

THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND
(LADY GILBERT)

CHAPTER III—CONTINUED

"My poor little girl!" said Father Ulick, with a tear in his eye. "Dig them up again! Dig them up again!" cried Fan stamping her foot. "Oh, you cruel people, how could you hurt them?"

"Hush! they are not hurt," said the priest, drawing her forcibly to him, and putting his hand on the poor, little dishevelled head. "Why do you talk about the ground, little Fan? They are not in the ground. They are gone to live with God in heaven."

The touch of the kind hand seemed to soothe her passion a little, and she sobbed more naturally as they went on with her complaints. "She was on the bed, and they were cold, and they could not look at me because they were looking at God; and God was going to take them up to the skies. But now He will never find them, down, down in the hole, in the dark."

Poor Fan had been already taught her ecstasies, but she did not remember it in this hour of her need. The crowd groaned and swayed, and many tears fell, as the child's words came ringing forth, the sweet, warbling voice changed and sharpened with anguish.

Kevin, beside himself with misery, could listen no longer, he stepped forward and put his hand on the child's round, white shoulder.

"Fan," he said, "listen to me. They are not in the ground. We only came here to see them taken to heaven. You were asleep, and we did not like to wake you; but if you had been here a little sooner you would have seen the angels carry them away. Look!" he continued, pointing with outstretched arm to the horizon. The child followed his finger with wondering, startled eyes. Away across the purple-tinged sea, and over against a rosy distance of cloudland powdered with golden light and looking like the entrance to paradise, could just be seen vanishing into glory the long white trail of a flock of ocean birds.

"See," said Kevin, "you can still spy the wings of the angels. That is the way they flew; and there is the door of heaven just open to let them in!"

Fancha sprang from the priest's knees with a cry of relief, and rapture, and longing; and stretching out her little brown arms and flinging back her head, she gazed on that spot of fading glory in the distance until the last white speck had melted away and the rosy gates had closed and vanished.

"Good-bye, mother; good-bye, father, and baby, and little Patsie!" she cried as the vision disappeared; and then, before any one had time to see what was coming next, the young over-tired brain spun round, and she dropped unconscious on the grass among their feet.

"A bold lie, Kevin; a bold lie!" said Father Ulick, as they raised her up; "but may God forgive me, boy, I cannot blame you." Kevin carried her home and placed her on his mother's bed. The child was very unwell, and lay submissively, content so long as Kevin held her little hand or stroked her hair. And now all the beautiful things that the tall youth believed he had learned from her song came into use, and Kevin poured out his thoughts to amuse her and keep her away from her mind. Softly the dew of his secret fancies fell upon her excited young brain, while the twilight gathered in the small, brown chamber, and the stars came out to look for the first time on the grave that held Maury and Schemus.

As the darkness crept on, there arose murmurs in the kitchen. "The poorhouse, indeed. But it's fine to hear you talkin' about such a place."

"Faix, an', Sibbie, I never thought you would be the woman to ask to bring disgrace on your mountain."

"Smaller houses ain't grand enough for you, I suppose, my good body?"

"It's change of air you're wanting, after all these years that you've been content with what we've here."

Poor old Sibbie's voice, once her pride, was now cracked and broken with keening and sobbing as she answered these kindly taunts.

"You're good friends all, an' the best of good neighbors; and the Lord sees I'd be thankful to lie in anybody's corner. I would not like to think that little Fan had a grandaunt in the poorhouse. I can make the mats and earn my bit, though I cannot keep a roof over my head. A wisp of straw in the corner'll be enough for me, whiles in one house and whiles in another. And may you all have the blessing of Him that hadn't a roof to cover Himself, an' has taken kith an' kin an' home away from me!"

Late that night Kevin left his father's house, and taking the path down the cliffs to the shore followed it in his own slow, dreamy way, stopping now and again to gaze on the midnight scene, to throw back his head in his own peculiar fashion, "listening," as the people said, for something that was not to be heard. What, indeed, could he expect to hear in such a spot and at such an hour? Even the gulls and curlews were mute, lulled to

silence by the intense calm and majesty of the autumn night.

The red harvest moon had risen, large and mysterious, through its own lurid haze, and just rested on the sea like some wondrous argosy, freighted with light and fire.

Higher up in the sky greenish tints still lingered, and the pale stars lay scattered like primroses over cool fields at dawn. Reaching the lower rocks, Kevin unmoored a boat, and springing into it, was soon drifting out to sea, with his ears idly in his hands and his face set towards the growing light.

As she rose, slow and splendid, casting off her lurid veils, beauty and majesty reigned in the tranquil heavens. The stars lost their wan, flower-like looks, and quickened into eager life; the hush deepened. One part of the sea along the coast-line was in shadow—shadow so deep yet so transparent that the grey birds could be seen within it, riding on the swell of the tide. All the mid-ocean, with its islands lying between shadows of the earth and of the distance, was steeped in that unutterable radiance which saturates the soul of the beholder with faith in a superhuman bliss as yet untasted which is waiting for him behind the shades which we call death.

In the wide ocean a hundred isles were gleaming, near and far. Kevin knew them well, could tell their names, had been to visit many of them, had friends living on some that were habitable, and had explored the caves of those that were desolate. Yet now they lay before him like nothing having connection with this earth. They were like

"The islands of the blessed; The land of the hereafter."

Rousing himself from a long dream, he pulled his oars, and soon came alongside the rocks of a small, barren islet about a mile from shore. As he sprang from his boat on the rock a flock of gulls rose and flew screaming over the sea. Kevin stood and watched how the sudden flutter of their wings winnowed the light into sparks of white fire as the flock steered towards another island, melting into a silver trail in the air, then vanishing into shadow and silence. His heart beat faster as he peered after them; and, turning, he faced the light, "listening" again.

After another long reverie, he began to ascend the rocky hills of the island. Now and again a rabbit started out of his path, or a plover flitted off with its plaintive cry. Long ago a saint had lived and died on the island, and had tamed the rabbits and birds; but now they had fallen back into their natural state, and no trace remained of the gentle dweller in this solitude, except a whisper in the air, impalpable as those other sounds for which Kevin listened, telling that the place was holy ground.

What did the youth seek for as he pursued his way over the pastured island, crushing how the sweet-scented furze under his feet, and inhaling deeply as its fragrant odour arose mingled with the briny dew and penetrated his senses with delight? For whom did he look as he paused and gazed around? Whose was the voice he yearned to hear as he strained his ear, holding his breath as though the very beating of his own heart might be enough to drown murmurs so ethereal as those he sought to catch? Did he think to hear the morning star singing together, or to interpret the indescribable sigh with which the ocean, even from the depths of a calm so profound as this, greets the lonely shores of those hundred isles? Kevin did not know; but he knew that he ever listened, looked, yearned after something which was not to be heard, seen, or touched; and it was in moments when the longing for this unknown most overmastered him, that he would hurry away, as now, to spend night alone with his pliant, face to face with God and Nature, and in fulfilment of his desire, which was as a spirit that eluded his senses and yet followed, led, and surrounded all his footsteps.

To-night he was unusually excited, "out of himself," as the people would say, under the spell of events that had lately passed. He had been face to face with death in its double mystery; its blighting horror on one side, its majesty and pathetic tenderness on the other. He had seemed to take death in his arms and hold it to his heart, and his veins still tingled with the reaction from the chill of the grave back to the heat of life. The dew of Maury's hope and resignation still glistened on his soul where it had seemed to fall from hers. The wonder and awe that he had felt at seeing her lie there satisfied to part with Fancha still hung upon him and would not turn away and sleep as poor Maury had been fain to do. Awe, wonder, and a strange joy were disturbing the very depths of Kevin's being. Had not Maury left him Fan? Had she not put her in his arms, choosing him as her protector from out of a crowd of friends. Fancha was to be his forever. He would cherish her, work for her, shield her from every hurt in life.

At last he reached the seaward side of the island where nothing was visible but the Atlantic in its transcendent calm, and the ocean-line meeting the sky and glistening under the moon. Here rose tall black cliffs carved by the waves into strange fantastic shapes; on one side a castle with battlements

seemed to invade and defy the sea, a little further off a ragged figure, with gigantic human outlines, lifted an arm with mysterious sign to heaven; other strange forms crouched around in its shadows, which gave them an indistinctness that added to the supernatural effect.

Kevin, wearied by this time, threw himself on the heather and fixed his eyes upon the horizon. To his mind's eye the shores of other land lying beyond rose and took shape and became peopled with heroic human creatures. Across that glistening line he saw the Vikings appear in their galleys; for did not these islands lie right in their ocean path? Did not the wild gannet, straight from the northern countries, still perch among the rocks at his feet? He saw the gleaming ships of Heber and Amargin suddenly wrapped in the gloom of the storm as the wrath of the mysterious Touths overwhelmed them. The passionate and wayward Ferragane appeared to him leaning over the bulwarks of his pirate vessel and weeping for love and hate. These dreams soothed the excitement of Kevin's brain and diverted his thoughts, and after a time his eyes began to trace new forms in the rocks around him; the jagged points became roofs and chimneys of a silent city, strange animals began to creep up out of the gorges, and the titans of old mustered below, and climbing the cliffs, fled away over the heather. Kevin's eyes grew heavy following their movements, his eyelids drooped, and at last Nature folded him away also into the profound sleep in which lay earth and sea.

As he slept a change crept over the world; the moon hid herself, the rocks were released from the spells that the darkness had cast over them, light and shadow both disappeared, and a dimness in which everything was alike visible overspread land and water. A grey look of fear was in the open eyes of the world, while a breeze came fluttering over the sea, stirring the waves, and casting drifts of pearls into the bosom of the caves.

And then another change took place. There was a faint rosy flush in the east, and a flutter as of unexpected joy; a smile crept upon the heavens, and a thrill passed through the air, sea, and earth; life began to throb again in the veins; crimson and golden lights flashed across the heavens, and rapture took possession of the universe as all creation became assured that another day was come, that another sun was about to rise. There was to be yet time for the completion of all good that hovered on the brink of repent, for the deed of charity to be done, for the healing word to be spoken; another day wherein the laborer might work, the tree grow, and the flower bloom; fresh hopes for love to endure, for genius to expand, for the poet to pour forth his song to the world.

In the midst of all this triumph of Nature Kevin awoke from his refreshing sleep. Springing up and leaning upon his elbow, he gazed upon the glory which encircled him, and the spirit within him leaped out of its quietude and cast itself upon the radiance of the hour. Sadness, pain, fear, were all flung into the past behind the veil of the departed night. Hope, strength, beauty and bliss, came hurrying upon his heart, and he buried his face in the heather and sobbed aloud.

After the sudden storm of feeling was over, he still lingered in the heather, drinking in with worshipful eyes the myriad wonders of the sunrise; while Nature rewarded him for his long vigil by revealing to him something of the meaning of her rapture in the dawn. He got an inkling of this secret, and felt that the new day was indeed given in order that man might attempt and attain something as yet beyond his reach. Kevin did not know that he could attempt or attain anything more than the turning of the sod with his spade and the scattering of the seed in the furrow; except, indeed, it were the winning of the enduring love of little Fancha, and the cherishing of that mystical light which her voice had power to summon upon his soul. But his will was ready, and his spirit asked in all simplicity to do whatever humble task might lie within the power of his sun-burnt hand. Meantime, it was sweet and mighty to be a part of creation, and he felt, without knowing, that,

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

Kevin's father was not surprised when he saw him coming up the cliffs that morning to join him at work in the fields. He was accustomed to his ways.

"I spent the night on the island," said Kevin, smiling; "and I have just had a dip in the sea."

"Oh, indeed, you are a queer sort," said Connor Mor, half amused and half disconcerted. "But I must say you never slip your work."

CHAPTER IV

SEEING THE WORLD

"Follow, follow, follow me!" warbled little Fan, tripping out of the mountain school-house, with a flock of companions at her heels, who obeyed her call, and copying, as best they could, her bird-like flight through the air, alighted

around her feet on the top of a green bank sprinkled with daisies. There were Nell, Maury, and Bride, and Kat, and little Judy, and they had all got a half-holiday. The old hawthorn bushes on the hills and hollows were white with bloom, and golden clouds lay low along the amethyst sea.

"Smell!" cried Fan, tossing her little nose into the fragrant air, and sniffing. "Isn't the world delicious?"

"It's too big!" grumbled little Judy. "I'll never be able to learn to see it. I wish Kistuffor Kilombus hadn't discovered America, and then there would ha' been fewer places on the map!"

And poor Judy gazed at her little open palm, which had a hot look, suggestive of recent punishment.

"Globes is worse," said Kat, with all the importance of one in a higher class. "Always slipping and slipping, and running round, just as if there wasn't a spot of ground to stand steady on your feet."

Judy cast an upward glance of dismay at the speaker, and then gave her unaltered palm a little soft lick, as a kitten caresses the saucer where milk has been.

"Do you believe in maps and globes?" asked Nell, boldly, "for I don't. I know how much land there is and how much sea; and land there's too much to be put on them bits of paper, or on big balls. Why, they couldn't put half the mountain down on them, let alone Dooneen town; so what's the use of pretendin', and drawing out little squares an' corners like fields, an' callin' them names? I never seen anything but Killeevy mountain, and Dooneen town, an' the sea."

"How do you know there's Dooneen town?" asked Judy, eagerly. "I never seen anything but Killeevy."

"Of course, there's the town," said Nell contemptuously, "or else where do you think the pigs would come from?"

"Or shoes, or spades?" added Judy, reflectively.

"An' don't you think there's a road out o' Dooneen town to some other place?" said Maury.

"I never seen it," said Nell, obstinately.

"You never saw a ghost," said Maury, "and yet you're always the one to whisper about ghosts and bogies."

"Oh!" said Nell, looking round her with a start, "but they have the air to live in, and the clouds—and it's a very different thing from believing in maps."

"Fan will tell us about it," said Bride, laughing. "Wake up, Fan, wake up, and let us see if there's any more world besides Killeevy."

"Of course there's heaven," put in Nell, foreseeing that she could be beaten.

Fan was lying in the grass, absorbed in making a daisy chain. She flung it round her neck, and then she looked up in the midst of her friends. She was ten years old now, tall for her age, and slight and straight; her dark, silky hair sweeping backward, and hanging in waves rather than curls about her neck; her eyes soft, shadowy, and luminous, changing their expression every moment, and the rich color going and coming in her peach-like cheeks. The broad, innocent forehead, the slight, dark, mobile curves of the brows, and even the slender nose and rounded chin, all once, or in turn, emphasized the meanings that crossed her young face.

She was accustomed to be thus appealed to by her companions, among whom she was a sort of queen by royal right of her joyous temper, her melodious ways, and a certain inborn refinement of nature which even the rudest recognized. As she stood there in her small white sleeveless bodice, and crimson skirt reaching scarcely below her bare, brown knees, all eyes were turned up to the little brilliant face which was expected to throw light upon their difficulties.

"Of course there is more world," cried Fan; "if not, where do you think all the fairy-tale people could ever have lived: all the kings and queens and the beautiful young princesses? Where would their palaces and castles be, and the city gates, and the market-place where the ox was roasted whole, and the big wood where the witches lived, and a great many more places that I can't remember." The other children all looked triumphantly at Nell as Fan thus settled the matter. "Besides," added this enlightened of her species, "I know there is a great, great deal of beautiful world that we never ever heard about. I can't help knowing, because Kevin told me."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Nell, having now got her advantage. "Kevin, indeed! Kevin that everybody knows is the stupidest fellow on the mountain."

"Isn't true," said Fan, flatly. "He's wiser than everybody in the world—except Father Ulick."

"Nobody thinks it but yourself," said Nell; "not even his own mother."

"I don't care who thinks it," cried Fan, stamping her foot. "I know it!"

He never learned his books at school," persisted Nell, "and he never goes to dances, nor jokes with girls and boys. The old people's always talkin' about it."

"Let them talk!" said Fan; "he has beautiful things inside his own head that were never put into books. Books, and dances, and

jokes, indeed! What does he want with such rubbish?"

"Oh, Fan!" cried Maury, "you that is so fond of your book!"

"And if I am," said Fan, hotly, "it does very well for me that has nothing better to think about. I'm fond of dancing, too," she said cutting a little caper.

"And of jokes, I'm thinkin'," said Nell, "when you say that big aupid is wise."

"Nell, stop, or I'll—hit you," cried Fan, flushing all over with anger, and striking out her slim arm, and doubling up her little fist.

"Can't you whist, Nell, with your teasin'?" said Kat, "when you know how fond she is of him."

Fan subsided among the daisies, and presently began warbling to herself disjointed words set to her own music; and the sun began to glow more warmly, and seemed to concentrate all its brilliance on two glittering crags of the mountain which stood out against the sky, looking like the jewelled gates of some indescribable paradise.

"Look there," said Fan, starting up. "I see a path into the beautiful world that I told you about. Who will come with me and see the world?"

"That's nothing but rocks with the sun on them," said matter-of-fact Nell.

"And clouds beyant," said little Judy.

"How do you know what it is?" said Fan. "You're not there. I think if we were once up there, we could see the world. We could look down into fairy-tale country; we'd see the well of the world's end and Jack and the Beanstalk's ladder, and the magic woods that people can't get out of, and the Giant's Castle, and the White Cat's palace."

"Oh, do come!" cried little Judy. "But Fan was off already with her 'Follow, follow, follow, follow me!' and her companions flocked after her as usual over hedges and ditches. On they went swift as deer towards the glittering gate with the golden path leading through to the world."

They scrambled up and down hill, and scamped across hollows; more than once they waded through marshy places where the water took them above the knees, and then the screams of delight made the rocks ring. They got away very far from home; but what did that matter on a half holiday? Wonderful spoils were made on the way: brilliant bog flowers and gr. sses, tiny heath-roses and forget-me-nots, fragments of glittering spar.

"I've caught a splendid butterfly," shouted Judy.

"And I've got such a lovely water-lily!" screamed Maury.

At last, after many swift races and adventures, they climbed the young explorers in search of an unknown world reached the rocks that had looked like jewelled gates, and were disappointed to find them nothing but ordinary crags.

"Never mind," said Fan; "we are going to see something we never saw before. This the furthest part we can see from home. Now let us march on, and see what is on the other side of our gates."

They found that the rocks shelved away, being, in fact, the ridge of a mountain which they had ascended by easy stages, but which was steep on the other side. The children proceeded cautiously, and leaning over from a green platform where they were safe enough, they saw a sloping shoulder of earth and stones beneath, glittering all over in the sunshine, as if the slaves of Aladdin had split their dishes of precious stones on the spot, and had left them there to sparkle in the sun.

"O! it is a diamond mountain!" said little Judy, clapping her hands. "It is the very same place where Sindbad lived with the diamonds!"

"That was a valley," said Fan; "but the valley may be down below. I suppose it is up here that the eagles live, the eagles that flew down for the pieces of meat stuck over with diamonds."

"I wish I had an eagle and a piece of meat," said Judy longingly.

"It's no use wishing," said Maury. "That was only a story."

"Oh, but stories are true," said Fan. "At least a great many are; and it may as well happen to be one as another."

"Call the eagles, and see if they will come," cried Nell.

"That I will!" said Fan. And standing upon a higher ledge she waved her brown arms, and sang an impromptu incantation in which the cry of the golden eagle broke out among soft, cooing notes of coaxing invitation. The little girls looked around expecting to hear the eagles replying and to see the shadow of their great wings; and so intent were they on their spells, and so wrapped in their dream of fairyland that they did not miss the practical little Judy who busied herself, meantime, in finding the safest path by which to make her way to the diamond fields. At first she got along pretty well, planting one foot, and then another carefully, letting herself slip with the loose shingle a short way, and then creeping a bit further towards the glittering goal.

"Easy, Judy!" she said to herself, exultingly. "You can just slither now all the rest of the way."

But the next moment a cry made the rocks echo, and the other children were started out of their play to see Judy down below on the treacherous shingle of the shining slope. Finding herself "slithering" further than she intended,

and suddenly seeing a precipice yawning beneath her, the terrified child clutched wildly at the loose rubbish that gave way at her touch, and sent up shriek after shriek to her companions. Fortunately, before it was too late, a piece of solid stone came in her way, and clinging to it desperately she was able to hold herself motionless, though with the greatest difficulty. But it could not be so for long. Her head was giddy and her limbs were cramped. In a few minutes poor little Judy must or rately relax her hold, and her friends must see her go spinning down the precipice to her death.

"Oh, bring me back, bring me back!" she moaned. "Oh, somebody come and save me."

The other girls stood in a row above, with pale faces. Nell was paralyzed with horror; Kat wrung her hands; Maury said despairingly, "There's nothing on earth we can do."

TO BE CONTINUED

RETURN OF THE WANDERER

By J. P. Rodmond in Rosary Magazine

He stood at the end of the main street and stared at the village with the bewildered air of one awakened from a long sleep. He had strayed from the highway which stretches over the hills to the distant seaport, had followed the winding path between the sandbanks, until he had stumbled into the village of Greenhith.

A quaint old place is Greenhith. The range of hills, about a mile off, forms a pleasing background, and wards off the cold winds. The main street lies close to the river—so close that at high tide the waves wash against the garden-walls of the nearest houses. The street is an odd sight, for one side—the side farther from the water—is about twice the length of the other. Moreover, the houses on the longer side are tall and ancient, whereas those opposite are small cottages of yellow brick, aggressively new in appearance. There is a suggestion of frowning about the old-fashioned houses as though they resent the intrusion of these impudent upstarts, and suspect them of having dumped themselves in front for the express purpose of spoiling that unbroken view of the river which was theirs for at least two centuries.

But the old houses themselves have forfeited their claims to respectability, for they are no longer the dignified residences of worthy sea-captains and retired merchants. In fact, few have escaped the disgrace of being turned into a shop. And a goodly company of shops it is, too! Here is a butcher, there a chemist, further on a grocer and a corn-chandler, then a store which defies description, where one can purchase anything from ship's paint and tar and the multifarious oddments of seafarers, to skippers' and children's clothing and jam. At least three houses have so far fallen from their high estate as to have become darksome taverns, the favored haunts of hefty barge-men.

The wanderer seemed undecided whether to go on through the village or to retrace his steps. His clothes were worn and discolored, his boots broken and caked with mud. He wore no hat, though the afternoon sun of a hot summer poured down heat pitilessly upon a head that was but sparsely covered with wisps of grey hair. His face, swollen and flushed, told of ill health and long years of careless living. It was not a pleasing face to look at, yet there was one feature which could not fail to attract the attention of even the most casual observer: out of that suffering, drink-sodden face shone a pair of blue eyes with something of the questioning wonderment of childhood. He dragged himself along in the middle of the road, halting now and then to gaze at the lazy river or at a shop window. No one heeded him; indeed, there was no one to heed, for the heat of summer had driven every one indoors. The shaggy dog outside the butcher's shop opened his eyes, blinked at the intruder, but decided that he was not worth barking at, and after a luxurious scratch relapsed into somnolence.

Now, just beyond the village a little chapel stands apart. A statue of the Blessed Virgin in a niche over the doorway tells the world that it is a Catholic chapel. In a garden adjoining stands an old house, but this is secluded from the road and the river by a high wall. When the wanderer arrived at this point, he stopped and stared hard at the chapel. Something about it seemed to hold him and to deprive him of any inclination to move on. He sat down on a dusty bank opposite and studied every detail—the belfry, the pointed windows, the statue, the notice boards, the door. He rested thus for nearly an hour, his elbows set upon his knees, his hands supporting his chin; then, as though in response to a sudden impulse, he rose, crossed the road and passed through the door.

The house in the garden is occupied by a small community of four or five Sisters of Mercy. For many years Greenhith could boast of a more prosperous days. Times had changed. With the garden in the big manufacturing town in the neighborhood the charms of Greenhith began to fade. The weather

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