wedding clothes and de wedding cake, Sister Sugar and de wedding cake, Sister Susan Grey dat made it talks sore 'bout it to dis day. She say Marse Dick Carleton orter spoke up sooner 'bout de t'other wife he had married cross de sea, he orter spoke up or shet his mouf 'bout it forever, ez many a man does. But here I is gabbing on and are Christene here Prayer places our understanding in the brightness of God, and exposes our will to the heat of heavenly love.—St. Francis de Sales.

Truly the Sacraments are an invention of love, yet are they not also as truly a necessity of our salyation not only as applying the Precious Blood to our souls, but as enabling faith to ascertain its application.

many a man does. But here I is gabbing on, and my Christmas cake waiting wif de eggs all beat up and they are safe in your sweet waiting wif de eggs all beat up and they are safe in your sweet of them until they are safe in your sweet of the until they are safe in

ily to her feet to prepare the dinner ordered that morning by her young

Spend it all," he had said, thrusting a bank note into James Madison's hand. "Not—not all dis, Marse Dick." that loyal henchman had gasped in

dismay. "Didn't I say all?" was the rejoinder.
"But — but — but," stammered James Madison braving the storm blackening his master's handsome brow, "Judge Watson was hyah yesterday talking mighty bout de money you owes him-

open that old wine closet (I've lost the key) and bring up every cob-webbed bottle it holds."

"Dat, dat—was ken' for de weddings and christenings Sah."
"Yes," the word came with another oath. "We've done with weddings and christenings. It's likely to be my last Christmas at Carleton Hall, but I'm going down like my old great grandad's ship went down a hundred years ago-colors flying, and my flag nailed to the mast !

Aunt Keziah when this conversation was reported to her. "He allus busts out wild like dis at Christmas. It was to have been his wedding day five years ago. And dar ar Miss Milly Somers—she done it all

she done it all."
While Aunt Keziah thus condemned her, the gentle subject of her anathemas was seated in the parlor of her Alma Mater, Marie, chatting with her old friend and school mate, Nettie Lee,-happily veiled this three years as Sister Now with all the girls gone

nome for the holidays you will have a pleasant time of peace and rest,' Miss Milly was saying cheerfully "Oh! my dear, no not at all." sighed Sister Seraphine. "We have six left on our hands. Six of the liveliest and gayest girls in the school, and seniors too, seniors that we can't distract with stockings and Santa Claus. The Mortons' home is closed and their parents in Europe Jenny Dixon and Margaret Vane live in Idaho, and couldn't go so far, nuss a child like I nussed Marse live in Idaho, and couldn't go so far, Dick, mebbe de Lord holes you sponall to spend Christmas with her, when a telegram came saying that her two little brothers were strict quarantine. So they all are here in despair—their suitcases

> don't know. 'Send them to me," said Miss Milly blithely. "Send them to you," echoed Sister Seraphine. "My dear Millicent, I couldn't think of such a

thing. "And why not?" was the smiling question. "We have plenty of room and dear mother in spite of her seventy years has the Christmas spirit still. She told the boys, (Molly's sons you know) who are coming from college, to bring a couple of their chums with them and we were just wondering how we could make it a little gay for the Your girls would fix that all right.'

"How many girls shad we at Christmas five years ago?" asked the visitor softly, "A dozen at the least."
"Oh I know—I know," mur-

mured the little nun. "That—that terrible Christmas. But oh! Milly dear, what an escape you made—what an escape! I thank God for it every day. That wretched man! To deceive you as he did. You of all women in the world, Milly." There was a moment's silence, then the answer came very low and

master or mistress or husband or pitying as if spoken over the dead. "I cannot blame him quite as you "It do look sort of dat way," said Sister Salina doubtfully. "But den you see Sister Keziah, Miss Milly Somers was Romist, and de free absolutely free. But when it

buried long ago. But"—there was a pathetic quiver in the voice—"at a pathetic quiver in the voice—"at Christmas the ghost walks, and so I will be glad to have your girls come. They will make it brighter, gayer, happier for us all."
"Dear Millicent"—there were tears in Sister Seraphine's bright

eyes as she clasped her friend's hand, "You are too good for a wicked world. You should be in here. I will speak to Mother and I am sure she will be glad to let the girls have a happy Christmas in your dear old home. Terry can take them this afternoon and Mademoiselle will chaperone them until they are safe in your sweet

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