

not remain if she was present, she went into the next room. Through the open door she watched them. She could not help watching; she had been deprived of all her girlish and now she wanted to enjoy their.

Dorothy, a dimpled, laughing girl, with great brown eyes and masses of curls which were always ruffled, threw her hat into a chair and was soon seated between the two boys, showing them the postcard she had found for Floyd. The sister saw Floyd move very close to the girl and lay his hand on her shoulder with a caressing movement; she caught the glance that he gave—a glance full of both admiration and meaning. Rose stood near the table, watching the other girl. In her eyes was a look of longing and yet it was mingled with fear. The three on the sofa soon drew her into their circle. John was open in his admiration of both girls; he tried to distribute his caresses with an impartial hand, but the little Rose drew away with that expression of dread in her eyes. Floyd was not so bold; he lightly laid his hand on her hand, and when she did not resent it clasped it more firmly. Her face flushed, but she suffered the hand to remain.

Elizabeth was called from the room by some visitors. When they had finally gone she came back to her former seat. She saw a new brother, a different one from the one she knew. He was talking in a boisterous tone.

"When are you going to kiss me good bye, Dot?" he asked.

"Right at the station," she answered laughing.

"Honor bright?" he asked.

"Honor bright," she promised.

"You are all right," he exclaimed. "Rose is too bashful for that." Then he hinted, "but you see I am to take her home tonight."

Rose colored as he gave her a significant look. She pushed her hand from her arm and walked to the piano. But there was a wavering and uncertainty in her face. He had been her comrade so long and she really liked him.

The watching sister made a quick decision. When the girls rose to go, she stood up, saying, "Floyd, I want you and John to watch the house. I have to see Rose's mother tonight; tomorrow you can see the girls again."

There came a flush of annoyance on the boyish face, followed by one of anger. He knew his sister had been listening. But he was still too loyal to criticize her to John, who, when they were alone, openly denounced her for meddling.

When she returned Floyd was alone. He sat sulky and silent. She busied herself with the household cares for a few minutes. Soon she went over to the lounge and sat down beside him. She put her arm around him and kissed his forehead. Let's don't be angry on our last night," she begged.

"Why did you do it?" he asked.

"I know you heard what I said to Rose, but what is she to you?"

"A great deal," she responded, "but not so much as the boy I love so dearly—the boy I have been a mother to, and yet I have been a true mother, for I never have talked to you of these things because they were hard. You see I have failed in my duty."

Instantly he was all tenderness. He drew her down into his boyish long arms and laid his head against hers. "You have not failed in anything, you darling," he cried, "but it wouldn't hurt me if I saw a man. All the fellows do that way."

"How do you know?"

"They do all about it. We don't talk about it in a crowd, but just when we are all together, like John and me."

"Does John treat Rose that way?"

"The boy grew warm in a minute. 'He'd better not; he went too far to suit me tonight.'"

"Why did he?" she asked quietly.

"You were rather free toward Dorothy."

"Dorothy is different; she's a—she's a jolly good fellow, but Rose—well, I like Rose, and every fellow better keep his hands off her. I don't want a girl all the fellows can love; but I'm different. These things don't hurt a fellow; he's coarser and—well, it's expected of him."

"But they do hurt you," she said.

"The little book of memories that Rose gave you this afternoon told a little story of its own. I am going to tell you this story."

"He looked away into the distance and she began.

"Once there was a man who went into a garden. All around him were beautiful roses of all colors. But he chose a little white bud for his. He chose it because it was pure and white; but most of all because it was closed. No other person could see into its heart. While he was waiting for it to unfold he walked around to enjoy the other flowers. He studied their coloring and he breathed their perfume. For a long time he enjoyed this; then he wanted to get nearer to these roses, to handle them. Other travelers were handling them and they seemed to enjoy themselves more than he did. So he touched one rather timidly; others he was not so careful with. At last he grew tired and wandered back to his own rosebud and lo! it had opened. It stood the whitest and most fragrant in the garden, and its heart was the dearest and most tender. But he remembered the crimson roses and it seemed too white. Then he could not detect its fragrance, for he had killed his sense of smell by its abuse with the other roses, some of which

stood as high and beautiful as before, but others were left bruised and broken by his ruthless desire to please, yes, to indulge himself. As he plucked his own rose, he was aware of no sense of joy over it, except from pride, for many travelers cast him envious glances. But he could not see its unusual beauty; he could not get the fragrance from its heart, because his sense of sight had been dulled by the brilliancy of other flowers and his sense of smell by their odor.

"Nor did he think of the little buds in the garden that he had touched and then left. They would perhaps open, but the petals he had touched would always be brown and torn. The passerby might not see them when the flowers had opened and revealed their hearts but the man who had plucked them would— not at once, but when they had become less entranced and were seeking for defects. Then perhaps they would throw the roses away. But the man who had the perfect rose—the one which was perfect because it had been well protected— did not know of the havoc he had wrought. He was too much interested in wondering why he did not enjoy his rose, why it seemed so commonplace and really tiresome. He did not know that it was he who had become unable to appreciate it, though his own indulgence began in an idle moment, while he had waited for his flower to blossom."

She paused to look into his face. He was listening. Then she went on:

"You say you are a man; you have only thought of one side; you have only wanted the perfect rose. You may get one, but if you do it will be one which has been carefully guarded. You are not intending to break or bruise the other roses; you are just going to handle them because the other boys do. You will enjoy their fragrance, but you will leave wounded petals. Then after a time, if you travel far enough into the garden, you will grow indifferent to the havoc you are doing and will carefully crush the flowers. You may grow so cruel that you will enjoy it. There are men who do, and they have a right to do so, for from intention to harm as you were tonight. You caressed Dorothy; John caressed her. The next boy that comes along will find it easier to be free with her, and unless there is some one who cares enough to guard her she will be torn from the stem before she has blossomed. If you had kissed Rose tonight it would have been easy for you to kiss her again. You haven't yet, have you?"

He shook his head. "I am so glad," she continued, "it will be so much better for her. If she permits you these familiarities she will permit others the same ones. She may become as reckless as Dorothy, and then we dare not think of the future. You can see now what a wonderful flower she promises to make. She is a perfect little bud. Would you not hate to think that you were spoiling the promise of that bud?"

"Forgive me for being so cross," he begged.

"Yes, dear," and she kissed his lips.

"But we are going to look at your side now and soon you are to be charged with the duty of controlling. Many men will say that they are only to be satisfied, but we know better. The first kiss you give to a girl thrills you—really it is one of the greatest minutes of your life. The next girl you kiss seems less of a picture. Then after a while it becomes a mere habit; it loses all sense of enjoyment—the holiness has long since been done away with. Stronger desires than kissing arise and soon you are not the man God intends you to be. You will have a low idea of woman. Even your wife, if you get the sweetest, purest in the world will not seem so to you. Marriage will not be a sacred fulfillment; it will be a commonplace event."

His arms tightened around her, but he was silent.

"And," she continued, "your future career as a man will be touched. You cannot think clearly or act quickly when any of the senses of your body have been impaired. Lust kills ambition, ability and power. It does not mean that every boy that starts that way has the same fatal ending, but a great many do. There is the halfway place where many men stop; yet you will find that they are not real men. It will be much better and better to stay at the beginning."

She sat silent, waiting for him to speak. At last he did. "Of course, Beth, wouldn't it want to go even half way, now; I wouldn't even want to touch"—and a tender smile played around his lips—"any roses but one. But I cannot see why I can't let her know that I care for her; I will be constant. I want to like her and I want her to like me."

"She drew a sharp breath. 'You mean you will crush the petals of your own rose, and then enjoy the heart when it is opened. When you come back you may not even want to see that heart; you are just a boy. If you do, there will be times when you will see those crushed petals and be sorry. You may blame yourself, but you will probably blame Rose. You may grow so discontented that you will blame another man. If you know she allowed you these caresses, these little familiarities, you will think she would allow others.'

He spoke with pride. "I know Rose."

"We will look at it from her side. After she realizes those petals have been crushed by you she may be afraid of the future. She may be

afraid that you have wandered far into the garden and come back to her a worn out traveler. She may be afraid that you will not appreciate her and that you will not deal rightly with her."

He laughed. "I am not afraid of that."

"Other girls just as constant in their friendship as Rose have felt that way," she said in a low voice.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"My dear boy, I have a few wilted petals and I know how they feel. You see, I was just like you are. There was no one to guard me and I did just what any girl will do who does not think. But I realized in time to save myself from only a few brown ones, and I want to save every girl I can. We were young and thought we knew our hearts. My how they changed! But we couldn't change those bruised petals!"

She gave a hurt cry, but he saw a face free from suffering. It held only love for him.

"Floyd, I want to give the world a noble man. That is the dearest wish of every woman. And I want to give you a pure husband. I want to see my darling boy, I put the first little garment on your little body; I changed you from a little angel to a human being, and I must care for that human being."

"You angel," he murmured.

She lifted his chin and looked into his clear eyes.

"I promise," he said in a low voice.

"It will not be easy, dear. You will have to refuse to listen to other boys, you will have to read only good books, and you will have to think pure thoughts. Rose's little book will help you. You can see the baby that I am trying to keep pure and help me to do it; you can see those doll shoes and remember how you suffered on the night you wanted to be happy, because you wanted to do as the fellows" did. You were anxious to know what was in the heart of the rose book. I do not know, but she did fall madly. On the second night—and you must look at it every day—is the little picture of Sir Galahad which your first teacher gave you. Do you remember it?"

The boy smiled dreamily as he quoted:

"My strength is as the strength of ten, because my heart is pure."

—Mabel A. McGee, in the Continent.

Warsaw Menaced by the Red Tide

FATHER SKORUPKA HOLDING CRUCIFIX ALOFT LED CHARGE THAT ROUTED BOLSHEVIKI

(By N. C. W. G. News Service)

By Captain Charles Phillips, A. R. C.

The miracle, so hard to believe in, so humanly impossible, has happened, and it happened on the feast of the Assumption. Warsaw is saved.

It is difficult to write the story of the turning of the red tide which just one week ago was poised at its crest to crush and inundate Poland. So many of the elements of a wonder-tale are in it, the air is still so charged with its supernatural vibrations, that one is at a loss where to begin. The ending, of course, is plain enough. (That will be old news to readers of this by the time it is printed). The Bolsheviki are on the run, on their way back to red Russia! On their way back to Jerusalem! The Poles ardently murmur—while tens of thousands of prisoners and innumerable cannon and other spoils have already been captured by the Polish force. The Soviet armies are irresistibly cut up and surrounded. From every point along the entire front, which extends hundreds of miles from the German boundary to the northwest of Warsaw to the Dniester river in the south, news comes of continuous Polish successes and the complete routing of the enemy.

What happened? And how did it happen? Many things happened, of course, but it was the heroic action of a young priest, a chaplain in the army, that turned the tide at the last minute. Leading his regiment into the thick of the fight when mere disaster threatened, this priest fell, riddled with red bullets and pierced with red bayonets. But his men were victorious, and from that crucial moment of the sacrifice of his life, the die was cast for the red defeat and Poland's victorious defense of her capital. It was one of those fateful history-making acts which just tip the balance and send events all sliding in the right direction at a moment when only a miracle can save.

Last Sunday, the 15th of August, the red armies had penetrated as far as Radzymin, their nearest point of approach to the capital. Radzymin (as I think I have already written you) within twenty-four hours had changed hands four or five times. One Polish regiment, giving up without sufficient struggle, was dispersed, dispersed in disgrace and its officers executed, while a second (the 230th Warsaw Volunteers) was sent to replace it and take back the town.

Father Ignatius Skorupka, a volunteer chaplain with that volunteer regiment, went into the fight with his men. They were decidedly "his" men, for scores of the young fellows in the Warsaw 230th were his pupils in school. He personally knew practically every man in the regiment. He was a teacher of Christian Doctrine in one of the largest public

schools in this city, and when the volunteer army was organized, he insisted on going with "his boys," with whom he was enormously popular, being their leader in sports and athletics as well as their spiritual mentor. He went into the fight with them, as a matter of course. But it was so terrible an ordeal that they faced, so withering a fire from the red guns, that even in spite of the awful fate of disgrace and death meted out to their defeated predecessors in the attack, they began to waver. Human flesh and human spirit, even so ardently as that of these untried but daring young volunteers, could not endure the blaze of flames and steel that confronted them. An American officer here who witnessed the attack, which began about 1 o'clock Sunday morning, told me that never on the western front, when the Germans were relying almost wholly on machine-gun warfare, had he seen so formidable and bitter a fire as the Bolsheviki put up at Radzymin.

PRIEST FALLS IN VICTORIOUS CHARGE

The Poles wavered. Father Skorupka saw the wavering. Not alone Poland and Warsaw, but the honor of his regiment, "his boys," was at stake. With his surplus and stole over his uniform, and suddenly holding his crucifix high in the air, he leaped ahead of the front line, shouting to them to come on.

One of the officers of the regiment, a seasoned veteran of the last six years, says: "I have seen many courageous officers in battle, but never have I seen a man lead troops ahead as Father Skorupka did then."

Under the shock of his magnetic voice and action the troops advanced. But the Bolsheviki again drove them back. Again the chaplain led. Again they advanced—and again fell back. Still again. And yet once more. Four times, with his crucifix high above his head, where all might see it, and with his voice shouting in the names of Jesus and Mary to come on and save their homes and their people, the young priest led his regiment. Four times—and the fourth time there was no wavering. Their way went on. There was no falling back. Radzymin was retaken. But it was taken over a bullet pierced and bayoneted body of Ignatius Skorupka.

When the field was clear, General Huller, notified of the heroic action of the young priest, hastened to the spot where the body lay, a guard of honor—a heartshaken and sorrowful guard of honor—standing about it. The action of this general was characteristic. He knelt first, blessing himself and offering a silent prayer, then he knelt and offered on Father Skorupka, to the glory of his and Poland's name forever the highest military honor in the gift of the republic—the "Virtute Militaire," which has been won by less than a score of men in all its history.

The story of Father Skorupka spread quickly to Warsaw, being mentioned in the official communique of the day following. Today his picture is exhibited everywhere, while plans are already proposed for the erection of a monument to him in Palace Square, the centre of the city. This monument is to be cast from metal captured from the Bolsheviki on the field of Radzymin. All the pictures of the young priest—revel a comely boyish face, with an expansive brow and a mouth that has much sweetness and gentleness in its lines. The brow tells the story of a man that was far from the ordinary; the mouth bespeaks the kindly traits of human fellowship and love which made him worshipped by all in his school and in his regiment.

SKETCH OF FATHER SKORUPKA

Born in Warsaw in 1898, the son of a Government official, much of his schooling was received in Russia, where the duties of his father took the family. But that family, like many others forced by circumstances into the service of the Tsar's government, never lost its Polish ardor. Taking a special interest in Polish literature, particularly in Polish poetry, the young student Skorupka organized at the academy which he attended at Petrograd, a Polish literary circle, called "Polonia," which did much to keep alive in the hearts of his fellow Polish school-mates the secret fires of their patriotism. When his mother died in Moscow, the young man made a solemn promise over her grave to some day bring her body back to Poland for burial in her native earth.

Father Zalesowski, a fellow seminary student of Father Skorupka's and his best friend, speaks of him as a man possessing a remarkable mind. "He was, on the one hand, absolutely orderly, precise and clear-seeing, and at the same time he had all the fire and delicacy of a highly sensitized soul. It was an unusual combination."

Warsaw's bewilderment at the stupendous and unbelievable charge in her fortunes within the course of a few hours has steadied a little, I think, since the story of Father Skorupka has become known. "What has happened?"—with a blank for answer, best describe the Polish state of mind during the first two or three days following the sudden turn of the tide. No one knew what had happened. We only knew that the Bolsheviki, whose guns have been in hearing for days, had not come in—were not coming in—couldn't get in. They were faced about and on the run. "It's a miracle," is invariably the concluding

remark of the Poles now, when they discuss the question—and no one else does anything else, day or night, but discuss it. I have heard even young Poles of the blasé modernist type (there are plenty of them here, the sort that Sienkiewicz warned the country against in his novel "Whirlpool")—I have heard even these, all their up-to-date foolishness evidently forgotten, quietly and seriously argument and demonstrating that it is a miracle.

A MIRACLE OF FAITH

The whole affair is, of course, a vast miracle of Christian faith and common sense. In the first place, Poland, shaken to her inner foundations, never has let go the hand of God in this terrible crisis. Perhaps some Poles (it is not undesirable) have been inclined to slip away from that sure guidance, a little bit lured by the siren voices of socialism, naturalism, materialism, who can say? There are heavy undercurrents running in the world these days from the nearer universes, pulling nations as well as individuals towards the deep. But Poland—Poland as a people—has stood, and when the blackest hour came, hope and faith, not despair, were her first rewards. That hundred thousand, marching, singing, and praying through the streets of Warsaw three weeks ago—that crowd had a supremely confident faith. On that day there doubtless were offerings made to heaven of which only heaven will ever know. But it is not difficult to imagine the offer Father Skorupka made. It is not difficult to see him, swept with the twin fires of religion and patriotism, leaving his studies, dropping his books and his plans for the next term's school work, going out to join "his boys," and saying to God in the secret of his heart: "Take me, use me, but save my country!"

Well, as the Poles will tell you quite frankly now, the prayers of the hundred thousand (and the prayer of Father Skorupka) were heard. The good God who stood back of Ferdinand Foch, fighter and man of prayer, when France was being crucified, sent another Foch to Poland in the person of Weygand, Foch's close friend and chief of staff. The same good God likewise had one General Joseph Haller, Polish patriot, on hand for the occasion—another fighter and man of prayer, whose daily presence at the altar all during the red days in the field around Warsaw was a constant inspiration to his men. Haller was Poland's own man-of-the-hour. His part of the miracle was to raise and equip in three weeks a volunteer army of over 100,000, which, taken to the front with careful training and equipped with the most modern weapons, nevertheless gave the reds their first taste of the resurrected Polish spirit—though how those green boys were slaughtered only figures, yet to be revealed, can tell! And so through all its details, the miracle was worked out, piece by piece, and can be so scrutinized now, with always the one man ready and into the breach when the crisis came.

There was nothing to stop them, so far as their reckoning went. But they reckoned without God—the God of the hundred thousand, the God of Foch, Weygand, Haller, the God of our Ignatius Skorupka—the God of infinite power, grace and miracles.

THE RELICS OF ST. JULIEN

RESTORED TO BRIOUDE

By N. C. W. G. News Service

Paris, Oct. 10.—At the time of the Terror, in 1798, some revolutionaries had carried away from the Brionne Basilica a very rich gold carved and gem-encrusted reliquary, which contained the remains of St. Julien. They took it to Paris, where the reliquary was melted away at the "Monnaie." Fortunately the relics of St. Julien were saved and hidden in a safe place by some Christians. They were afterwards entrusted to the care of the Augustine nuns.

The Catholics of the Brionne country have lately made a demand that these relics of St. Julien be given back to them. The Paris diocese, of course, has agreed to their wishes and after one hundred and twenty-seven years' exile, they are about to return to the Brionne Basilica.

WHEN AT MASS

When the priest at the altar offers the sublime sacrifice the angels stand beside him, and all around the altar are arranged choirs of heavenly spirits, who raise the voices in honor of the Victim who is immolated. Wherefore if thou dost unite thy prayers during Mass to those of the angels, they will together with them pierce the clouds and will obtain a favorable hearing more certainly than if thou didst offer them at home alone. Let us do what in us lies to hear Mass daily, that our prayers may be carried up to heaven in the angels' pure hands.—St. Chrysostom.

CUTICURA HEALED BABY'S RINGWORM

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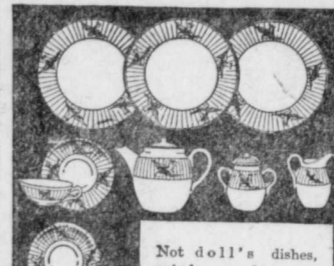
"When my baby was three months old her head broke out in little red pimples and then in a week it broke out in ringworms. The ringworms were very large and there were several on her head, and her scalp would bleed. She was very cross and fretful at times, and her hair was falling out.

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