

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE

CHRISTINE FABER
Author of "A Mother's Sacrifice," etc.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

GARTER DELUDED

Tighe a Vohr, with Shaun at his heels, was pursuing his rapid way to Corney O'Toole's abode. Frequently, however, he slackened his pace, as some sudden and pertinent thought gave him the occasion for a pithy remark; and when at length he stood within the little bachelor apartment, it was to cut such capers in his delight—throwing up his hat and executing fancy steps which surpassed Corney's accomplishment as a dancer—as so astonished Mr. O'Toole that he could not find voice to ask an explanation; and Shaun seemed equally surprised and puzzled by his master's strange conduct.

"Wait till I tell you," said Tighe at last, when he had thrown up his heels in a final extraordinary caper, and flung himself into a chair. "It's the naicest piece of work you iver heerd o' in all Corney; it bates iverthing! Oh, but I was the sorry man that you weren't to the fore yestherday in the court!"

"I couldn't go, Tighe," answered Mr. O'Toole ruefully; "I had Mrs. McGilligan's letter to her landlord to write, and I had a proposal of marriage to compose for Shaun Carberry; he wanted to make an offer of himself to Judy McGerrity, and as I knew she'd be coming for me to write an answer of acceptance, I thought I'd do the whole at once. So I have Judy's letter here waiting for her, and it's as fine a piece of composition as iver I wrote, Tighe."

"No doubt o' it, Corney; you know me mother used to say that she took great pleasure in hearin' one o' yer illigit letthers read—there was such diversion in them. But listen, Corney, while I tell you about yestherday—faith, it bates intirely the row they had the other noight, when they found it was mesel' that had escaped from the jail instead o' the young master. You mind all about that, Corney, an' how I could you old Carther loked when they pulled the cloak off me, an' lift me full in his sight?"

"I do, Tighe," and the little man chuckled gleefully at the remembrance. "Begorra, thin," resumed Tighe a Vohr, "if the ould villain loked like one madman that noight, he loked like tin madman yestherday!" and thereupon Tighe gave, in his own graphic and comical way, a full account of the proceedings which had terminated so ludicrously in the court on the previous day, continuing: "When that letther was read, Corney, faith you'd think ould Carther's eyes were jumpin' out o' their sockets wid the surprise an' the rage he was in; an' if you see him tearin' through the crowd to get out,—himself an' Garfield, only Garfield was afore him—up iverbody around them holdin' their sides an' shoutin' wid the laughter, you'd niver forgit it as long as yer name'd be Corney O'Toole. It was vry divartin' to mesel', Corney, an' I laughed wid the rist o' thin till all at once I thought o' the trouble I'd soon be in; an' I'd be here all up wid mesel' an' Garfield now, an' I expected nothin' less than that he'd be waitin' to shoot me. Faix, Corney, I was frightened, an' I begun to think o' puttin' me sowl in order; thin Carther kem to me mind—sure there was no tellin' what that ould rist'd be up to. Mebbe it's go to Captain Dennier he would, to demand satisfaction for the doocymint he gev him—the doocymint that the Widdy Moore's letther tuk the place av!" here Tighe chuckled and Corney, equally relishing the laughable hoax which had been perpetrated in the exchange of papers chuckled also, Tighe resumed: "Mebbe I'm suspected be Carther for havin' a hand in this thing, for there's no knowin' what the ould sandy-haired villain'd think o'; sure I was afeard he'd be after me on account o' the way the escape went the other noight; but how an' iver that was, he niver showed himself in me sight, an' that's bad, Corney, for when ould Carther kapes himself quiet, an' out o' sight loked that, you may be sure that he's plottin' somethin' wid his partner, the other divil below!" and Tighe's finger pointed significantly downward.

"But how about Garfield?" demanded Corney, as deeply interested as was Tighe himself. "Oh, sure, I was forgittin' the bist o' the joke; Garfield's deserted—fled the country intirely, they say, Jack Moore, the widdy's brother, was waitin' for him to shoot him down; an' I gus the poor ould man o' a quartermaster got wind o' that, for they say he only waited long enough to buy a disguise, when he quitted a country where he had such bad luck wid his love-letthers. His name is the sport o' iverbody, an' the divil a bit, Corney, but you'll hear the soldiers an' the officers repatin' portions o' the letther, an' thin twistin' thimself wid the laughter about it. Didn't I hear Captain Dennier himself last noight, when he had a couple o' officers in his room, laughin' as if his heart would break when one o' them was goin' through the whole thing, an' thryin' to remember the exact contents o' the letther? An' the Widdy Moore—oh, Corney, but she'll niver hold her head so high agin; they say she's goin' out o' the

country intirely, wid the shame she's in."

"That's too bad," said Corney; "she was a fine, full woman, with a vry dashing way of her own!" "Yes," assented Tighe; "but it's an ill wind that blows nobody good—sure that letther, now, that was the disgracin' o' her, mebbe it would be the savin' o' thim poor fellows that's on their trial; they say there isn't proof enough agin thim, unless the paper is got that the letther tuk the place av, an' faith they'll be a long toime huntin' till they find that paper!"

Again he chuckled, and Corney, as before, chuckled with him. "But I must be movin'," resumed Tighe, rising, "for the captain'll be wantin' me;" and whistling to Shaun, who, having ensconced himself in a corner of Corney's bed, now at his master's signal thrust his head comically forth between the curtains, as if to be certain of the call before he quite disturbed himself.

Corney also rose, and opening the drawer of a little table, took from its disordered contents a carefully wrapped packet. Proffering it to Tighe, he said with great earnestness: "Mr. Carmody, permit me to intrust to your care a letter that I have written to your mother."

Tighe's face assumed a most ludicrous expression of surprise and perplexity. "A letter to me mother, Corney—what's in it?"

"The expression of my honorable sentiments," Tighe; "the revelation of my honest feelings—feelings that burned in my heart when Timothy Carmody stepped in before me and carried the day by offering himself before I had a chance to compose the proposal of marriage it was my intention to make to her."

"Oh!" ejaculated Tighe, prolonging the monosyllable and giving a ludicrous twist to his face. "Thin you changed yer mind, Corney, about lavin' her affections in the grave o' her husband? Faith, I think—"

"No," interrupted Mr. O'Toole, warmly; "no, Mr. Carmody, I have no intention of disturbing her widowed affections, provided she still desires to leave them in the grave of her lamented husband; but in case she is not averse to withdrawing them, that"—pointing to the packet which Tighe had taken—will tell her where she can deposit her delicate sentiments to the greatest advantage; it will tell her"—Corney swelled and flushed with the tremulous glow of his overwrought feelings—"that there is one heart, sir, that never ceased to beat with the deepest veneration and the most profound regard whenever the name of Mollie Carmody was mentioned."

Tighe turned aside on a pretense of looking for Shaun, but really to conceal the mirth with which he was inwardly convulsed, at the same time saying within himself: "Who iver thought o' me mother turnin' a fellow's brain that way!" When his face had recovered its wonted expressions, he turned back to Corney. "I'm loth to take this, Corney, for there's no tellin' whin I'd be in Dhrommacol agin—I don't loike to ax the captain to be lettin' me away too often,—so you'd better kape it awhile; or sure you could find it the mail."

"I have my private reasons for wishin' it to reach her hand from no one but you. So take it, Tighe, for fear I'd forget to give it to you, and deliver it at your convenience."

"Vry well, Corney, since you're satisfied for me to give it to me convenience, there's no more to be said about the matter." And Tighe pocketed the carefully sealed letter, and with another whistle to Shaun, who, still reluctant to disturb himself from the barracks, and on his way to his master's apartments, he suddenly encountered Morty Carter. The meeting was mutually unexpected and undesired, for both instinctively recoiled, but Tighe was the first to recover his wonted manner. "How do you do, Mr. Carter; you're lookin' foine an' well, as if the world hadn't muck agin you."

Carter looked sharply and suspiciously into the face of the speaker, but he gained nothing by the scrutiny. "The last toime we had the pleasure o' seein' ache other," resumed Tighe, determined to probe till he should elicit some expression of Carter's feelings toward himself, "I didn't have much toime to pay me respects to you; you see, betune bein' mesel', an' after, bein' me own swateheart, I was so bothered that it med me forgit me manners altogether!"

Still Carter did not answer; he only continued to look with fierce suspicion. "But I'll tell you one thing," pursued Tighe, approaching his listener, and speaking with a confidential air: "I kept me word wid you, Mr. Carter—I niver told a mother's sowl about what I promised you thin I'd kape secret; an' mebbe you thought I had a hand the other noight in the matter o' the escape—not a one bit, only that accidint med me in the jail yard at the vry toime whin the rope was thrown over, as I told iverbody."

Carter's face brightened, and his voice assumed a conciliatory tone as he asked: "When did you see Mr. O'Donoghue, Tighe—when did you have an interview with him?" Tighe gazed at him before he answered, feigning intense anxiety

lest there should be spectators, or eavesdroppers in the immediate vicinity; there were none, however, and he drew still closer to Carter and whispered: "Will you kape the saycret if I tell you somethin'—will you shew niver to let it pass yer lips if I give you a bit o' information now?"

Carter was as truly eager as Tighe feigned to be, and in a glow of excitement, he instantly gave the desired pledge.

"Well, thin," said Tighe, with his mouth close to his listener's ear, "I was shpindin' the evenin' wid Ned Sutton, the warden, as I suppose you heerd, an' whin we were both overcome by the whiskey, he said he thought o' somethin' that had come to his knowledge, an' it was that there was an escape an' an arrist that noight; an' whin I happened in the jail yard as I told you, sure who did I see poppin' out forenast me but the young master, an' at the same toime the rope was let over the wall. Thin it flashed on me what Sutton said, an' somethin' I got into me mind that there'd be danger if Mr. O'Donoghue'd attempt to get away. I tried to make him go back; it was no use—he said he'd have to go on wid the venture, if only for the sake o' one who was so good as to help him. Sure I guessed who that one was, for it's a power he always thought about you, Morty, an' it kem into me head to say that it was through you I was there, to bid him back to his cell as there was danger afore, an' that you had got warnin' o' it."

"And did he go then?" asked Carter, trembling with eagerness. "Faith he did, an' I went over the wall in his place."

"Tighe you have done me an inestimable service!" and Carter wrung Tighe a Vohr's hand. "Though you think I have played the part of a traitor in giving information to the authorities, I'm not the villain you believe; I planned an escape for poor Carroll, intendin' to show him and his friends how true I was to him, an' I did receive warnin' of the discovery of my plans; but it was too late to save the dear boy, or to get word to him in any way, and oh, the agony I suffered when I thought it was he they had captured!"

"I believe you, Mr. Carther," said Tighe, with feigned earnestness; "didn't I see it in yer face whin I ketched a glimpse o' you that noight as they pulled the cloak off me? Perhaps—his countenance assumed a vry doubtful expression—" a good dale o' it is lies that the people tell about you; an' mebbe you were drove to the one black act you committed, an' mebbe you'd be thrpe to the master for the future."

Carter eagerly seized the bait which Tighe shrewdly threw out. "I was driven to it," he said; "and Heaven knows that young O'Donoghue has no one more truly devoted to his interests than I am."

"Mebbe you're speakin' the thruth, Mr. Carther," answered Tighe, with an expression in his face, and an accent in his voice, as if he was mentally struggling against some sudden conviction; "how an' iver, I'll believe you, for the prisint—yis, I'll believe you,—his voice growin' firmer, as if his doubt of Carter's sincerity had yielded to fullest trust,—"an' toime'll tell whether I'm correct in me opinion."

"It will, Tighe," answered Carter with joyful animation; "and now tell me if you had any interview with Carroll since the night of his attempted escape."

"Interview, is it? Why, thin, Mr. Carther, where is yer gumption at all? sure they wouldn't let the loike o' me mix nor nigh him."

"He is vry strictly guarded," resumed Carter; "and that's why I'm here today—to ask Captain Dennier to use his influence with the governor of the jail in my favor, so know they are warm friends, Tighe, and if the captain speaks for me, I shall be admitted to Carroll's cell. They are even more strict with the poor fellow since the night of the attempted escape."

"I know it," responded Tighe. "An' now come along if you want to see the captain—he'll be ready to receive you about this toime."

He led the way, Carter following, and having announced the name of the latter to the officer and, in obedience to the orders he received, having ushered Mr. Carter into Captain Dennier's presence, he retired to the adjoining apartment, where he vainly sought to distinguish a word of the interview. Nothing but an occasional sound of voices reached him, and that only when either chance to be pitched above the ordinary key; and every door leading to the room being tightly fastened, he could not make a pretense of putting one ajar. His efforts all failing to accomplish his object, he shook his fist in the direction of the apartment and muttered:

"You ould villain—it's well I know you—to get Captain Dennier to use his influence wid the governor o' the jail! a loikely sthory, whin the captain wouldn't use his influence for thim he thinks more o' than iver he thought o' that ould traitor! An' him to be wantin' influence to get visitin' the young master! Oh, Morty Carther, it's a wonder yer ould carcass doesn't melt wid the hope o' lies that's coverin' it! Didn't Ned Sutton tell me that Carther had the run o' the whole prison? that the government luks upon him as the finest informer in the whole o'

Ireland; an' that he had the countenance o' the higher authorities to do as he loiked wid the guards for the sake o' intrappin' more o' the poor Fenians? It was stroke for me to say what I did about Sutton! it was the first thing that kem into me head, an' I thought if I could make Carther believe that I trusted him agin, mebbe it would benefit the master some way. He speaks as if he didn't see Carroll since the noight o' the attempt to escape—well, if he didn't, the divil a thing kept him but the fear that Carroll found out his threacherly; an' now that he thinks he's safe agin, an' all his doin's saycret, I'll wager me month's pay that he'll be after visitin' the cell widout much delay. An' he didn't suspect me o' havin' anything to do wid the Widdy Moore's letther. I wonder now what are his thoughts about that? Oh, Carther, you're the broth o' a 'b' for informin', but faix, the toime'll be rare whin you won't be circumvented be Tighe a Vohr."

TO BE CONTINUED

A TEST OF TRUST

"I will bestow abundant blessings on their undertakings." So it had come at last! Eagerly Philip Wendover scanned the list of changes and promotions to make sure there was no mistake. No; there it was in plain English: "Philip Wendover to be manager at Easton."

At last the long years of toil had borne their fruit. Good-bye now to the straightened means that had cramped his efforts and galled him at every step.

"Hurrah, Mary!" he shouted, hurrying back into the dingy little parlor where his wife was setting out a frugal breakfast. Wish me joy, my dear. I've got it! Look here. They've named me for Easton. I do believe 'tis your prayers have got it for me." And he flourished the list just received from the postman before his wife's eyes.

Beaming with delight, Mrs. Wendover read the announcement. "You needn't put it all down to my prayers, Philip," she said, tears of happiness glistening in her eyes. "I suppose they helped a little, but 'twas your own steady efforts all these years that you have to thank."

And she looked with honest pride at her husband. There was reason in what Mary Wendover said. Some fifteen years previously Philip Wendover had started life as clerk in the great firm of Hardfest, Steelson & Co. At the very outset of his career he had the misfortune to fall in with some shiftless spirits, under whose influence he contracted a habit of intemperance. It told against him speedily. He was, in fact, on the point of losing his position. Then his wife, his best friend, as he always called her, had been, under God, the means of his salvation. She had induced him to take the total abstinence pledge and join the League of the Sacred Heart. This meant, of course, that instead of struggling with his own unaided efforts against the vice that was wrecking his young life, he was now strengthened by the mighty help of thousands pleading in his behalf. Yes, of all the means devised by philanthropists for the betterment of humanity, there is none that can match the all-powerful, all-embracing help of united prayer. And when those countless petitions are systematized and directed, as is the case in the Apostleship of Prayer, it may be truly said their strength is irresistible.

Of this Philip Wendover made the happy experience. He completely triumphed over his failing; never, in fact, relapsed into it. But the black mark placed against his name on the company's books by that year's work seemed ineffaceable. Two years went by, bringing no promise to the junior clerk, who found it of increasing difficulty to support his wife and three children. Were it not for her unflinching help he would have resigned his present position and accepted a very tempting one held out to him by the head of an establishment which was just then forging rapidly ahead and making for itself a rather dubious notoriety.

It was one in which, under guise of money transactions, gambling was covertly carried on. It was under the eye of the law, but, thanks to the clever manipulations of its head, managed to steer its unprincipled course free of detection. More than once Philip Wendover had been approached by its director with a view to obtaining his permanent services. He saw through the motives of this step. He knew they wanted the support of a respectable Catholic name on their staff. But he knew also that, putting aside the extremely shady methods of their proceedings, there was little chance of his being able to attend to his religious duties if he took service with them; so, up to this, Mr. Rueben Levi's gilded bait had been declined.

Then, one day, Philip took his courage in both hands and applied for promotion. Some weeks had occurred and for one of these he applied. He dared not aspire to the one which topped the list, Reading, with a salary which would realize his fondest wishes. No; he would be quite content with Easton. That would, at least enable him to give

his dear ones some degree of comfort and educate his children. And Easton had fallen to him. The past was forgotten. Now for a new life, with new hope, new vigor, new aims.

How he worked that morning at the office, getting things ship shape for his successor. A weight seemed lifted from his shoulders. Now and then a smile would come to his face at the thought of working with one of his own, his first cousin. What good chums they always had been! "Yes come in. Want anything, Briggs?" as a tap at the door was followed by the appearance of the office boy, holding a telegram, which he handed to Philip, who tore it open and read, while the words seemed to burn themselves into his brain:

"Appointment canceled. Personal reasons.—G. F. Hardfest." For an instant he reeled back, as if struck. What! His happiness killed at one blow by these cruel words! So old Hardfest, the head of the firm, could never forget that one fatal period, for which he had since amply atoned. Good heavens, was there no justice, no pity in the world! Well, be it so. He knew what to do. No hesitation now as to the course he would adopt.

With his brain on fire, with every nerve tingling, he somehow got through the remainder of the day. Then, back to the home from which he started with such high hopes that morning.

"Now, Mary," he said bitterly on meeting his wife, "so much for trust in prayer and all that. We've been living in a fool's paradise for the last few hours. Read that." And with a groan he flung himself into a chair while she ran her eye over the curt, incisive words of the telegram.

Heaven only knew what it cost the brave woman to keep back the words of dismay, of indignation fast throbbing to her lips. With a swift, silent appeal for help to the source which had never yet failed her, she said to her husband: "This looks pretty bad, Phil. But don't lose heart now, dear. We'll manage just as well as we've done up to this."

"No, Mary! There'll be no more worrying trying to make ends meet. I'll write this vry night to Levi and close with his offer. He wrote to me again, two days ago, and I haven't answered yet."

"Oh, Philip, you won't do that. I'd rather starve than see you in that post."

But in vain she pleaded. His mind was made up, and the only concession she could obtain was that the letter should not be posted till next day. It seemed churlish to refuse her this one plea. Besides, a few hours' delay would make no difference. So, immediately after dinner, Philip wrote two letters: one to Mr. Hardfest, sending in his resignation of the present post; the other to Mr. Rueben Levi, accepting his offer, with its highly liberal terms.

Meanwhile, his wife had also taken up her pen, for she, too, had a settled plan in her mind. In spite of her hard and well-filled life, she found time to do something for the interests of the Heart of Jesus, and was a zealous, untiring promoter of the League of the Sacred Heart. She said that this duty of love, so far from being a hindrance to her, was a help and solace in her difficulties. Nor is Mrs. Wendover the first who has found this to be the case. Tonight she dispatched a few notes to some of her members, begging them to unite in prayer for an intention of immediate urgency. Orce more she was having recourse to the might of united intercession, which had before now stood her in such good stead.

Her writing ended, she stole into the room where the two younger children slept, and knelt down by the little gold and brown heads. For one moment she looked, so to say, at the temptation of Levi's offer, as the thought of what a difference it would make for the bodily welfare of her dear ones came vividly before her. But simultaneously she seemed to hear the solemn words: "What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world if he suffer the loss of his soul?"

"The loss of his soul!" Yes, that would surely be the result of her husband's taking a post in that gambling den, with its attendant horrors. She drove the temptation from her and prayed aloud:

"O merciful Heart of Jesus, I know there is but one thing impossible to Thee—not to have compassion on those in suffering or distress. Help me now in mine!"

Morning came, and Mrs. Wendover with her husband, set out for early Mass. He rarely failed to keep the promise he had made to assist at the Holy Sacrifice. He carried with him, however, the two letters written the preceding evening. It was his intention to post them at the earliest opportunity. And this knowledge was a quickener and vivifier to the fervor of his wife's prayers. How she prayed that morning! Her whole soul went forth in one long imploring. It was the prayer of faith, and never yet did that prayer go unanswered. For before leaving the church, her husband quietly slipped into her hand the two letters. It was a surrender to grace.

"God will reward you, Phil," she whispered. "He will not be outdone in generosity."

Back to his office went Philip a little later on. More monotonous, more trying than ever before

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