

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE

CHRISTINE FABER

Author of "A Mother's Sacrifice," etc.

CHAPTER XXXII.—CONTINUED

The strain had reached the ears of him for whom it was intended; faintly at first, still sufficient to rouse to an attitude of intensely eager attention the poor prisoner, who was sitting gloomily upon his bed. He sprang to his feet, standing upon the pallet as close to the iron bars that guarded the single aperture his cell possessed as it was possible for him to get; but the grated space was still considerably above his head.

Louder and louder became the song, and more replete with all the passionate affection of the heart of the singer, and Carroll, recognizing the voice and the air, gave a scream of joy; but alas! it could not penetrate beyond the walls of his prison. The floodgates of his heart were opened at this touching evidence of Tighe a Vohr's attachment, and the unmanly youth, in his gratitude and joy, cried like a child. "I knew he would find some way of getting near me," he murmured, "and to let me at least know of his presence"; and when the song was ended, he waited in ardent longing for its renewal.

The harsh sound of a key turning in his cell door broke upon his ear, and he turned almost in expectation of beholding Tighe a Vohr. It was Morty Carter—Morty Carter, with all the appearance of ardent affection and extravagant joy. He waited only to have the door tightly closed behind him, when he hastened with outstretched arms to the prisoner. "My dear, dear boy! you thought I had neglected you—that I had forgotten my promise!"

"Oh, no!" answered Carroll simply and trustingly; "I knew you would do neither; beside, I have had two gleams of sunshine since our last meeting—a visit from Father Meagher, and Nora, and Clare, brought about, I believe, by the dear Tighe a Vohr; and just now, hardly five minutes before your entrance, I heard the faithful fellow himself singing above my window here."

Carter was obliged to feign a sort of spasms, in order to conceal the confusion and excitement into which he was thrown by Carroll's statement.

"What is it, Morty?" exclaimed the prisoner in affright, while at the same time he endeavored to clasp the corpulent form, which trembled violently.

"Nothing, my dear boy! absolutely nothing," protested Carter, as feigning to recover, he wiped his face, and appeared to make an effort to smile. "It is only one of the turns which I have frequently of late; ah, Carroll! when the heart sustains such shocks as mine has received, it would have been to adamant not to break under them some time; and it is the effect, the bitter effect, of treachery and slander that it has been my fate to endure, which you witnessed in my sudden spasm; but one day all my wrongs shall be righted."

"Yes, one day, Morty," spoke up the prisoner cheerfully, both to comfort his visitor, and to hide his own emotion; "and you will stand forth better known, better loved, than ever."

"I can't not," answered Carter, mournfully, "if they leave me your affection; if you, Carroll, do not turn against me, I can face the rest—I shall have courage to bear all!"

"Have I not already sworn to you,"—and the young man in his simple earnestness caught Carter's hands and pressed them hard—"that I should ever be true? Cease to press me on this wretched subject, Morty; it harrows my soul!"

"On the occasion of the visit of which you spoke," asked Carter, "was nothing said of me—no word that might make you believe me guilty of what they report of me?"

Carroll averted his head and slightly colored; his tender heart would not inflict upon his visitor the pain which he felt a direct avowal of what Father Meagher had attempted to say might do.

"Father Meagher attempted to say something, and I, suspecting from what you had previously told me what its import might be, prevented him by saying that I knew what he would speak, and I begged him to spare me the recital. How he interrupted my entreaty I know not, but all left me without saying a word more upon the subject."

"That information quite elated Mr. Carter; he recovered entirely his spirits, and burst out at once with the object of his visit: 'My plan for your release is now complete; a heavy bribe has secured two of the wardens, and on the second night from this, one hour after midnight, you will find every lock unfastened between you and the jail yard; the wall of that you will have to scale, but friends will be in waiting on the outside with a rope to throw to you; and once that you are safe without the prison wall, a close-covered vehicle will bear you quickly to Hurley's where the boys have been waiting for weeks past for an opportunity to row you out to sea;

afterward, to get you safely to America will be easy work.' "Oh, Morty, how can I thank you! you give me hope, you give me life again!" In his grateful enthusiasm the young man would have pressed his lips to Carter's hand.

"Pshaw!" ejaculated the latter, drawing back, and feigning to brush sudden tears from his eyes. "You will have the nerve for the venture, Carroll—will you not?" "The nerve! with life, liberty, and, above all, Nora McCarthy as the goal—what man would not feel as if he had super-human nerve for such an aim?"

"Be on the alert at the hour appointed," Carter said at parting, while he wrung Carroll's hand.

I shall," the young man responded cheerfully; "the stake is worth all the risks."

The cell door opened and closed, and the prisoner was again alone; but this time such renewed hope and courage animated him that his dreary abode seemed to have lost much of its gloom and irksomeness.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER

A strangely assorted couple were hastening in the direction of Hoolahan's tavern—a shambling, ill-dressed, rough-looking man, and a plainly but tastefully arrayed, and graceful female. A long, dark cloak covered her entire person, and her face was concealed by a thick veil; but, though so disguised, the queenly poise of her slender form, and the grace of her modest bearing, were in such singular and almost painful contrast to the ill-favored being by her side, that more than one paused to look after the pair. As they turned into the entrance of the inn she suddenly grasped her companion's arm.

"Not here; surely, not here!" Her voice quivered with pain and terror.

The man replied in a low, re-assuring tone: "Only for an hour or so, Nora; I must see the party who promised to find us a home, and I know of no place so fit to have you wait in as this."

"She was silent, seeming to resign herself without further anxiety to his care. Many wondering looks were directed to her by the loungers in the room as she stood for a moment alone, while her companion went forward and spoke to some man at the counter. The result of the conference seemed to be satisfactory, for Rick returned with a pleased expression upon his face, and accompanied by the man to whom he had spoken.

"This is Mr. Hoolahan, Nora, and he will himself see that you are made comfortable until I come back."

"Right willingly, miss," responded the good-natured proprietor, who had not yet recovered from the amazement into which he had been thrown by Rick's private announcement that the lady by whom he was accompanied was his daughter; and something about her, though veiled, and covered as she was, impelled him to put as great a deference in his manner as if he were addressing one of the first ladies of his native place. He continued: "I will show you to a room where you can rest after your journey—I understand you have come a little distance on the car,—and I shall see that some refreshment is sent to you."

Nora bowed, and the gentle courtesy impressed Mr. Hoolahan more strangely than before. He assigned her the best guest-chamber in the house, and thither he invited Rick, in order to assure the latter that it contained every appurtenance for his daughter's comfort. It was a prettier room than the exterior of the building seemed to warrant, and its bright carpet and freshly done-up muslin curtains looked inviting to the tired and anxious young traveler.

"It will do," said Rick, quietly, his shrewdness prompting him to conceal his pleasure, for it was not often the poor creature's eyes rested on so pretty a sight; but, by hiding his unusual satisfaction, he might cause Mr. Hoolahan to think that his guest had not always been the ill-looking, wretched-clad being that he now appeared. "You do not mind going—you are not very unhappy?" Rick hurriedly inquired on the threshold, while Mr. Hoolahan, with instinctive politeness, withdrew.

Nora raised her veil. "Father!" The effort which it still cost her to say the word was manifested by the fiery color that rushed to her face.

"Are not our fortunes to be henceforth together; am I not your own, your only child? why should I be unhappy?"

"As if he would break from tones, and from a look that tortured him, he answered hastily, without suffering his eyes to meet hers: "I shall be back in an hour; perhaps in less time—good-by."

He shambled through the hall, and Nora, who could not yet trust herself to look after him, turned quickly into her room, and closed and locked the door.

With hurried gait Rick took his way to Mr. Carter's lodgings; that gentleman was not in, however, and Rick hastened to every haunt that seemed to offer a possibility of his presence. He met him at last, coming from the barracks, his smile and self-complacent air showing his inward good humor. His face darkened for a moment, however, as his eyes fell upon Rick, and the latter said with a scowl: "You needn't be afraid—there's nothing in my being

here to cause you alarm. The business is settled so far that"—his voice gulped for an instant—"she's here, and I have come for your further orders."

"Hush!" said Carter, casting a hurried, half-frightened look about him; "tell me no more till we reach my room—there we shall be safe; and don't keep so close to me, Rick; fall a little behind, so that people won't know we're together."

Rick obeyed the injunction, but it was with a dogged air and a muttered: "He's a danged man, but she's my company; but she's not—and—oh, God! that I was done with it all!"

Arrived in Carter's room, the door of which that gentleman locked securely, he turned in a violently excited manner to his companion. "Do you mean that Nora McCarthy is here—in Tralee?"

"I do!" there was a fierce energy in the voice of the speaker; "I mean that she is here now in a room at Hoolahan's. And when Father Meagher confirmed what I told her, she acknowledged me, and declared her intention to do her duty by me in the face of the priest's opposition, in the face of Miss O'Donoghue's tears and entreaties, and in the face of my own counsel to her to remain with the friends who had been more to her than father or mother; she braved it all. And when Father Meagher saw that nothing would move her from her duty, he took me alone to talk to me. He begged me to make a home there in Drom-macool, where at least she would be in the midst of her friends. He might better have asked me to put my hand in the fire, and not take it out till it was burned to the bone."

He asked me where I would take her, and I was puzzled for an answer; for mark you, Carter, I was not prepared to have her fall into my arms as easy as she did—I was not prepared to meet Father Meagher as soon as I did, but I had no power to resist her, when she said in her quiet, firm way: 'Come home with me, and I will tell Father Meagher.' I had never myself to meet scorn, and galling repugnance, and bitter denials of all my statements; but I had prepared myself for the courage and sacrifice of noble Nora McCarthy!"

Carter was listening, so eager, so spell-bound, that the perspiration trickled unheeded down his face. Rick continued: "I was puzzled, as I tell you, to know what to answer when Father Meagher asked me where I would take her, and at last I said Tralee—saying, further, that I had friends here who would help me at the least to make a decent home for her. And when I said that, oh! the hard way the priest looked at me as he said: 'Rick, it is your strange lot to possess in Nora, as your child, a gem of womanly virtue; and if you would take her from her present secure shelter to expose her in the vicious haunts which you frequent, or if you would allow her pure eyes to be sullied by one glimpse of the low company with whom you associate, God will as surely blast you as that He exists.' I'll never forget his words, Carter, they were burned in my brain; and sometimes I have started with the ringing of them in my ears. I swore to him that he need have no fear: was she not my child? and let my own guilt be what it might, could the father's heart within me expose her to any harm? He seemed satisfied, and when I proposed that she should remain a week longer at his house, thinking in the meantime to see you and have you arrange matters for us, he seemed better pleased. But the next morning, when that decision was told to Nora, she would have none of it; she would come with me immediately; whether it was that the shame of being my child made her anxious to leave at once, or the dread of the parting being harder on her than another week that it would be then, I know not, but she carried her way. Father Meagher would have given me other clothes than these, and he would have put money in my pocket, but I refused both. They would have burned my soul had I taken them, so I came away as I am. I couldn't look at the parting—I couldn't look at the way the two girls clung to each other; the first sight of it was like a stab to my heart, and I stopped my ears to shut out Miss O'Donoghue's screams, as we turned out of the little gate, Nora and me. I would have walked before her, I would have sent her ahead, I would have done anything to spare her the pain of walking beside me to the car. I might as well have told the sky to fall! I was her father, and wretched, loathsome beggar as I was, she would not abate one jot of what she deemed to be her duty. She walked beside me, Carter, not a falter in her step, and not a quaver in her tone when she answered the greeting of the country people that we met. They looked at her—everybody looked at her—wondering to see her gone mad, because the news hadn't gone abroad yet; but it is known by this time. I myself told it at Hoolahan's, where she's waiting, and Andy Hoolahan was so struck with surprise when I told him that he could hardly answer me when I asked for a room where she could rest herself till my return. So now, Carter, my dependence is on you, to enable me to keep my word with Father Meagher; and help me to make a decent home for her. The priest said he would send her trunk till he should receive

a letter from her telling him where and how she was situated."

Carter still only stared, mute and spell-bound.

"Are you satisfied?" asked Rick, impatient for an answer to his lengthy story.

Carter roused himself and wiped his face. "I don't know whether to be or not," he replied, like one awakening from an unpleasant dream: "The affair has taken a different turn from what I expected—I thought you would have managed so as to offer the alternative I mentioned; instead, you have brought the whole to a climax so quickly that you positively leave me no alternative."

Rick burst out passionately: "Have you no regard, man, for my feelings in this transaction? I was harrowed to the soul, over and over, till I could have fallen on my knees and asked God to kill me. A devil out of hell could not do a crueller thing—take her from all she held dearest to bind her life to a wretched, outcast beggar. You say I didn't mention something you told me to tell her,—I couldn't; not if a dozen bayonets were at my back picking me with their points, and threatening to pierce me through if I didn't speak, I couldn't open my mouth to say what you told me—I did. I felt that I should have been scorned like a worm of the earth as I am."

Carter had begun to pace the room; he stopped suddenly, and, as if influenced by some motive of prudence, he said in a calmer and more conciliatory tone: "Very well, Rick; I am satisfied; and now I expect a piece of good fortune, which, should it happen, will make you reward, Rick, nearer than even I thought it to be."

"What is it?" the wretched creature was eager in an instant.

"It's this," Carter brought his mouth close to the ear of his listener. "I have managed a plan of escape for Carroll O'Donoghue, and to-morrow, an hour after midnight, some of the boys from Hurley's will wait for him outside the jail wall; he's to scale that by means of the ropes they'll throw him, and then they're to drive away with him."

"Well," responded Rick, "and what then?"

"Can't you penetrate the rest?" demanded Carter: "it's too long to wait for his hanging, so I planned this."

A look of keen intelligence shot athwart Rick's features. "May be it's shot you'd have him in the attempt to escape?"

Carter nodded. Rick's head vibrated also with the full and rather startling comprehension which had dawned upon him. "And once he's completely out of the way," Carter resumed, "the rest will be easy game. And now, Rick, here's money for your purpose"—he drew out a couple of bank-notes: "Mrs. Murphy, at the end of — street, will let you have rooms in her house; it's comfortable and respectable, and I've no doubt but that you and your daughter will be very happy."

There was a slight mocking emphasis on the whole of the last sentence; it was not lost upon Rick, but he did not pretend to notice it, only pocketed the money, saying carelessly: "You have no further business of me now?"

"No, Rick, none now; none till this affair of Carroll's is over."

The door closed upon the shambling visitor, and Carter locked it and turned to pace the floor and to indulge in one of his wonted passionate soliloquies:

"The courage and sacrifice of noble Nora McCarthy!" he repeated; "yes, it is all very well now while her enthusiasm, and the opportunity she has for a heroic display of virtue, together with the novelty of the affair, sustain her; but I'll wait awhile—I'll wait till the constant deprivation of those comforts and luxuries to which she has been accustomed begin to tell upon her; I'll wait till absence from all general society wears upon her; I'll wait till the disregard, and worse than that, the disgrace which will attach to her as the daughter of that outcast, Rick of the Hills, eats into her soul, and then will be my time." His eyes kindled with vindictive triumph. "I shall not approach her before; Rick need not fear that I shall disturb their happy home"—he laughed in mockery—"nor intrude myself upon her leisure hours; oh, no! I shall not cross her path till my time comes, and then, when Carroll O'Donoghue shall have been shot, or hung, I care not which, and she is herself stripped of everything to which her heart clung, perhaps then she will not so scornfully refuse to become my wife. Oh, Heavens!" he continued, walking with more rapid strides, and speaking through his clenched teeth; "that I could crush her till her very misery would force her to accept my aid—that I could see her lying in the dust, so that her very abjectness would leave her powerless to repel me! I care not what she becomes, so that she is humbled into becoming my wife!"

And thus giving vent to the passions which ceaselessly gnawed his miserable heart, and striding as he talked, he continued till the fading sunlight warned him of the waning day, and roused him to a remembrance of other and more important business.

TO BE CONTINUED

It's not the man who knows the most that has the most to say.

SANT' ANTONIO'S NAMESAKE

Cesare, the master-cook at the "Palazzo Falleri," was in a dejected mood.

His master, Giovanni Falleri Senator of Venice, was giving that night one of his great banquets at which, as well as providing the company with excellently-cooked meats and well-chosen wines, Cesare had never failed to exhibit some ingenious novelty in the way of table-decoration, some ornamental Venetian galleys in colored sugars; once the figure of a robed senator in almond paste and angelica; once a little Moorish boy, with limbs of smooth brown chocolate. But this time, for some cause or other, his inventive faculty would not rise to the occasion. His brain seemed to be incapable of finding and developing a new idea.

"Alas, Sandro!" said he to his sympathetic underling, "this can only mean that I am growing old and stupid! My hand is losing its cunning with age."

"Well, master," said Sandro, I take it that you do not want me to contradict. Yet you would not be best pleased if I agreed with you. So I will content myself with saying that, in my judgment, your inventive spirit has only left you for a while and will return presently. Let us apply ourselves to Sant' Antonio of Padua—the finder of lost things!"

"Twere unreasonable to trouble the good saint," answered Cesare, with a rueful smile. "Fitting new ideas into old brains is never an easy matter. And now, with so little time at our disposal, unless Sant' Antonio were actually on the spot—"

He broke off and turned with a sharp glance of inquiry towards a young scullion who just then approached across the spacious kitchen.

"What now, Ettore? Did I not say that I was not to be disturbed for every trifle?"

"Your pardon, master," said Ettore deprecatingly, "but it is Antonio who wishes you to know that he is here."

"Antonio!" For a moment Cesare stared at the speaker, almost awed; then, as he caught sight of a small boy, bare-legged and sun-burned, who was following close at the scullion's heels, he recovered himself, and addressed the newcomer with due severity.

"What brings you here just now, Tonio? It is true that you are generally welcome whenever your grandfather likes to send you; but he should have remembered that today is a busy day with me."

"Dear Signor Cesare," said the boy, sidling up to him, and laying a little brown hand on the master-cook's plump wrist, "it was not grandfather who sent me; but I am of my own accord, and not to hinder, but to help you, you will let me. I have a new idea for a centerpiece that I have long been wanting to show you. You know you have often told me, when you have seen me modelling things, that I hit on quite good ideas."

"Yes! Yes, my child! But a trade like mine needs the skill of an artist."

The master-cook, amazed at the presumption of his little protege, stood frowning down at the child, when Sandro unexpectedly struck in:

"Why should not the boy try his hand, master, as he so much wishes? In his eagerness to show us what he can do, he will, at least, work rapidly, and that is a consideration with us, who are pressed for time. Besides," he added in a lower tone, "I should not like to be certain that Sant' Antonio himself has not sent along this namesake of his."

"Let it be so, then," said Cesare, with sudden resignation. "But I hope no harm will come of it, and that the Senator will never know."

That night, Falleri entertained his guests with his accustomed splendid hospitality. The great sombre rooms of the old "Palazzo" were brilliantly illuminated by the candelabra, which hung from the roof, and which had their light flashed back upon them from the long mirrors on the walls.

The dishes were varied and appetizing; the wines, in their Venetian glass flagons, costly and rich, and in the centre of the feast-table stood a positive triumph of the cook's inventive skill—a colossal lion, moulded all in golden butter, and gleaming like gold itself. Many were the admiring comments excited by this life-like representation.

"Tis the very lion of San Marco! Behold the curl of his mane, and the majesty of his uplifted head. Those limbs, with their swelling muscles, seem ready to move. You have a genius for your cook, Falleri!" Falleri, smiling, stroked his beard. "We will send for Cesare, friends! It is well that an artist should hear his work praised," said he, "and a moment later the master-cook stood in the great hall, bowing low to Falleri and his guests, and looking about him with a dignified assurance. No trace of his black mood appeared on his pleasant features; and his delight in good craftsmanship overcame every other feeling.

"The noble company is in the right, Signor. This lion is a creditable piece of work. I do not

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