

HER IRISH HERITAGE

BY ANNIE M. P. SMITHSON

AUTHOR OF "BY STRANGE PATHS"

CHAPTER I

IN SOUTH KENSINGTON

"My dear Clare, your coffee will be quite cold, and the bacon not worth eating. Do come down from the clouds and tell me what you are dreaming about?"

"I am thinking of my Uncle's letter. Oh! Webbie dear! I wonder what they are like—these strange Irish cousins that I have never seen!"

"Mrs. Webb drank her coffee and helped herself liberally from the various dishes on the perfectly appointed breakfast-table, before replying. She was middle-aged, stout and portly, and liked the creature comforts of this life."

"But Clare Castlemaine's coffee stood untroubled before her, and she was reading once more the letter of which she already knew almost every word."

"My dear Niece,—It was with sincere sympathy and sorrow that I received your last letter informing me of your changed circumstances. I cannot tell you how more than surprised I was. We all thought your late father to be a prudent as well as an extremely wealthy man, and it seems strange that he should have practically lost all his fortune by such reckless speculation. But still one hears of such cases now and then, and you may be glad that you have at least a little left from the wreck."

"But now that you are no longer separated from us by great wealth, I am wondering would you care to come over and make the acquaintance of your mother's people? We are a large family and not well off, but I think we could make you comfortable for awhile. Your cousins all join with me in hoping that you will come over and pay us as long a visit as you like. Just let us know and we will be ready to meet you with a Irish welcome."

"I remain, my dear child, your affectionate Uncle, JAMES BLAKE."

At the foot of the letter, in an unformed girlish hand was scrawled—"P.S. Do come, please, dear Clare. Your loving cousin, Angel."

"Which is Angel, I wonder?" Clare said aloud, "they are such a large family! Webbie, did you ever hear my mother speak much of her people?"

"Mrs. Webb considered for a moment. "No, my dear," she said slowly, "I don't think she ever referred much to them,—at least not since I knew her. You know they never really forgave her for marrying as she did. The Blakes are an old Catholic family, and your poor father being not only English, but a declared Agnostic, was their direct opposite in every way."

Clare Castlemaine wrinkled up her pretty forehead in perplexity. She could not remember her mother, who had died when she was only a few months old, and hers had been a very lonely childhood, although she was brought up in luxury and had splendid nurseries, expensive toys and clothes of every description, a highly trained head-nurse, with various under-nurses, and in fact all the care and attention with which wealthy people surround their children nowadays. Later on came governesses and masters, and then a finishing school in France. It was strange that the girl was not spoiled, brought up as she had been, and would never allow her to have a wish unfulfilled, if he could help it. He was a very wealthy stockbroker—a man who seemed to really change everything he touched into gold,—his name was one to conjure with in London financial circles, and when he died suddenly from a cerebral hemorrhage, a few weeks before this story opens, and it was discovered that he had been losing heavily and lately had taken no reckless speculation to retrieve his fortunes, with a result that he died almost penniless, the astonishment of all those who knew him was unbounded.

His daughter Clare, who was now twenty-two, had a small annuity of £20 left her by a aunt some years ago—beyond that she had literally nothing. Luckily there were few outstanding debts, and the sale of the furniture and other effects of the house in South Kensington would more than pay all and leave Clare a fair amount of money in hand. Then she had a most exquisite wardrobe of every description of clothes, and her jewellery, so that she was not left so destitute as she imagined. Still for a girl reared as she had been, the change in her fortunes would be very great. Her sole income fifty pounds a year! "Just about the price of two decent frocks!" she thought with a gasp.

Mrs. Webb had been her companion for some years now, she was a very distant connection of her late father's and being left a widow with limited means had been only too pleased to fill her present position. It was now three weeks since the death of Mr. Castlemaine, the sale was to take place within the next week, the house given up and the servants discharged. Mrs. Webb was returning to her people in the Midlands, and Clare, feeling a lost child—so helpless and wretched, overwhelmed with her

unexpected trouble—had been considering what on earth she could do, or where she could go for awhile until she became more used to her altered circumstances. Even in this short time she had discovered that in the eyes of the majority of those who had made up the circle of her friends and acquaintances, she was now a very different person to the rich Miss Castlemaine, who had always been such an honored individual amongst them. They were civil and friendly more or less but since her position had become known calls and letters of condolence and sympathy had become fewer and colder, and amongst all those whom she had known and entertained so lavishly in the past, not one real friend had come forward with offers of help or hospitality.

James Blake, her mother's brother, had written from Dublin when he saw the notice of her father's death in the papers—a sympathetic letter. It was the first time that she had held any communication with her Irish relatives, and on the spur of the moment she had replied to his letter and written fully, telling him of her father's financial losses and exactly how she was left. The letter she had received this morning was her uncle's answer, and she was now pondering it all over in her mind and wondering if she should accept the invitation or not. In some ways it seemed the very thing, but somehow she shrank from these unknown relations with her Irish upbringing and environment.

"Oh! Webbie!" she cried, "what would you advise me to do? Do you think I should go?"

"My dear, you must please yourself," said her companion, as he placidly spread marmalade on her toast. "In some ways I think it would be an excellent plan, a complete change of air and scene, a new life altogether for you, and in a large household like your uncle's you would be bound to be taken out of yourself and that would be really good for you. But on the other hand I don't know how you would amalgamate with your cousins' ideas and with their mode of life. Still, for a visit—and after all you need not stay unless you care. You know, my dear girl, that your little home, humble as it is, will be always open to you and I don't need to tell you how really welcome you will always be to your poor Webbie."

Her voice broke as she tried to smile, for she was very fond of Clare Castlemaine, and all this upset and change was a real heart-break to the good-natured soul. "Oh! Webbie! I know—I know!" and Clare patted the fat hand near hers. "You are a dear! But I think I will go over to Ireland for awhile,—just to see what it is like. They can't eat me, anyway!"

"They can't eat me, anyway!" she said bravely to laugh, but I wish you would tell me all you can remember about my mother for you know Father could never bear to speak about her. Of course I know she was very beautiful from the painting in his study, and I know she was Irish and a Catholic, and that he adored her—and yet, somehow, I always have the impression that my mother was not really happy."

Mrs. Webb considered for a few minutes before replying. "I only saw your mother a few times altogether," she said then, and she spoke slowly, as though trying to remember better—"she was very beautiful and very young—not like you in appearance Clare, for although you are very lovely too, you have the fair coloring of your father's people, and your mother was dark, with the most lovely dusky sort of hair and beautiful big grey eyes with such long lashes. She had the sweetest voice and accent I think that I have ever heard, and a lot of little fascinating mannerisms and gesticulations—something like a Frenchwoman, but then the Irish and French are alike in many ways, you know. She adored your father—it was a mutual love and certainly a case of extremes meeting, for two people more unlike in every way I never knew. Yet, as you say, she never seemed really happy—it would be difficult to understand why, for your father grudge her nothing, he surrounded her with every luxury and comfort he could think of—another woman would have been quite spoiled! Of course there was one thing he refused her which I believe she took very much to heart."

Mrs. Webb paused for a moment, but Clare said eagerly, "Oh! I go on Webbie? What was it that my father refused her?"

"Well! It was a question of religion. He refused to allow you to be baptised and you were not to receive any religious instruction. This distressed your mother very much for she was a devout Catholic, and her religion always seemed to be very precious to her, but to all her tears and prayers in that direction your father turned a deaf ear. He allowed your mother full liberty in the matter of her own religion, but you know his ideas about children—to teach them nothing and let them form their own opinions when they are old enough to judge for themselves. I think his refusal to have you baptised really broke your mother's heart—she was never the same afterwards, not that she lived for long, poor thing!"

"Poor Mother!" she said softly, "and poor Daddy, too! Look at the result of his system in me."

Here I am at twenty-two years of age, with no religious beliefs at all, quite unable to make up my mind amidst all the various sects I see around me. Why, Webbie! to me it seems impossible to tell which is right, how could I ever decide? You know I have been looking up the subject lately and what do I find? Chaos everywhere! High Church, Low Church, Broad Church—all totally different in belief and practice, and that within the pale of the Established Church alone, without mentioning the hundreds of dissenting sects multiplying every day. The whole thing is too bewildering, and I think Daddy must have been right in his opinions after all."

"Oh! my dear! don't talk like that! I can never think of you as a woman without a religion—you were not meant for that! If you would only put aside these queer notions and not be worrying over such things, but go to Church—for now, Webbie, if you would never think of joining the dissenting sects, they are our class—and say your prayers and behave like the other girls of your age—Oh! how much happier and contented you would be!"

"Now Webbie! I have some sense please! This is the age of heredity, and here am I, the offspring of a most extraordinary union; on one side I have as the paternal element a sensible, rather stolid business man, essentially English, with little or no imagination, in fact a materialist in every sense of the word. On the other hand for my mother I had a Catholic Irishwoman, imaginative, religious, sensitive and impulsive—in other words a typical Celt—as great an idealist as my father was a materialist. Now, Webbie, if you have ever studied eugenics, as they are called, solemnly, do you expect me to become, as the result of such a union?"

Then she suddenly laughed as she caught a glimpse of Mrs. Webb's bewildered and rather shocked expression.

Clare stooped and kissed her. "Never mind, old darling," she said, "it is all on the Lap of the Gods. Who knows how I may turn out yet? Perhaps I'll enter a convent and live in dungeons behind iron bars and never be allowed to see daylight any more—like that girl we heard about at those 'No Popery' lectures you dragged me to once!"

"My dear!" said Mrs. Webb, trying to speak sternly. "You shouldn't laugh at such things, and I only hope and trust that you won't imitate any of the religious beliefs of your Irish cousins. That would be really terrible."

"Don't worry dear," said Clare with a smile, "I don't think there is much danger in that direction. And now Webbie, come and help me to go through my things until I see what will take with me to the 'little green Isle' and what I will leave in my charge. And then I must write to Uncle James and tell him that I hope to be with him next week—I can settle the day later."

Now that her mind was really made up, Clare felt brighter and happier in every way. Her father's sudden death had been a great shock to her, although her regard for him was not of the quiet affection that real love, while Mr. Castlemaine simply adored his daughter and since the death of his wife had lived only for the sake of the girl. But like all men of his undernourished type he had not shown this openly, and perhaps Clare never really knew how dear she had been to her father. So far the shock of his death was past there had come the realization of her changed circumstances and poor Clare felt as if Fate had indeed proved unkind—but she did not want for courage and grit and was determined not to let herself go under in the battle of life if she could possibly help it. According to her present convictions she had only one life to live—one life that she could be sure about anyway—and she meant to try and get the best she could out of it. The girl was a strange mixture—as she had remarked herself, she was the child of a strange union—and had inherited traits from both her parents. So far the parental element had predominated, but this was largely due to environment, and Clare was anxious herself to see if any hidden qualities derived from her Irish mother would show themselves better if she was transplanted to Irish soil. Almost unknown to herself she had always felt a strange wish for Ireland and the Irish, and yet they were a sealed book to her;—like the ordinary English person she knew as little of the real Ireland of today as she did of the North Pole; in fact, she probably knew rather more of the latter spot. But almost unconsciously Ireland was calling to her, the cry of dark Rosaleen was coming across the water to this child of an Irish mother, and she found herself looking forward with strange eagerness to her visit to her mother's country.

She was sitting on the floor of her dressing-room surrounded by frocks and gowns and chiffons of every description, and she was trying earnestly to help her maid in deciding what to take with her and what to pack away, her mind was full of day-dreams of the future and she found it very hard to attend to the business in hand.

"And after this week I won't have Annette to look after my things—I will have to attend on

myself and do my own hair and everything. Oh! I may be sensible and not let my thoughts wander any more," she sighed, but then suddenly rousing herself she said to the maid:

"We had better go through the contents of this wardrobe first, Annette, and then I can give you all my colored things and what do I find? Chaos everywhere! High Church, Low Church, Broad Church—all totally different in belief and practice, and that within the pale of the Established Church alone, without mentioning the hundreds of dissenting sects multiplying every day. The whole thing is too bewildering, and I think Daddy must have been right in his opinions after all."

And so with an effort Clare flung herself into the details of her wardrobe and tried to forget for awhile her present sorrow and the unknown future.

TO BE CONTINUED

EVERY ONE MAKES MISTAKES

By Helen Moriarty in Rosary Magazine

When Louise, who had a mature mind and well-defined ideas, told her mother that she was going to marry Mr. Alonzo Miller, Mrs. Breen almost fainted with surprise.

"Mr. Miller?" She came up gasping. "Of course you mean—Louise?"

"Louise?" Mother! That boy?"

"He's just your age—"

"That's it—he's too young. A woman," loftily, "has to look up to her husband. You know—depend on his judgment?"

"A woman?" The mother regarded her helplessly. "But he's almost twice as old as you, Louise. Why I never dreamed of such a thing!"

"Oh, I did," in a superior tone. "And really years don't matter. We are so very congenial. I don't know any one I enjoy more."

Mrs. Breen sighed. "Well, if you—if you're satisfied, of course," she checked the momentary impulse to say, "if you love him," and went on rather wistfully, "But poor Louise! Louise,—I always thought it was Louise."

"I don't see why," impatiently. "I never thought of Louise—he knew that. He's known about his father; too—for some time. He's perfectly satisfied—his father says so."

"With you for a step-mother?" Louise registered sudden and sharp irritation. "I don't expect to be Louise's step-mother," she said stiffly. "We'll be chums, just as we've always been. Mr. Miller says that's one thing makes it so delightful—Louise will have a companion of his own age."

Mrs. Breen stared and then burst into a hysterical laugh. "Well, this is the queerest thing I've ever heard of," she vouchsafed. "If he's marrying to give Louise a companion—"

With a shrug she left the sentence and its implication in the air, while Louise turned away with a hurt look.

"All right, Mother, if that's the way you're going to take it," in a strongly injured tone. "I—"

"Why do you think—?" Louise pleaded. You always seemed to like him."

"Mr. Miller—" coldly—"had no right to think anything about it until he consulted your father and me. . . . what is it?" as Louise muttered something about this not being the Dark Ages and she guessed a girl could make her own choice now that goodness! "You have made your own choice, haven't you? And since it's rather an unusual one, to say the least, you'll have to give me time to adjust myself!"

The girl's face assumed such a disappointed look that the mother's heart smote her and she said reluctantly, "Of course, dear, we only want you to be happy—"

Louise broke in shakily, "But how can I be happy, when you're not glad . . . when you don't wish me joy or anything?"

Tears came into the mother's eyes also. "God knows, dear, I do wish you joy." But her whole air was so charged with mournfulness that Louise fled away to her own room, where she gave vent to a resentful shower of tears. How perfectly horrid of her mother to act this way—as though Mr. Miller were an ordinary man to be judged by the mere standard of age! Why, she was proud of him, proud that he had chosen her, his little comrade, as he had always called her, to be the solace of his lonely life. Those were the very words he had used, in that deep, exquisitely modulated voice of his, and Louise's sensitive soul had at once responded to the wondrous call. She could visualize herself as his devoted companion, the head of his house, thoughtful of his interests, joining with Louise in watching over him for though the most fascinating he was the most absent-minded of men—in short, she could see herself—oh, beautiful words!—the solace of his lonely life!" She was happy—she would be happy, no matter what any one said or thought. She supposed other people would be surprised, too. To this phase of the matter she had not so far given a thought, she had been so joyous and uplifted, but though always pretty sure of herself, her mother's reception of the happy news had somewhat shaken Louise. She wanted everybody to congratulate her, to tell her how happy she ought to be, and no one. That anyone else might look at it as her mother had stung her with a sense of curious uneasiness, and a faint shadow fell across the radiance of her perfect satisfaction.

To the casual observer Mr. Alonzo Miller, Sr., did not appear

to be in any immediate need of solace, nor was his life in any sense a lonely one. Handsome, distinguished and popular, no man in the city was more sought after or enjoyed his popularity more. A retired manufacturer with plenty of money, he was a patron of music and art and of all civic and social movements. No new project was launched without his imprimatur, no committee without his name was considered worthy of publication. He was the bright particular star of exclusive dinners. Neither was his popularity confined to the ladies, for Mr. Miller was one of those sweet and genial souls whom everybody loved. He was admired, imitated, envied. But, lonely? His friends would have scoffed at the idea. Why, he never had time to be lonely!

The curious engagement seemed to make no difference in Louise's attitude toward Louise. He and his father dropped into Breen's just as they always had, and sometimes when Mr. Miller and Mr. Breen became engrossed in an interesting discussion, the former would signal his son and bid him take Louise to a picture show or to the Art Museum or some other place.

"You know," he said to Mr. Breen one night, looking fondly after the pair, "young people must have amusement. I don't want to see Louise down to my dull interests, and it's fortunate that she and Louise have always been like brother and sister. . . . Don't you think so, he said nothing."

Mr. Breen was looking down and knocking the ash from his cigar. He replied dryly, "Yes, it is fortunate, Lon. Now about this new committee—"

For Mr. Breen was not any more satisfied with the engagement than was his wife. He was not only keenly disappointed at Louise's choice, but he had to bear the brunt of their friends' surprise, open and suggested. That every one without exception thought it queer was plain to be seen; and whether they said, "Well, well, so your little friend Louise is going to marry Lon instead of Louise," or, "Your daughter has drawn a prize, Mr. Breen," it was all one to him. He knew what they were thinking, and it irked him on his own account as well as Louise's. The Breens were only well-to-do, while Alonzo Miller was reputed to be a millionaire, two facts which seemed unconsciously to color all comment and congratulations. "Well," air and smile appeared to say, "of course I can see how—"

And Louise answered with a nonchalant grin, "Sure thing. Getting to be pretty nearly as popular as my Dad—what?"

His father's face was grave. "I rather thought you'd take Louise tonight," was his only comment. "Oh!" he said, "I didn't know. But don't you think, gently, that Louise would like you to take her once in awhile?"

"Once in awhile!" The sweet-tempered Mr. Miller was put out, it was clear. "I escort Louise to all suitable places, of course, but to dances and things like that, I thought—"

And Louise interrupted him. "I thought—"

But Louise only murmured absent, "Uh-huh, Louise does like to dance, doesn't she? It's too bad I'm tied up . . ."

And that's all the satisfaction he gave his father, who went off in a huff, unhappily committed to the sole entertainment of his future wife, for one evening, at least. And as the evenings became more frequent, he began to find them more and more irksome. Louise was the dearest girl in the world—so he told himself—and all too passionately desirous of making his interests and pleasures hers. But the fact of the matter was that he had not allowed his engagement to interfere with a large number of pleasant feminine friendships, and the intrusion of the youthful and demanding Louise into these charmed circles would infuse an entirely new and foreign element—one, in fact, quite calculated to destroy the charm completely. Mr. Miller had no intention of denying himself the intellectual stimulus of various cultured groups, but as time went on he began to experience some difficulty in explaining to Louise where he had been, and why he continued to accept so many invitations when she was not included. To a man of his temperament explanations were abhorrent and the situation at times became strained.

Louise was bewildered and unhappy. She missed Louise and she missed the diversion of his invitations, at which she had often lightly scoffed. At first she had secretly been a little glad, for now, she told herself, she would have a better chance to acquaint herself with her future husband's interests, his thoughts and opinions. But she soon discovered to her mortification that nothing could be further from Mr. Miller's intention than to discuss weighty matters with her. At a rashly advanced opinion he would perhaps smile indulgently, and say, "Wait until you're a little older, my dear, and you will see the fallacy of such statements. Now, Mrs. Wentworth said the other evening, . . ."

Louise began to loathe the very names of the cultured ladies whose sentiments he was fond of quoting with every appearance of admiration. She was too young and guileless to use against them the only effective weapon which she possessed, that of youth, and she often sighed

think—"He stopped and glared angrily at Mrs. Breen. "I want you to know there's a limit to what a fellow can stand!"

Well, mildly, "I just wondered," she drew a satisfied breath, and went on. "Louise," she said, "it's a wretched mess—the whole thing. In a way, I must say I blame you—wait!" as he started to speak. "Only because you're too much dominated by your father. We all are—or, I should say, were," with a half-smile. Mr. Miller had lost his charm for Mrs. Breen when he became engaged to her daughter. "He's been a wonderful father, but so have you been a wonderful son. I advise you from now on to take a different tack. That is, in a meaning tone, "if you care anything about Louise and her happiness."

"Care about Louise?" reproachfully, Louise looked hurt. "You know I've always cared about Louise! And if I didn't care for her happiness, would I put my own feelings aside—"

"Mrs. Breen sat up energetically. "Well, don't put them aside!" she ejaculated. "Act like any other young man would and leave your father and Louise to their own devices! Go and take other girls around, why don't you, and see how it works out!"

Louise blinked his amazement. "But Louise'll miss me," he objected. "I mean, she'll probably miss going out, for you know, Dad—"

"That's it," she probably will! Listen, Louise," her tone becoming intent, "I want my girl to be happy, naturally I do. And this looks, to me like a chance. . . . A variety of expressions chased themselves over Louise's face as he listened, and when at last he asked whether she was sure it wouldn't be disloyal to his father, Mrs. Breen retorted, "He didn't think it was disloyal to you, did he, proposing to the girl you had always expected to marry? Well, then!"

So Louise gradually quit going to the Breens. He would drop in occasionally for a few minutes, not to make his defection too pointed, but he was always on his way some place, or had another engagement. Also, he always happened to have another engagement when his father suggested that he take Louise to a certain dance or party.

It seems to me," he said, "that you are having a great many engagements lately."

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