

The Coming Of The MONSTER

Copyright, 1936, Lawrence, Gipsy Co. A Story Of The Masterful Monk

By Owen Francis Dudley

(Continued from Last Week)

THE STORY SO FAR:

In Paris, in January, 1919, a French priest in a black cassock and white surplice, with a white stole, was seated at a table in a restaurant...

to one of the men, apparently finding fault with something. The others were listening as they worked.

and there was a cessation of noise. Jim lowered his voice: "Do you mind listening? I can tell you this: something's going to happen, unless the men are kept in prison's. Perhaps you don't appreciate what a strike—"

Knights Invite Friends To Bingo Party, Monday

A series of bingo parties to run every Monday evening for 14 weeks will be sponsored by Rochester Knights of Columbus...

Around World Tour With Stay at Manila Planned by Boring

NEW YORK—In line with the recent globe-girdling exploits of Mr. Elkins and his colleagues in the announcement by James Boring...

Canon Flynn, Noted French Priest, Dies

PARIS (NC) An Irish priest who had reached a high position among the Paris clergy, Canon Henry Flynn, pastor of the Church of Notre Dame des Champs...

NEW BISHOP NAMED

QUITO The Most Rev. Cesare Antonio Mosquera, Vicar General of Riobamba, has been named Bishop of Ibarra.

'G-Man Armored Car' Sought For Missioners In Manchukuo

OSSINING, N. Y.—(NC)—"Want a G-man armored car for mission journeys," writes the Rev. George Haggerty, of St. Johnsville, New York, Maryknoll missioner in Sin Pin, Manchukuo.



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Advertisement for Firestone Auto Heaters, The Supreme, with technical details and pricing.

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Your Family Doctor Recommends Your Parish Druggist!

Advertisement for parish druggists, featuring a cartoon illustration of a doctor and a patient.

Large advertisement for various pharmacies and services, including Markin's Pharmacy, Smalline's, Thurston's Pharmacy, and others.

Jim looked at her. "Do you mind listening? I can tell you this: something's going to happen, unless the men are kept in prison's. Perhaps you don't appreciate what a strike—"

"Oh, heavens! If you won't see I'm not talking about discipline. I'm talking about bullying."

"You're not going to let this spoil things?" "What things?" she asked.

"Well... we were getting on so well." "Really? Were we?" Jim stood there, biting his lip.

"Happily, you're not over encouraging." "And you're not over tactful." Jim smiled himself between her and the door.

There was a sudden light of passion in his eyes. "Look here, Vernie—"

"Please open the door, Jim." "I want to say something." "I think you'd better not."

"Why?" "Well, if you want to know—" "The door swung open and a man entered hurriedly. Jim recovered himself, and regarded him with annoyance."

"Yes? What is it?" "Vernie moved away. The man seemed agitated. He said something to Jim in an undertone. Jim muttered, 'Oh!' and informed her."

"I say Vernie, there's been some darned accident in the pit." "Vernie came back: 'Accident? ... What one of the men?'"

The man touched his cap: "Chap called Morrison, Miss." "Vernie started. Jim said: 'You got changed, Vernie. I'll not be long.'"

She ignored him, and inquired of the man: "What's happened to Morrison?" "Dunno yet, Miss."

Jim gave him an order, to which he replied tartly: "The afraid to move 'im, sir." "He was commanded tartly: 'Then get a call through to the M.O.—to go down.'"

"I've done that, an' ar earned 'ar nowt." "Doctor's somewhere away." Jim exclaimed, "Lord!"

His attention was suddenly directed to the engineer above taking a phone call with "Righto, mate," and then pulling a lever. The wheel began to revolve on the reverse. He shouted:

"Who the devil's that going down?" "The engineer called that he would ask. They waited until the cage had dropped. The engineer phoned his inquiry, and remained listening. Jim was told: 'The M.O.'"

"No, sir—a doctor as was passing by pithead. E' offered to go down." "The information puzzled him. Jim remained still for a moment, then shrugged his shoulders: 'Come on, Vernie.'"

They followed him through the door. "To be continued" (N.C.W.C. FEATURES)

If your character is above reproach you will win in the battle of life. Cardinal Gibbons.

Advertisement for Requiescant In Pace, listing names and dates of the deceased.

Advertisement for MAIER'S SONS FUNERAL SERVICE, located at 870 CLINTON AVE. N.

Advertisement for ANTHONY J. RYAN'S SON FUNERAL DIRECTOR, located at WEST AVENUE, Rochester, N. Y.

Advertisement for MASSES at Rochester Diocese.

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