Published by permission of Burns, Oatese &

HONOUR WITHOUT RENOWN

BY MES. INNES BROWN

author of "Three Daughters of the United

CHAPTER XVIII. Bands of desperate fanatics had been driven back in search of refuge and shelter towards that quarter in stead of Mèra Corbette ; and in order to revenge themselves more fully for their defeat they were determined to wreck everything of value that still remained. And so it came to pass that flendish women of the Commune, wild with the madness of dis-appointed rage, assisted and urged their confederates to commit the blackest deeds of cruelty. Not only did they aid in setting fire to the best part of the city, but they were sakes she did it, andby diabolical contrivances to poison the troops.

When the sun arose above the horizon, sending its brilliant rays in majestic splendour through the confines of the gilded clouds, there flew from mouth to mouth the news of the cruel and sacrilegious deed that had been perpetrated by those law. less wretches. They had struck where they knew the blow would be most keenly felt. In cold blood they had led out the Archbishop and many of his priests, and had shot them down like dog?. What cared they now what befell the town, since the cause was lost for which they had fought so desperately! So, as they sought escape by flight from their enraged pursuers, every here and there they stayed their course and the trouble; and thus it came to pass that they judged the big vacant envy and selfishness which had been and the more surly, defiant tones of fired whatever they deemed worth buildings near Madame Corbette's tiny residence worthy of a light.

A fresh strong wind was rising rapidly; it fanned the angry flames and carried aloft the blackening smoke; in its strength it bore sparks and fragments of smouldering timber, of window frames and burn. ing beams; and some of these it dropped upon the small dry roof below, where they found quick and occupation in the ancient

as they passed on. Only one seemed to remember then that the little senement sheltered a confederate of their own-a nephew of hers, who, when he suddenly realized the danger that threatened his old aunt, suffering woman to a place of safety in an adjoining building. There having laid her, roughly enough, upon the floor of an empty room, he blame. left her-half dazed now with fright exhaustion, to the tender Edmund, poor Edmund, you shall but the blind is drawn closely down cles of any one who would min have your revenge at last! For it it is dark, and he is helpless! mercies of any one who would minister to her; and himself rushed off shall be even as she said it should to a more secure place of retreat.

interested for the time being in the he may hope to obtain mercy.' conflagration, and speculating as to

living in such places at mine. times like these ?

moment appeared to be more clearly "I wonder what is wrong with him his terrible surmices to be correct. now? His voice is expressive of There is a box of matches, also a great distress; yet if I demand kindly little candle by his side, but there is

with fear and excitement, where is tunity to allay her curiosity, he? Ah, you cannot say! No one has thought of him. He must not be deserted and left to perish. His life The mind of Manfred was diverted

answered the man signid- entreaties. rant." cantly, though somewhat averting cantly cantled cantle cantly, though somewhat averting shoulder, but retained a close grip of you. I hear the voice of my her hand while his wile held on to husband; he calle me, and bids me

the other.

"Safe!" she echoed ironically, as with one foot advanced she stood a thought Manfred. with one foot advanced she stood a prisoner between them—whilst her eyes with fearless courage measured the imminent danger before her—is afe! yes, his poor helpless body is hopelessly enough hammed around by those devouring flames. But his

soul! It may be in peril. Loose your hold, I say," and she struggled to be

free.
"Is there not a man among you," she cried, 'who for the honor of France will lend a hand to rescue a soul from destruction-one, too, who has risked his life to save

her citizens?"
"Listen to reason!" shouted the man, angered by her continued resist-Behold the flames! cannot enter the cottage now. you not already half deafened by the fall of timber and the crackle of fire? was sheltered the small home. If your patient is still within, he must be stifled and dead ere And if not—well, of what good is he? He is feeble, maimed, and helpless;

you yourself have told us so."
"But he is an Englishman! cried the Sister, as with a supreme effort she freed herself from their grasp, and rushed through the living flames to the rescue of her country man. So much depended upon her patient's life. It was for all their

"Never king nor conqueror's brow Wore higher look than hers did now.

CHAPTER XIX.

Sincs the evening hour when his gentle nurse had left his side, Manced had not closed his eyes in sleep. The terrible and warlike voices raging around would alone have sufficed to rob him of all power to rest or slumber ; but apart from any external interruption, his soul was a seething multitude: not the rhyth-so racked and storm tossed that, in mic tramp tramp of a regiment, but, the cruel but salutary conflict going as it were, the bursting forth of on within, he paid at first little savage waters, came this wild con-heed to the clamor without. As in the last moments (according to current belief) of a drowning man, was portrayed plainly before him.

Before his mind's vision stood first means of depriving his men. the brother of his due-his uncle's love and trust. perjury, by which he had basely wrecked another's life - receiving what in return? A usurped inherit. ance, and a heart which dared not seek its God, and from which peace seemed for ever banished. Oh, foul and dark — foul with the presence and pressure of guilt, and dark with the blankness of despair—seemed the fabric of the little cottage. the blankness of despair—seemed the pages of his life this night. Was the ory of his soul so feeble, so stifled reach the mercy seat above? clasped his hands and raised his burning eyes as he called on Heaven to witness his repentance. To prove rushed into the cottage, and half his sincerity he would confess all; dragged, half carried the weak and he would undo the past and would henceforth stand before his fellow-I will show the world the move? unvarnished villain that I am ! And

A small group of idle watchers had and earth must bear witness to the all occasion for fear is over. collected near the burning buildings, sincerity of Harold's repentance ere breathes more evenly. But what is rapidly amid the ruins, when almost breathless, but with a firm, eet look upon her face, Sister Marguerite arrived upon the scene. They stared the head, watches, and listens. It is lift and spotless life will give me nerve ing a little now, and flashes, a) of blankly at her as, seizing the hand of to face the worsh. The most cruel dusky lightning, shoot across the the man nearest to her, she asked prison could never surpass or equal window panes. The light increases anxiously whether the inmates of the forture I have sustained of late.

She did not wait to hear his thought Jeanne, as she paused to bigher and higher, the stifling smell answer out, but walked quickly for listen to the unintelligible sounds of smoke, which penetrates every ward towards the cottage, which each which issued from the other room.

blown by the gusty wind, one half the crimson circle had already reached the creepers on the wooden porch, and greedy tongues of fire were farting over the open degrees. were darting over the open doorway.
"Come back! Come back at once, to calm himself. Well, he is not the Sister!" cried a man from the group; only one in trouble. How restless and he grasped her vigorously by the shoulders. "You shall not advance incessantly for Sister Marguerite: further. I tell you the old dame is and how ill she looks! I never saw safe. She is not here; I saw her anyone before look so like death and rescued and carried to safer quarters. live. There, she calls the Sister arrival! He wiped the great beads rescued and carried to safer quarters.

If you do not believe me, come and see for yourself."

"It is true, dear Sister; my good man speaks well. The woman is quite safe. It was her nephew who what is going on outside."

So glancwhat is going on outside."

The whole are when do it.

There, she calls the Sister arrival! He whost from his brow, so trembled at the dread prospect before the mean of the calls the sister arrival! He whost from his brow, so the prospect before the mean of the calls the sister arrival! He whost from his brow, so the prospect before the mean of the calls the sister arrival! He whost from his brow, so the prospect before the mean of the calls the sister arrival! He whost from his brow, so the prospect before the mean of the calls the sister arrival! He whost from his brow, so the prospect before the mean of the calls the sister arrival! He whost from his brow, so the prospect before the mean of the calls the sister arrival! He whost from his brow, so the prospect before the mean of the calls the sister arrival! He whost from his brow, so the prospect before the mean of the calls the sister of the mean of rescued her; we both saw him do it. ing to assure herself that, according to her aunt's desire, the key was

has thought of him. He must not be described and left to perish. His life is of value, I tell you. Loose your hold of me, I insist upon it! He has lost his limbs for France: he cannot aid himself. I will not be detained! Come with me if you will, and do not waste the precious moments."

The mind of Manfred was diverted and listening intently. Help is atriving. Hark! The outer door is discernible to the perpetual cry of the old woman. There was a ring in her cracked voice which he had never heard before, expressive of humility had not reached to a control. It will not be detained!

When the contemplation of his own misery for a moment as he listening intently. Help is atriving. Hark! The outer door is discernible. Heaven be thanked!

When the contemplation of his own misery for a moment as he listened was diverted and listening intently. Help is atriving. Hark! The outer door is discernible. He strains eyes and ears, gazing and listening intently. Help is atriving. Hark! The outer door is discernible. Heaven be thanked!

When the contemplation of his own misery for a moment as he listened was diverted and listening intently. Help is atriving. Hark! The outer door is discernible. Heaven be thanked!

When the contemplation of his own misery for a moment as he listened outer tools of the contemplation of the contemplation of his own misery for a moment as he listened was diverted and listening intently. Help is attriving. Hark! The outer door is discernible. Heaven be thanked!

When the contemplation of his own misery for a moment as he listened to the contemplation of the contempla

Sister Marguerite! Dear, kind Do not leave me here to die !

tell you to hasten."
"And do I not need her too?

moment of her return I will endeavor to curb my impatience by repeating those sweet prayers she taught me." And as he did so, the unrest and disquiet within him seemed to grow less and less, until at last they almost vanished, leaving him tranquil and hopeful. As his peace of mind increased he became more conscious of the continuous and gnawing pain in his foot. He endeavored to relieve the aching limb by constantly changing its position within the narrow couch. Then the strange sounds outside attracted and perplexed him. What was going to be the upshot of it all, he wondered. Now it was the roar of cannon which distracted him, now the crack of artillery. A few moments ago it was far off, now it is much closer ; nay the small roof above him vibrated with that last shock. What would he not give to be able to watch the

event? It was a terrible punish. ment for one of his temperament to be forced to lie thus inert. Would the pale moon never set? Would the day never dawn? How long and weary were the hours growing! For a time there seemed to be a lull in the conflict, and Manfred was grateful for it. It is one thing to be up and able to aid one's self in such a crisis; it is totally different

conflicting parties.

Now there drew nigh, increasing each instant and gaining power and force as it advanced, the sound as of mic tramp-tramp of a regiment, but, onward without order or reason Closer and closer it came, this flood each and every incident of his life of unruly pattering feet. Soon he the shricking could distinguish voices of fanatical women, blended

How quickly they swept along! and trust. Thence sprang those horrible deeds of black injustice and the cottege door. Madame Corbette has ceased her

cries. Is she listening, too? Ob, the rush of mingled sounds as the multitude scuttles past!
Whilst the first frantic roll of the boisterous human billow is fading and dying in the distance, the rear of it has halted and broken its force upon the untenanted breakers near.

There is something weird and uncappy in its movements now-a by vice, that no scho of it could ever stealthy creeping sound. They are dragging wood and combustible debrie, and piling them round the

It is still too dark to see; the moon has hidden her face beneath a cloud; but following the sounds with a sudden keenness of perception this creatures without disguise. "I will is what Manfred surmises. If so—take upon myself all opprobrium and good God—what will be their next He hears their quick stealthy tread beneath the casement,

There is a pause of five minutes be. What were her words? 'Heaven Things seem quieter now; perhaps he may hope to obtain mercy. Yes. that sudden darkness, as of a black these were her words, and they shall be fulfilled. Kind, gentle little nurse, pall, which falls upon the windowanxiously whether the inmates of the forture I have sustained of late. that little cottage had been rescued.

"I don't know," said the man, turning rudely aside. "It's not my business to rescue foolhardy folks from situations like this. What right have people to endanger their lives by living in such places at mine."

There, may, have cracking sound—represented the title of the cracking sound, and the noise of the cracking sound, and the noise of men's voices has ceased. Good heavens! Is it possible that they heavens! Is it possible that they have set first to something near? There is no mistaking the sound of a prayers, though it should be deaf to confisgration now. The roar and stilled her sobs after a few minutes, stilled her sobs after a few minutes. configration now. The roar and "The stranger is worse tonight," glare of the flame, as they mount

> there are several hours yet before How restless his kind nurse is due. Even then She calls will she be allowed to come? The larguerite: roads are, indeed, unfit for her to traverse; and if she should come, what will have happened before her

trembled at the dread prospect before h m. "Jeanne! Jeanne!' he cried, where are you?" And at the sound of his own voice he started : it was so hollow and unnatural. There comes no response to his call; the You must not advance further."

"But my patient, the Englishman!" cried the nun, turning pale

to her aunt's desire, the key was comes no response to his call; the door which separated old woman, too, is silent; yet all the turned in the door which separated while the fearful sounds outside comman!" cried the nun, turning pale tinue, and the roar of the flames increases as the breeze fans them.

He strains eyes and ears, gazing

waste the precious moments."

heard before, expressive of humility lish, forgetting in the other manner of speech. But his voice was drowned in that of Madame Corbette's, whom nephew is dragging from her bed.

> if they hear they do not heed him, and the cries of the old woman grow more and more indistinct as she is

It requires a good many shovelfuls

TEMPERED WITH MERCY

Mrs. Norman hastened along the path that led from the railway station to the watering place of Braymore; and though it was said that one of the finest views of the surrounding coast was to be had from the slight eminence on which the station stood, the lady passed hastily along the path without a glance seaward. Once or twice she stayed her steps for a few seconds.

"Oh, poor, poor Rose! Her only child! A widow and childless!" she murmured, as she had done several times since at the breakfast table that morning she had read of the tragic death of Henry Crawford, only son of the late Sir Walter Crawford and Lady Crawford. "I must go to Rose at once !" Mrs.

Norman had cried to her hostess. I never knew she was living at Braymore. We ceased to correspond years ago," and she had gone on to tell how she and Rose Fitzgerald had been class mates and close friends at the convent in Dublin, where both had been educated. Then Mrs. Norman had married the doctor of a regiment stationed in Dublin and afterwards accompanied him abroad, when, bedridden and helpless, we so that visits to her own land were must serve but as a target to two few. She had met Rose Fitzgerald, a radiantly happy bride, and her husband when the pair were on their honeymoon: and though she grieved that her friend had married a Protestant, she had acknowledged that, apart from the difference religion, the pair were ideally mated. Rose, fair, slender and ethereal; Crawford tall, strong and determined, showing even then the quickness of decision and forceful character that had made him one of the wealthiest and most influential of Belfast merchants

Mrs. Norman had to inquire the way to Hazelmere. The man who gave her the required directions

'It was a terrible accident." He pointed to a high cliff on the other side of the town. "The young man was walking there alone when he tell. The late storms must have been accountable for the fall of a portion of the cliff. He fell with it. May God rest his soul!' The man Norman took her way towards the pretty villa to which she had been directed. A maid with red and swollen eyelids admitted her and led her to the darkened drawing room.

Perhaps Lady Crawford is unable to see anyone," Mrs. Norman said. Tell ber, please, that Mary Blake is here, willing to stay or leave, as

'Oh, she will see you," the girl replied. "She is wonderful, wonderful. She has not cried a tear-not one tear." The ready tears down the speaker's cheeks as she left

It was only a few minutes till the door opened and a tall fair woman came in. Her clinging back garments accentuated the pallor of her face, but she came calmly with steady voice and outstretched hands.

Mary! dear Mary! bow good of you to come!" Lady Crawford said, and then Mrs. Norman's arms were

round her.
"Oh, Rose! Rose! Your one child! Your one boy! My poor, poor Rose! Mrs. Norman cried.
"There, Mary." Lady Crawford

and mentioned that she had been visitor at a country house thirty

miles away. I felt I must come to you, Rose. Ob, why does God send such overwhelming trials !" she said. Not overwhelming, Mary-oh, no.

It is a trial,"—the low voice shook elightly—" but it is tempered with By and by I shall thank God mercy. for it. Just now—"
Again the voice broke, and the speaker paused for a second.

"I can speak to you, Mary, as to no one else," Lady Crawford con tinued. "You remembered how happy I was in the early days of my married life. Yet soon that happi-ness was clouded. Let me tell you all. No, no. It shall not grieve me to speak.

I was young and romantic when I first met my husband, and I was gratified by the attention paid me by a man who, young as he was, was already of much account among his fellow citizens. I suppose his appearance and his strong will appearance and his strong will loving Father, all goodness in Hum influenced me as well as his impetuous wooing. I had no very marrying one not of our faith. My and grieve for them, principally on confessor, a gentle old man, did indeed impress on me the risks I ran in wedding a Protestant; but Father we pic ure God, not as which the knowledge of the one true God. in wedding a Protestant; but Father we pic ure God, not so much as an Most of the houses are of mud outsurke, I said to my conscience, was offended Father, but as a stern side, but palaces within, with courts old fashioned and rather narrow. minded. I had no doubt, no doubt whatever, but that one day Walter people deceive themselves."

Was he, Sir Walter, bigoted?" Mrs. Norman asked, as Lady Crawford stopped speaking.

The shadow of a smile touched

hindered my boy or me from going whipping. The second boy says he to Mass or the Sacraments. But"— is sorry, not so much on account o the speaker's voice grew more intense—'he did worse. He laughed and mocked good humoredly at religion in the child's hearing. And Henry idolized his father. He saw him henoved and respected by all him honored and respected by all, Attrition, while the latter child, feir and just in his business dealinge, and kind and charitable to the offending his father, could be said to poor and sad. Then Walter was a approach, the better, Contrition.
Clever and learned man, and long. What effect does sorrow have on clever and learned man, and long. What effect does sorrow have before Henry was out of his teens the soul? The less perfect the time he was twenty-one he was against the Lord," he said: "The an avowed atheist. Three years later my husband died. I don't think he ever understood what I suffered. Perhaps his nature was somewhat hard. When he died, Henry insum of money which yielded me a

modest income.

"You lived with your son?" "For two years. He became engaged to Sylvia Greenwood, the only daughter of an eminent surgeon. She was a beautiful girl, highly educated and utterly and only contemptuous of religion. Poor girl! she had been brought up in a bad atmosphere. The date of the marriage was fixed, and I left my house and settled here. It seemed wisest to me that the young couple should start life by themselves, and I settled here. Just before the day appointed for the marriage, Sylvia's father died, and the marriage was postponed. There was a second postponement owing to Sylvia's illness. A third date was fixed, and Henry came here to spend a day and night with me prior to his wedding day. After dinner he went out for a walk and fell."

Mrs. Norman shuddered. "Thank God he was not killed outright? Oh, thank God! He lived for twenty four hours, and he asked for a priest, and was reconciled to God. They—people—wonder wby I do not weep. Oh, it isn't that I do not feel Henry's loss! I do! I do! But the gain is so much more! He died happily, with the crucifix in his hand and his voice, joining in the prayers for the dying. Once he tried to say something about his former life. I could not catch the words. On his dead face there is a smile of partect paace. You must

The two women passed to the death chamber. As they knelt by the bed on which Henry Crawford lay, a girl, tall and slender, and beautiful even in her grief, hastily left the room. Later Lady Crawford spoke of her.

Sylvia came in time for the end. Poor child! She is distracted with grief, and she is bitter and rebellious. But the mood will pass. Perhaps-some day—she will pray for him."

It was quite five years later that Mrs. Norman observed amongst the names of half a dozen ladies who had received the black veil in a Carmelite Convent that of Sylvia Greenwood.—Magdalen Rock, in the

PENANCE

SORROW FOR SIN AS PART OF SACRAMENT OF PENANCE

Sorrow for sin, or contrition, is from a Latin word which means "to crush the powerful: it refers to our soul humbled, heart crushed, on account of sin. Commonly, we read it defined as, "A pain of the soul, a detestasion of sin, with a resolution to sin no more." We must grieve in the soul, for the sin, since it offends God. We must loathe, detest, abhor it even more than we hate vermin and plague; we must determine to avoid it in the future. This sorrow is the first and necessary condition for forgiveness. When the prodigal returned to his father with a heart truly sorry, the old gentleman scarcely heeded what confession the boy made, but rushed and clasped

the penitent in his arms. Sorrow includes two things: it looks backwards, in grief for having offended God; it looks forward, with a firm purpose of sinning no more.

SORROW FOR THE PAST SIN When we picture God, as a kind self, all goodness to us: and when we realize that by our sins we have from his former companions within Judge, with a whip in hand, about to of marble, trees and flowers, and punish us for our sins, our rebellions sparkling fountains in their enagainst His law, and when we see closure. would become a Catholic. So do hell opened to receive us, when such are the reasons for our sorrow, then it is said to be less perfect, or 1860 a terrible massacre occurred

and Benediction. He was fond of on an errand, tells them to hurry back. music and very much in love. Then Boy like, they loiter, and return very Henry was born."

"And baptized by a priest, surely."

"Yes. Oh, Walter kept to the letter of the contract. He never because now he will get a terrible

the two were good comrades. I—I—
you know I was never bright at
school, Mary, and I think I grew the future, this with the sacrament duller as years went on. At any of Penance will suffice for justifica-rate, both my husband and son used tion. Perfect contrition the essence tion. Perfect contrition the essence to smile at my inability to under of Penance, reconciles a man to God stand their scientific or philosophical at once, even before confession, if he talk. Henry ceased going to con-task the desire for absolution. As fession; then he gave up Mass. By soon as David sinned, "I have sinned

Now whether our sorrow be perfect or imperfect, it must be "Internal, herited his possession, excepting the that is, since sin has come from the heart, sorrow must also come from there, and not merely from the lips sorrow must also be that is it must extend to all our mortal sins; our sorrow should also "Supernatural." springing from any earthly motive, but from the great fact that we have broken a law of God, and offended Him.

PURPOSE OF AMENDMENT FOR THE FUTURE

Sorrow for sin not only looks to the past with deepest regrets, but it also projects itself into the future. with a firm determination to sin no more. As water issues from a spring so from true sorrow comes the firm purpose of sinning no more. If we are grieved for having offended God, are we to deliberately insult Him

If there is present real serrow, one will not only detest sir, but all that leads to it. If a woman when cleaning sweeps away the cobweb and allows the spider to remain, can she be surprised if she finds a fresh web spun? If you would keep out the flies, you must try to remove that which attracts them. If one would stop sin, one must avoid the person, place, or thing that leads to it. This purpose to do better, must be firm. A mere wish is insufficient. might wish to become a saint, but the mere wish would not accomplish this desired goal. Our resolve to do better for the future, must then be sincers and firm.

In considering sorrow for our sins we see that it is that grief of the soul for having offended God, with a firm determination of never more doing so. We remember that it all important for obtaining pardon from Him. Without sorrow there is no forgiveness. Confession without sorrow is like a rifle without a bullet. When confessing, if the only sins we have committed since last at the sacred tribunal are venial, we are cautioned, in order to have sorrow, to mention a sin from our past lives, for which we have great sorrow. When preparing for acrament, stir up real sorrow. Fear God's punishments, but think more of having offended the best of Fathers, and sins though they be as red as scarlet, they will become as white as snow.

DAMASCUS CITY

SAID TO BE THE OLDEST IN

WORLD Damascus, in Syris, is supposed to be the very oldest city in the world. It was founded as fer back as 1913 years before the birth of Our Lord and it has always been, up present day, a place of note and the home of beautiful things. The fabric we call damask was first made within it, and so gets the name. Our lovely damask rose was brought from it to England by Doctor Linaker, the physician of Henry VIII. of England. The city possessed the art of askeening," which means the inlay-ing of wood and steel with gold and silver, and its fine and elastic swords and blades were famous throughout the world. The secret of their manufacture is now entirely lost.

A crumbling old wall surrounds the city, and its streets are narrow and very crooked, one alone being "the street called Straight," as it is spoken of in the Acts of the Apostles, when St. Paul, then Saul, the nawly converted Christian, hid himself

A sad Franciscan interest attaches to this venerable city. In the year imperfect.

The former, the perfect kind of sorrow, is called Contrition; it sorrow, is called Contrition; it five days ruined their whole quarter, The stadow of a smile touched Rose Crawford's pale face ere she answered.

"Bigoted! No; my husband had no religious beliefe. He gave the required pledges at our marriage and kept them to the letter only. At first, as I have said, we were happy beyond anything I had dreamt of, and during our honeymoon Walter was ready to accompany me to Mass

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS MURPHY & GUNN

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES Solicitors for The Home Bank of Canada Episcopal Corporation Suite 53, Bank of Toronto Chambe LONDON, CANADA Phone 170

FOY, KNOX & MONAHAN BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC.

Cable Address : "Foy" Telephones { Main 461 Main 462 Offices: Continental Life Building
CORNER BAY AND RICHMOND STREETS

TORONTO DAY, FERGUSON & CO. James E. Day BARRISTERS John M. Ferguson Joseph P. Walsh 26 Adelaide St. West TORONTO

LUNNEY & LANNAN BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES Harry W. Lunney, B. A., B. C. L. Alphonsus Lannan, LL. B. CALGARY, ALBERTA

JOHN H. McELDERRY BARRISTER, SOLICITOR

NOTARY PUBLIC CONVEYANCER to Loan Telephone 1081 HERALD BLDG. ROOM 24

GUELPH, ONT.

TORONTO, CANADA

ARCHITECTS

WATT & BLACKWELL Sixth Floor, Bank of Toronto Chambers

DENTISTS

DR. BRUCE E. EAID Room 5, Dominion Bank Chambers ichmond and Dundas Sts. Phone 566,

EDUCATIONAL

l'esternel School LONDON, ONTARIO Over 200 calls for office help since last

W. F. MARSHALL, Principal. St. Jerome's College

Founded 1864 KITCHENER, ONT. Excellent Business College Department.
Excellent High School or Academic Department.
Excellent College and Philosophica REV. W. A. BENINGER, C. R., President.

FUNERAL DIRECTORS

John Ferguson & Sons 180 KING ST.

The Leading Undertakers & Embalmers Open Night and Day Telephone House 373 Factory 543

E. C. Killingsworth FUNERAL DIRECTOR

Open Day and Night 389 Burwell St. Phone 3971

LOUIS SANDY



GORDON MILLS Habit Materials and Veilings

SPECIALLY PRODUCED FOR THE USE OF RELIGIOUS COMMUNITIES BLACK, WHITE, AND COLOURED

SERGES and CLOTHS, VEILINGS CASHMERES, ETC. cked in a large variety of widths and qualitie Samples forwarded on application

LOUIS SANDY Gordon Mills, STAFFORD, ENGLAND Telegrams - Luisandi, Stafford, 'Phone No. 104

In the Country of Jesus

By MATILDA SERAO A very charming account of travel and worship in the Holy Land by a writer of the first rank, recording the impressions of a devout and

truly poetic mind. Postpaid 900. **Gatholic Record**

B7 YONGE ST., TORONTO

LONDON, ONT.

Phone Main 4030 пennessey

CUT FLOWERS PERFUMES

