By The Bobbs-Merrill Cor s-New York, U. S. A THE INHERITANCE OF JEAN TROUVE

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BY NEVIL HENSHAW BOOK TWO.-BAYOU PORTAGE

CHAPTER XV. I MOVE ON returned to the Lasalles'

where Madame Alcide, refusing all offers of rest and refreshment, entered immediately upon a final adjustment of Papa Ton's affairs. "I thank you, Madame, but I seldom tire myself," said she in reply to Tante Odile's protestations.

"As for food, I have neither the time nor the heart for it just now. It is necessary that I be home tonight, and there is much to attend to. With your permission, and with the aid of yourself and the rest, I will make my arrange-

Accordingly, once Madame Alcide seated in the best of the few ancient chairs, the others gathered about her, Tante Odile, Father Lasalle, Le Bossu, the cure and Doctor Poussard. I sat with Toinette upon one of the bunks, feeling very much as a prisoner must feel who awaits the findings of a jury. It seemed a wholly unnecessary nuisance, this eternal settling of Why. I wondered. one's future. did they not let Toinette and me go We would miss this we could manage as well as

Some such thought must have troubled Toinette, for suddenly her hand crept into mine.
"You will not leave me, Jean?

You will not let them take me away?" she begged.

This was reassuring, but by now Madame Alcide had begun to speak, and I could only squeeze the small

cold hand in reply.
"My brother, he left anything of value?" questioned Madame Alcide, addressing Le Bossu. 6 up 8 am
The little man smiled whimsi-

cally.
"That depends upon what you mean by, of value, Madame," he

leaves a daughter and a boat, both of the name of Toinette. There is also the hut, but that must belong to the first one who cares to claim it. We know nothing of rent

upon the marsh. He paused w paused while the cure appeared a trifle dismayed, the Doctor frankly bewildered. Madame Alcide, however, seemed capable of a fine appreciation of the

little man's quaint humor.
"Well spoken, M'sieu," said she. "You are as thorough as you are brief. That is the trouble with most of our people. They talk too much. As for what my brother has left, since you consider the daughter named Toinette of chief value, and since it is only human for one to desire the best of everything, I

"A wise choice, Madame," com-mented Le Bossu. "Then she goes "She does," answered Madame "I have already arranged

a place for her in my home."
At this I felt Toinette's hand tighten in mine, and a moment later she had risen, dragging me forward | can.

she corrected. "As for you staying here with

"And why is it not right that Jean and I should keep on as be-fore?" questioned Toinette

This proved too much for Madame Alcide's powers of endurance. Evidently she had remembered that, after all, Toinette was a

Laval.
"Child, child," she remonstrated. "It is indeed time that you were with me. Can you not understand

that you are almost grown, and that, before, your father was alive "But Jean will protect me just as well," protested Toinette. "He is

almost a man.' That is just it," said Madame "That is just it, said madame Alcide, seizing upon this point with an eagerness that betrayed a close approach to verbal defeat. "Jean is almost a man, and he is of no kin to

you. Neither is he your husband. Under these circumstances it is impossible for you two to go on living together." "Then, if that is the case, we will be married," said Toinette

promptly. "You are willing, are you not, Jean?" "Why, of course," I agreed.
"Pere Parmentier can marry us

before he leaves."

Madame Alcide sighed patiently.

will understand. But we are wasting time. You will go home

matter. Before replying Toinette gazed appealingly at Le Bossu. The little man's face was sad, but his

nod was unmistakable.
"Bien," gave in Toinette. "I
will go then. But Jean must go with me."

"As you wish," temporized Madame Alcide. "I will see to it, once you are settled. It is probable that it can be arranged."

Toinette shook her head.
"Jean must go with me," she repeated. "He must go when I go, and he must stay where I stay.
Otherwise I will not leave."

Having spoken, Toinette released my hand and returned to the bunk where she froze at once into her former attitude of stark indifference. There was something so decisive, so wholly final about the action, that Madame Alcide was

ers. "Pardon, Madame," put in Le Bossu. "It is this way with Toinette. She does not mean to be bad or stubborn. It is only that Jean here has become as a brother to her, and she can not bear to be away from him. It would be kind if you were to satisfy her in this. As for the boy, I, myself, will vouch for him in every respect."

As he spoke the little man gave eyes were suspiciously oright, and he spoke with a catch in his voice, for he had just taken leave of Toinette.

"Adieu, Jean," he began. "Adieu

me a look that seemed to say, "Now Papa Ton terribly, but except for is the time for them to know who you really are. If, however, this is not your wish, you may count upon

my silence."

There fell a brief pause during which Madame Alcide looked me carefully up and down. Evidently to offend her. she found nothing to offend her, for when she spoke her tone was

one of frank capitulation.
"I do not wish to be unkind,"
she began. "On the other hand this is a matter deserving of some thought. I had planned to take my niece into my home. If this boy comes with her, I must arrange all over again.

She considered a moment, and then added, as though the thought had just occurred to her, "But the boy himself has not been consulted. Perhaps he would rather remain. Come, what do you say, Jean?

"I must go, Madame," I replied.
"I promised Papa Ton. I will work hard, I will live in the woods if there is no place at your home. Only let me stay near Toinette, and I will be satisfied. Madame Alcide's look was kindly

"Well spoken again," said she.
"You seem quiet and polite, Jean, and you have a good face.' She broke off wavering, and turned to the cure.

"What do you think, Pere Parmentier?" she questioned. "You will make no mistake in taking him," came the reply. "You

have room, and he will prove of help to you. 'And you, Poussard?" continued Madame Alcide.

"Pere Parmentier is right," answered the Doctor. "As for work, I will, if necessary, find him a place in my manufactory."
"That is settled then," decided Madame Alcide. "I will take him, and I will take him, and I will take heart for him that I

and I will do the best for him that I Abashed yet grateful, I started to

with her.

"I am sorry, Madame, but I can not go with you," said she. "I must be here to look after Jean."

Madame Alcide received this anouncement with a composure wholly uncomplimentary to Bayon Portage. One could see that, since arriving at the camp, she was pre-

ordered by the many who had come and gone, the well remembered "As for you staying here with Jean, it is out of the question. It would not be right or proper, as Pere Parmentier will tell you."

"Most certainly not," agreed the cure."

"And why is it not right that "And why is it not right that "The well remembered and gone, the well and gone, the well remembered and gone, the well and gone, the well and gone, the well remembered and gone, the well and gone, the Ton the soul had gone out of it.

Gathering together such gar-ments as might be worthy of my new estate, I thrust into the bundle my mother's picture, and the gold piece given me by Madame Therese. The picture, my one link with the past, I had kept carefully in a sheltered spot. Often I had turned to it in moments of misfortune to find the vague comfort of that first night upon the project. To instant the property of the project of the proj prairie. Toinette too never tired of gazing at the sweet wistful face, although she always turned away from it with a light of reflected sadness in her eyes.

As for the gold piece, despite our many necessities, Toinette had never allowed me to part with this memento of the rue Bourbon.

"No, Jean," she would say when plead the call of our empty arder. "Remember, it was the last gift of your dear Madame.

Thus I left Bayou Portage as rich as I had arrived, nay richer for, at the last moment, when Toinette had come from her little room, bundle in hand, I had a final

thought. "The gun?" I asked. "You think that I might take it?"

engaged in considering a miracu-lously discovered pot of coffee. At sight of us Madame Alcide at once

set down her cup. "You are prompt, you two," she declared. "Also yours is a good example to follow. Come, Pere Parmentier. Come, Poussard. Remember the tide."

At this came a bustle of leave

decisive, so wholly final about the action, that Madame Alcide was impressed beyond the power of argument.

"Well?" she questioned a little breathlessly, turning to her advisage.

"Well?" she questioned a little breathlessly, turning to her advisage. second outburst of farewells in which I said good-bye to every one over again, this time receiving a silent handgrip from the partners, and a long, incoherent blessing from old Valsan before Le Bossu called me aside. The little man's eyes were suspiciously bright, and

Toinette.

"Adieu, Jean," he began. "Adieu and good luck." Bossu," I exclaimed, "But, Bossu," I exclaimed, alarmed by his choice of words. "You speak as though I am not to see you again. Will you not come to the woods?"
"Of course," he replied. "But

Bois Berard is not Bayou Portage. It is out of my way as it is out of the way of these other friends of yours. You will not see us often." 'Then I will come back." I cried. 'I will come back as soon as I

The little man shook his head.
"No, Jean," said he. "You will not come back, nor will you wish to. You are through with the marsh. You have all that it can give you. It is time to move on. And that is another thing. Here the paths of our lives will separate, going different ways. For me it is the same old round of skins and game. For you-

He paused while his arms went about me in a final embrace. "But we will see," he fi "And now you must go since the others are waiting."

So I slipped from his grasp and went down to the launch where Toinette, her good-bys over, sat staring with unseeing eyes at the waving, calling group upon the bayou bank. Even when we slipped out from the landing and headed up-stream she maintained her air of mute detachment, although I noticed that the hands that held her

bundle were clenched as with a grip of desperation. Only when we rounded the mud flat did she betray an interest in our departure. Then as the inhabitants and the few remaining visitors raised a final cheer, she waved with the rest of torn by the fus until a bend of the marsh hid the pent-up grief.

Doctor Poussard as though in Toinette with a caress. "When you earnest of his readiness to take part have had it out you will be better. in any forthcoming conversation. But Madame Alcide was deep in over.

pulled over his eyes. So the Doctor, doubts, my perplexities, the unhis duty done, hunched himself into guessed future that lay ahead. For

Thus we journeyed in silence, yet back to me again. for me the short voyage was re-plete with interest and incident. Throughout my stay at Bayou Portage I had not been up as high as the bridge, and, once the nearer. familiar reaches of the bayou were passed, each bend of the twisting stream held some new vision for my

well-trained eyes. Now it was a ribbon of muddy beach, starred with tracks, and littered with clean-scraped mussel shells—a very El Dorado of coon-skins. Now it was a tiny cove from which whirred frantically a flock of unsuspecting teal. Now it was a school of jumping mullet that glittered for an instant above the brown water, as though Nature, in her prodigality, had thrown aloft a

handful of silver.

It was late before we raised the hills of Marsh Island and when at last we reached the bridge and swung in toward the weatherbeaten pile of the old warehouse, the sun had all but dropped below the marsh rim. At once Madame Alcide abandoned her thoughts and, having paid the owner of the launch, resumed charge of the ex-

pedition. 'Poussard, you will fetch Achille," she ordered, as we scrambled ashore. "You, Toinette and Jean, will wait here with me until all is ready. As for you, Pere Parmentier, there is a place for you if you will have it."

Madame Alcide sighed patiently.

"You can not be married, you two," she explained. "You are too young.

"Then I am too young to marry, yet too old to live with Jean?" asked Toinette.

"Exactly," replied Madame Alcide, and now there was a hint of sharpness in her voice. "Later you "Later you"

"The gun?" I asked. "You think that I might take it?"

"Of course," answered Toinette.
"Were you not partners, you and Papa Ton?"

So I took down and shouldered the old muzzle loader together with its bags of powder and shot.

Then we passed out and, as I shut the door, Toinette put into words the followed Doctor Pous
"I asked. "You think that I might take it?"

But Pere Parmentier, although spoke the said was in reality a resident of the prairie. His small church lay some distance from the woods, and he had accordingly ridden in alone, the had accordingly rid if you will have it.'

my feelings of the last few sard around the corner of the ware- that the name on the card was that my feelings of the last few moments.

"It is not so hard to leave," she muttered, half to herself. "It is no longer home. It is only a box of boards."

That was it, and now that I knew, I understood the wisdom of our going Moderne Alcide was retard acquipage Madame Alcide saw fit to dear to him, for three years ago an accient of acquipage Madame Alcide saw fit to dear to him, for three years ago an accient of acquipage Madame Alcide saw fit to dear to him, for three years ago an accient of acquipage Madame Alcide saw fit to dear to him, for three years ago an accient save and course of the ware-house. Shortly after the two re-bourse as stride a small, who had devoted his life to the study of the causes and cures of diseases of children; and yet with all his research and study he could be account to the cause and cures of diseases of children; and yet with all his research and study he could be account to him, for three years ago an account of acquipage Madame Alcide saw fit to dear to him, for three years ago an account of the ware-house. Shortly after the two re-bounded scientist. A man of the card was that the name on the card was that of a world-famed scientist. A man discussion who had devoted his life to the study of the causes and cures of diseases of children; and yet with all his research and study he could be account to him, for three years ago an accient and enormous all the name on the card was that of a world-famed scientist. A man of a world-famed scientist. A man of the cause and life to the study of the causes and cures of diseases of children; and yet with all his research and study he could be account.

merely shook her head.
"Then I will tell it to you at the first opportunity," continued Madame Alcide. "Without it you can not appreciate the beast at his true worth.

She broke off to give the horse a friendly pat upon the shoulder.
"He is all right, Poussard?" she demanded. The Doctor bowed, accompanying

the movement with a grimace of pain. "As right as he is heavy, Madame," he answered ruefully. "Then you have been careless, Poussard," chided Madame Alcide,

"It is quite evident that he has stepped upon your foot again." Having been assured of Achille's condition, Madame Alcide ascended to the driver's seat. Then, while the limping Doctor climbed up beside her, she ordered Toinette and me to get in at the back.

Thus we rolled ponderously off, crossing the bridge and the causeway, while Pere Parmentier fol-lowed beside us, his every energy bent to the restraining of his impatient pony. At the prairie's edge the *cure* gave up the struggle. Bidding us good night he loosened rein, and at once shot away in the direction of his home.

After this we labored across the silent shadowy prairie, until finally there loomed ahead a high black bulwark of forest. Evidently Achille became seized with a longing for the comforts of his stable, for now he quickened his pace to such good effect that the dark barrier of trees was picked out with a scatter of lights, very small and fitful, like the glow of fireflies. Then, as we went on, and the soft swish of the grass underwheel was rasped with a crackle of dead leaves, the lights became fixed and larger until they developed into the orange squares of lamp-lit win-

dows. "So," said Madame Alcide, pulling up before a line of fence that sprang wraith-like out of the dark-ness. "We have arrived."

ness. "We have arrived.

All along Toinette had sat mute and rigid, her bundle clasped in he lap. To the trials of the day had been added a wearisome journey, yet she had uttered no word of com plaint. Now, as Madame Alcide descended earthward with a word to us to follow, Toinette rose stiffly, dropping her bundle at her feet.
"Jean, Jean," she suddenly cried,

and with the words she fairly threw herself into my arms.
In a moment I had her back on the seat again hugging her close to my breast. And there she lay, a limp stricken bundle of despair, torn by the fierceness of her long

"That is right," soothed Madame camp from view.

"Well, we are off," observed Alcide, leaning inside to comfort
Toinette with a caress. "When you

thought. So I sat on, hugging Toinette close while she sobbed her heart which she resumed her meditation, glancing repeatedly from Toinette to old jacket. And as I sat it seemed myself.

As for Pere Parmentier, he had already begun to doze with his hat the strange night voices of the woods were raised in a hymn of triumphant joy. I forgot my pared for anything.

Of my last visit to the hut I his duty done, hunched himself into guessed future that lay ahead. For extain only a memory of unfamilar crumpled brown ball, and was down, and Toinette had come

TO BE CONTINUED

HE CAME TO SCOFF

The last rays of a November sun stretched forth their purple beams into the melancholy sky. The spires of the Carmelite Convent gleamed and glistened, while on the air stole softly the sounds of the convent

Below, leaning close to the wall near the chapel gate was a crippled lad, whose bright eyes eagerly scanned the faces of the groups of people who had promised to meet him here after his school closed. His deformity attracted the sym-

pathetic interest of a gentleman who was passing by. "Well, my boy, why are you standing here in the cold, and where are all these people going?" he asked in a kindly

voice.

'Gosh! Don't you know?' replied the boy, "they're going to the Novens, and so am I when my mother comes. I'm praying for my leg to be cured."

"Poor child, do you think that going in they will aver your log?" going in there will cure your leg?" asked the man in surprise. "Why not go to a doctor?"

'Say, we've been to every specialist that's been in this city in three years. They can't cure me, but I know Blessed Teresa will if I make this Novena in her honor."

a box of boards."

That was it, and now that I knew, I understood the wisdom of our going. Madame Alcide was right, I told myself. Toinette and I could not have gone on together. There could have been no Bayou Portage for us without Papa Ton.

Resching Tante Odile's we found Resching Tante Odile's Resching Tante Odile's

no hereafter—death ended it all. His one thought and aim in life was to combat that mysterious enemy, that had robbed him and others of their loved ones. Seeing the lame boy tonight made him wish to help the lad for the sake of that other

boy who died.

Ten days later a little boy was in the reception room of the scientist, Dr. Peabody's office. His face bore the shining evidence of having com in vigorous contact with soap and water. His pleasant smile could not hide the nervous shifting of his cap from one hand to the other. At last the door of the private office opened and the uniformed nurse told him to come in. The boy walked over to Dr. Peabody's desk and said, "I'm Jimmie Foley, you told me to come and see you after the Novena and it finished last

Dr. Peabody was amazed and exclaimed to the nurse. "Ask Dr. Lombard to come in here please When his friend entered "Look at this boy, this is the case I spoke of last week! What do you make of it?"

The elderly man looked the boy over critically for a while and then answered, "There is nothing permanent in this. As soon as the excitement wears off the trouble

will return."

"Well, I would like to observe
this case," said Dr. Peabody in a
puzzled voice. "Would you like to

be my office boy, Jimmie?"

The prospect of being able to "do something" and help his mother who had done so much for him, made the boy so happy he could hardly speak and the doctor told him he could begin work tomorrow.

It is now more than a year since Jimmie started to work for Dr. Peabody. What a happy short time it seemed, for the Doctor was like a kind father to the lad! The doctor was never able to satisfy himself regarding the boy's mysterious cure though he tried to attribute it to a freak of "nature.

One morning Dr. Peabody told Jimmie that he need not come to office for a week as he was called to Canada to attend a conference. Jimmie took a medal of Blessed Teresa from his pocket and asked Dr. Peabody to carry it in his pocket. The doctor laughingly asked if it was a better talisman than a rabbit's foot. Noticing the disappointed look on the lad's face he promised he would keep it "but of course Jimmie must understand he thought this all nonsense.

On his way home that day Jimmie stopped at the Carmelite Convent and asked to have a special novena started that day for his intention, which was that Dr. Peabody might believe in God and then become a Catholic, but to no one, not even his mother, did he dare express

Nearly a week later the Montreal express was tearing along at almost lightning speed to make up lost time. A severe storm broke over the country the train was passing through and the engineer, ever on the alert, suddenly closed the throttle, threw on the emergency brakes—but all in vain, for the bridge that spanned the river was torn down by the floods and cars piled one on the other as they rolled down the embankment to the

river below. At the hospital where the injured were rushed was the unconscious form of a man in whose pocket was found a medal of Blessed Teresa. The nurse believing him to be a Catholic called a priest, who prayed and waited for the return of consciousness. After a while they sciousness. After a while they found the man's name and so Jimmie, reading of the accident, learned that Dr. Peabody was one of the victims. Hurrying into the chapel he prayed long and earnestly for the salvation of a dear friend.

Meanwhile the surgeon at the hospital felt he could not save the right arm of the doctor, but the priest asked him to wait a little longer, hoping that consciousness might return, and as if in answer to a prayer, the sick man's eyes opened and looking around he saw the priest and weakly asked him why he was there. They explained that they had found the medal and thought he was a Catholic.

"No, I do not profess any faith, for I do not believe there is anything beyond the grave," he said.
Then in a little while he spoke
again. "My office boy gave me the
medal."

The priest looked at him for a moment, then placed the medal in the palm of the injured arm. To the astonishment of all, the man lifted the arm to see the medal—suddenly the man's face brightened and pressing the medal to his lips he cried out, "I have found God." The roses were in bloom and their fragrance flooded the little rustic church where the June sunshine streaming in through a little window above the altar formed a halo around the young priest's head. After Mass the children gathered ARCHITECTS

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