

THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVEY

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND (LADY GILBERT)

CHAPTER XXXII—CONTINUED

"Come joy, or come sorrow," was the cry of his will, "let my feet still keep the upward path!" And then a deep and tranquil joy took possession of him. It seemed to him that before this lonely altar his soul had been wedded to some high ideal purity, and he arose and turned away with a paler lip, but with a more steadfast reliance on the law of the Supreme Director of his fate.

Glancing upwards, he was startled to catch the eye of a monk in white garments, who was peering down on him from a small window in a gallery above his head, as if silently and secretly witnessing the compact that the stranger had made with his God. A second and more attentive look discovered to him that it was only the picture of a Carthusian, a cunning fresco, the whim of a painter, who had placed this monk on guard, never to be released from his watch till the walls of the Certosa shall have crumbled into dust.

Having visited the refectory, sacristy, lavatory, chapter-room, and other parts of the monastery, all rich beyond description in marbles, painting, sculpture, Kevin found himself at last treading the great cloister, round which stood the monks' dwellings. Each Carthusian had a little house to himself, four chambers in each, two above and two below, and a sweet little garden, now a wilderness of weeds and flowers, with grapes hanging unplucked from the walls. Here he worked at the particular trade or industry cultivated by him, tended his vine, his bees, his flowers, taught the birds to feed from his hand, and meditated on death and eternity. All was now empty, silent, deserted. As Kevin stood with folded arms at the window, looking down into the neglected garden, the secret of the lives of such men as this, who dwell here unseen, known to him. Overpowered with affliction, crushed by the loss of some one too dearly loved, he imagined the sick heart turning away from a world that could not comfort it, and finding here peace, toiling for the good of others in silent self-effacement, praying, dreaming, with eyes fixed beyond the grave, caring only for the poor, and taking no natural pleasure except from the work he coaxed out of the earth at his feet, or the bird he had lured to his window.

"Poor soul!" he thought, "that hid its struggles here. What was the sorrow that drove it into such shelter?—where is it now reaping the reward of its patient toil? How long the time must have seemed! As for me, I would rather take my burden out into the world, and falter and limp with the disabled and the halt; I should want to hear the world's great voice in my ear, even its groans and cries, and coin my own woe into language that might bring assuagement to its pain. Neither the needle nor the loom would content me. I should want to speak, to sing—"

Here a sound like the echo of a soft, rich note of music, just like the stillness to his ear, as a star will gleam and vanish; and Kevin caught his breath with an impatient sigh, thinking his imagination had deceived him.

"It is the old story," he said, as he listened in vain for a repetition of the sound. "Every note in Nature disturbs me with the echo of her voice. So easily beguiled as I am, how slender is the hope I am clinging to now. Let me take warning, and nerve myself for the perpetual disappointment that awaits me!"

Fan and the Signora had arrived earlier than Kevin, and having explored all the wonders of the monastery, were now lingering about those spots which interested them most. Mamzelle was deeply engaged in studying the meanings of strange paintings in an arched gateway leading from one part of the building to another, while Fan, having left her to her reflections upon the same, was fitting up and down and round the Cloister of the Fountain, breathless with excitement and joy. Standing under the shadow of one part of that arched gateway, she had seen Kevin pass with his guide. He had passed without looking up, but she had quickly recognized him. He was on the spot, in the very building. She had only to run after him, call out his name, stretch forth her hands, and end the long separation of years. And yet she hesitated and lingered, possessed by some feeling which she could not understand, which made her hands tremble and her feet refuse to run. She shrank from flying in search of him, from seeing him start in surprise, perhaps perceiving a look of disappointment flash into his eyes at the first sight of her. How did she know that he would not be dissatisfied with the girl, the woman who had now taken the place of little Fan? She would rather see him coming to meet her, prepared to behold her, getting a glimpse of her in the distance, and then seeking her of his own accord. Without having shaped such a feeling into thought, she acted upon it, and flinging herself upon the low wall of the cloister, looking into the garden, and supporting herself by an arm

twined round one of those exquisite pillars that support the arches of lovely terracotta work, she opened her lips, uttering a few rich, sweet notes, like the beginning of a blackbird's song.

"He said he should know me by my voice," she thought. "Now, if his memory be so good, he will come."

Then she paused to gather courage and breath for a louder longer song, a fuller, clearer message to the friend she was going to summon to her side, and in a few minutes the "Hymn of the Virgin Triumphant" broke the solemn stillness, rang through the ancient cloister, and floated, with all its tender supplication, its quaint, wild grandeur, away through the old, startled passages, and across echoing walls, till it fell mysteriously, pathetically, urgently, like a call from Heaven, upon the ear for which its message was intended.

At the first notes of the hymn Kevin gazed at the old monk who had just re-appeared beside him, and the monk gazed back at him, coming with a slight pallor on his withered cheek.

"What is that music?" asked Kevin, scarcely daring to credit the evidence of his own senses. "I cannot say," said the monk, with a happy smile flitting over his grave countenance; "but I have often at night heard heavenly music resounding through these ancient walls. Many saints have lived and died here, and it would not be wonderful if sometimes the angelic choirs should descend to praise God in this now silent and deserted shrine. But I have never before heard them in the daytime."

"That is no angel's voice," replied Kevin, "unless, indeed, a woman may be an angel."

And with these words, which rather shocked the good old monk, he dashed away and left him.

As he hurried along the quadrangle, and threaded the passages that led to the Cloister of the Fountain, the psalm of Killevee, the hymn of his native mountains, swelled fuller and clearer on his ear, and beat more urgently on his heart. He followed the sound, and, guided by it, drew nearer every moment to the singer.

"Ah," he thought, "what bewitchment is this! remembering the night when the same voice, the same strain, waking him out of his sleep, had hurried him out into the midnight streets of London, only to fade away as he pursued it, and to lose itself in the noises of the thoroughfare. 'Am I waking or sleeping? Has an angel, indeed, descended out of the heavens to mock me?'"

But the voice did not grow fainter as he proceeded; on the contrary, it sweet, richer, fuller, more soft and sweet, and following it he entered the Cloister of the Fountain—a delicious, dreamy spot, a tangled garden where tall plants and flowers grew in wild luxuriance, in the centre the wide, white marble basin of a fountain, its carven urn crowned with the blossoms of the cactus. Here and there a straight, reed-like plant, covered with bloom, shot high above the rest, and caught the broad sunlight that fell full upon this wilderness of beauty and the same sunshine dyed to a richer coral-color the sculptured arches of terra cotta upon their light pilasters, which, springing from a low wall around the garden, formed the shady red-roofed alleys of the Cloister.

With one hasty glance Kevin took in the entire scene: the wild, green garden, the light, fairy cloisters, with their coral glow, and high above, soaring in the clouds, the wonderful cupola, circling upwards with its airy galleries and spires and its delicate varieties of tint. But the voice he pursued did not come up out of the fountain, nor did it descend from the heavens. It was coming from a slight dark figure leaning over the wall in a nook by one of the pillars, the head and shoulders in the light, the dark draperies flowing back into the shade, a young, upturned face, with wide, arch blue eyes, and a cloud of soft curls over the forehead, a fair and rosy face, as sweet, as saucy, almost as childlike as the face that had vanished from his home one night, and which he had been longing for and dreaming of ever since. It was not Elsa, it was not Francesca, but it was the very little Fan lost from Killevee mountain long ago. With a slight spring she came to meet him, flying with outstretched hands, and was caught in his arms.

"Oh, Fan! oh, Kevin! is it you? Is it really true?" Weeping, laughing, stammering, clasping and unclasping hands, they knew not how the first minutes passed over their heads.

"My darling, my Francesca, you are exactly the same; but with what a difference! Half a yard more height, and all these black gauzes; but that is not it all. What the half-blown rose is to the bud, that is what you are to the little one of my memory. And oh, my darling, how beautiful, how lovely you have grown!"

"Have I?" said Francesca, delighted; "I was afraid I might not be nice enough to please you. And oh, Kevin, do you know how changed you are. If I had not caught a glimpse of you and been able to piece you together, and make you out to be really Kevin, I should have been afraid to introduce myself to so elegant a gentleman."

"You saw me, then, before today—lately?"

"I saw you in the cathedral; and you passed me in the cloisters a little time ago."

"You let me go past; you did not speak to me!"

"I had to get up my courage. I think I never could have spoken to you, except by singing. I thought, he will remember my voice, and I sang our hymn. I knew if you were within hearing, it would bring you to me."

"Had I been dead, it would have called me out of the grave," said Kevin, and then broke into further extravagances which it is unnecessary to record.

And then, walking up and down the old cloister, hand-in-hand, like a pair of strayed children, who had lost each other in a wood, bent frightened at the loneliness, and found each other before the night came on, they told each other their separate stories, of all that had befallen them during the passing of those eight eventful years. After that they went on the island again together, with the sea rolling in their ears and the white birds circling above their heads. Fan forgot that she had sung upon a stage, and Kevin that he had given poems to the world. They were boy and child again, on the rocks, amid the sea-foam, with Nature's inimitable music ringing in their ears and in their souls; till the sun began to burn redder on the cloister roof, and Mamzelle came from out of the shadows somewhere, in search of her charge.

CHAPTER XXXIII CONCLUSION

"So this is you, sir!" said Lord Wilderspin, glaring at Kevin. "You are the Kevin who has kept us all in fear, holding a sword over our heads for the last seven years, obliging us to resort to dark plots and heartless advertisements lest our little prima donna should be snatched out of our fingers. And here you come, confound you, just in time to destroy all our prospects."

"I am delighted to hear I gave you so much trouble," said Kevin, smiling. "It would hardly have been fair if the pain had been all on my side."

"Impertinent rascal. You are as saucy as the mixx herself. Hallo, Fan, this fellow will beat you."

"My lord," said Fan, gravely. "I have promised Herr Harfenspieler and Mamzelle. Kevin and I have resolved that I must not disappoint you. I will keep the engagement that you made for me."

"You shall do no such thing, you monkey. Those two old people will have to be put in prison! I tell you you are as free as air, and shall do only what you please. As for me, I am not the least disappointed. I have known for a long time that you were only a wild bird fit for a hedge, that you would never do a thing in a cage. Now, I have already bought a hedge for you in your own country, and you can fly off and sing in it as soon as you like!"

"I don't know what you mean, sir," said Fan, coloring.

"I mean that I have looked on you as my own child, that is all. Every bird needs a bit of green sod to sing on, and I have bought you a little territory of your own, in the neighborhood of your beloved Killevee. Mind you have a room always ready for me, for I mean to pay you visits."

"Lord Wilderspin," said Kevin, "we cannot accept so much. You have already been too generous to Francesca. We can never forget—"

"Hold your tongue, sir, and go on writing your poetry, which by the way is extraordinarily good. I tell you this girl has been my daughter for seven years, and you not only come and dare to come and take her from me, but you presume to dictate to me as to what I am to do for her. If you do not like her with the fortune I choose to give her, you can go and seek a wife somewhere else."

So that night, when "Lohengrin" was performed at Milan, saw Francesca's first and last appearance upon a public stage. The two wild birds, after their long flight round the world, winged their way home to Killevee at last, and took possession of the little kingdom Lord Wilderspin's thoughtful generosity had bestowed upon them. Kevin works hard with his pen, and his name is every day becoming more and more honored by the nobler and purer-minded section of the reading public. Francesca, in his home, singing over her womanly tasks by his side, is the inspiration of his genius, even as she was in the old childish days when she sang to him on the island and he saw pictures in her songs.

Connor Mor did not long survive his delight at seeing his son return, and at finding him a "clerk and a book-learned man" after all; but the good old mother lives with the young people in their pretty house, and tells her beads, and spins and knits as she used to do in her humble home. Her joy in the success of her children is unutterable, and she often bids them pray that after all the toils of her life "pride may not keep her out of heaven at the last."

Shawn Rua was at first very shy of the handsome young lady and gentleman who claimed his old acquaintance, but he is now a frequent visitor at their fireside, and Kevin takes greater pleasure

than ever in drawing forth the poetic and legendary treasures that are stored up in the memory of his childhood's friend.

Lord Wilderspin keeps his promise of paying frequent visits to Killevee, and is fond of appearing there suddenly, scolding every one within reach vehemently for an hour or two, enjoying himself thoroughly, and in the end going away perfectly happy. His present craze is enthusiasm for Kevin's poetry, though all his life he had prided himself on being a hater of poets.

Herr Harfenspieler still walks his chosen way, with a heart modestly and ardently worshipful of music, cheering himself up with meek and heroic maxims. He has so far forgiven Francesca sometimes to come and see her in her home; on which occasions delightful concerts may be heard by the birds that flit about Killevee mountain. He loves to wander away alone among the great rocks, and sitting on some airy perch, with his violin upon his shoulder, to pour out delicious wailings that mingle fitly with the piping of the winds and the booming of the ocean-waves at his feet.

Mamzelle has been the slowest to forgive, and is still beating about the world, still subject to fits of the old madness, when she dreams that she may yet paint wonderful pictures which shall be as the works of another Raphael or Fra Angelico. But Fan hopes that when she grows very old and weary she will come to her for shelter and die in her arms.

We will now take leave of our hero and heroine on a summer evening after sunset as they sit in their own little territory—a garden of roses extending down to the cliffs, with the crimsoned ocean at their feet and all the hundred isles they know so well burning on it like as many jewels set with amethyst and amber and gold.

Kevin has just finished reading his new poem to Francesca. Her hand is in his; her eyes are full of tears. She is not thinking of the applause of the world which may follow this work, but of the higher audience that have been present at the reading, the choirs of angels that have witnessed this new utterance of a strong man's soul.

"Let them be the judges," is the thought of her heart; and she smiles, feeling conscious of their approval.

A cloud of sea-birds rises from their favorite island; they circle and wheel, and fly off in a trail towards the glory of the sun.

So wing all white souls to a happy eternity. THE END

THE FINGER OF GOD

"How can you confess your sins to a mere man?" came from a low-headed, sparkling-eyed student as he haughtily confronted his shrunken and room-mate, Tom Ryan.

"I tell you, Joe, you're not confessing to a mere man in the confessional, but to one who is representative of God," was the now oft-repeated answer from a dark-haired and thoughtful slow-but-sure individual.

By this and similar questions Joe Winter had lately evinced an inclination toward Catholicism, but it was evident from this oft-repeated question that the confessional was his stumbling block. He had been Joe's intimate friend from early childhood and the fact that they now were the varsity battery—"Tom the twirler" and Joe the "receiver"—had further strengthened the intimate friendship which existed between these college chums of such diverse characters and dispositions.

Heretofore Joe had been too vivacious to ever consider anything seriously, but now a strange curiosity regarding religion gripped him. It was the first of February, and the annual retreat was to begin in a few days. Non-Catholic students were not obliged to attend the various exercises, so during the last retreat Joe had remained in undisturbed leisure in his room occupying his time in delving into the Red Book, the Green Book, and in reality voraciously devouring the contents of a host of magazines, while Tom promptly and joyfully attended the exercises of the retreat.

Nor was Tom's example without effect upon his roommate who had observed him closely. Imagine his surprise when upon leaving his room to attend the opening exercises, to hear Joe call after him, "Wait a minute, Tom, I think I'll go over to the chapel with you."

"What!" incredulously stammered Tom.

"I said, wait a second and I'll be with you."

"You don't mean that you are going to make the retreat?" ventured Tom.

"Why not?" chuckled Joe, enjoying his friend's discomfort.

"Well then, hurry up or else we'll be late," was the response of the still "doubting Thomas."

Thus it happened that the two inseparables attended every exercise of the retreat, much to the inward delight and pleasure of Ryan who was so elated over the prospects of converting his friend Joe. This incident led to many animated discussions, concerning the doctrines and practices of the Catholic Church, but this religious zeal was only ephemeral. The all-absorbing baseball season soon came and upon its arrival, vivacious Joe forgot religion at least outwardly,

but inwardly it was far different. Tom determined to become another St. Paul by praying for his friend's conversion, but Joe's mind became more and more obscured in spiritual darkness and doubt. How Tom Ryan prayed; how he longed that his bosom friend would see the true Light and follow it; but, no, the expected of seeing his prayer answered on commencement day was but one of the many disappointments which he had experienced concerning his most intimate friend. His departure from college days and the separation from Joe Winter are thoughts too sacred for words.

Five years have now flown over the heads of the erstwhile inseparables, for the fifth time commencement day at their alma mater has come and gone with the usual ceremonies of convocation and class day.

Tom Ryan is now ordained and faithfully fulfilling duties of his high calling as curate in the prosperous City of Wallingford, and through all these years he always kindly remembered his college chum during his seminary days in his prayers and now in the Holy Sacrifice.

Dr. Joseph Winter is now a successful practitioner in the young yet thriving town of Sheffield. The sparkling-eyed student of a few years ago is now a religious indifferent.

Although constant contact with men of his kind has strengthened him in his absurd folly, yet somehow he has at times felt that he was not in the "right atmosphere," and though wealthy he was for some reason unhappy.

Early one beautiful May morning as Dr. Winter was returning from a professional visit to an out-of-town patient, he took advantage of this opportunity to indulge in the beautiful scenery of the surrounding country. While slowly riding along his mind occupied with thoughts of college days, his attention was arrested by a peculiar looking object by the roadside. Ever alert to matters concerning his profession he quickly alighted and approached, and to his surprise found that the object of his solicitude was an unfortunate tramp.

The flushed face and agonising groans of the derelict soon convinced the doctor that this was no usual case and upon further examination it was found that this outcast of society was suffering from a severe case of the dreaded disease, smallpox. He gave the poor sufferer what medical assistance he could render, but he knew that death was near. He was about to leave for a nearby farm house in order to telephone the case to the proper authorities, when glancing at the tramp, he noticed that he was desperately trying to speak. The doctor hastily bent over and caught the faintly whispered word, "priest."

"What," he said straightening up and studying the creature before him, "are you a Catholic?"

A light nod and a mute appeal from pleading eyes were the only answer.

"A Catholic and he wants a priest," mused the doctor, but he soon aroused himself to a sense of his duty and was soon driving rapidly for aid. "Should he try to get a priest? Should he endanger the life of the venerable old priest of Sheffield, for the sake of this dying outcast?—these were some of the questions occupying his mind. He would like to have forgotten the request of the tramp, but somehow or other it seemed that he could not banish from his mind the pleading look of the dying man.

Arrived at the cottage, his knock was answered and he was ushered into the hall. "Have a chair doctor, and I'll be—"

"Not now," he answered, "I have important business to attend to, and would like to use your phone."

The authorities having been notified, Dr. Winter was about to leave, when much to his surprise, he saw the venerable pastor of Sheffield enter the hall, and heard a few disconnected parting words: "The danger is past."

"I cannot administer the Sacrament because there is no imminent danger of death. I think he will recover."

Yes, the son of the house would recover, for a stranger was present. Dr. Winter, amazed at finding a priest so near, forgetting his own religious indifference, and influenced perhaps by the peculiar position in which he was placed by mere chance, could no longer resist the appealing eyes of the dying tramp.

"Kindly excuse my haste," looking at the man of the house, "will you please step outside a moment."

"With the greatest of pleasure, sir; I am at your service."

When outside the doctor briefly explained the case, ending with: "Now remember, Father, you are taking your life in your own hands, for it is an aggravated case of malignant smallpox, over which we doctors have no control."

Never mind further explanations, this is a most urgent case," was the interruption, "and I must go at once; make no delay, doctor, or perchance it will be too late."

Soon the doctor, his mind filled with alternating thoughts of respect and doubt, and the priest, his heart burning with the zeal of an apostle, were driving rapidly away. Arrived at their destination, the priest hurriedly bent over the prostrate man, heard his last confession and with the assistance of the now thoroughly amazed doctor, admin-

istered the last sacred rites of the Church, and soon the weary soul of this suffering derelict winged its flight to heaven. After some moments in silent prayer the priest arose and addressed the doctor.

Doctor, today you have truly played the role of the good Samaritan, and more, you have been instrumental in saving a soul. Let us hope that God, Who is ever generous in rewarding the giver of a cup of cold water to the weary, will not let this kindly act of yours go unrewarded. Verily God is good, God is good!"

"Indeed, Father, yours was the heroic act, for you have exposed yourself to the danger of losing your very life to save the soul, as you say, of a worthless creature."

"My act was only the external fulfillment of my duty as a priest, for when the welfare of one of the children of our Holy Mother the Church is at stake, we must for the sake of saving a soul brave even the danger of death to bring to its salvation. I simply did what, any other priest would have done."

"Heroic nevertheless," sententiously, and then with a deferential "good-by" Dr. Winter drove away. His heart now was beating with an hitherto unexperienced emotion and in his mind a veritable tempest between his conscience and doubt was spending itself. What was it that made him feel as if he were fleeing from some pursuing phantom, what was it that had profoundly impressed him so forcibly since the event just narrated? With a searching curiosity of a mind hungering for truth, he recalled again and again the haunting scene of the dying tramp.

"What happiness! What resignation had not beamed in that weather-beaten face on the arrival of the priest, what a supernatural look had not shot forth from those appealing eyes! And what could have been the source of the mystical qualities at such an awful hour—the hour of death? Suddenly as if by magic like a flash, the answer came—"The Sacraments. These were the soothing anodyne, the panacea which made death so easy for Catholics, which had made the outcast so happy, yes and the ceremonies of the Sacrament and the self-sacrificing priest!" Thus soliloquized the doctor. "Truly there must be something in a religion which possesses such consoling Sacraments and is governed by such holy and self-sacrificing priests or else I'm losing my mind."

Two weeks later Dr. Winter was called to attend the pastor of Sheffield and upon entering the sick chamber, found the venerable priest in intense pain. "What can be the matter?" he questioned, suspecting the dreaded truth.

"Yesterday afternoon," explained the priest, "I felt rather indisposed; thinking that this was caused by overwork I retired early but today I am feeling very ill."

After a brief examination the doctor queried, "I can be frank with you, Father?"

"Yes, doctor, but I suppose there is nothing serious about my case?"

"It pains me to tell you, but you have contracted smallpox, presumably from that tramp whom we attended recently, and although I will do all in my power to save you, I fear your end is near."

For a moment there was deep silence and then, "Doctor, I will be grateful for all the assistance you can render, and if I must die God's will be done. Since my seminary days long ago, I have always prayed that I might never fail in the fulfillment of my sacred duty, and it seems that God has granted my prayer. Surely the finger of God is here; and some day perhaps you will be rewarded by Him for being the instrument by which I was enabled to fulfil my last duty."

The end came on the third day, and in the course of time a successor to the martyr to duty was appointed in the person of the Rev. Thomas Ryan.

The college chums again are inseparable and one as a Catholic priest discharges his duties as physician of the souls to his flock, while the other as a Catholic doctor is the healer of their physical maladies.—The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL

(JULY 16)

Like a rose of snowy whiteness in the midst of crimson sisters, the Feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel shines in the centre of the month of the Precious Blood. Blood has its red and white corpuscles. Hence it is most appropriate that the purity of Mary should blend with the love of Jesus, and that in the month on which the Church especially honours His adorable Blood she should be remembered from whose veins that Blood was drawn.

Her memory has been, according to tradition from the earliest days of the Christian era, attracting to the beautiful mount overlooking the Mediterranean known as Mt. Carmel. "Carmel's flowery top" was a favorite image for exquisite beauty and fragrance with Old Testament writers. It was one of the most sacred of the sacred spots of the Holy Land, particularly on account of its association with the greatest of Jewish prophets, Elias and Elisha. In fact, there is good foundation for the belief that a school of their disciples dwelt there pretty much on lines of some relig-

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS

MURPHY & GUNN

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES Solicitors for The Home Bank of Canada Collectors for the Roman Catholic Episcopal Corporation Suite 55, Bank of Toronto Chambers LONDON, CANADA Phone 175

FOY, KNOX & MONAHAN BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, Etc. A. E. Knox T. Louis Monahan E. L. Middleton George Keogh Cable Address: "Foy" Telephones (Main 401 (Main 402

Offices: Continental Life Building CORNER BAY AND RICHMOND STR. ETC. TORONTO

DAY, FERGUSON & CO.

BARRISTERS James E. Day 26 Adelaide St. West John M. Ferguson 36 Adelaide St. West Joseph P. Walsh TORONTO, CANADA

LUNNEY & LANNAN

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES Harry V. Lunney, B.A., B.C.L. Alphonus Lannan, LL.B. CALGARY, ALBERTA

JOHN H. McLEDDERY

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR NOTARY PUBLIC CONVEYANCER Money to Loan Telephone 1069 HERALD BLDG. ROOM 24 GUELPH, ONT.

ARCHITECTS

WATT & BLACKWELL Members Ontario Association ARCHITECTS Sixth Floor, Bank of Toronto Chambers LONDON, ONT.

Members Ontario Association of Architects

MILLSON & BURGESS REGISTERED ARCHITECTS 209 Sparks St. OTTAWA, ONT.

Specialists in Ecclesiastical and Institutional Construction.

DENTISTS

DR. BRUCE E. EAD Room 5, Dominion Bank Chambers Cor. Richmond and Dundas Sts. Phone 6995

EDUCATIONAL

Western School Corner of Richmond and Fullarton Sts. A Business College of Strength and Character

St. Jerome's College

Founded 1864 KITCHENER, ONT. Excellent Business College Department, Excellent High School or Academic Department, Excellent College and Philosophical Department. Address: REV. W. A. BENINGER, C.R., President

FUNERAL DIRECTORS

John Ferguson & Sons 180 KING ST. The Leading Undertakers & Embalmers Open Night and Day Telephone - House 373 Factory 548

E. G. Killingsworth FUNERAL DIRECTOR Open Day and Night 389 Burwell St. Phone 3971

87 YONGE ST., TORONTO PHONE MAIN 4030

Hennessey

"Something More Than a Drug Store" DRUGS CUT FLOWERS PERFUMES CANDIES Order by Phone—we deliver

LOUIS SANDY

GORDON MILLS Habit Materials and Vellings SPECIALLY PRODUCED FOR THE USE OF RE-TIOUS COMMUNITIES BLACK, WHITE, AND COLOURS SERGES and CLOTES, VEILINGS CASHMERE, ETC.

Stocked in a large variety of widths and qualities Samples forwarded on application

LOUIS SANDY Gordon Mills, STAFFORD, ENGLAND Telegrams—Luisandi, Stafford. Phone No. 10

FITS Send for free book, giving full particulars of Trench's world famous preparation for EPILEPSY and FITS—simple Home treatment. Over 20 years' success. Testimonials from all parts of the world; over 100 in one year. Write at once to TRENCH'S REMEDIES LIMITED, 207 St. James' Chambers, 70 Adelaide St. E. Toronto, Ontario. (Cut this out).

Monuments

Distinctive Designs J. P. LAURIN 95 George St. Ottawa Write for Catalogue