#### Copyright 1924 by Joseph J. Quinn WOLF MOON

A ROMANCE OF THE GREAT SOUTHWEST

BY JOSEPH J. QUINN

CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED Joey Hathaway! I had no bt. Take a look at this right d." Between the index and middle finger was a small brown spot slightly larger than a pin head. "See this little mole. The nurse at the hospital where you were born jokingly said that this would serve as an excellent identification mark. Her words came true. You are Joey Hathaway. But I never

Joey Hathaway. But I never doubted it a moment."
"Think of it, I'm Joey Hathaway." Oh, I'm so happy," burst out the girl. "Can it really be possible? This is my dream come true. have yearned and longed and hoped for my real name so long. Isn't it wonderful for all of us to be together again?" As Joey paused all eyes were set on her undergoing her happiness. "This is really the happiest moment of my life. I always felt that I was an American but those old gypsies always told me I was the daughter of Rasboi and Lodhka. But I've always had in my memory a picture of walking in a field of cotton and a kindfaced woman smiling sweetly down

That memory came from Georgia. That was when your parents were living. Of course Georgia. you don't recall when you were first adopted by John and Margaret here," explained Senior Corcoran. Then turning to the latter he

"Oh, I see it all now quite clearly.
understand why I never heard from you or why Joey never came back. The years had covered it all up from my unseeing eyes. But I hoped and prayed always. Those years were unhappy ones for me but not filled with the sadness of yours for I had Jack to comfort me while your child was lost. Now we come together again out here in this country, one big happy family. Jack I see now why you love the West with that sweep of prairie and those stars, look how large and luminous they are. Then, too, Jack you have another reason for loving this Western country." he added this Western country," he added with merriment. And before the smiles had subsided he added. "But tell me what are your plans for the future?".

'His plans are, John, that he's going to stay, here and direct the ranch for me."
"Who me? Not on your life.
I'm not capable," and he meant the

words as he looked directly at John The most capable man in the came the compliment in

return. Well, I'm delighted John. I'm glad to know you have so much confidence in my son. But would it be possible for me to purchase a part of it for him, say a quarter?"

"Purchase it? Why I'm going to give him exactly one thing and rurchase it? Why I'm going to give him exactly one third and start him in beef. You don't realize that if it wasn't for Jack a third of my head of cattle would have been driven off to Texas. That was a thrilling night, too. It's worth recalling. Jack tell them all about

sharply. Twilight pealed sharply. Twilight crept down between the spreading limbs of the cottonwoods. Far off in the distance a train moaned sadly, puff-ing on its way back to Kansas and the North. Curling blue smoke arose from lighted cigars and was wafted by a soft breeze that sent cotton bloom floating. The tiny sounds of the insect world, warmed into slumber by the sun, now awak-ened into harmony. Janet and Joey turned toward the Gulch, the long valley in the west, of which Jack was speaking. His father Jack was speaking. His father leaned forward to catch every word as it fell from his son's lips.

From off the mesa came a sharp

yelp of coyote to be followed by another to the North. Janet seemed to huddle in fear, a soul estranged to the wild things of the night. To Joey it was musical, shomelike. Stars shone down through the lattice-work of catalpa leaves. A loud puff of wind stirred the branches overhead and blew tendrils of hair across Joey's face. Night came upon the plains, bringing a strange, weird setting for the denouement of Jack's story.

Then came a long roll, a wolf call from somewhere out on the plain.

It was the twilight serenade, the wolf's good evening to the silver orb that threw its light down be-tween the rocks and crags of Navajo Gulch. It broke in on Jack's story, weaving itself around his words, as music does a song. It was primitive, ancient, the same voice that sounded from the grassy swells when the buffalo herds moved on their migrations, taken up now by gray creatures that sat alone and gave out their message to the hearkening plains. And it continued long after Jack's story was ended and his hearers went to bed to listen to the soft flare of the leaves under the breathing of the

## CHAPTER XVIII.

EARTH OLD YET EVER NEW Out toward Navajo Gulch two riders moved into the sunshot western horizon. Mrs. Trichell husband and remarked :

"My, my, what a wonderful thing else."

"What is that?"

"Fallen in love wire the words seemed the words see expression on John Corcoran's face when he bade us all good bye. I really believe he wanted us to go to the Grand Canyon with them."

'Yes, John hastn't changed much in all those years. He was always that way, good-hearted and considerate. But I'm glad that everything has been cleared up, glad for Joey's sake."

"Yes, indeed, Jack is happy too. I know. It was such a surprise to leak to discover that Levi is Levi is Levi in Levi

Jack to discover that Joey is Janet's sister. Janet is a splendid girl but don't believe the West suits her. She never appeared very much at home. Her thoughts seemed to be of the East all the time."

" Jack saw that, too."
"Yes and Janet noticed his love for Joey," Mrs. Trichell added. "It was very evident. I heard her say something to Jack about a palmist's words coming true and that she was glad the girl was her sister. John Corcoran, too, was not slow to see Jack's affection for Louise, but he seemed to be pleased with the knowledge and when he

welfare of others."

The couple turned and gazed toward the Gulch to see Joey and Jack silhouetted against a cloud of maroon. The couple "Wolf Moon," broke out vac. softly.

"Wolf Moon is February, Jack," Joey whispered in correction.
"February for the Indians and the second of the bank of maroon. The couple watched them until the dusk threw its haze across the plains and accentuated the rosy nuance that

swept the sky.

Over at the Gulch twilight came down early. The evening air was motionless, warm, intrusive. Occasionally it flared and rustled in the blackjacks. Joey and Jack dismounted and led Thunderbild and Satellite to the rim of the Gulch. Down below a mist was rising laden with the odor of rank weeds still moist from the recent rains. It was a night of mystery and hush, of calmness and peace, one in which hearts opened in exquisite sensibilone that brought fine thoughts and sweet sentiments trooping from

Wasn't it Shakespeare wh wrote the shortest sentence in the English Language when he said, 'Sit Jessica?' Well I'll say 'Sit

Joey !—Joey Hathaway."
"Oh, Jack it sounds just wonderful to hear you call me Joey Hathaway. It's heavenly to know my name when for so many years it has

been a mystery to me. "Yes, it is Joey. And just think! You and I knew each other in Georgia a long time ago. marvelous things have happened since that time. I came West to seek a fortune and my fortune was seek a fortune and my fortune was you. But father always declared his prayers would be answered. He prayed unceasingly to the Little Flower. And you see he was re-

to swoop up this creature in his arms, to kiss her face, her hands. She was like a being from an empyrean, one that descended to sit beside him in the dusk and lead his beside him in the dusk and lead his arms. He placed his arms. soul upward. He placed his arm around her and drew her close. A brooding silence seemed to stop time, suspend all the animation of the plains, the trees, the living creatures. The blue porcelain lid of the sky appeared to fit snugly over the Gulch and the plains alone. The evening star, too, was like a minute opening in the sky bowl through which one could peep at the golden eternity beyond. Somewhere down in the Gulch a tree stirred, a night bird flew screaming by breaking silence with weird. by, breaking silence with weird-

Jack turned and looked at the girl who sat so close beside him. She was gazing out over the Gulch, her eyes filled with a light that thrilled him. For a moment he thrilled him. For a moment ne studied her face, the regular features, the tan through which bloomed the mark of perfect health, the wisp of golden-brown hair straggling over her temples. As he watched he contemplated her soul that ran the gamut of womanly qualities until it soared unto the highest

ities until it soared unto the highest—purity, an attribute that he had worshipped since he had been old enough to know the difference between right and wrong.

"Name and life," mused Jack.
"That's about all one has in this world. It comprises existence."

"But a little while ago I lacked both. I had a name it's true, but it was not my own. I had a life also but it was so distorted and twisted that it was bare existence."

"I he old man glanced up at his daughter for a second and patted her hand and smiled.
"Yes, yes, my dear, and may our Lord guard the outgoing Heloise, which carries so many lives and such precious freight."

Lightly the girl ran up the narrow stairs which led to the topmost room of the lighthouse where, arranged in a wide circle, the great polished lamps were waiting to

"But you must remember that in helping do that I have done some-

"Fallen in love with you." The words seemed to hang on his ips. A sudden rush of night that made the stars shine more brightly shot before his eyes as if some great

curtain were lowered.
Out in the distance a star fell from its moorings blazing a trail of light across the sky. Jack looked up, his gaze momentarily lost in the Heavens. Louise was whispering, Jack! Jack! Yes, Joey."

"Love has come to me, too." Her words swelled and died like He placed his cheek to hers and said :

"Joey are you mine?"
"Yours forever, Jack." It was

"Then can I give you a new name, a new life?" Her answer was to place her head upon his breast. Eternity approached in a wide full sweep that caught them both in its embrace. Jack closed his eyes in a new found happiness. When he new found happiness. opened them a light was tipping the blackjacks. The moon had risen.

Over from the slopes of the west-ern side of the Gulch came a long Did you?"

"Yes, I did. But as you said John hasn't changed much. The fact that he made Jack promise to bring Singing-in-the-Rain to this fact that he made Jack promise to bring Singing-in-the-Rain to this ranch and make him happy the remainder of his life as a reward for saving Joey shows that he is just as solicitous as ever about the welfare of others."

The couple turned to see the moon climbing over the cottonwood grove of the ranch. Another roll, a deep one, pealed out slowly. Then appeared on the west-ern rim a lone wolf. It threw its voice to the new Lorn moon, to the stars, staid and shooting, to the universe. universe.
"Wolf Moon," broke out Jack

"February for the Indians and Gypsies but Wolf Moon for us. It's

the moon of love and happiness."
"Then it's Wolf Moon, Jack." The voice of love, earth old yet ever new, beautiful, sublime, transever new, beautiful, sublime, transporting, came to their listening ears from the leaf harps of the trees and found a response in their throbbing hearts. It brought their lips together as naturally as twilight meets the night. And as they reigned king and queen of the new horn paredise the valley at their born paradise the valley at their feet rang with a tremulous voice thrown out to the stars, the heavens and the world of shadows and phantoms of the night.

## THE END

Sam Wycliff was leaning over the table, whispering to his two confed-

"Better be careful," hoarsely spoke up one of them, half glancing You'd better not talk too loud. You can't tell who might hear.

Wycliff laughed. "There ain't no danger."
Nevertheless, to make certain, he turned and took in the whole bar-Flower. And you see he was rewarded, my footsteps were directed him. The two windows faced the

my life for it will be the remaking of me."

"Your name and your life. My but a that's exaggeration. I did nothing. You had your name and you have your life."

"Oh, but I mean life in the higher sense. Not just nameless existence. Not a creature who has no past, no present, no future."

Jack felt a desire come over him to swoop up this creature in his arms, to kiss her face, her hands.

"I tells you it can be done," he said, as he brought his fist lightly down upon the table. "There be no trouble at all. There ain't no moon tonight, and there's a big blow acomin' on; that's what them weather guys says. It's all ours jest for the tryin'." He rubbed his huge, gross hands together in anticipation, while a broad, fiendish grin spread over his grizzled face, impurpling to a darker hue the scar

The three heads drew closer together.
"Now, here's the best way to go about it.

Sundown, and a tempestuous night

swiftly closing in.

Around a big deal table in the living room of Leckwood Lighthouse were seated Joseph Brett, the lighthouse keeper, and his daughter Kate. The old man sat with a huge book of adventure in his lap, his spectacles pushed far back upon his forehead, his eyes filled with pictured memories. Finally, the girl rose to her feet, and going over to a corner of the room, she lit a to a corner of the room, she lit a large lamp, which she brought said so arranged on the table that its light fell full and clear on the open book of her father.

"Well, dad," she said, leaning lovingly over the back of his chair, "I was it shout time for me to

"I guess it's about time for me to fix my lights. I think it's going to be a bad night. God help all who are at sea!

twisted that it was bare existence."
"And now you have both. Are you really and truly happy?"
"I'm happy, Jack, because you

watched them until the gold filtered down on the plains and filled the air with a haze. She turned to her have changed my life."

"But you must remember that cern the outlines of towering cern the outlines of towering ragged masses of clouds. Night was already at hand. Very quietly she knelt and drew her rosary from her

dress.
"O Mary, Star of the Sea," she whispered half aloud, "keep thy children safe from all harm this night!" night!'

Suddenly from below she heard a noise, as though a chair had been overturned; then all was silent save the low requiem of wind and

wave.

"I wonder if dad could have fallen from his chair," she thought anxiously, and going to the head of the stairs, she called:

"Dad!" "Dad!" but received no reply. "I wonder—"

A cold fear gripped her heart. For a moment or two she hesitated, looking at the matches in her hand, and then at the lamps that still remained unlit. Should she light them before going down, or should she first see what had befallen her father?"

"I must see what's the matter with dad; it won't hurt for the lamps to wait a minute or two." Suiting her actions to her words, she hastened down the darkened

stairs, and flung open the door of the sitting room. All was black and silent within, where only a short time before she had left her father basking so peacefully in warmth and light. What could "Oh, dad, I say, I ---"

The rest of the sentence was never completed, for at that instant she felt herself grasped from behind and flung violently to the

A scream of terror burst from her lips.

"Oh, father! father where are you? Oh, save me, save me!"

"Yell on, my lady," growled a voice from the darkness. "No one

will hear ye, anyhow. She felt her hands being tied hehind her. 'Say, you over there, can't you strike a light? What youse take dis

Out of the darkness a match flared. When the lamp had been lit the girl beheld, to her horror, her father lying on his back, a bright stream of crimson issuing from his breast. Her father had been foully done to death. At that terrible sight she seemed born anew. Forgetful of her own danger, unmindful of the gaze of the three masked ruffians, she flung back her head, her blue eyes blazing with righteous indignation, her breath coming in quick, short

AT LECKWOOD LIGHT gasps. "You cowards, you murderers," she cried, "to kill a poor old man! God will punish you for this horrible

deed."
"Close yer mouth," said the largest of the three men, "you've had your say. Keep quiet," and he fairly leaped towards the girl.

The struggle was brief, as Kate was easily overpowered. Something smashed down upon her head, and all was darkness. How long she was in this state she never knew. When she first regained consciousness she could not discern anything around her. Where was she? What had happened? Gradually as her head cleared the whole of the awful tragedy came vividly back to of laughter rang out on the evening air. A whinny from the ponies pealed sharply. Twilight crent of the come here to you."

Walted, hy footsteps were directed to come here to you."

Oh, I'm so thankful. I owe my name to you. Why I almost owe my life for it will be the remaking pealed sharply. Twilight crent of me."

Walted, hy footsteps were directed to come here to you."

Sea, framing a vision of blue, spark-ling waters, sunlit and tossing. Wycliff turned once again towards his friends. stantly the cellar of the lighthouse. The storm at this moment seemed to have commenced. The wind roared and beat with rage against the walls, and she could hear the waves dashing on the rocky foundations of the island whereon the lighthouse was built. The lighthouse was swift and luridly bright.

The girl now began to collect her

thoughts and to endeavor to unravel the mystery that confronted her. First of all, what was the motive that led these men to do murder Certainly there was nothing of value in the lighthouse. Then why had they come? Why? There must have been some prize worth winning. What was that prize? Were they hoping to wreck some ship? Then the whole truth flashed before Then the whole truth flashed before her. She had found the key that promised to solve everything. These men were nothing more or less than wreckers. They had found out that the Heloise was due tonight and that she carried a fortune in her hold. Foreseeing a storm, they realized how easy it would be provided the lighthouse would be, provided the lighthouse remained in darkness, to wreck the ship as she made for the open sea. That was the gist of the dastardly plot. She understood it only too well. And she was perfectly help-less; and her father!
"O my God, help me to save these

poor people and to outwit these devils!"

devils!"

She tugged and strained to undo the ropes that bound her hands, to no avail. Finally, when she was about to give up hope, she saw by one of the frequent flashes of lightthe ropes that bound her hands, to no avail. Finally, when she was about to give up hope, she saw by one of the frequent flashes of lightning a piece of an old rusty knife that she and her father had used in one of their former fishing excursions, lying in far a corner of the cellar. After two or three unsuccessful attempts she managed to roll over to where the knife was.

Half an hour later she was free

Half an hour later she was free. She had gashed her hand in one or two places in cutting the cord, but, except for this and a feeling of except for this and a feeling of borders."

of opinion should be freely expressed, and Governments have a special obligation to protect the rights of minorities within their borders."

knew that she must exert the utmost caution, for she could not tell if anyone guarded the doorway that led to the upper part of the lighthouse. She reached the door and tried it; to her joy it was unlocked. They had thought she was so securely bound that it was not precessary to fasten the door.

necessary to fasten the door.
Once in the open, the fresh salt winds did much to revive her. By the almost unceasing lightning she was able to discover at no great distance from her, the three ruffians, enveloped completely in oilskins. Thank God she was not too late! There was yet ample time. The good God help and aid her! On the left hand side of the island

there was a small cove where a life-boat swung at anchor. So well was this sheet of water protected from the tossing bay beyond that its surface was now scarcely disturbed. Her plan was to reach this boat and endeavor to steer for the channel. She knew how extremely perilous and even foolhardy, this was. But her duty was to save the oncoming vessel. She must now take her father's place. This was clear. There was no other way. She must

be her father's daughter. Swiftly, like a shadow she glided towards the boat. So busy were the wreckers talking and gazing seawards that she was not seen them until, rowing with all her strength, she was swept by them, making for the open roadway. She could hear distinctly their curses and yells, and the bullets from their revolvers whistled all around her, luckily none doing her harm, though two or three struck the

boat, sending the splinters flying. The storm was increasing in fury but the lightning, which she had prayed would be a means of guidin her, had almost ceased, only illumi nating the heavens at rare intervals. She had found in the boat's locker a speaking trumpet; this would be of inestimable value to her. Suddenly as she was just entering the rougher water, she saw, not half a mile away, the oncoming lights of a huge ocean liner. Would she be in time to give the warning? Could she keep the boat from being swamped long enough to save the ship from destruction? She knew that she must make it. God and Our Ledy must

make it. God and Our Lady must would help.
On and on she went, fighting and struggling with the mighty giant waves. Oh, if she could only be in time! Her life mattered nothing to her, if she could only rescue from destruction the lives of so many of God's people. Now, now was her chance. The great ship loomed closer and closer. Flinging the oars into the bottom of the boat, she raised the speaking horn to her

lips.
"Ship ahoy! Ship ahoreefs! O God, the reefs!"

reefs! A gree That was all. A great billow swept over the fragile boat, carry-ing the girl into the arms of the sea. At that moment, as though by the beneficence of an all-ruling Providence, the lightning streamed across the heaving waves, and the helmsman saw the white upturner face of a woman and heard a warn ing, pleading cry. Then the dark ness swooped down blacker than before—but the Heloise was saved!
—Charles J. Quirk, S. J., in the

## ATTITUDE OF IRISH CLERGY ON ELECTION

By J. H. Cox In the electioneering now rife all over the twenty-six Free State counties, Catholic clerics are intervening only on points that do no involve very acute party or personal issues. They are doing their best to dispel civic apathy, the symptoms of which were seen in the exceedingly small polls at some recent contests. Speaking at Dromahair, Father Prior said it was almost criminal for serious citizens to

abstain from voting. Father Farrell, P. P., of Aughrim Wicklow County, has published his advice in a letter to the press: "I do not attend public political meetings, and neither am I a member of any political organization; yet I will be pleased to give my moral support to an association ing representatives of intellectual capacity and moral integrity, apart from their individual religious from creeds, or their past political views.'

Other pastors have urged the electors to insist that public worksuch as the very necessary work of drainage in low-lying places-shall be provided for the young manhood, which is in danger of being demoralized by enforced idleness.

Archbishop O'Donnell, the new Primate of All Ireland, has just declared that the triangle of the provided in the control of the provided in the provided in

that "the salve for Ireland's wounds is to make good-will active and mutual everywhere." He emphasized the importance of protecting

party or sectarian strife. Yet there is not a single section of the population that is not kind at heart.

Nourishing strife is a poor occupation for a gifted race. Active good-will is always a duty. It is in the public interest that differences of opinion should be freely expressed and Covarrants.

His Grace then instanced towns in the North-East where Catholics were nearly half of the population

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