HONOUR WITHOUT RENOWN

BY MRS. INNES BROWN

author of "Three Daughters of the United

CHAPTER XIX.—CONTINUED

He listened half-dazed to the last faint sounds of retreating voices and steps; then with a cry of despair, sank back upon the pillow and wept for very misery and weakness. Sickness had sharpened his apprehen-sion, and he realised to the fall the norror of his situation. The cottage is surrounded by living flames, and he, Harold Manfred, the traitor, upon whose worthless life so much pended, was left alone to perish, to die amidst the sharpest suffering. Now it was that the demon of despair him, and the sublime lessons taught by the gentle nun who came to his aid. Why not relieve his feeling; and die like a man who fears nothing? Why not die cursing fate, and the All mighty Power which thus led and seld him to it? But by some mysterious power the evil words which in former times had started so glibly to his lips have now all fled from his memory. Only the sacred refrain, the soft rhythm of the short prayers which he had learn't, and had repeated so frequently that night recurred to his scared and agitated brain. He fell willing to lie and await death where he was, but he must not do so. For the sake of his brother, if not for himself, he must make an effort. All he longed for now was to confess his own guilt and plead his brother's innocence The shock had stilled all bodily pain; and throwing back the bed clothes, he reached the floor with his hands and fell upon his one remaining

A feeling of faintness almost overpowered him, but with a superhuman effort he contrived to creep a yard or he fell prostrate.

The noise and the bitter stench of With scared eyes he now the floor and skirting board over which stood his little bed. Another powered him with shame, he coneffort and he might reach the door tinued: "Ah, had I not been such Might Heaven aid him. Upon his a fool I might have known it long before had the room appeared so my last breath I bade you fly from spacious. At last he reached the me and save yoursels." Leaning against it he rose upon his injured knee, and grasped Frantically he twisted and shook it; alas, it yielded not to his most strenuous efforts; and with all its force of sickening fright the truth flashed upon him. The door was locked on the other side.

Once more despair basat him. After all, of what avail was hope or trust in God it a sterrible death like this awaited him? Crawling back a pace or two from the door, and sinking into a helpless heap, he drew the folds of his dressing gown more closely around him and, supporting his distracted head supporting his haad against the wall, clasped his hands together and sat staring like one mented, waiting, as he thought, The sweet refrain still echoed in his ears, and issued from his parched and pallid lips: "My Sister Marguerite, do not be long !"

soft footfall as she bounded across ing wildly. They had done their the outer room; nor did he discern utmost to prevent her entering the the outer room; nor did he discern the sound of the key as, in answer to her touch, it revolved quickly in the door as it turned upon its hinges, revealing as it did so the sweet apparition of his deliverer. Heated and soiled she stood for an instant mon the threshold, peering through the last gathering smoke for the object of her search. Overcome as object of her search. Overcome as he was with joy and gratitude, yet to and try toesave her countryman." Great God! It must be she his strained eyes expressed no surprise at her appearance; rather there was a look in them of gladdest welcome, which seemed to say, "I knew you would come to save me; and though unable to articulate a sound, he hald out his hands towards her as a helpless child to its

One quick glance around and she instantly grasped the situation; and a glad Deo gratias rose from her you seize him, for he is half dead, heart when she discovered that she was still in tims to save the life upon which so mush depended. It was no time for words. Acts prompt and decisive, could alone avail now. Full well she knew that the house was encircled with scorching flames, that the roof was alight, that her very cornette was corched and blackened by the flames through which she had dashed, and through which she again must pass, this time burdened with a helpless load.

Will follow, if possible."

Dr. Arno, though scorched and blackened, seized the helpless roll of humanity; but in his eagerness or he brave nun, whose in flamed and crimson hands he could flow, if possible."

Dr. Arno, though scorched and blackened, seized the helpless roll of humanity; but in his eagerness and fixing her small black eyes upon his countenance, stared long and curiously at him.

"Be quiet!" he said gently. "Sister Marguerite it il; she cannot others to pick him up and attend to him, and clutched the brave little phace. I am her brother, and a priest. For her sake, let me do for you what I can; for you are very of furniture going up the steps." time burdened with a helpless load. flames. But her heart was strong and full of loving faith in God's providence as silently and rapidly, but with dogged

drowning man watches the approach of the lifeboat which is hastening to his rescue. So far neither has poken; but now, her preparations groken; but now, her preparations completed; she turned to him with a bright, hopeful smile, placed her lifeboat which is marked and flames. Even as he spoke there arose from tha) hitherto dazed and lifeboat which is a way of consequence of the doctor in a trem. She said:

"Sister Marguerite is ill, you say? Casey. Aloud, she constitued: 'So she is ill, is she! Woman dear, you have little senes to be minding on her any day of the week," thought Mrs. Casey. Aloud, she constitued: 'So she is ill, is she! Woman dear, you have little senes to be minding on her any day of the week," thought Mrs. Casey. Aloud, she constitued: 'So she is ill, is she! Woman dear, you have little senes to be minding on her any day of the week," thought Mrs. Casey. Aloud, she constitued: 'So she is ill, is she! Woman dear, you have little senes to be minding on her any day of the week," thought Mrs. Casey. Aloud, she constitued: 'So she is ill, is she! Will she die? Then I will not fear to die also, for she would come to my to die also, for she would come to my to die also, for she would come to my to die also, for she would come to my to die also, for she would come to my to die also, for she would come to my to die also, for she would come to my to die also, for she would come to my to die also, for she would come to my to die also, for she would come to my to die also, for she would come to my to department has nothing on her any day of the week," thought Mrs. Casey. Aloud, she continued: "Sister Marguerite is ill, you say? On the week," thought Mrs. Casey. Aloud, she continued: "Sister Marguerite is ill, you say? On the week," thought Mrs. Casey. Aloud, she continued: "Sister Marguerite is ill, you say? On the week," the week," thought Mrs. Casey. Aloud, she continued: "Sister Marguerite is ill, you say? On the week," thought Mrs. Casey. Aloud, she continued: "Sister Marguerite is ill, you say? On th

As she dropped upon her knees, gathering together the four corners of the blanket, he realised, as he had never done before, the sublime worth of charity. His heart was filled with shame. Seizing her hand, he cried : "Sister Marguerite, ere you risk your life further on my behalf, hear me! You shall know for whom you make this generous sacrifice : there is still time for you to save yourself if you will leave

me to the fate I deserve!" She shook her head and smiled somewhat impatiently, endeavoring to complete her preparations; but with the untimely strength of a dying man he held her hand, repasting once more with wildest em

'Listen !-you shall, you hear me. I-I am the scoundrel of whom I told you; he who for shame's sake I designated Manly is myself, Harold Manfred. It is I who have allowed my brother to pine unjustly in a prison cell. Leave me, therefore, to perish, dear Sister; and hasten, I entreat you, to save yourself and to liberate him! Oh, why you look thus pttifully upon ? I swear to you I am not me? raving! Why do you not flee ?"

Still upon her knees, her face full of energy, her hands grasping tightly the saving blanket, she answered hurriedly:
"Long have I known the truth of

what you say; but should you be spared, will you confess to others what you have now told unto me? "I swear to you in this hour of horror that, should Heaven see fit to

save me, I will not rest one day until, before lawful witnesses; have confessed all, and done my utmost to undo the past.'

"Then haste and aid me now. And, for poor Edmund's sake, may God bless you as I do-I, Sister two; ther, his strength falling him, Marguerite, known to you once as Beatrice de Woodville.' 'The Lady Beatrice!'

smouldering wood again roused him ping her hand, he stared wildly at Then, murmuring to himself, as feeble hands and his knee slowly— ago! Forgive me for all I have said so slowly-be crept along. Never and done, but remember that with

While these sentences were quickly exchanged the apartment was filling fast with smoke. The skirting-board beneath Manfred's bed was being rapidly devoured by brisk little tongues of fire; the glass from the window had cracked and dropped out, the framework was on fire; the Alone—unaided—he must perish roof was threatening to fall in. Her patient seemed dazed and stupid "O God, help me with my now. "O God, help me with my task!" she cried aloud, as half blind

and stified with smoke she knit together the four corners blanket and tied a wet handkerchief across her nose and mouth.

With both bands she seized the blanket; then putting forth all her strength, draw the helpless body through the first doorway and across Madame Corbette's room as far as the outer door. Here her passage seemed to be generally barred.

The flames had spread and were hope in Thee, and love Thee with all my heart." Only every now and again his prayer alternated with the plaintive cry: "Do not be long," Not the wooden porch, so that is was forward, and himself turn in search of his countryman, for whom his sister had risked so much. "He may be dying," he thought. "It is my be dying," he thought in mother's people that the poor man didn't know himself. Tis a queer, see his mother ago." "Why, Mike Casey!" gasp didn't know himself. The mother's people that the poor man didn't know himse She could hear voices outside, and He did not catch the sound of her | could see the gaping crowd gesticulat burning building. It was no fault of nuc'a, it revolved quickly in the theirs if she prished, they were But he heard the creak of the assuring Dr. Arno, who, though as it turned upon its hinges, busily engaged in professional duties, had observed the flames and hurrled

"You stand there gaping, and tell me that some one is still inside? he oried savagely.

Yes, yes !- a mad nun: she would none else would do it," he cried; and rushing close to the burning door he called frantically: "Sister Marguerite! Sister Margaerite! Sister Ma guerite! Are you there ?" "Yes, I am close to you, doctor"

(for she recognized his voice). "For God's sake help me to save my burden! See"—falling upon her knees—"I will push him out. Do

Poor little injured hands! that has good God with such language on wrought so many and such noble good God with such language on your lips as I heard just now."

She liked his face, and could scarcestlently and rapidly, but with dogged deeds of charity—they climb to the form the bed and, spreading it upon the foor, she seized the great ewer of water and saturated it with its converted and saturated it with its converted to the foor.

Published by permission of Burns, Oatese & hands beneath his shoulders, and Washbourne, London, England. hands beneath his shoulders, and dragged him on to the blanket. dragged him on to the blanket.

"Have courage," she said, "and and tones of joy and admiration.

A strange sound to issue from the later with its expension of aut tones of joy and admiration.

A strange sound to issue from the kindly, seating himself on an old "Oh," said Mary Jane, ope

The echo of that cry startled old Pierre as, with gaping mouth and wide open eyes, he hurried on his way, guiding the priest to the site of what was once old Mere Corbette's abode.

"Father, we are too late!" he cried, throwing up his arms in horror and despair. "All is over, and the place is in flames. What terrible times are these !" But the young priest heard him

He had halted by an improvised not. stretcher and was on his knees beside it, gazing into the sweet face of his own, his only sister, his once wild, merry little Bertie!

The bystanders knew at a glance that he had come prepared to administer the last Sacramente, and rever ently and instinctively they had fallen back as he pressed forward. There was a look in the startled gaze of the young priest, as he bent over the apparently inanimate form of his sister, and a likeness between them so plainly stamped upon their features, that even Dr. Arno, eager and impatient as he was to have his patient carried to safe shelter, and impatient as himself to attend to her wants, paused and made room for the stranger priest.

It was three years since the brother and sister had seen each other, and was it thus they met at last! Father de Woodville's quick eye took in the burnt and blackened cornette, which, however, had preserved unburt the head within it. He saw the crimson, swollen hands, the charred bleeves, the damaged habit; but the wet kerchief had preserved the kind

Is she seriously hurt ?" he asked, quickly and nervously.
"No, I trust not," answered the But delay might prove that she lies thus! Let us move on, She shall want for nothing. will attend to her myself, for I

know her well." So do I," said the priest, rising proudly, " for she is my only sister." Then tenderly bending over her once more, he whispered in her ears: " May God have you in His holy care, dear Fear nothing! for I, your brother Percy, am by your side.

She seemed to recognize the voice, for a faint, glad smile rippled her Then she murmured uneasily: Sack the Englishman! 'Tis imperanother swoon.

Why, the useless creature whom

knows some mystery concerning him. Maya on, my men, and dally no tion for a whole lifetime. The longer. She is our first care. I will proud, hard spirit seemed broken at take her to the Convent in the Rue last; and when the words of absolu-des Cloys. And do you, Father, find the English stranger, as she desires upon a soul penetrated with a deep desires.'

'Is it the wounded foreigner that you seek?" quistioned a woman to the judgment seat.
near—the same who had sought to Father de Woodvi ing the burning cottage. I know

The woman, delighted to get the sarvices of a priest at last, hurried would be at liberty to follow his

appeared serious and absorbed. deserted house which otherwise was ing to the adjoining apartment.

not so dilapidated as its neighbors. The woman rose as he entered. not so dilapidated as its neighbors. There, in one corner of a room which once had served as the dining. room, stretched upon an old mattress, and covered with a torn flag left bakind them by the fugi tives, lay old Madame Corbette. For hours she had been raving in wildest impatience, chafing at her sufferings and her lot; but when Father de Woodville drew near, and,

Names.

Poor little injured hands! that had ill, and you are not fit to meet the lill.

features, and his voice pleased and

the Englishman?" can for the old woman, who we feared would die long ere this. She hone, repentant now."

the woman to leave them. The large window of the apartment was destitute of glass, and the voices of Casey, with a little show of heat. passers-by were carried in on the frash moving breeze; but the within ten miles of him than Mike that I don't feel like speaking a word inmates were far too occupied to Casey, and the reason why he tackled to those people if I met them on the heed them. The room spoke of the

Left by themselves the priest and penitant wasted not the precious noments, for, for one of them, the sands of life had nearly run out. No more wild or incoherent words escaped now from the white lips of the dying woman; and, as, some-times happens during the last hour of life, her intellect was clearer and steadier than it had been for many a Few of the passers by paused to

those who did showed no surprise. It had grown such a familiar eight are decent people and not ones to for months past-that of a priest mix or meddle with any one, thank banding over the sick and dying in God, like some that are not farthe open squares, the streets, and downs. wherever else their fellow creatures were falling—that if they paused to look at all they but muttered a prayer, or it might be bowed reverently, and moved on. But the rays of the bright morning sun, as they stole into the bare dismantled room flooding it with a golden light, were but a figure of the sweet silent serious. It is in consequence of her streams of grace as they flowed into filling it with penitential sorrow.

It was surely in direct answer to long enduring patience and persist. ent prayer that the power of realis-As she heard the patter of weman. men's feet passing to and fro, she knew that soon the echo of their than a closed mouth." footsteps would be unheard and unheeded by her. Then who would pause to breathe a prayer or cast a bulent spirit of the old fanatic ? Ah, there was one-perhaps there were two-who would surely stay their ative that you see him. Go to him! two—who would surely stay their He must confess——" Unable to steps, and kneeling for a moment finish the sentence she relapsed into | would pray at the lonely graveside of

But time was slipping away from she rescued. It appears as if she her: a few precious moments only remained in which to make reparaproud, hard spirit seemed broken at he may be dead ere this-I know humility and the sense of guilt. She How peaceful and repentant beyond Father de Woodville felt the her apparent deserts was the soul of to herself as she continued, "y truth of the doctor's words; but it the old woman as she thanked God soon be calling him a 'far down,'

saving sign, she fell helplessly back : the soul of the old woman had fled

near—the same who had sought to Father de Woodville closed her deter Sister Marguerits from enter eyes and folded the worn old arms across her breast. He smoothed where he is, my Father, and will decently the crumpled limbs; and gladly lead you to him. There are kneeling, prayed awhile beside the two of them dying together. Come lonely body. Then rising, he sighed quickly, then, and follow me!" as he recollected that there was still on nimbly enough over the broken sister. But they were her special and uneven pavements, followed in silence by Father Basil, who the time. Taking one last survey of the time. the now desolate room, he crossed She led him into the interior of a the floor and opened the door lead-

"Take this chair, Father; saying, perhaps you may be able to compre hend what he says: I cannot. He is recovering now, but talks so incoherently I know not what he means. TO BE CONTINUED

THE NEW "FAR-DOWNS"

thized Mrs. Casey, rejicing in the depths of her heart that any one at all in the world but the woman people's business, the secret service

a young widow with one little boy- can't be happy except something is

aid me in my efforts. With God's help I will save you yet! Make yourself as small as you cap, or the blanket will not cover you!"

A strange sound to issue from the kindly, seating himself on an old wooden box by her side. "There is yet time to ask for mercy. But"—that!

Kindly, seating himself on an old wooden box by her side. "There is yet time to ask for mercy. But"—that!

Covernment that!

A strange sound to issue from the kindly, seating himself on an old wooden box by her side. "There is yet time to ask for mercy. But"—that!

Covernment that is a pack of the Englishman ?" On the other side of that door, in enough, I remember seeing a long, another room. He is but just recovering consciousness. I will go and a strend to him while you do all you you're alive, woman, it is 'The Boyne's the boyne woman, it is 'The Boyne's the boyne's the box of the Water' you'll be hearing on that feared would die long ere this. She is a special patient of Sister Marguerite's, and has been a vile old wretch in her time; but she is, I

> "Mike will do nothing of the kind, There's not a more peaceable man that cornet player was that every night about ten o'clock he'd begin but to the eye of faith it was filled with the richest and mightiest Banner and he not knowing two mystery of God's goodness.
>
> Laft by the many controls of the start of the s notes right, Mike up and told him if now?" asked Mike Casey thous he wanted to murder anything in the fully, balancing a teaspoon in musical line to go after 'Rule Britannia' and he'd sit up all night listening to him. The fellow started fight at once, seeing Mike was half his size, but changed his mind when he found his cornes flung out of the window and himself going after it. Well you know, Mary Jane Colline, that it wasn't my man alone but the whole block was all stirred up about that fellow and his cornet, but Mike look in at the vacant window, and was the only one with courage enough to silence him.

> > Mary Jane tossed her head and stuck to her contention. "Fine and quiet you'll find them, like all their Mrs. Casey, but wait till St Patrick's Day and the 12th of July come around, and you'll be sorry it wasn't one of your own kind you got above your head.'

"Mary Jane Collins," said Mrs. Casey impressively, as she stopped at the door of her apartment house. reither Mike nor myself has any thing to do with the flats or the tenants in this building. We pay our way and mind our own business ing so keenly the true state of her and if every one else in the world soul was bestowed upon the aged did the same it would be a place did the same it would be a place worth living in instead of what it is.

nor lock jaw," snapped Mary Jane, bouncing off on her homeward way. I believe in speaking out my mind and I'll tell you again, Mrs. Casey, that a far down is a far down, and all got the same black drop in them for any one from the rest of Ireland. when swoon.
Whom does she mean?" inquired the and Ma Form would not forget priest.

Of course, if they are Belfast Orangement they are beyont the beyonts entirely. Good morning to ye,

ma'am. The back of my hand and the heal of my foot to you for a contentious old maid," soliloquized Mrs. flights of stairs to her apartment. It it was the blessed Saint Patrick was with a heavy heart that he saw and blessed Ma Sour and Sister or maybe digging up something the little procession move solemnly Marguerite for all their unwearied about his grandfather's or grand-

> Casey, as he opened the door—a dapper little man with dancing grey Jane met him? Where in the world eyes, his wife's big kitchen apron did you hear all this?" draped around him like a Roman the bank to be talking so loud to isn't your prayers you're saying

"Mike, avic, have you the coffee ready yet? I'm dying for a good strong bracer after that Mary Jane Colling. She'd talk a hole through an iron pot, so she would, and she carrying the troubles and frets of the whole Ninth Ward on her back ! It's about the new tenants upstairs she was worrying; they being far-downs, she's afraid they'll be playing 'The Boyne Water' on the Victrola and yourself will be going in for chastising them. Mike, dear, the

to it and that's your own Galway." Mike Casey laughed as he poured the steaming coffee and set two plates of bacon and eggs on the white covered kitchen table. Mike was night engineer in an electric plant and had just returned from his shift. Two sons, attending high school up-town, had already break fasted and gone out, so that the you had treated me like Tom Fine their food. "Ellen is as good as the side of the road you'd be again."
weekly papers for news," Mike would "Nobody knows what a wo parents sat down for a cosy chat over often say of his wife, and "Leave it will do or what she won't do, least of Casey would say. "Sure he'd knock done-and even then she'll change bors' verdict on both.

"So it's Mary Jane Collins is troubling you, Ellen! Well, well, woman dear, you have little sense to

wrong around them, and when it isn't wrong, they'll make it so for pure divilment. Mary Jane born to look for trouble, but know, after all, she has a heart as

kind as your own." 'I'm saving nothing against her heart, Mike, it's the way she has of making you upset and miserable about everyone and everything when you're trying to make the best of things that I'm blaming her for. Now here's myself, coming out of church this morning thinking of the ope, repentant now."

tell them a few things by way of Father Basil nodded, and signed to relieving his mind."

take a year ago, and all me planning to have the two tired looking women come in here for a bite of lunch or dinner with me today till they get their stove going Then up comes Mary Jane, ten minutes has me so filled up about Orangemen and far downs stairs. What has she against fardowns, anyhow? That's what I'd

"How old is Mary Jane Collins now?" asked Mike Casey thought-

fingers.
"I don't know what her age has to do with it," answered his wife, "but Mary Jane will never see fifty again. I often heard my mother say that Mrs. Downey's Katie, now married in Boston, Jack Doffy and Mary Jane Collins were born the same week. Why she remembered it so well was that there never was known such storm of wind and rain in Ireland since the time of the Big Wind itself as when they were trying to get the children to Kilgar to be baptiz My father said at the time it locked like they'd be able to walk there, ten miles over the mountains if you please, bafore the weather cleared

"Mary Jane got a good exciting start in the world. Well, Ellen, if you'll pour me out another cup of coffee seeing you're sitting next to stove, I'll just tell you a little story that will clear up a whole lot what's troubling your mind. Did Mary Jane by any chance ever men. the name of Tom Finegan-a lad from somewhere near your own place-to you when talking about old times ?'

"No, then, Mike, I don't think she ever did. Mary Jane talks more worth living in instead of what it is. about other people, anyhow, than There's nothing better for any one ever she does about herself or her own acquaintances. I wonder if that Well, I have neither false teeth Tom Finegan was related to Darby Finegan that used to peddle eggs? Many a time I remember seeing my mother, God rest her soul, arguing with him over the price he'd offer, and she with a crate ready for sooner or later you'll find they have market. One day the old jennet ran away with himself and a load of egge on the road to Cork, and such a sight was never witnessed as when poor Darby was pulled out of the wreck My father said he scraped enough eggs off him to make omelets for a

regiment." Very likely they were all of the tious old maid," soliloquized Mrs. same stock. Tom's father died when Casey, as she mounted the two he was small and his mother married a north of Ireland cattle dealer and went to Belfast to live. Tom stayed himself you met he wouldn't suit in Munster with his grandfather and you. Bedad "—and here Mrs. Casey, geew up to manhood there. It grew up to manhood there. It appears himself and Mary Jane not—then follow us. There must be something urgent in the case, or she would not be so persistent in her dently preparing breakfast, laughed brought her up down near Youghal to herself as she continued, "you'd A kind of understanding was between them about being married sometime or other and when Mary Jane Collins came out to this country Tom started too, only he went to Belfast first to see his mother and he never got any

"Why, Mike Casey !" gasped Ellen, till eir months ago vou tell me

Ore question at a time, woman toga so as to keep his neat suit from dear. Tom Finegan at present is being splattered with the bacon fat—

"you must have too much money in
the bank to be talking so loud to

Belfast till his mother died and when yourself this morning. I'll bet it he got no answer to all the letters he wrote to Mary Jane he married a widow that kept a nice little shop there. The poor woman died after a few years leaving Tom pretty well fixed and it's from his own mouth I heard the whole story a week ago."

"Tom Finegan upsta'rs and you keeping all this story to yourself for a whole week, M ke Casey! If you were saving of your money as your confidences 'sis a rich man you'd ba before long. Does Mary Jane Collins know that man is here, I'm asking

Not yet, Ellen-till you see her at least. But take my advice and keep had in New York or the next parish to it and that's your own Galway." eame as soon as his courage will les him. But you see Mary Jane's reason now for hating all far downs and in a way you can't blame her.

"But, Mike, avic, do you think Mary Jane will make up with him again or be thinking of marriage at her age? It it was I was in it and gan treated her I'd never look the

"Nobody knows what a woman to himself for finding a joke," Mss. all she knows herself—till after it's laugh out of an undertaker with her mind about it," answered Mike. he toothache." "As God made them "if I had known what you were the toothache." "As God made them the matched them," was their neigh-going to answer when I asked you a going to answer when I asked you are the going to answer when I asked you a going to answer when I asked you are the going to answer when I asked you a going mightn't have been in such a hurry. That's how most men get roped into

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