

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE

CHRISTINE FABER

Author of "A Mother's Sacrifice," etc.
CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED

The night for which so many hearts yearned came at last; it was dark as the faithful lads watching by the coast could wish, and it threatened to be wild and stormy. The wind rose in fitful gusts and swept at intervals round angles and through crevices with the wild hollow shriek of a soul in pain. It was a night to make man and beast hasten to shelter, and Carroll O'Donoghue and Tighe a Vohr buttoned their coats closer about them, and bent their heads before the blast, as both walked quickly and silently forward on the road to Drommacool. Not a sound save that of their own hurried footsteps, and the shrieking of the wind as it came madly down from the mountains, broke the stillness, and the darkness was so intense that they could not see a pace ahead.

Neither was in a mood for conversation. Carroll, wrapped in the thought of her whose memory never left him, and rejoiced at the prospect of so soon beholding her, forgot for the time even the faithful companion at his side, and the danger into which he might be hurrying, while Tighe, too heavily burdened to yield to the natural humor which no trouble heretofore had entirely suppressed, was absorbed in his own anxious thoughts.

The cautious signal which Tighe gave at the back entrance to Father Meagher's little house, needed no repetition; Moira and Mrs. Carmody had been on the watch there a long hour, not daring to open the door and look forth, lest spies might be lurking in the darkness, but they had remained to listen for the first sound of him whom they expected, while Father Meagher and the ladies kept similar watch near the front entrance. The back door was opened wide to Tighe's gentle tap, and Moira in her wild delight forgot her prudence and gave a scream of joy.

"Whist!" said Tighe, putting his hand over her mouth, and quickly shutting the door, "you'll bring the country on us."

The scream had brought the little party from the parlor, Father Meagher first, Nora, white and trembling, in the rear.

"My own boy! home again. Thank God!"

The escaped convict was folded in the priest's arms close to the heart that beat with all a father's love for the young fellow so full of generous impulses and noble daring; he could feel the tears of the tender-hearted clergyman as for an instant their faces touched, and his own eyes misty with joy when he turned to embrace his sister.

Nora still modestly lingered in the rear; indeed, her trembling limbs would scarcely bear her forward; but Carroll, impatient to greet her, released himself from Clara and advanced to her with outstretched arms; in that long, warm clasp of hands, in that gaze of each into the other's eyes, though no word was said, their souls spoke, and Nora's full heart could have sobbed itself out in very joy, while Carroll would have braved again all his past hardships for such a moment of happiness.

There was a sudden exclamation of terror from Moira, and she pointed excitedly to the window. She had been standing close beside it, listening with a pretty archness to Tighe's tender speeches, and she averred that she saw a form flit by it; she could not say whether man or woman, but she was sure that the shadow of some one had crossed the panes. No one else had perceived it, but no one else of the party had been looking in that direction. Alarm became immediately visible on every face, and Nora struck closer to Carroll's side, as if she would strive to protect him, while Tighe seized his hat, which he had thrown on the floor on his entrance, and thrust it upon his head.

"Lave it to me, father," he said, turning to the priest, "to learn if there's a spy about; an' do you all go up-stairs, an' be quiet till I come back. Mebbe it's only a notion of Moira's, after all."

"It is not," protested Moira, "I saw it, and—"

But Tighe had gone out into the dark, windy night. The priest led the way to the parlor, and seated between his sister and his betrothed, Carroll O'Donoghue told in a subdued voice the story of his escape, and how the latter was due to the faithful affection of Tighe a Vohr. But every whistle of the wind made the girls start and shudder, and even Father Meagher, touched and interested as he was, and anxious to conceal his own alarm, cast hurried, uneasy glances toward the door.

Tighe came back to reassure them: "Not a h'aporth was to be seen of any one. It must be Moira's own notion."

Pretty Moira would have pouted at another time to be deemed so fanciful, but Tighe's assurance had made her too happy now to assume any of her wilful airs.

"I have not had time even to welcome you, Tighe," said Father Meagher, advancing to Tighe a Vohr and extending his hand. It was caught and shaken vigorously, then dropped, and Tighe stood twirling his hat and looking down in awkward bashfulness.

"Look up!" said the priest, "and let me thank you for all you have done for our poor lad."

"Don't, yer rivivence—I couldn't stand it—it'd unman me intirely to have you thankin' me. I didn't do anything but what me heart told me to do; but I'll make bould to ax one thing," looking up with a shy glance.

"Ask anything, Tighe."

"If you'll say, in the presence of me mother here, that you have hopes of me yet. She thinks you have none, because of my wild doin's, an' mebbe if you told her she was wrong, it'd be a consolation to her when I'd get into the next skrimmage."

"You are the same Tighe a Vohr," said the priest, with a low laugh which he could not restrain; "but I can give your poor mother the assurance you wish—you'll be a steady fellow one of these days, when you see the folly of putting your heart into such vain things as fairs, an' fights and races."

"Faith, father, I'll never lose the love for them things till my heart is held somewhere else," and he looked slyly and archly at Moira, who tried to frown him into silence. The priest affected not to understand him, and Moira slipped into the kitchen, where Tighe speedily followed her.

"To go off without a word," she pouted; "and I'll engage too, that you never thought of me all the while you were away."

"Not think of you!" protested Tighe; "do you see that?" pointing to the knot of discolored ribbon on his faded and worn hat: "do you mind the time when I tuk that from your hair where it lay like a—like a—"

At a loss for a simile, he scratched his head and looked about him—"like a poppy in the midst of a cornfield. Do you mind how you fastened it where it is now? well, I never moved it, an' I never will till you give me another an' a better keepsake."

"It's easy enough to say all that, Tighe, but if you meant it, you would have left me in such dreadful suspense. How did I know but those horrid soldiers had caught you, and transported you too?"

"No, my darlin'. I transported myself for the mather's sake; an' now don't be torturin' that purty face of yours into any more crass looks—they're not becomin' at all. Sure I'm here now, ready to ax your pardon on my knees an' say that I'll never lave you again without tellin' you all about it afore I can spake a word to you."

A loud peremptory knock sounded at the front door. The little party in the parlor and the two in the kitchen started in terror. Tighe rushed to the door, and listening a moment hurried to the parlor.

Hide the mather! it is the soldiers. Quick, quick!" Moira's wits were awake and keen.

"This way."

She pulled Carroll with her in the direction of the kitchen.

Nora and Clara, terror-stricken, stood dumb and motionless. Father Meagher waved them back to their seats, and the knocking being renewed with greater force he ordered Tighe to open. Carroll had disappeared with Moira, and Tighe, satisfying himself by a hasty glance that there was nothing to awaken suspicion in the postures of the occupants of the room, went to the door with a heavy step.

"Open, or we'll break the infernal thing in!" shouted a gruff voice, and the menace was accompanied by a shower of blows that threatened to demolish the door itself.

"Aisy," answered Tighe, as he proceeded with provoking leisure to make several feints of opening to the soldiers. "It's a quarter time of night you come breaking into the clergy's home," he continued, "like a set of servanteens as ye are that niver knew what it was to be about dacin' business. If I was the mather here, I'd give you the right about with a blassin' that mightn't mane good luck to you."

"Carroll!" thundered the gruff voice which had spoken before, and a tremendous rap that made the door shiver and Tighe himself start back in some affright, accompanied the words.

"Will you open the door, or must I do it myself?" ordered the priest in severe tones.

"Sure, father, I'm doin' my best; but there's a ketch in the bolt—bad case to you," as the blows began to shower again, "but ye're the unmanageable lot, there!"

He flung the door open so suddenly and widely that two of the foremost of the soldiers who were close against it fell headlong into the little entry.

"It's down ye ought to be," said Tighe, contemptuously surveying his fallen foes, as they hastily and with visible mortification in their faces struggled to their feet. The priest stood on the threshold of the little parlor.

"To what, gentlemen, am I indebted for such an unseemly visit?"

The noble poise of his dignified, venerable form, the calm, firm tones of his voice, and the kind, gentle expression of his face, brought into full view by the rays of the entry lamp, pendant above him, somewhat abashed the fierce and impetuous soldiers now crowding into the little passage-way. They drew back, and seemed glad to make deferential way for one who approached from their rear.

Bowing low to the priest, and with a glance that savored more of court than camp, he said:

"I regret, reverend sir, to be obliged to make so unseemly and untimely a visit, but duty compels. From direct information received

not two hours ago, we believe an escaped Fenian convict to be secreted in your house. We have come to search for him."

Father Meagher retreated a few steps into the parlor; the officer followed, motioning the soldiers back, and in a moment he stood in the presence of Nora McCarthy and Clara O'Donoghue.

"Captain Dennier!" burst from both the girls, and the officer, though much and somewhat painfully surprised, responded to the recognition with his usual inimitable grace.

"I shall not intrude farther," he said to the priest, "if you will say that the person of whom we are in search is not in the house."

Had he looked, the pallid face and quivering lip of Nora, and the changing color and hurried breathing of Clara would have given him the information he did not desire to receive, but he kept his eyes averted as if he feared to betray his own painful embarrassment.

Father Meagher evaded the momentous question.

"You see here," he said, two young friends who, having been evicted from their own home, have consented to accept the shelter of my humble roof, and if you think that it also covers the person for whom you are looking, you are at liberty to search; I give you free access to every part of this little dwelling."

Moira, he called to his niece with the hope that he might wit would enable her to direct the search without exposing the place in which she might have hidden Carroll. But instead of Moira's answer, there was a shout from the soldiers who were left on guard without the house, and in another moment the recaptured Carroll was led into the parlor.

Finding no place of effectual concealment in the kitchen to which Moira led him, and fearing to compromise the priest, should he be found in the house of the latter, he determined to risk the chance of an escape by the back entrance; for a few yards he was safe, owing to the darkness, but a keener scout than any of the redcoats would have proved to be scented his trail; the alarm was given, and the soldiers on guard quickly seized their prey.

Captain Dennier started back in strange dismay. At the sight of the prisoner a singular expression came into his face. One by one he was linking all the occurrences of that eventful day together, and he was learning for the first time that the Australian convict brother of Clara O'Donoghue, the manly, genial stranger whom he had met on the rocks, and the escaped convict for whose recapture he had been specially detailed to Carrievreen were one and the same persons.

Interested, more than interested as he was in the wife, spirited Clara, away by impulses more favorable to the Irish cause than to British supremacy, he shrunk in bitterness of soul from the duty which was now his. He shrunk, and yet in the same moment he loathed himself for this seeming weakness. To restore himself in his own estimation he assumed a sternness of mien utterly foreign to his present feeling, and turning to the foremost of his men, he motioned him forward.

"Bind the prisoner."

The order was given in cold, even tones that betrayed not by the faltering of a syllable, nor the motion of a muscle, what it had cost to utter the words.

Carroll O'Donoghue stood erect, and extended his hands for the manacles. The priest turned aside, his head bowed, and to his breast, and the trembling of his form telling how deeply he was agitated. Clara, violently excited and inignant, could control herself no longer. She sprang to her brother's side; she caught his manacled hands in her own, and with her eyes full of passionate tears that threatened each moment to become a sob, she said to Captain Dennier:

"He is my brother; he is the sole protector of two poor orphan girls, and yet you command his arrest; this, then, is the sequel of your intrusion into our home a few hours since, the intrusion you so deeply regretted,"—spoken with an accent of intense scorn—"the intrusion for which you made so humble an apology; and you prayed to have no enmity between us as individuals;" her voice quivered with sarcasm "you deplored the suffering entailed upon our poor victims of your country's oppression. This act, shows how deeply you deplore it."

"Hush," interposed Carroll, "you are talking wildly; this officer is but doing his duty."

A slight flush colored the captain's cheeks, but it was the only sign of how sharply her words had cut him.

"Remove the prisoner," he ordered, in the same tones he previously used, and withdrawing a little as if he somewhat feared the effect of his command.

The soldiers started forward to obey the order; one of them, annoyed at the delay which had already ensued, seized the young man roughly. Clara wound her arms about him, and Nora at his side could only look the appeal she had not the strength to make.

"A moment—give me a moment to convince this poor girl that I must go," said Carroll, as he strove to detach himself from his sister's embrace.

"You are making matters worse for me," he whispered to Clara; "let me go."

She obeyed him, and threw herself sobbing into Nora McCarthy's arms.

Carroll knelt at the feet of the clergyman. "Bless me, father."

The priest's voice shook with emotion. "God bless you, my brave boy! may He ever bless you, and give you strength to do the right."

The soldiers closed about him from the threshold he raised his manacled hands in a sad farewell, his eyes resting last and longest on his weeping betrothed.

Captain Dennier also turned to say farewell. Accuse me of being stern and cruel, if you will," he said, looking at Clara; "but I could not be false to my principles, to my honor; I regret exceedingly the painful part I have been obliged to perform, and I beg you in calmer moments to think more kindly of me."

They departed. Tighe a Vohr following in their wake.

TO BE CONTINUED

A MOTHER'S PRAYER

"Danny, Danny boy, what's the matter? You're not yourself at all these last few days, and aren't you going over to Kitty's party this evening? You haven't been there for many a day."

The mother addressed this speech to her son, who was sitting by the fireplace with a gloomy, abstracted look on his face. Danny O'Connor was a handsome lad, indeed, and as he lifted his face to his mother's, and brushed back his crisp brown curls, he said: "No, mother, I'm not going out this night, but don't worry dear, there's nothing whatever the matter with me," and he smiled into her face. But his mother was not so satisfied. She was a frail little woman, but her face, though sad, was made still sweeter by that and the look of tender solicitude she gave her son.

Danny was all in the world to her. When her husband had died she had devoted herself to Danny and he in return loved her with all his heart. She had one great sorrow, and that was her Danny was an infidel. She had prayed and prayed that he might change, but so far God had not seen fit to answer her prayer. To return to our subject, had Kitty and Dan quarrelled? Mrs. O'Connor knew there was no use to ask him, so she said, "Dan, there's a mission at St. Theresa's, and I am going; won't you come along for mother's sake? The boy took his mother's little hand in his and said, "I would not enjoy it, you know; it is all idolatry," he exclaimed passionately, but noticing the look of pain on her face he said, "But come, let us talk about it. Of course I will take you to church, but I cannot, will not, go in."

The mother sighed. This was not the time she had pleaded with her wayward son; but always he said "No."

Dan took his mother to the Cathedral, as he had promised, but leaving her there he returned home and again sat down by the fireplace. In his mind there arose the picture of a girl with laughing eyes and mouth, and a tenderness and sweetness in her face. Dan threw his head back impatiently. No—he must forget her. She had refused him because he was not a Catholic. He could see her now as she turned her face away and said, "No, Danny, I can't; you are not even a Christian, and I will marry no one but a Catholic." "Well," he muttered impatiently as this scene passed through his mind, "I am not a Catholic, or a Christian and never will be."

That night when his mother came home, she stopped in his room. He was sleeping lightly, but the gloomy look that was on his face earlier in the evening had been wiped away by the soothing hand of sleep and he looked so innocent and wonderful to his fond mother's eyes. Failing to her knees beside him, she cried aloud, "Oh, God, how can I stand before you when I die and say that my only child, my hand-some, brave boy, is an infidel. I admit it was my fault, but you forgive the God Thief. You, Who always harken to a widow's prayer, hear mine and grant that my Danny boy may come to know the Divine truth."

Dan stirred restlessly in his sleep and muttered, "No, I am not a Catholic, or even a Christian, and I never will be." With a low moan his mother rose and went to her room. Sleep did not come to her that night. Suddenly she remembered a bit of conversation she had heard concerning the missionary.

"They say he has never been refused a thing he has asked of God," said one man.

"Yes," answered another, "I have heard that his conversions were really miraculous." That was all she had heard, but that was enough.

The next morning Mrs. O'Connor started for the priest's residence, but stopped on the way to see Kitty Blair. From her she obtained the whole story of Danny's gloom the night before. "I didn't want to do it," said Kitty, "but it was. 'As a right thing, wasn't it?'"

"Yes, dear; it's the only thing."

Arriving at the priest's home, Mrs. O'Connor asked for a private interview with the missionary. After a short time the missionary came in. He was tall and thin from fasting, but his face beamed with kindness and love. To him Mrs. O'Connor told her story. "I married Dan O'Connor against my father's will, for Dan was a Catho-

lic, and father hated Catholics. Therefore I was disowned. Dan didn't have much to start on, so we went out west to make our way. It was just for Dan that I became a Catholic and I guess I didn't know any too much about our holy religion, so when baby Dan came, neither of us did our duty towards raising him as a Catholic boy should be raised. The nearest priest was some seventy miles away, so we put off having him baptized. When Danny boy was seventeen-years-old, my father died and I, his only heir, received the money, for father was very rich. Then we three came to town. Danny was not one of your weak little seventeen year old lads; he was a strong man and, as I soon found out, with a will of his own. He became an infidel and an unbeliever. My husband died, and he is all I have left and I realize now my great mistake. The mother's voice broke and the priest asked: "And what do you want me to do?"

"Oh, Father, pray that my son may receive the grace to become a Catholic. He loves a young girl and she has refused him, not because she did not love him, but because of his unbelief."

The priest then promised to pray for her son, and Mrs. O'Connor went home with a lighter heart than usual.

That night Danny again took his mother to the mission and promised to return for her.

"Won't you come in, too?" asked his mother.

"No, mother, please don't urge me." Danny returned for her earlier than usual, to find the services still going on. It was cold outside and a little voice inside him whispered, "Go in."

At last he yielded and entered the church. His mother saw him and her face lit up with joy, and she prayed for the more. The missionary a burning words uttered from the altar fell on Danny's heart and soon he was listening with all his attention. The priest spoke with burning eloquence that night and his sermon was wonderful. Then came Benediction and as Dan lifted his eyes to the little white particle reposing in the gleaming monstrance, grace filled his soul and—he believed.—True Voice.

THE PATRON OF WRITERS

His Holiness, Pope Pius XI., has graciously deigned to provide a celestial Patron for Catholic writers in the gentle and affable Bishop of Geneva, St. Francis de Sales.

In a luminous Encyclical published a week ago, the Holy Father outlined in elegant terms the salient characteristics of this great Bishop whose doctrine has done so much toward spreading true peace among souls.

While arguing with the unbelievers of his day, St. Francis revealed a marvellous erudition and grasp of the logical principles. Conceiving by the depth of his thought, his methods were of such winning sweetness that he captured the hardest hearts. His famous axiom that one drop of honey can catch a fly more quickly than a barrel of vinegar he practiced on every occasion when coming in contact with the timid, turbulent, aggressive or scornful of soul.

The Holy Father calls the attention of the world to two striking books written by the Saint amid the arduous cares and perplexities of his high office as shepherd of souls. One is "The Introduction to a Devout Life" and the other the "Treatise on the Love of God."

His Holiness recommends that the first of these books be read by all Christians, as it is "the most perfect book of its kind" and proves abundantly that sanctity is reconcilable with every condition of life.

At this distant day, the quaint charm of the "Introduction" rebukes the proud and disdainful spirit of the world. . . . "You aspire to devotion, my dearest Philothea," says the Saint in opening his thesis, "because, being a Christian, you know it to be a virtue extremely pleasing to the Divine Majesty." And in his own inimitable fashion he proceeds to demonstrate the real nature of true devotion and shows how to distinguish it from that which is only apparent or false.

To Philothea, the "Soul Loving God," the Holy Bishop addresses his gentle plaints, pleading for the rights of the meek and humble Saviour over the souls redeemed by Him at such a cost. Written for a lady living in the world, the lessons of this admirable book, faithfully observed, in their charming simplicity, must lead to a high state of sanctity and a most consoling union with God.

In his day, St. Francis urged all Christians to frequently nourish their souls with the Divine Food of the Holy Eucharist, drawing beautiful allegories from the natural scenery of his native land to illustrate his theme. "As hares in our mountains grow white in winter because they feed only on snow, so will you, my dearest Philothea nourished with the Sacred Mysteries, become stainless and fair."

In the "Treatise on the Love of God" the Saint deals with the most abstract problems of theology in a delightful fashion so as to be readily understood without conscious effort by all. By a wonder-

Protect Your Wife and Children

By suitable provisions in your Will, safeguarding the principal sum of your estate.

We will be glad to confer or to correspond with you in regard to your Will free of charge.

The Capital Trust Corporation

10 METCALFE ST.
OTTAWA174 BAY STREET
TORONTO

Correspondence Invited



Profits Paid 1/2 The Premiums

Read This Letter:

"Your cheque for \$201.16 to hand for dividends on my policy, I am, indeed, well pleased with the result. I have paid in \$400.00 in the twenty years, and, in addition to the protection, have received back \$201.16. You have given me a paid-up policy and a right to a share of further dividends every five years. I shall recommend the company to anyone wishing to insure."

Yours truly,
"Morningside, Alberta."

The MUTUAL LIFE of Canada
WATERLOO, ONTARIO

THE HORRORS OF INDIGESTION

Relieved by "Fruit-a-lives" the Fruit Medicine

Indigestion, Weak Digestion or partial digestion of food, is one of the most serious of present-day complaints—because it is responsible for many serious troubles.

Those who suffer with Indigestion, almost invariably are troubled with Rheumatism, Palpitation of the Heart, Sleeplessness and excessive Nervousness. "Fruit-a-lives" will always relieve Indigestion because these tablets strengthen the stomach muscles, increase the flow of the digestive juices and correct Constipation, which usually accompanies Indigestion.

50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

A GREAT BOON

There are many mothers, nervous and rundown in vitality, to whom

Scott's Emulsion would be a great boon. It's the very genius of Scott's Emulsion to build strength.

Do not suffer another day with itching, bleeding, or protruding Piles. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and afford lasting benefit. See a box of all dealers, or Edmundson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this paper and enclose 5c. stamp for postage.

Newfoundland Representative: Gerald S. Doyle, St. John's.

STAINED GLASS MEMORIAL WINDOWS

We make a specialty of Catholic Church Windows.

B. Leonard 5351 John St. Quebec, Que.

PILE

Do not suffer another day with itching, bleeding, or protruding Piles. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and afford lasting benefit. See a box of all dealers, or Edmundson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this paper and enclose 5c. stamp for postage.

NEWFOUNDLAND REPRESENTATIVE: Gerald S. Doyle, St. John's.

STAINED GLASS MEMORIAL WINDOWS

Do not suffer another day with itching, bleeding, or protruding Piles. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and afford lasting benefit. See a box of all dealers, or Edmundson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this paper and enclose 5c. stamp for postage.

NEWFOUNDLAND REPRESENTATIVE: Gerald S. Doyle, St. John's.

STAINED GLASS MEMORIAL WINDOWS

Do not suffer another day with itching, bleeding, or protruding Piles. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and afford lasting benefit. See a box of all dealers, or Edmundson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this paper and enclose 5c. stamp for postage.

NEWFOUNDLAND REPRESENTATIVE: Gerald S. Doyle, St. John's.

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS

MURPHY, GUNN & MURPHY
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES
Solicitors for The Home Bank of Canada
Solicitors for the Roman Catholic Episcopal Corporation
Suite 22, Bank of Toronto Chambers
LONDON, CANADA Phone 178

FOY, KNOX & MONAHAN

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, etc.
A. E. Knox T. Louis Monahan
E. L. Middleton Cable Address: "Foy"
George Keogh
Telephones (Main 62)
Offices: Continental Life Building
CORNER BAY AND RICHMOND STREETS
TORONTO

DAY, FERGUSON & CO.

BARRISTERS
James E. Day 25 Adelaide St. West
John M. Ferguson
Joseph F. Walsh TORONTO, CANADA

LUNNEY & LANNAN

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES
Harry W. Lunney, K.C., B.A., B.C.L.,
Alphonse Lannan, LL.B.
CALGARY, ALBERTA

JOHN H. McELDERRY

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR
NOTARY PUBLIC
CONVEYANCER
Money to Loan Telephone 1202
HERALD BLDG. ROOM 24
GUELPH, ONT.

Residence Park 1265, Cable Address "Leoden"

"Hillcrest 1507
"Park 4624 W Main 1583

Lee, O'Donoghue & Harkins

Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Etc.
W. T. Lee, B.C.L. J. G. O'Donoghue, K.C.
R. C. O'Donoghue
Office: 241-243 Confederation Life Chambers
S. W. Corner Queen and Victoria Sts.
TORONTO, CANADA

V. T. FOLEY

BARRISTER-AT-LAW
HURON AND ERIE BUILDING
CHATHAM, ONT.

DENTAL

MICHAEL J. MULVIHILL
L. D. S., D. D. S.
25 PEMBROKE STREET W.
PEMBROKE, ONT.
PHONE 175

ARCHITECTS

WATT & BLACKWELL
Members Ontario Association
ARCHITECTS
Sixth Floor, Bank of Toronto Chambers
LONDON ONT.

Members Ontario Association of Architects

Millson, Burgess & Hazelgrove
REGISTERED ARCHITECTS
209 Sparks St.
OTTAWA, ONT.
Specialists in Ecclesiastical and Institutional Construction.

EDUCATIONAL

St. Jerome's College
Founded 1864 KITCHENER, ONT.