

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE

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

TIGHE EXPLAINS TO CAPTAIN DENNIE

Captain Dennier was surprised by an early message from the governor of the jail, and still more surprised when he found that it had sole reference to his valet. He hastened to the prison, and had a somewhat lengthy private conference with the governor.

"I do not know what to make of his story," continued the latter functionary, when he had told such portions of his ridiculous tale as he could remember; "but the four men who were captured with him disclaim all knowledge of him—they utterly deny that he had any part with them."

"Let me see him," said the officer; "perhaps I shall be able to make something of his statement."

The governor led the way, preceding Captain Dennier into his cell. The faithful fellow had been pacing the stone floor, his face expressing the perplexed character of his thoughts.

"I will, yer honor—sure, what else do I do but tell a simple story?" Tighe feigned to be too much overcome by emotion to be able to proceed for a moment.

"I am to spend the evening with Mr. Sutton here in the jail, as yer honor gev me leave to do, if you remember, an' I tuk yer cloak in order to lave it wid Sandy Bevel in the mornin' afore I'd go home; but we tuk a dhrup too much, Mr. Sutton an' mesel', an' we were overcome. I axed him to let me out, an' he gev me a key to the jail yard he tuk me, lavin' me there alone; it was no use tryin' to foind me way back, for the dures were all shut again me, an' not a turnkey, nor the shadow o' any one that'd help me, could I see. All o' a suddint somethin' shot through the air an' fell jist at me fate; I loked down an' found it was a rope; it kem from the outside o' the wall, where the other ind o' it seemed still fastened, an' afther considerin' awhile, an' not seein' any one nor hearin' another sound, I med up me mind to thry what was in it. The assist way o' carryin' yer honor's cloak was to put it on mesel',—beggin' yer pardon for the great liberty I tuk—thin I scaled the wall to foind mesel', when I dropped down on the other side, taken for somebody else. I thryed to tell me go, but the darkness o' the night, an' the excitement, an' the hurry they were in, wouldn't let them listen to me. Thin, when I loked mesel' dhrive off, an' the police an' the soldiers tearin' afther us, I was frightened out o' my senses, an' I jist called out that I'd surrender peaceable. There, yer honor, is me story, an' if you'll only get me release, I'll swear to you an' me two binded knees that I'll never ax to spend another evenin' wid any one."

"Tell me about it, Tighe," said the captain; "tell me as simply and briefly as you can."

"I will, yer honor—sure, what else do I do but tell a simple story?" Tighe feigned to be too much overcome by emotion to be able to proceed for a moment.

"I am to spend the evening with Mr. Sutton here in the jail, as yer honor gev me leave to do, if you remember, an' I tuk yer cloak in order to lave it wid Sandy Bevel in the mornin' afore I'd go home; but we tuk a dhrup too much, Mr. Sutton an' mesel', an' we were overcome. I axed him to let me out, an' he gev me a key to the jail yard he tuk me, lavin' me there alone; it was no use tryin' to foind me way back, for the dures were all shut again me, an' not a turnkey, nor the shadow o' any one that'd help me, could I see. All o' a suddint somethin' shot through the air an' fell jist at me fate; I loked down an' found it was a rope; it kem from the outside o' the wall, where the other ind o' it seemed still fastened, an' afther considerin' awhile, an' not seein' any one nor hearin' another sound, I med up me mind to thry what was in it. The assist way o' carryin' yer honor's cloak was to put it on mesel',—beggin' yer pardon for the great liberty I tuk—thin I scaled the wall to foind mesel', when I dropped down on the other side, taken for somebody else. I thryed to tell me go, but the darkness o' the night, an' the excitement, an' the hurry they were in, wouldn't let them listen to me. Thin, when I loked mesel' dhrive off, an' the police an' the soldiers tearin' afther us, I was frightened out o' my senses, an' I jist called out that I'd surrender peaceable. There, yer honor, is me story, an' if you'll only get me release, I'll swear to you an' me two binded knees that I'll never ax to spend another evenin' wid any one."

Captain Dennier seemed inclined to believe the tale, not because he was impressed by its truthfulness, but because of Tighe's well-acted part of distress. "Well, well, my poor fellow," he said re-assuringly, "be patient, and we shall see what can bedone for you."

"I will, yer honor, for it's well I know I can trust to yer promise," and Tighe conformed almost to the ground.

Captain Dennier and the governor left the cell, both in low and earnest conversation with the prisoner, (though unable to distinguish a word of the whispered sounds which reached him as the two, arm in arm, passed out) with his wonted shrewdness augured favorably from the very fact that whispered conversation; and he was hardly surprised when, a couple of hours later, his cell door was thrown open, and he was permitted to pass forth a free man.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE TRIAL

The day arrived on which was to take place the trial of the unfortunate men who had been captured in the attack on the barracks, and intense excitement thrilled every heart, and manifested itself in every face. For days before the numerous friends of the unhappy prisoners swarmed the town, and cheeks blanched, and lips trembled, as the probable result was ominously conjectured. Still an unusual confidence was felt in the able counsel who had volunteered to defend the accused, and that enthusiasm which sometimes fires the most timid now sustained hearts that perhaps on the disastrous completion of the trial would sink at once into grief and despair. It had been the topic of every household, and the animated subject of every street gathering; old and young, the stern sex and the fair, were equally exercised; and while wild and improbable stories of the number, organization, and plans of those who would make an Irish Re-

public were circulated,—tales calculated to make the timorous shudder, and the determined upholders of English law more resolute to maintain their principles and their government—there was at the same time an under-current of ardent sympathy inundating hearts that had no other bond with the poor captives than that evoked by commiseration for their youth and their unhappy plight.

On the morning of the trial the court-room was crowded long before the hour appointed for the appearance of the prisoners. Fair ladies, many of whom never before had stepped within the precincts of a court of law, crowded the galleries, and leaned forward with the glow and the restlessness of ardent expectation; stern-browed and fierce-eyed men mingled with the crowd that surged and pressed in the space without the prisoner's dock, and more than one pallid face told, by its wild and suffering expression, how life and death hung in the balance of the approaching trial. Soldiers and civilians, bailiffs and barristers, policemen and prison wardens, mingled indiscriminately, and the elite of the town had little barrier between them and the very beggars, some of whom had early forced their way to desirable places. The fair Widow Moore occupied a prominent position in one of the galleries, her beauty and graceful air of self-possession dimming the good looks of her fair companions; and Garfield, as was his wont on all occasions when the widow appeared, stationed himself where his eyes could constantly rest upon her. Tighe's voice was heard there, awaiting developments which might have some bearing on his master's case; and Morty Carter, flushed and perspiring, from the effect of his compulsion and the narrow space into which he was wedged, was also present, and apparently in excellent spirits. Tighe watched him, dodging behind taller men than himself when he was in danger of being seen by Morty, and mentally wondering what could be the cause of the latter's evident self-complacency. Rick of the Hills stood on the outskirts of the crowd, frequently rising to his toes, and sweeping with a rapid look of his deep-set eyes the whole of the crowded court-room.

The prisoners were ushered in—six in number, all young, and types of a higher class than the Irish peasantry. Confinement and anxiety had made them pale and thin, and two stooped slightly, as if from the inroads of some fatal disease; but there was a fearlessness about the men of each, a promptness in their step, and a clear, unflinching look that betokened nobleness of purpose and unflinching courage.

After the jury had been impaneled and sworn in, the trial was opened by the reading of the indictment against the prisoners. They were charged under the treason-felony act for the planning and the execution of the attack on the barracks; the counsel for the crown first stated their case, and called evidence in proof. Then the counsel for the defense arose. Calm, slow, but with a vigor and an eloquence which increased with every word, he described the wrongs of the poor wretches for whom he pleaded—wrong which had their first bitter origin in the oppression that made Ireland little better than the charnel-house of her native people; in language that drew tears from sterner eyes than are given to weeping, he depicted the sufferings of the accused—the impulse, born of despair, which drove them to their last frantic stroke for that liberty which is the innate heritage of each of God's creatures.

"Look," he said, turning and pointing with a masterly gesture to the prisoners, "at those pallid faces, where suffering has left her mark, and those attenuated forms, on which Want has laid her bony hand! Remember the youth of the accused, and the feelings which must accompany such a youth, oppressed, enslaved as it was, and then ask yourselves, gentlemen of the jury, what heart could have withstood the temptation to strike that blow which, if successful, promised at least an amelioration of their condition. There is no proof," he continued, turning back to his first position, "that the youthful prisoners at the bar were the leaders in this attack on the barracks; there is no proof that they were even connected with this Irish Republic organization prior to this attack; but there is proof that they were influenced by older men than themselves, that they were hurried into the act for which they now stand accused by the impulsive and unthinking ardor of sudden feeling. This, then, gentlemen, is their first offense—if, indeed, it can be called such, being utterly unpremeditated,—and the court will deal lightly, for the sake of that justice which is her noble prerogative, and her rightful boast."

He sat down, and witnesses were called for the defense. Then one of the counsel for the prosecution arose, and in a masterly manner spoke in reply to the defense set up: one by one defenses which seemed to have been firmly established were ruthlessly demolished, facts were presented in a damaging light, and the whole structure of the evidence so skillfully brought forward in favor of the prisoners seemed to be swept completely away. Still there was hope: there was not sufficient proof to sustain

the blackest aspect of the case, and wildly anxious hearts beat a little more hopefully as he added, after a stern and telling reiteration of the guilt of the prisoners: "One link alone is wanting in the evidence—the arrival of a certain paper which it is reported would substantiate every charge against the accused. For some unaccountable reason it is not here."

He paused as if to take breath, and Tighe stole a look at Carter; the latter was staring at the counsel as if he thought that gentleman, or himself, or possibly both together, had gone suddenly mad. At that instant one of the clerks of the court entered in great haste and put a small packet before the speaker. He glanced at the superscription without lifting it, his face kindling with pleasure. Then he said:

"The paper of which I spoke has just arrived; it's coming is most opportune, and now it is in my power to prove beyond the possibility of doubt the guilt of the prisoners." He broke the seal, and whether in the haste of his triumph, or because of his perfect confidence in the perfect contents of the paper, he did not even glance his eye over it before he read it aloud—not even pausing when the first ridiculous words had passed his lips, as if he thought they might be only some absurd preliminary to the information which he would certainly reach further on. With the same sonorous ring that had characterized his voice from the beginning, he electrified the whole assembled court by reading:

"Darling, Charming Mistress Moore:—You have been the light of my eyes since I met you, and the pulse of my heart. Without any animadversion, I may say that in all the circumlocutions of poetry and logic there is nothing so superlatively perfect found on the face of the globe as the charming Widow Moore. The beaming light of the sun grows dark when you are not in my presence, and the circumlocutions of my palpitating heart no longer go on when your smile is not before me. Like a rose that kisses the morning dew, and a bee that sips from the fairest flower, consider me, darling, charming Mistress Moore."

Your undivided and undividable lover,

WILLIAM H. GARFIELD, of her Majesty's—Reg't."

There was a scream from the gallery, and immediately after the wildest commotion existed about the Widow Moore, who had fainted in the arms of one of her companions; at the same time a shout of laughter, so hearty and prolonged that it seemed to shake the building, burst from every throat save those of Garfield and Carter. The former, when the full comprehension of the ludicrous, but to him disastrous incident, broke upon his mind, darted one glance of agony in the direction of the insensible widow, swore wildly, and dashed from the court-room, elbowing his way so fiercely that the crowd fell back in some trepidation before him. Carter raged and cursed so loudly and so profoundly that the people in his immediate vicinity, who were all in convulsions of laughter, began to think he had gone suddenly mad. He felt that he should indeed become speedily insane if he remained another moment within hearing of that mirth, and he too for-food his way out, while judge and jury, lawyers and officers, soldiers and civilians, laughed till the tears mingled with the perspiration which coursed down their faces. It was a scene of the merriest uproar; in vain the clerk called for order—people were yet too vividly impressed with the ridiculous document just read, and for which so much had been boastfully promised, and no sooner was quiet partially restored than some burst from another part of the room would renew the whole mirthful explosion. It was impossible to proceed, and the court adjourned.

TO BE CONTINUED

BUDDY MAKES THE STATIONS

"Beat it! It went right through the window!" In a twinkling the ball-ground was deserted. A broken window! The only terror of the "Wild Cat Nine," Beanie Aitken, had done it. He had been bragging about his latest "curve," and the last terrified boys had seen of Buddy Ryan's new ball, it was madly spinning, like the night fireworks on the Fourth of July, directly in line with a stained glass window of St. Agnes's Church.

A calm settled over the diamond. Then, from behind a signboard, apparently what seemed at first to be a ball of fire, but in reality was the tousled head of the owner of the baseball. Buddy Ryan wasn't the sort of boy you would expect to find in tears, and yet there was an unmistakable clean line across one smudgy cheek, and a bright drop glistened like an agate over a patch of freckles on his nose. The red head ducked back under shelter, as old Mrs. Peabody, her market-basket on her arm, bustled by, and then, when everything was quiet once more, the little chap took heart. Apparently no one had heard the crash. The terrible apparition of the black robed priest that Buddy had expected to see, did not come; perhaps he was not at

home. Anyway, it was Buddy's only toy, that ball. For the short time he had been its owner he had the envy of the "Wild Cats;" in fact, it was due to the possession of this treasure that he had been made captain of the team. And now, under one of those perhaps rolling where one of those formidable pews that Buddy had been told by his associates were the only things that upheld the hypocrites of the town.

You will have surmised that Buddy had found a nail on which to hang his hat, if he had the hat, would be called by that sacred name, until he was told to move on; and his religious training consisted of throwing mud at the "caters" on their way home from Catechism, or hurrahing for soap-box orators who prated of fire and brimstone, and did wild tales about holy people who had devoted their lives to the service of God. So it was not surprising that Buddy held everything pertaining to his soul in mingled hate and fear. And now his only toy, the coveted ball, was inside the worst of them all, a Catholic church!

Unconsciously, Buddy moved toward the "Open Door." There seemed to be no immediate danger of his being caught, and, of course, he could not reach the window. His hand reached for the shiny handle, but he pulled it back fearfully. What was on the other side? What chance did he have of running away from the horrors that he had been told were housed in these edifices? But Buddy was brave. And then, there was the ball!

"Aw, shucks," he breathed, swallowing what seemed to him must be his heart. "I ain't afraid of nothing, and it'll be great to tell the fellows about."

The big door swung back noiselessly, and that heavenly odor that hangs like a bridal veil over only a Catholic church, that essence of holiness, and incense and flowers, intoxicated the boy with its sweetness. His breath came in gasps. For the moment he forgot completely the importance of his visit. Then, spying the shattered window, he seemed to grow smaller; his knees began to shake, and he made as if to turn back. But in that moment he saw, miles down the carpeted path, the object of his search. His heart gave an extra thump, as he started forward stealthily, holding to the pews for support. Here it was at last, and the little chap hugged it to his breast, smoothing back a cut in the leather, the only wildest commotion existed about the Widow Moore, who had fainted in the arms of one of her companions; at the same time a shout of laughter, so hearty and prolonged that it seemed to shake the building, burst from every throat save those of Garfield and Carter. The former, when the full comprehension of the ludicrous, but to him disastrous incident, broke upon his mind, darted one glance of agony in the direction of the insensible widow, swore wildly, and dashed from the court-room, elbowing his way so fiercely that the crowd fell back in some trepidation before him. Carter raged and cursed so loudly and so profoundly that the people in his immediate vicinity, who were all in convulsions of laughter, began to think he had gone suddenly mad. He felt that he should indeed become speedily insane if he remained another moment within hearing of that mirth, and he too for-food his way out, while judge and jury, lawyers and officers, soldiers and civilians, laughed till the tears mingled with the perspiration which coursed down their faces. It was a scene of the merriest uproar; in vain the clerk called for order—people were yet too vividly impressed with the ridiculous document just read, and for which so much had been boastfully promised, and no sooner was quiet partially restored than some burst from another part of the room would renew the whole mirthful explosion. It was impossible to proceed, and the court adjourned.

Buddy lifted his voice in protest, and the sound of it brought him back to earth and the realization of where he was. Crouching like a little wild animal, he started for the door—but here was another picture! At first, Buddy thought he hadn't moved on; but he looked again, and the man with the sad face was carrying a heavy cross, and seemed to be trying to speak to him.

A little farther, and he had fallen beneath the weight of the cross. Buddy read the story printed beneath. "Jesus Falls the First Time." "Jesus! Who was He?" Why was He carrying a cross, why was He whipped and beaten? What had He done? And why did He never strike back, Jesus? He had heard that name before, from the soap-box orators, and the blasphemous lips of his associates, but he was finding out the story, awe-stricken that he, too, had used that name with such irreverence. Two little fists, clenched until the skin showed white over the knuckles, were raised toward the man who would strike another when he's down.

"Jesus Meets His Afflicted Mother." "Aw, gee, no wonder!" cried Buddy, who once had known what it was like to have a mother—just this sort of mother, who cried when things had hurt him, too. The day the big boys had whipped him and taken his papers, she had hugged him tight, and comforted him, just as this Mother was holding out her arms to her boy, and sending him the cheering message with her eyes that she was not allowed by the soldiers to speak.

The next Station was more to Buddy's liking. Some one in the crowd was a "regular fellow," after all. He was helping to carry the heavy cross. That was something, even though the heaviest part was still on the Sad Man's shoulders.

One by one the Stations were passed and contemplated, in a novel way, perhaps, but never was there a more devoted follower of the Passion; never did a heart grieve more for the God-Man Who was stripped of His garments, pierced with a lance, crowned with thorns and raised on the ignominious cross. Not with prayers, nor beautiful words of sympathy, but with the true sorrow that a little boy can feel, when his ideals are shattered as his had been at the inhuman treatment of the Jesus Whom he had never known before.

At the Ninth Station, Buddy, who thought it "sissy" to cry stood looking up, the tears coursing shamelessly down his cheeks, and leaving little clean spots on the dusty pew beside him. His fist, which had been doubled when he first had seen the Cross, and had clenched tighter with each insult heaped upon our God, was now as aching and cramped. The ball dropped from its hiding place next to his heart, and rolled unheeded under a kneeling bench, as a shaggy red head fell on two folded arms, and Buddy sobbed out his sympathy.

The next Station was even more pitiful, for now they had stripped Him of His garments, and were driving big iron spikes through His white hands. No matter what He had done—and Buddy felt sure He had done nothing wrong—He did not deserve that! "The Twelfth Station: Jesus Dies on the Cross." Buddy gasped terrified at the scene before him. He was glad that Jesus was dead! Never before had he been glad that anyone had died, and it wasn't real "gladness" now, just a sort of relief that this Man, whose face seemed to shine as the sun, was out of reach of his angry persecutors. He would need to suffer no more.

The little boy sat down listlessly in the pew before him. He could see there were still two more pictures. But what did it matter? "He" was dead, now. It was all over. Buddy raised his eyes again. The head of Christ was drooped, so that the half-opened eyes seemed to look into his very soul. "I wouldn't have done it, Jesus," he whispered to the crucified God, but the wonderful name, "Jesus," seemed to act as a reproach. Suddenly Buddy realized that he, too, must have hurt this Man, whose name was a byword on so many sinful lips.

The picture above went out of focus, and in place of the soldier with a sword, Buddy saw himself, dressed as a Roman gladiator, standing at the foot of the Cross on which a Man hung, dying. The crowd around was cursing, almost in one voice, the patient Christ as He hung in agony. Buddy himself was putting in a word here and there. The eyes of the Saviour opened, and seemed to seek out Buddy's own, with a look of tender pleading, that went straight to the boy's heart. The crowd around him parted. A burly, evil looking soldier was approaching, with a shiny something in his hand. Buddy saw him raise a spear, on the end of which was a sticky sponge, dripping and reeking with the odor of gall.

But what is the evil soldier doing now? He has stepped back a pace or two; the sword is directly in line with the body of the dead Jesus. He raises the sword. Buddy's lips freeze. The sword goes, nearer, nearer. It is almost at its goal. "Don't you dare do that!" shrieked the little boy. A door in the sanctuary opened. Father Cassidy, in bewilderment, took in the scene before him; the broken window, the small boy standing up on the seat of the pew directly in front of the Twelfth Station, angrily shaking two small fists at the group in the setting. The creaking of the door aroused the little chap from his reverie, and he gingerly stepped down from his perch, as Father Cassidy walked toward him. An hour ago, Buddy would have fled in terror at the sight of the priest, but now he waited at the black-robed figure drew closer. "What's wrong, old fellow?" Father Cassidy asked kindly. "What has happened to the window?" With a start, Buddy realized he was caught. Bravely he looked at the man before him, and with just a slight tremble, he answered. "It was my ball broke it, mister. I came back in to get it, and I wasn't going to tell you, neither, or didn't figger on paying for it. But now," looking wistfully towards the Cross again, "now I know I ought to. I'm sorry, mister, and I'll do just as you say."

Father Cassidy smiled down at him, and Buddy wondered where it was he had been told that priests had horns here, and the kindly eyes of the big man accomplished more than any scolding or whipping would have done. Tears were trickling down Buddy's cheeks now, and the story of the ball, mingled with questions of Jesus and His Cross, were sobbed out in Father Cassidy's arms. I think I told you Buddy had no home; that is, he had none before his baseball broke Father Cassidy's window. But now there is a little chap who helps around the rectory, and serves at Mass, and in a hundred ways makes himself useful to Anne. During the holy season of Lent, a small red-headed boy, carrying the cross to lead the procession, as Father Cassidy comments for his

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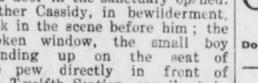
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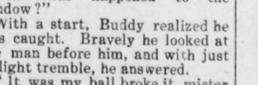
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