HER IRISH HERITAGE

BY ANNIE M. P. SMITHSON AUTHOR OF "BY STRANGE PATHS"

CHAPTER II

HER MOTHER'S PEOPLE The Blakes lived in a large oldfashioned house in Rathmines, and on this bright September morning they are gathered round the break-fast table discussing a letter from Clare Castlemaine, the contents of which their father had just made

known to them.
"So she will be here in two days. It is well we have a spare room ready. If Molly Dixon had come for her holidays we would have been rather cramped."

been rather cramped."

This was from Mary Blake, the eldest girl of the family; she was now twenty-seven and since her mother's death, thirteen years ago, had been her father's right handhees household. Indeed she was so completely unselfish that she was ant to be put on one side as a matter. apt to be put on one side as a matter course by the younger members of the family; they all loved her of course,—it was to Mary they had gone with their childish griefs and tales of woe, and it was to Mary they still went in any doubt or trouble, but the thought that Mary herself would ever need a bit of cheering up or amusement never entered their heads; and this was mostly her own fault, for she had a habit of effacing herself at times, and also the management of her father's large household on their rather limited means absorbed most of her time and attention. But two members of the family valued Mary at her true worth, and those were

her father and her brother Tom. "Of course she will have to be given the best bedroom and the best of everything, but I expect she will not think much of this establishment after her lovely London house. I suppose she will have lovely frocks what a pity she is in mourning!

And Nora Blake sighed; she was a pretty piquante little thing of nineteen, the butterfly of the family. She was employed as typist in the office of a large city firm and did her work well, but during her off time and holidays Miss Nora enjoyed life in her own way, and indeed altogether she generally managed to have what she called "a

That's like you, Nora! always thinking of what you will put on !' remarked her brother Pat, a medical student of twenty-three, studying hard for his final these days and not too sweet-tempered in

'Of course she will be thoroughly English in every respect," said Shamus, a tall young fellow of twenty-five, with a very handsome face and splendid grey eyes. "I don't suppose we will ever make anything of her from an Irish stand-point!" Shamus was a keen Gaelic Shamus was a keen Gaelic

Leaguer, and cared for little else. "For Heaven's sake don't start cramming Irish down her throat the minute she arrives!" said his sister

"And don't you drag her round the slums, and parade her down the Coombie highways and byeways!" was the brotherly retort.

tial philanthropic society, and a great social worker. She lived for her work amongst the poor and existed in a whirl of district visiting, free breakfasts, social clubs work in me ould bones as there is in many a young whipper snapper going the roads these times!"

character and religion she had been used to? strange in every way! ing, free breakfasts, social clubs and committee meetings.

of the family present although they had taken part in the conversation. First, Mr. Blake himself, a thin, grey-haired man of sixty, a solicitor in a fair practice. He was devoted to his children, but the cares and expense of such a family, and the loss of his beloved wife while they were yet so young had lined his face often wondered how he could have managed at all. His eldest son, Tom, was seated near him, quiet and intellectual, twenty-nine years and the of age, the eldest of the family and the greatest help to Mary, too, for

her acquaintance who, previously had only known the serious side to her character. She was to enter and a canary singing his little heart the Poor Clare Order as a novice in a few months' time, and at present she was a teacher in a girls' school.

Breakfast was drawing to a close. It was nearly nine o'clock and most of the family had to be at their

Mr. Blake rose from the table, gathering his letters and papers to-

gether preparatory to setting out for the offices. Clare's letter he handed to Mary.
"You had better keep that, my

dear," he said.
One by one the family gradually dispersed, and Mary Blake was left alone in the shabby and rather untidy breakfast room.

feel at home.

The breakfast room was in the basement at the back of the house— a long, low-ceilinged room with two windows to the side and glass door opening on to some stone steps which led up to the garden. A fair-sized garden too for a suburban house and well cared for— Shamus Blake saw to that for he was devoted to gardening, and spent a good deal of his spare time, when he was not engaged in work for the Gaelic League, in planting and transplanting, hoeing and digand and transplanting, hoeing and digand are spare and transplanting to the day he was hard at work in his father's office for he was destined to succeed to

corridor, and thither Mary Blake now betook herself.

Sarah, the old servant who had been with them for many years now—since before Mrs. Blake's death looked round as her young mistress she was devoted to all the family, but she adored Miss Mary. The Blakes kept one other servant, a strong young girl who did most of the upstair work, answered the door and could wait at table when necessary. Mary had trained Maggie, for she had come to them when very young and ignorant, but was now quite capable; still Mary helped a good deal herself; she was ouse-work, and also had a special gift for fancy cookery, making the most delightful cakes and puddings easily and with little out-

lay.
"Sarah," she said, advancing into the large old-fashioned kitchen, "Miss Castlemaine will be here on Thursday, so I will want Maggie to help me this morning to clean out the spare room-I want it to be extra nice because you know our new cousin is English, and, no doubt, very particular, for she has been, used to a beautiful home in

Sarah stood in her favorite attitude with arms akimbo. "Do ye tell me that now?" she replied with the out spoken freedom of that Irish retainer." Well!
Miss Mary dear, if the house that's good enough for the Blakes isn'tgood enough for any English
lady, no matter had she the wealth
of the Ingies itself—well 'twould
be a quare thing!"

Sarah had not taken kindly to

Clare's advent, but Mary knew the old woman so thoroughly that she could nearly always coax her into a reasonable mood.

She smiled now as she replied.
"Yes, that may be so Sarah, but we want to show this English young lady that we poor Irish can have nice homes and dainty rooms too— so I am going to take Maggie this have a real turn out upstairs. But if you are very busy Sarah and want help, get Mrs.

Murphy in for the day."
"Ah! not at all Miss Mary dear! as the brotherly retort.

Bride was secretary to an influenal philanthropic society, and a l'm not that ould and stiff yet, reat social worker. She lived for thanks be to God! There's as much

ig, free breakfasts, social clubs and committee meetings.

There were three others members going to see Miss Angel—you can fe the family present although they

Leaving the kitchen Mary went up the short flight of stairs to the large hall above, on the right of which was the drawing-room and the dining-room to the left, both large airy rooms. The furniture in each was old-fashioned and a bit should be the seed at the seed were yet so young had lined his face and whitened his hair. Only for his daughter Mary, James Blake often wondered how he could have managed at all His eldest containing the course of the first landing where was her first landing where where where where of the boys, her own spare room, and the "schoolroom"—now used as a kind of general untidy place doing well now as an architect, helping also towards the support of the household—upright, sincere, and good-living, a son any father liked. The landing above contained and good-living, a son any father liked. The landing above contained might be proud to own. Tom was the girls' bedrooms, and above that again were smaller rooms where words carried authority with the servants slept and also two the younger ones.

His sister Ursula was seated beside him; she was a very pretty girl of twenty-one, with soft dark hair and grey eyes, very quiet and serious on the surface, but with a fund of hidden fun and gay nonsense that sometimes surprised those of her sequentage, who previously soft a well-stocked book-case. sofa, a well-stocked book-case. plants on the wide window-ledge out in a cage above. A small bed in the corner could be hid from view when necessary, a large and very handsome Japanese screen standing at its foot. The floor had of the family had to be at their no carpet but was polished till it various occupations before ten shone like glass and a few rugs were scattered here and there on its bright surface. The bed was occupied now—a small wasted form, a mass of fair hair, and two bright, matter of fact I did not object

Mary, but as she read it once more the youngest, the little cripple, was a smile broke over her face.

"It's a nice letter!" she said softly, "and she seems lonely, poor soul! I hope she will be happy with us—we must try to make her feel at home."

"Yes, dear, I think I am a little late today. Have you had your breakfast? and did you sleep last night? I hadn't time to come to feel at home."

eel at home."

The breakfast room was in the with you this morning."

you sooner, but I know Ursula was with you this morning."

hard at work in his father's office for he was destined to succeed to the solicitor's practice, and strange to say, although he was a bit of a poet and an idealist in many ways, still he gave every promise of becoming a clever lawyer.

Teading Clare's letter aloud left to discussing her approaching visit with this the youngest of her flock. She had been baptized as Angela, but no one ever called her anything but Angel—and if ever the name third anyone in this poor world. becoming a clever lawyer.

The kitchen was on the other side of the passage to the breakfast room, a little further down the room her birth and now suffered from her birth and now suffered f from a bad spinal curvature and also shortening of one leg. She could get about with a crutch fairly well at times, and had her wheel chair also, but there were times when she could only manage to get to the sofa in her own room. But a grumble or a complaint was never heard from Angel's lips; she was always bright, always cheerful, and full of interest in the doings of all the others, the comings and goings of these strong healthy ones who were able to go in and out as they pleased and could run and dance and play tennis! Angel often wondered wistfully what it must be like to be strong and straight-

but there was no place for envy in her unselfish soul. She listened now, full of delighted interest as Mary spoke of their new cousin, wondering what she was like—was she pretty? and would she be good-tempered, or would she be proud and hard to please?

"I like her letter, Angel," said Mary, "she has gone through such

a hard time lately—first the death of her father and then to lose her fortune, and she was brought up to consider herself so wealthy. We must try to be good to her for she will feel strange amongst us all at first. Angel, you will help me to make her feel at home, I know—won't you dearie? And now I must leave you to dress for I must leave you to dress for I have a lot to do."

The day passed all too quickly for Mary, and she was fairly tired that night when she found herself at last sitting down for a quiet chat with her father and Tom. They three were along. Shamus was at a Gaelic meeting. Bride attending one of her numerous committees, and Pat and Nora went off on pleasure bent, while Ursula was

upstairs with Angel. Mr. Blake lay back in his arm-chair, enjoying the luxury of old slippers and an old pipe; Tom was deep in various plans and drawings scattered over the table, and Mary was engaged in what was a very usual task for her-darning the

family's socks.
"Father," she said presently,
"tell me about Clare's mother. She was your youngest sister I think? And how did she come to marry a man so different in character and religion to all that she had been used to? It seems so

Her father was silent for a moment, then he withdrew his pipe from his mouth and sat up in his chair — bracing himself as it seemed to Mary, as if he was going to speak on an unpleasant

My sister Ursula," he said at you know Ursula is called after her-went on a visit to some school friends in London, and she met George Castlemaine there. It seems they were mutually attracted almost at once; the man was honest, the first landing where was her father's bedroom, the rooms of two of the boys, her own spare room, and the "schoolroom"—now used wealthy. Your aunt wrote and told

me all about him."
He paused for a few minutes and went back to his pipe. His dead sister of long ago had been very dear to James Blake and he seemed to see once more before his eves the sweet girlish face framed in the soft, dusky hair — sometimes his daughter Ursula reminded him of her, but the living Ursula would never have the beauty and fascination of the other.

Tom had lifted his head from his drawings and was listening quietly.
"I was not surprised when she wrote again," continued Mr. Blake, telling me he wanted to marry her, and by the same post came a letter from Castlemaine himself quite straightforward and honorable, and offering very handsome settlements. There was absolutely nothing against the man except his religion-or, rather, want of re-

He paused a moment and smiled as he remarked. "It's as well Shamus is not here or he would be thinking I should have objected to could be seen from the door. But as Mary came forward there was a quick glad cry of "Oh! Mary, is that you! How late you are this morning, aren't you!"

Mary work

matter of fact I did not object to it, but still it was a minor consideration in comparison with the religious aspect. Well! I consulted your Uncle Pat, and the upshot of it was that I wrote both to Ursula and George Castlemaine and George Castlemaine and George Castlemaine. dispersed, and Mary Blake was left alone in the shabby and rather untidy breakfast room. She glanced down at the letter in her hand with a little sigh—it would mean added work and worry for she glanced down at the letter in her hand with a little sigh—it would mean added work and worry for she glanced down at the letter in her brothers and sisters, but this she glanced down at the letter in her brothers and sisters, but this she glanced down at the letter in her brothers and sisters, but this she glanced down at the letter in her brothers and sisters, but this she glanced down at the letter in her brothers and sisters, but this she glanced down at the letter in her brothers and sisters, but this she glanced down at the letter in her brothers and sisters, but this she glanced down at the letter in her brothers and sisters, but this she glanced down at the letter in her brothers and sisters, but this she glanced down at the letter in her brothers and sisters, but this she glanced down at the letter in her brothers and sisters, but this she glanced down at the letter in her brothers and sisters, but this she glanced down at the letter in her brothers and sisters, but this she glanced down at the letter in her brothers and sisters, but this she glanced down at the letter in her brothers and sisters and George Castlemaine saying that we would agree to the marriage on the condition that any children that might be born to them—either boys or girls—were to be baptized in the Catholic Church and brought into their souls.

up in that faith. We had previously ascertained that the man himself ould not entertain for a moment the thought of becoming a Cath was a most pronounced Agnostic.

He paused again and was silent to long that Mary said softly. 'Well! Father?'

"Well, he refused — refused absolutely; said any children of his would not be baptized and would be instructed in no religious dogmas, but that when they were of age they could judge for themselves on religious matters. Of course your Uncle Pat and myself thought that would end the affair once and for all and we wrote to Ursula to come home at once. The next letter told us that she had married George Castlemaine.

Mary gave a little exclamation, and Tom moved slightly, leaning forward on the table.

"Yes," went on Mr. Blake, "they were married at the Registry office and afterwards at a Catholic Church—for which," he added reverently, "I thank God. Ursula was just of age, we had no legal control over her and she was evidently completely infatuated with this man. She wrote asking my forgiveness which I could not deny, although I was shocked and hurt beyond words. After her marriage we did not correspond very frequently—she had her own life to live now and it was a different one from ours. I think at first she was happy enough; her husband was quite liberal about her religion and allowed her full freedom in the exercise of her religious duties. It was all right till the child came, but after that I don't think my poor sister knew what happines wrote to me about that time and her letter was heart-breaking
-you can imagine the feelings of a Catholic mother when she looked at her child and knew that it must grow up without the help and com-fort of our holy Faith—when she realized that she might never teach her little daughter her first prayers or train the little soul for Heaven. She gave the child private baptism herself-so she told me in one of her letters, and I think she would have managed to have a priest perform the ceremony later, only that she died as you know rather suddenly-within a short time of Clare's

"Then Clare is baptized, father?" "Yes; at least as I told you-by private baptism. But she knows absolutely nothing of the Catholic religion-she has received no relig-

ious instruction at all. How strange, father! I can hardly imagine such a queer state of things. Oh! I wonder what she will be like?"

"A queer mixture, I should say," said Tom, speaking for the first

Yes," agreed Mr. Blake, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe. Yes, Tom, a queer mixture as you will be glad to see the girl for her mother's sake, and know I needn't ask you all to be as kind as possible to her-she has gone through her own share of trouble lately! And now I think I'll be off to bed for I am tired

and sleepy." There was a short silence when he had left the room and then Mary looked across the table at

her brother.
"Tom," she said, "I feel quite nervous to think of this girl coming amongst us—a sort of pagan evidently in her ideas! And then she is so used to such a different social existence in every way - a large house - perfectly trained servants an expensive table, and so on How will we ever get on with

Tom smiled and leaning forward patted the capable hands of the housemother.'

"'Don't worry, Sis," he said quietly, "she knows our circumstances — that we are not overburdened with this world's goods and also that socially we lead a different life toward that to which she has been accustomed. Surely she will be sensible enough to take us as she finds us.

sighed, and still looked There are such a lot of us," she said with a rueful smile,

I only hope we won't frighten her!" Tom laughed cheerfully.

"No fear of that," he said, "you may be sure she will be able for the lot of us! I only hope she doesn't prove too much for us to stand!"

Mary rolled up the socks she was

"Well; it's no use worrying or meeting trouble half-way," she said, "and I must go and see about a bit of supper for the late ones." As she left the room Tom's eyes followed her with a very tender

"It would be a queer person that would be afraid of Sis," he murmured softly, as he gathered his diagrams together, "God bless

TO BE CONTINUED

TRUE JOY

How sad it is to know that so few of the whole human race have in their hearts that joy of which St. Paul speaks. Why do they not possess it? It is either because they are leading a life they should not, or because they are totally ignorant of the possibilities of any joy save what the world can offer, coming

THE STORY OF A HERO

By Myrtle Conger in St. Anthony Messenger They were the guests of His Lordship, the bishop—Father Darcy, and a young visiting priest, Father Norris, by name.

"I heard a story the other day," Father Darcy was saying, "about the heroic conduct of a young missionary priest in the midst of a western mining camp mob, which proves that the spirit of the early Christian martyrs is not yet dead, but lives even today, often springing up in the most unexpected places.

The bishop nodded with a smile. "Go on," he said. Father Darcy's stories were always interesting. I'm sure that Father Norris would like to hear it, too, having, himself, had some experience in the mission-

ary west."
"Then," said Father Darcy, turning toward the younger priest, "you will appreciate what the writers like to term the 'local color' of the story, or what, I understand, the film folks like to refer to as the location,' for this is a regular wild

"I'm sure I shall enjoy hearing it," said the younger priest. "Stories of the west are always interesting to me."

Well, the camp was like all the other mining camps, and had the customary 'bad-character' man in it, a notorious all-round villain sort of a fellow, exactly according to type. They called him 'Gil,' which appears to have been a diminution of Gilbert, though no one seemed to know whether that was his first name or his last. However, there was no doubt about his character role of 'bad man.'"

"Foreign element, probably," suggested the bishop, "a trifle reminiscently, it may be."
"I didn't learn his nationality," returned Father Darcy, "though he may have been of foreign element, as you say, Irish perhaps—since as you say. Irish, perhaps—since this is a story of the Faith," he added, directing a smile toward the younger priest. The bishop was notably of Irish extraction.

"Or French, maybe," rejoined the bishop observing the smile.

the he bishop, observing the smile. Like the D'Arceau line of old before their progenitors anglicized it into plain Darcy."

Did they do that, Your Lord-"" inquired Father Darcy, ently. "However," he went 'I think that before the story ship?" innocently. is finished, you will decide that Gil was Irish. But, whatever his nationality, he didn't seem to have much trouble living up to the record set for his type. His bad deeds, it appears, had won him fame for miles around. He had acquired the credit of being the hardest, though soberest, drinker west of the Mississippi, and he had made haste to add to his credit after they had told him about the famous Eighteenth. It ized kind together with the exten-sive, hybrid, and especially pictursive, hybrid, and especially pieces esque variety of his own coinage. he was remarkably brave, as a control of the early Christian his fighting had all the spirit of the early Christian as events were soon to advantages of the primitive, com- martyrs, as events were soon to bined with a finished technique prove which he had managed to acquire "Th in the course of a long and varied practice. Some of the brawls in which he had managed to engage "The Lord arms them for their work," remarked the bishop, which he had managed to engage which he had managed to engage had become matters of local history in that part of the country. You returned Father Darcy. "Those know," he added, turning again who told it to me and the story as I heard it, Your Lordship," toward Party and the story as I had been supported by the story and the story as I had been supported by the story as I toward Father Norris, "I warned you that this was to be a typical western story.

"returned the younger priest. And," continued Father Darcy, there was a woman in it, too.'

There nearly always is a woman what, to him, must have been tt," commented the bishop, some-

what sagely, perhaps.
"Yes;" agreed Father Darcy. "She was in love with Gil, of course. Kept his shack for him; did his cooking, and looked after his comforts generally. She was a comely creature, according to re-ports; rather above the camp standards, and still young. Half the men round-a-bout were more or less in love with her; and, it said, that some of them had, at dif-ferent times, offered her honorable marriage. But she would have none of them. She was quite openly in love with Gil, and quite avowedly faithful to him, even though didn't want to marry her. Which apparently he did not, for she, like all women of her kind, cherished in her heart a desire for the respectability and security of the matri-monial state, and had, on several occasions, gently broached the subject to him. But Gil had stead-fastly refused to consider the matter from her point of view. He seemed to be quite satisfied with affairs as they were."

"Such things are not uncommon," remarked the bishop. "Affairs like that are among the greatest difficulties which confront the missionary in his pioneer work. You have probably met with such instances in your experience, Father

"Why, yes; Your Lordship," returned the younger priest, "though, of course, my experience as a missionary is rather limited, as yet." 'You will find that solving matri-

monial difficulties will always be among your most trying problems. But about Gil?" he added, address-

the lady—Lally, as she was called—was when she had ventured to suggest that, as there was a Methodist minister conducting a missionary drive in those parts, might it not, fore, be an acceptable time to have the sanction of religion placed on their union. Gil's response,though he was known to gentle with her usually,-had been to shut off her pleading abruptly by

striking her full across mouth. "No ?" exclaimed Father Norris. "It seems to have been true," returned Father Darcy. "And while she, after the habits of her sex, had, no doubt, shed copious tears over the matter, it didn't apparently, diminish her love for the reprobate. She continued in her unfail-ing devotion to him in spite of his stinging indifference to her wishes."
"Women sre like that, sometime," commented the bishop; and, had he been less than a bishop, he

might have added, "and only the Lord can understand them." "Gil had a lot of friends though," continued Father Darcy. "You see, out there, standards of human glory differ from ours; and Gil's record for general wickedness and a total disregard for man and the law, alike, had really only served to win him a great deal of prestige in those parts. He was looked upon as a kind of leader among men; and he had quite a following,—a great many, no doubt, because they feared him, but more, it seemed, because

they admired him. "Are they really like that, out inquired the bishop of Father Norris.

"I fear some of them have been given a bad reputation," regiven a bad reputation," re-turned the younger priest. "So much modern fiction, and western film stuff, as Father Darcy says.

'This doesn't seem to have been greatly exaggerated, though, as I get the story," said Father Darcy.
"You see it was one of those places which might have been classed as being of the 'uttermost parts of the earth,' the Faith having reacted it, as then, only in promise, -the poor bishop never having been able visit it himself, and never having had any priest to send there this one I am going to tell you

about. "To be sure," smiled the bishop. "You did promise us a story about a

right of the background of the story, so to speak. Enter now, the hero,-the young missionary priest.

"I was finding Gil very interesting," interposed Father Norris. "I'm returning to him present-ly," said Father Darcy, "as soon as I give you the picture of the priest as he found himself so unexpectedly in the midst of that western mining camp mob. This priest,-I didn't learn his name,—was rather a frail was said, too, that he had the largest vocabulary of oaths, there-abouts, including all the standardized kind together with the extensized kind together with the extensionary venture. He wasn't really

they were, -said that that little priest just stood there in the midst of that excited rabble, without a I am finding it very interest- shadow of fear upon his countenance, neither moving nor speaking, but simply waiting with only a kind of surprised wonder in his eyes at what, to him, must have been such

> "He was, of course, an entire stranger in those parts, and as it happened, he had arrived in the camp only a few days after the Methodist minister's missionary drive : and the minister, following the usual precedent of his kind, had it seems, given the inhabitants the camp a most graphic picture of the proverbial horns and c hoofs of the Catholic clergy. mining camp people, therefore, had no trouble in recognizing one of the terrible creatures in mannered little priest, as he proceeded down the camp's one thoroughfare in search of some one to whom he might make known the friendly purpose of his visit. He had gone hardly the distance of a block, it appears, when the scene first started. It began by some one making a loud and jeering remark of the common brand concerning the uninvited presence of a priest in their midst. Then some excited, or incited, person, threw a stone in the general direction of the priest. It struck him square upon the shoulder, leaving his coat asmeer bolder of the spectators. There was, of course, the usual clamor of wild questions and still wilder explanations, with the hurling of more stones as the crowd increased, pushing and shoving another forward, all just like the mobs in the stories and pictures.

"Naturally, the priest's progress had been almost immediately shut off by the gathering crowd, and he ing Father Darcy.

"Gil would have been counted among the trying kind, all right," returned Father Darcy. "It is said that the only time he ever struck that the only time he ever struck that the only time he ever struck that the only time he added, address in and been almost immediately snut off by the gathering crowd, and he found himself suddenly in the centre of a regular wild rabble. Whatever his amazement may have been at the unexpected turn of BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS

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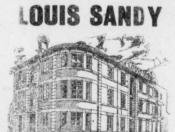
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