#### CARROLL O'DONOGHUE

CHRISTINE FABER Authoress of "A Mother's Sacrifice," etc. CHAPTER XXXIV.

RICK'S DISCOVERY The hour which Rick had named to Nora as the extent of his absence had lengthened itself to two, and she had begun to be sometwo, and she had begun to be somewhat anxious for his return. She felt so strange, so desolate, so forlorn, as if only then, when left for the first time quite alone in a strange place, that the full force of the sacrifice which she had made rushed upon her. She could hear the sound of voices, and the clink of glasses, and the tramping of feet below, and from the windows of the apartment, did she choose to give more than her first passing glance, she might have witnessed the noisy confusion of street traffic; but all only served to remind her more bitterly of the quiet home, and lovely country surroundings which she had lost. She threw herself she had lost. She threw hereby upon the bed to endeavor to sleep, the world was hung on an important upon the bed to endeavor to sleep, back, to belave the loike o' that! back, to belave the loike o' that! faith, I can't reconcile mesel' to it faith, I can't reconcile mesel' to it. of her thoughts drove all tendency to repose away, and at length, having forced herself to partake of

return, and a faint smile somewhat brightened her features when he announced that he had secured their home. She departed with him, heavily veiled as she had been on her entrance, and giving to Andy the state of t on her entrance, and giving to Andy Hoolahan, as she passed out, the same gentle, well-bred courtesy which had so charmed him before. They turned into one of the cross streets of the town, and suddenly there sprung from an open doorway there sprung from an open doorway of one of the old houses they were passing Shaun, who never forgot a friend; he jumped about Nora with every sign of extravagant delight. Her heart bounded with joy; the sight of the sagacious animal so closely connected, through his faithful master, with him who held her dearest affections, was like a gleam of sunshine to one who had been kept long in the dark, and she put out both hands to caress the dog, feeling that his master must be somewhere near. She was right. Tighe appeared in a moment, emerging from the hall of the house in which was situated Corny O'Toole's bachelor apartment. He jumped back at least a pace with astonishment when he recognized Nora. She had thrown up her veil, and now stood with hand extended

to Tighe a Vohr.
"I couldn't belave me siven sinses that it was you, Miss Clare will be well McCarthy!" he said half apologetically, and venturing to clasp her

"Yes, Tighe, for I am no longer Nora McCarthy, but Nora Sullivan; and this is my father." She drew Rick forward as she spoke. He held his head down and seemed unwilling to respond to her effort to draw him to Tighe, while her sudden color was the only sign of her own emotion.

Tighe a Vohr's eyes became so Tighe a Vohr's eyes became so large that they seemed to have grown to twice their size; even his mouth was partially open to express his astonishment, and his whole face and attitude were so ludricrously indicative of terrified wonder, that under other circumstructure. Nove the seemed to have learned to earn more than large learned to earn more than stances Nora could not have re-frained from laughing; now, however, her heart was too full of sorrow. "Rick o' the Hills yer father!" he repeated; "faith the world must be turning upside down!" and he actually looked about him, as if expecting to see the sky coming downward, and the earth upheaving beneath his feet. asked, after a moment's pause, during which he dubiously viewed Rick; "an' does Miss O'Donoghue, an' the young masther—?"

"Why not?" She came and sat beside him; "are you not my father? and you are old and worn; are you week to labor: I told

"All," interrupted Nora, quickly, "all except Carroll." The sudden "all except Carroll." The sudden anguish in her voice, telling as it did how much it cost her to utter that name, caused even Rick to glance furtively at her, and somehow, inexplicable to himself, the conversion in her face smote him to expression in her face smote him to the heart: perchance it revealed to him a fact which previously he had but imperfectly known, or lightly considered. Nora continued: "Father Meagher will tell him when he sees him."

that you bestowed it upon fine, at least I shall try to make up for it by the intensity of my filial regard."

She had learned control at last; all Rick's penetrating gaze could not discover a trace of the agony with which her heart was trace.

Tighe turned away for an instant:

There was such true, homely sympathy in the tones, and such honest kindness in the clear, earnest eyes, so different from many of the tones and looks the poor wretch was wont to meet, that his heart was suddenly and mysteriously touched. He caught Tighe a Vohr's extended hand, bowed his head over it a moment, and when he released it and turned away, there glistened upon it a large warm-tear.

"And you, Tighe, what are doing"

"Nora, never, while the same roof shelters us, attempt to touch me again—it is worse than the searing of a red-hot iron, for I am too guilty a creature for your pure hands to rest upon!" She shrunk from his wild eyes, and he continued his moody walk. Suddenly he stopped, asking: "Is there an engagement between you and young o'Donoghue?"

She colored, and a lump in her throat prevented her answer for a transfer of the same roof shelters us, attempt to touch me again—it is worse than the searing of a red-hot iron, for I am too guilty a creature for your pure hands to rest upon!" She shrunk from his wild eyes, and he continued his moody walk. Suddenly he stopped, asking: "Is there an engagement between you and young o'Donoghue?"

She colored, and a lump in her throat prevented her answer for a throat prevented her answer for a specific prevented here.

"And you, Tighe, what are doing here?" questioned Nora, kindly, as Tighe a Vohr was about to depart. "At the ould thrade,-mesel' an

Shaun gintleman's sarvints to Captain Dennier in the barracks." And shaking hands with them both he departed, turning into a secluded street that he might a chance to relieve his ings by a few remarks to his faithful companion. "The loike o' that, Shaun, bates Bannagher, an' they say Bannagher bate the divil. Rick o' the Hills her father! sure it's enough to make a man shwear the remarks was a man shwear the mouth of the same was a man shwear and a man shwear shwear and a man shwear s moon was med o' green chase, an' the world was hung on an illiphant's at all—thim two, that are as on-loike ache other as the grizzly bears that Tom Connolly spakes o' havin' the inviting little repast which kind Andy Hoolahan had dispatched to her room, she sat down and yielded herself to a crowd of wild and melancholy thoughts.

She was aroused at last by Rick's styrm and a fairt smalle assembly the given to he such close blood relations. Oh, but Providince must be given to playin' divartin' theicks.

> Rick and Nora has arrived at the home of which the former spoke—it consisted of plainly furnished, but comfortable, apartments in Mrs. Murphy's neat little two-story house; and Mrs. Murphy herself, stout and good-natured looking, was present to assure Nora that she should want for nothing in the way of simple comfort. Nora responded to the assurance in her gentle, winning way, at the same time kindly signifying her desire to be left alone

> with her father.
> "Do you like it?" asked Rick, in a despondent tone, as if he knew and feared what her answer would

be. She surprised him by her cheerful reply.

"Certainly I do; it is quiet and plain—just what I should choose; and I think Father Meagher and Clare will be well pleased when I

Already she had doffed her cloak cally, and venturing to clasp her hand gently for a moment, while his eyes turned with new wonder to her companion. "And Rick o' the Hills!" he continued; "it bates me comprehinsion intoirely; what in the world are ye both doin' here in Tralee an' where's the rist o' thim —Father Meagher an' Miss O'Donor of the sumple furniture, and giving fresh and pretty touches to the few ornaments, consisting of a couple of vases containing artificial flowers, on the mantel, and a pair of fancy baskets of shells pendent -Father Meagher an' Miss O'Don-oghue? sure you wouldn't be thravelin' widout thim!" be in the windows. There were the in the windows. There were three rooms—two sleeping chambers, adsatisfied. Rick sat gazing at her with a sort of stupid wonder; her beautiful presence, his comfortable surroundings, the thought that they

"It will do nicely," she continued; "and after a little, when I hurriedly sought Garfield.
"Mister Garfield, you gev me when I have to luk upon you as a haps we shall have prettier furni-

ture. The rude and sudden awakening had come. Her words sent a thrill through the form of the miserable listener. "For our support" he repeated, rousing himself to an erect attitude; "do you mean to say that you would work to support manage to smuggle or stale me

you are too weak to labor; I told you I would repay your affection, and I shall keep my word. I am not to be outdone by your love for

with which her heart was torn as she spoke. Rick arose; he could righe turned away for an instant; with his wonted keen intuition he had divined the case—the bitter sacrifice, the noble heart of the unhappy girl,—and he had turned to hide his emotion. At length he faced Rick. "Let me say a word to you. The world has niver given you much else than the could rose, as her eyes rested upon the you much else than the could shouldher—mebbe if it did different, you wouldn't be the poor craythur you are. I always thought an' said that there was good in you if it was only touched, an' I belave it shtill; how an' iver God's been good to you, to give you an angel

broken it, because I am your She turned away, and he pressed

her no more. "I am going out," he said, when he had taken a few more turns of the room; "Mrs. Murphy will get you anything you want; and don't mind if I do not get back for an hour

or two. She could easily obey his injunction not to mind, now that she was in a quiet, secluded home, temporary though it might prove to be: and, alas for all her heroism! his absence, recoiling from him as she did, was a relief. She employed the time in writing to Father Meagher and Clare as bright and cheerful an account as she could find it in her heart to give, while Rick was on his hasty way to the

"A man to see me!" repeated Tighe, wonderingly, and looking at the bearer of the message with a puzzled air; "what koind o' a luk

Faix, an ill luk enough," was the reply, "wid a gait loike a wounded game cock." order to pursue his way to the bar-

"That must be Rick o' the Hills! what in the world is he doin' here an' wantin' to see me? how an' iver, I'll soon know." He hurried

to the waiting-room.

It was Rick of the Hills. "I came here for the purpose of saying a secret word to you," he said, rising on Tighe's approach, and speaking in a whisper. Tighelooked about him then led the way to a smaller and venezunied spart. to a smaller and unoccupied apart-ment. "Will you keep what I am going to tell you, and use it as if you got it from another source; will you promise, no matter what comes, that you'll never betray me, Tighe?" And Rick looked appeal-Tighe?" And Rick looked appealingly into the wondering eyes bent

Cartinly, I'll kape whativer it is you're goin' to tell me, as sacred, well, as sacred as the priest'd kape ver confission!"

well, as sacred as the priest d kape yer confission!"
Rick put his mouth to Tighe's ear: "Tonight, between twelve and one o'clock, there is to be an attempt made to free Carroll O'Donoghue—some of the boys from Hurley's are to be outside the jail well with a room this will be wall with a rope; this will thrown over into the yard Carroll, and by it he is to scale the wall; if it is in your power, do you get word to him not to leave his cell—not to make the attempt to escape; if he should, he will be either a corpse, or he will be seized

not forget it for you, nor shall the masther, if iver he has his own

You'll never betray who gave you this information?"
"Bethray! I'd sooner tear me tongue out be the roots!

Rick was satisfied, and with a brief adieu he departed. Tighe permission to luk upon you as a thrue frind; didn't you?"

"Certainly, Mr. Carmody; why do you ask?"
"Bekaise I've come to put yer frindship to the thrial. You done a manage to smuggle or stale me into the jail yard tonoight, so that I'll be there be the toime the clock strikes twelve? moind you, it's no trayson I'm afther-it's no relase o a prisoner I'm plottin'; its only a little innocent business o' me own. Will you do that for me, Mr. Garfield?"

The quartermaster paused. "Well, Mr. Carmody," he answered at length, "I think I can arrange it for you. You might go on a friendly visit this evening to Ned Sutton, the warden, the same who managed the business before, when that secret visit was paid to the prisoner O'Donoghue, and he could hide you somewhere in the vicinity of the yard till the hour appointed."

Tighe could scarcely find words to express his gratitude; in his extreme ardor he would have made some promise in the name of the Widow Moore, but fear of saying prayer something too wide of the mark, or which too ridiculous to bear a semblance of truth, checked him.

TO BE CONTINUED

Simple, homely usefulness, prompted by love of God and man, makes beautiful personalities, and they good to you, to give you an angel loike this, an' oh, Rick, be good to her, an' be careful o' her, an' for her sake lave off yer hard ways, an' yer wandherin' way o' livin'!"

She went to his side, and put her head they hand on his arm. He shook it off, are welcome everywhere. In the and started back as if her touch had stung him. Then seeing her had stung him. Then seeing her affrighted look, he approached her and stroye to soften his manner. In the church, the home, the neighbor-hood, wherever their blessed presence goes, they awaken thanksgiving and quicken drooping faith.

O'Donoghue?"
She colored, and a lump in her throat prevented her answer for a moment. "There was."
"There was!" he repeated; "is it broken? which of you broke it?"

wants of his pampered, extravagant family. Tomorrow he will be out of the game, surprised, resentful, discontented, magnifying his mistakes, counting as naught the numerous blessings, cringing with fear at the approach of that inevitable scythe "There was!" he repeated; "is it broken? which of you broke it?"

She did not reply—the words which she wanted to say would not rise beyond her throat; she could only look, but that look told Rick of the Hills sufficient.

He said slowly: "You have broken it, because I am your the words as naught the numerous blessings, cringing with fear at the approach of that inevitable scythe in the hand of Father Time. All is well only with him, who from youth to age has held steadfast to the tried, true anchor of Faith. He, and he alone, can face the future trustfully, almost gladly—the years on earth having been but the years on earth having been but

the years on earth having been but an exile, a mere preparation for a true and better home.

Strange thought to be urging through the mind of Henry Barton as he paced the long verandah of his palatial home on Roslyn Heights.

The low murmur of running water, leaving playfully over rocks and leaving playfully over rocks and that you came back today. John leaping playfully over rocks and splashing at the very feet of his country residence, gave him no comfort; nature's wild, wondrous beauty, trained and trimmed by modern hands to make a fit setting for his castle-like house, brought no peace to his weary soul.

Henry Barton, though not yet sixty, was stooped of shoulder, a white-haired man, broken in spirit more than in physique, with little faith in his fellow-man or his God. The cause of it all? A mixed marriage; a wife with social ambitions and little moral fiber; children who held little affection for their father, regarding him merely as a financial sieve.

As he paced to and fro, desperate, almost on the verge of despair, his thought insistently pierced the veil he had so resolutely hung over the past and went back, years and years to his boyhood days. Through the mist of half a century he saw him-self as a little lad clutching his nother's hand as they hurried to Mass. Up the south aisle they walked —yes, it was the south aisle of the church, and he even remembered the number of their pew, the "20" that decorated the side of the seat in plain black numerals.

Suddenly his gritated pagings

Suddenly, his agitated pacings stopped, his fingers pressed a bell and there was no weakness in the quick commands he gave to the servant who answered the call. His travelling coat and hat, a hastily packed bag and his car at once! As he climbed into the machine, he did not try to analyze the strange feeling that crept over him. A glimmer of peace, such peace as he had not felt in two score years was

stealing into his soul. Dismissing servant and chauffeur, his hands turned the wheel, a foot pressed the pedal and without a backward glance towards family and home, he started on the long journey of several hundred miles, back to the little Catholic church, back to number 20 south aisle where as a boy he knelt beside his mother. Why was he going? He hardly knew. Strange, indeed, for Henry Barton had not been within the walls of a Catholic church in thirty years.

During that long ride, days at the wheel and nights spent in hotels, he seemed to grow younger, stronger, as the mother so long dead, was visualized more vividly and the family, that drained him body and soul, sped to the rear. Finally, came to the little town of his birth. passed at slow speed down the well-known streets, with a sigh and a smile for the unforgotten alleys and byways that had been the scenes of so many childish pranks and pleasures, and thus to the West End, to the Church of the Immaculate Conception, where a stately old-fashioned steeple stretched sky ward tipped with a glittering gold

The outside of the church seemed little changed in spite of the flight of time. Besides it was a broad, two storied unfamiliar building, from the rear of which came the merry laughter of children at play. He gazed at it for several minutes before he realized that it was the built on, thus transformed into an orphan asylum.

Impelled by sweet memories of old, he climbed out of the car, entered the big iron gates and with hesitating steps passed over what had been the playground of his youth. A Sister, noting his arrival and evident interest in the asylum, invited him to inspect the new addition, of which they were very proud. As he entered the children were

forming in line.
"It is the children's hour for prayer," the Sister explained. "The little ones are going into Church to pray for their bene-factors who made this comfortable building possible and through the generosity of whom, we are able to maintain it. Tomorrow we begin a special novena for the spiritual and temporal needs of those who have

As he followed the nun down the corridor to another room, the Mother Superior, leaning on a cane came slowly towards them. For a second she gazed at the man, then her wrinkled hand stretched out in

glad welcome.
"I do believe this is John Barton -Little Johnny Barton," beamed with pleasure. she

or more.

She sank to a bench in the corridor and motioned the man to

corridor and motioned the man to sit beside her. With a wave she dismissed the nun who had accompanied him through the building.

"Tell me how you happened to come back," she queried softly.

"I don't know why I came here," his voice faltered, as he looked into the aged, saintly face of the Sister and realized how far he had wandered from her good teachings.
"I don't know why I came back to the scenes of my boyhood. I'm

the scenes of my boyhood. I'm sick. I won't live long."
"Why should you not come back?" the sweet voice trembled in sympathetic understanding. "It was here you were born, here you lived with your good mother, here you went to school, here you served the Priest at Mass."

There are some things I find

A sharp intake of breath disturbed the calm face. "Then I have even more reason to be glad that you came back today. John your dead mother in Heaven is glad

The man shook his head.
"What good will it do me?" he sighed. "When I set out to come here I hoped to find peace and rest for a weary, soul-stained, earth-tired mortal, but now I see there is or me. Back to the old grind I will go, more discontented, more hopeless than before. I must go back to my family."

"Ah, John, surely it will lessen that discontent, dispel the hopeless feeling to know that I wanted.

feeling to know that I, your old teacher who always loved you and your mother, am praying for your welfare. Tomorrow the children start a novena and I will ask them to remember my little boy of long ago, and the Heavenly Father will not resist the pleadings of their innocent hearts."

"Have you visited the church," she asked later. "No," the man shook his head.
"I am afraid it's too late now. I've

waited too long."
Henry Barton went back to his of the aged nun, an advocate before Heaven's high throne who would never cease her prayers until her petition was heard and answered. Thus early the next morning before Mass, she gathered the children about her.

'Children, you saw the gentle man visitor yesterday. He is one of my boys. I taught him many, many years ago, and now I can see him as he was then, good to his mother, obedient in school, serving the Priest at Mass. When his good mother died he wandered away from his home, into the big world where temptation is so great. He forgot all I tried to teach him, forgot his od," her voice broke with emotion. Now, he is a rich man, very rich worldly goods but alas! so poor in the things necessary to salvation Go, my dear children, during this novena, pray for this man. He is ill and suffering. His heart is bad and the doctors say he may die any minute. Pray with all your hearts for my poor, misguided boy who has wandered far from the path of duty! God never refuses to grant

the prayer of innocent children. During the days that followed a Where Do You Go When prayer for John Barton was ever on the lips and in the heart of the You Wish to "Say it With" aged nun. When the months passe and she heard nothing from her old pupil, not once did she question God's wisdom in answering her petition. She simply doubled her prayers and those of the children. nus novena after novena ascended to Heaven for the erring soul of

It was a year later that a machine stopped before the asylum and John Barton, slowly and painfully, descended to make his way ins and inquire for Sister Mary Lawrence. Intently the aged nun studied the face of her former pupil, and she bade him welcome. Physically, he was worse, much worse, but there was a certain content on his features and in his eyes that had been lacking on the evious visit.

How are you, John ?" she asked. "Bodily, Lam no better, rather weaker, I think, but mentally and spiritually," he paused and smiled into the eager eyes uplifted so

hopefully.

"You have returned to God? he half whispered.

"Yes, dear Sister, your prayers and those of the children are answered. I have made peace with

my God and though I know I must meet Him in judgment soon, I am ready, trusting to His great mercy and goodness."
"Thank God for His goodness! she breathed a Te Deum.

she breathed a re Deum.

"Ah, Sister, it is so good to be back again in the Fold of the true church. In spite of the great objections of my family I have received the Sacraments and a great peace has possessed me. I hardly felt strong enough for this last visit, yet I must do something for the asylum—a something which I dared not trust to my worldly family. Here is a check. It is a small effort to repay the little ones for all their prayers for me. Use it for the asylum and the church in any way you and the Reverend Pastor decide will benefit you

most. beamed with pleasure.

"Sister Mary Lawrence!" the man recognized his former teacher check.

"John, God will doubly reward "John, God will money will" your generosity. This money will

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