#### THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND (LADY GILBERT)

CHAPTER XXX-CONTINUED

"Still higher, still higher," said Fan, with two bright red spots burning on her cheeks. "We shall surely soon be at heaven's gate;" as yet another Rhine-threaded valley opened out of the clouds

The air was now getting cooler, the sunlight paler, and the pines had diminished in size. The river brawled between great banks, like any common shallow stream of our lowlands. As the travellers still ascended, the pines, now grown dark and thick, were covered from their roots as with a soft green fur. A chill touch of frost seemed to come with the twilight; winter had succeeded summer, as night had come after day

Snowy peaks began to rise around them, and a few vivid stars appeared in the sky. After another spell of almost benighted wander-ing in the eerie and magnificent upper world they began to approach the hotel near the summit of the

pass.
"This is not exactly the gate of heaven, my dear," said the signora, "but to me it is almost as welcome at this moment.'

Shut up for a few hours' sleep in a little upper room, Fan surveyed the alpine world from her balcony. Multitudes of peaks, grimly dark or glittering with white snow, filled the horizon, and round and above them the stars flashed with an

extraordinary brilliancy. Fascinated with the beauty and majesty of the scene the girl felt that she could stay here for ever.

"I do not want to go down into the world any more," she reflected. "No one needs me there, and this place suits me exactly." She did not ask herself what she could do here; existence in such a region must be enough. It looked like the entrance into still nobler realms. She fancied herself passing between those glittering and star-crowned peaks, and emerging into wonderful valleys that would lead to heaven. Behind such mighty and shining gates an angel would be sure to meet her, as Raphael met Tobias, and would lead her by the hand in her heavenward wanderings.

Excitement began to give way before bodily fatigue, and Fanchea crept into the little bed provided for her. In her dreams she continued to explore the white valleys, holding the angel fast by the hand. And now the angel had got Kevin's

She left the hotel at dawn, her imagination still filled with snowy fields, lit by the stars and tracked by spirit feet; but in a few hours afterwards the first sight of Italy had coloured her brain with vivid pictures of life and set the warm blood tingling in her veins.

Now I am going to be happy,' I the signora. "Youth, joy said the signora. said the signora. "Youth, joy, hope, have all been frozen out of me in colder climes; yet I am bringing back my soul into the sunshine of my native land." And at the first sight of the blue mountains

I am bringing my Italy an offer ing worthy of her acceptance," she continued, embracing Fanchea. "Here is a treasure which proves I have not quite thrown away my years. If I have failed to develop my own genius, I have at least

found a substitute."
Herr Harfenspieler nodded assent and bade their charioteer stop, and all three travellers alighted and sat by the roadside while the pro-fessor produced his violin and poured forth one of his most impassioned reveries from its strings.

It was a greeting, he said, homage, a love-song to the land of The signora shed copious tears and Fan stood by, gazing down into half-disclosed vistas of Italy. Rich mountain valleys clustered with chestnut-trees, and in the distance deep and exquisite hues glowing among the folds of ountains, like the gems from a half-open casket. The two people beside her seemed ired. Would not Italy and song be to her all they were to them? Must not her life be well spent in devotion to the art they so adored?

valleys, each one richer than the last in teeming fruit-trees Italy. After some particularly rugged descent, whose peril had yellow-green mantle of vines, backed by deep blue mountain walls,

burned and dark-eyed, carried long baskets of fruit upon their backs.

A draught of new-made wine, procured from the makers at a road-side cottage, gave the travellers

This inflates was to utter the such a scream of joy as would have startled the echoes of the mighty Duomo, and to fling herself for-ward into the light; the next was to strength to press on and catch the steamer proceeding down the lake to Como. Over-powered with fatigue and the drowsiness of the warm air, Fan lay down upon the deck with half-closed eyes; and was deck with hal floated through the enchanting beauties that girdle the beautiful

Established at Milan in apartments not far from the Duomo, Fanchea threw herself into the musical studies awaiting her, yet was allowed time to explore great city with its treasures. After siesta, well-earned by an industrious morning, she and her guardians spent the afternoon visiting the churches and galleries, sitting in the silent, deserted refectory of the banished Dominicans, before the wonderful Cenacolo fast as she could in the direction he had taken. "My friend! my studying the glories of the Brera, the fading picture of the Last Supper by Leonardo da Vinci; diving into primitive ages among the solemn shades of the rude, Oh, who aisles. A few moments were always saved, going or coming, to spend in the sweet and glorified stillness of the magical Duomo. A twilight drive on the Corso refreshed them that after all she might have been mistaken. Had it been Kevin, mistaken. Had it been Kevin, and the must have seen her, have they walked about the merry streets to see the crowds of pleasure-takers, or visited the brilliant-ly-lighted arcades to look at the

The Duomo was a perpetual delight to Fanchea.
"Ah, Mamzelle!" she exclaimed, "if you had seen our little church at Killeevy-four bare, white-washed walls, a wooden altar, and a crucifix! Yet how strong our prayers were! How well we loved I only hope they pray as here. If our hearts could, well here. they would have piled up riches like these to give honour to heaven. And oh, how glad I am that some one has been able to do it!"

She was never weary of walking round the aisles on solemn tip-toe, basking in the enchanted light that fell through the jewelled windows, scrutinizing the grave or benignant faces of the saints that clustered round the tabernacles on the summits of the majestic columns. of marvelling at the details of lilies, sunflowers, fruits, heads of cherubs, sculptured out of the rich yellow-white marble. Walking through lanes of glory, her eyes wandered down cooler aisles full of shadowy maisty, but ending in vistas of majesty, but ending in vistas of violet, and crimson, and gold. The beauty and the holiness of it alike laid hold of her soul. She saw it all with the eyes of a mind early trained to the influences of same religion that had gathered all these glories as upon one altar. Her heart accepted it as a new joy that had suddenly become her own, and she offered it, as if this were the first time it had been offered, to the Creator.

I did not do it," she thought, "I had no part in making it, but the delight I have in it makes me feel it entirely my own. And I rejoice to lay it all at the feet of God!"
She would rise with the very first

her morning began, and return to her tasks saturated to the very with the sweetness and oliness that lurk, as lurks incense, in this marvellous sanctuary. morning having finished her devotions, she was wandering as usual in half-solemn, half-fluttered delight through the mazes of the Duomo. Having got away into the curved, marble-paved alley behind the great altar, she stood, herself a little in shadow, gazing at the three gigantic eastern windows that fill the apsis, and half-dazed by the flood of sunshine that came pouring through their painted panes, casting myriads of ethereal jewels upon the air and along the pavement. Beyond this indescribable glory the depths of the mighty retreated into a rich and sombre shade, out of which shone dark bronzed, warm yellow white marbles, a cloud of transparent

crimson, and glimmers of gold. Leaning against the wall, out of cases down the mountain sides, alighting in lower and still lower valleys, each one with the choir, and pause, dazzled by the in lower and still lower choir, and pause, dazzled by the each one richer than splendour of the sunlit windows. He walked forward into the ligh and luxuriant vegetation, Fanchea and then stood quite still. His dropped down out of the clouds into figure was tall and well-knit, and had a certain manly grace, was nothing about there made the heart stop beating, and the breath come hard, how sweet to ever known. Her eyes rested on made the heart stop beating, and the breath come hard, how sweet to see the stream again running placidly through the valley, the burnished campanile glittering among the trees. How pleasant to hear the bests and laughter of the research. shouts and laughter of the peasants | ment of quiet observation from her busy in the shady recesses of the shadowy corner, and a qualm of chestnut boughs, gathering in their harvest of food. Chiavenna with its Surely something in that upraised her; the broad white brow, and illuminated by the flash of its serene grey eyes, were associated in sunlit rivers was left behind at her mind with all that is beautiful last, and under the warm brooding and good in existence. The light present visit that they had for-sunshine our friends sped along crisp hair had become a darker gotten the desirability of procuring sunshine our friends sped along through the flush and glory of the gardens and fields of Lombardy. The grasshoppers sang loud in the grass, and a monstrous green one garden on the driver's shoulder.

Fan's first impulse was to utter and, turning his glance aloft, hither and thither, he passed before her and out of her sight. she tried to call, but her voice refused to obey her. Had he glanced towards where she stood, he would only have noticed a slight, elegant young figure clothed in a black dress, the drooping head draped in the usual black lace mantle. No unusual sight in Milan; and what was there about it to suggest the idea of Fanchea?

After he had been gone a few friend!" she murmured, "have I found him only to lose him again St. Ambrogio, where spectral it?" She could nave believed it of me? Who would have dared to say bishops, saints, and Lombard kings lie in wait for you along the characteristics. Oh, who could have believed it of Who would have dared to say where; crowds were coming into lie in wait for you along the ghostly the cathedral, the morning was aisles. A few moments were always advancing, and she ought to be at surely he must have seen her, have felt that she was there, and would not have passed her by like one of the stone images upon the walls. yet, with his eyes so full of light, how could he have seen anything so slight as she. A silver bell tinkled, and she knelt in the crowd, and breathed few fervent prayers. She thought of the bare whitewashed church of Killeevy, of the islands lying in the sunshine, the white birds flying off out over the world, the story of the princess, and Kevin's voice telling it to her. The princess had received her prince dead at her feet; but Fanchea was here, alive. Ah, was it indeed Kevin, or some other?

### CHAPTER XXXI

THE PRIMA DONNA "I hear that a new prima donna makes her debut tonight," said Mr. Honeywood, "at the Teatro della Scala. Let us go and hear her sing

"It will probably be a disappointment," he added. "All kinds of people make their debut here, who are utter failures, and never heard of again.

Kevin heard these words with a strange mixture of feelings. He remembered the old days when his mighty haunt was the theatre, when never entered one without a hope of seeing Fanchea, and never left it without despair in his heart. had long since made up his mind that not in such a place was he to look for the reappearance of the lost one. If Fanchea had been all these years receiving a musical education in Italy, he must have discovered the fact, considering all the inquiries he had made. Now the idea that this debutante might prove to be the little singer of Killeevy just presented itself to his mind to be coldly put aside. He light, so as to have an hour to spend in the cathedral before the work of fancies, too often and too bitterly disappointed to be able to tolerate such vagaries of hope any more. Yet he was not unwilling to pay this visit to the theatre. Music had always a powerful fascination

for him. As they took their seats, our friends had no expectation of a brilliant entertainment; the vest well Mary remembered! "You must go, Charlie," she had insisted. "Don't think of me or of brilliant entertainment; the vast house seemed but imperfectly lighted, and was still more im-perfectly filled. They had not thought of inquiring what the opera was to be, and found it was ohengrin. They had all heard Wagner's great opera in London. and expected but little excitement from the long performance.

Mr. Honeywood grumbled a little. but Kevin declared he was willing to sit it out.

"The scenery, the accessories will all be so bad," said the fastidious Thistleton, "even if the debutante be equal to the part of

The performance began. The great crowd of chorus singers did their duty well; the scenery was better than might have been expected. Evidently every effort had been made to bring out this young debutante with ectat. Elsa After white, with a mantle of dark hair hanging upon her shoulders.

but she has none. "Probably we should see it if we had a glass," said Honeywood. So little had they intended visiting face was intimately familiar to theatres during their travels that the they had not thought of putting an opera-glass among the baggage. Of so little importance was their

was not unprepared. The old thought would occur to him, three years old," murmured Mary. "Should this be Fanchea?" When "It never occurred to me before. I

into whom Fanchea had grown.

That would be about the height

he had imagined her. The face— ah, how could he be sure of her lineaments now? This face was fair and pure, with large dark The hair was not curled in little cloudy rings about the temples, the cheeks were not rosy, like those of the little girl he had known. The long waving tresses were swept back from the fair, child-like, and yet intellectual forehead, giving to the pale, oval face a dignified look which he could hardly associate with the winning and fantastic little peasant of Killeevy. And yet, and yet. Nay. what folly was this!

He involuntarily closed his eyes, and held his breath to listen. TO BE CONTINUED

### WHEN MARY WAS ALONE

Mary sank back into her seat, glad that there were few passengers in the carriage and none seated near her. Resolutely she dried the tears streaming down her cheeks, about took her ticket from her purse with time. an air of grim determination, then opened the magazine she had brought with her. All to no purpose. She could not see the letters for the tears that filled her eyes. The grand care and her line. "It's well on to 8 o'clock," Jane rejoined, leading the way to the dining room, where a bouquet of roses ornamented the table, on which a bountiful repast was temptingly The guard came, and her lips spread trembled and her voice quavered as "Oh, she answered his stereotyped remark about the weather.

face brightening a little.

Jane was all smiles. "Mr. Phil

Again she tried to read, but, succeeding no better than at first, closed her magazine and surrendered herself to her dreary thoughts.

"I shall be all alone," she reported to herself. "I cought to be all the consideration. "I found some little consideration. "I found some little consideration. "I found some little consideration." Again she tried to read, but,

peated to herself. "I ought to be glad—and I am—a little, Julia is happy. A vocation is a stupendous grace, but—she was my baby. She was only three years old when mother left her in my care. She has been so dear and sweet; she was has been so dear and sweet; she was all I had left. I wished I had not promised to go and see her when hour before, Mary ate her supper.

her tears. Turning to the window, she looked out over the flat, tree-less country through which they were passing, making an effort to be interested. In a few minutes

'Seventeen years. How long "Seventeen years. How long to wait until the following morning they were in passing, though they to tell Jane the last news of Julia." like a swift dream new! What

She stared vacantly at the corn fields and broken fences; at the lazy muddy streams and bare bushes, thinking not of them, but of a scene in the past. She saw herascene in the past. She saw herascene in the past of the big sombre. a scene in the past. She saw her-self seated in the big sombre library a few weeks after her mother's sudden death—a frail girl dressed in black. Near her stood her brother Charles, two years older, "the flower of the flock." It had been arranged that he should be her brother that he had been arranged that he should be her brother that he had been arranged that he should be her brother that he had been arranged that he should be her brother that he had been arranged that he should be her brother that he had been arranged that he should be her brother that he had been arranged that he should be her brother that he had been arranged that he should be her brother that he had been arranged that he should be her brother that he had been arranged that he should be her brother that he had been arranged that he should be her brother that he had been arranged that he should be her brother that he had been arranged that he should be her brother that he had been arranged that he should be her brother that he had been arranged that he should be her brother that he had been arranged that he should be her brother that he had been arranged that he should be her brother than he had been arranged that he had been arrang go to College at Rome to study for the priesthood. He had planned to leave home two weeks from the very day their mother died. How well Mary remembered

the children. John will soon be old enough to help. He is fourteen now and our money is securely invested. All I shall have to do will be to spend it." She remembered she had tried to smile as she added, "I shall not find that hard to do

Charles still remained troubled and undecided. So she urged further: "Aunt Charlotte will be behind me with all her kindness and good advice.

Charles had laughed at this. well knew how Aunt Charlotte loved to dispense her wealth of advice.

"Phil will always be a good friend, too, and a wise one, although he is young," she said earnestly, having entire confidence in the grave, kindly man, her brother's friend, who was proving himself a tower of strength to them all in their time of

After much further discussion herself was a slight youthful figure and hesitation, Charles finally decided that there was no reason why he should not go at once to the semi-A fair Elsa would have been nary. Even now Mary shrank from the remembrance of the desolate weeks following his departure. She could never forget her lively old aunt's officious goodness at that time, nor the unobtrusive kindness of her brother's friend.

Then, by slow degrees, life beame easier. No later days had came easier. No later days had ever been so hard, unless during that one dreadful year when John, a man grown disappointing to all their hopes, had given himself up their to dissipation, so that his death, repentant, loving, and at peace with God, had left only thankful-

The little girls became women in seventeen years, Laura married and went West to live, and now Julia was gone to devote her life,

"Should this be Fanchea?" When It never occurred to the below they spoke of her hair he had said, am no longer young. I had no "She is an Italian of course. They youth. The dear cares that they spoke of her hair he had said, "She is an Italian, of course. They will get her a fair wig by-and-by, if she proves worthy of it."

Saying this lightly, he tried to smile away the unreasonable fancy that was striving to gain sway over his mind. Nevertheless, he found himself comparing the features, and mien, and gesture of the youthful songstress with the ideal maiden into whom Fanchea had grown.

The dear cares that youth. The dear cares that shall I do with my idle hands, my empty life? I could not be religious; I have no vocation. No one has ever thought of loving me, although I—I" Mary looked out of the window again. Then she opened her magazine for the third time with a sigh.

It was dusk when she reached Chisholm. She hailed a cab, shuddering at the prospect of going alone into her empty home, a spending the evening amid its silences, to her so eloquent of the sighs and laughter of other days.

Almost fearfully she looked toward the house as the cab approached it. A faint smile illumined her face for the first time during that day. There were lights upstairs and down, and pressed close against the pane of a window was faithful old Jane's red face. When Mary reached the door it pelt her with questions about everything except the one subject nearest both their hearts. The old servant pass over. was entirely unconscious of the tell-tale tears making their way down

her cheeks.
"Supper's ready, Miss Mary,"
she said, after the first mild bustle

had subsided.
"Supper!" repeated Mary.
"Yes. You didn't have it on the train, did you?"
"No," Mary answered. "I forgot about it. I suppose it is past the

'Oh, Jane!" Mary exclaimed, her

she takes the veil, I don't know how | Jane hovered about the table chattering incessantly, but never refer-Again she furtively wiped away ring to Julia or the occurrences of the day, though she was eager to hear whatever was to be told. Mary understood her kindness, and was grateful. She tried to lead up to the subject, but her courage failed she forgot the landscape and was her, and she quickly changed the saying to herself:

be the conversation, deciding the conversation, deciding the conversation, deciding the conversation of the conversation

Supper finished, Mary went into a child I was to have been left to care for others!"

Supper finished, Mary went into the library, carrying with her the vase of roses. She stood at the window looking cut on the slumberthere. That hour was one of the dreariest of her whole life. Two lovers passed, arm in arm, then an old man and woman whom she knew. followed at some little distance by nothing to look forward to, no one to plan for, and she was but thirtythree years old!

She did not notice the clang of the door bell, but, hearing footsteps presently, she turned quickly to find Phil entering the room. Forcing a smile she welcomed him.

"Thank you very much for the flowers," she said—in spite of herself her words were tremulous— "you are always thoughtful. It was like you to come tonight."
"I knew you would be lonely," he

said sympathetically. 'I'll have to become accustomed

uttered They sat down, and a long silence followed. Mary tried to think of something commonplace to say, but could not. Phil tried to remember some interesting news to tell her, but the sight of her piteous, pale face struck him dumb. When he spoke it was to say what had been in his mind a long time, though he had not thought to utter it for

'I have always hoped, Mary that if it ever came to this"—
He broke off, and bending over

her continued softly:
"The children were always first with you—I understand that. But that leaves no room for doubt: they are gone now. You are alone, Christ gave to His Apostles the full have loved you long and tenderly. ought not to trouble you tonight, I had not meant to, but the words came in spite of me."

hands to him.
"I thought I was going to be so

## "THE PROTESTANT

It would have been surprising,

tionalist minister and author, recent number of the Atlantic Monthly, suggesting the general adoption of a "Protestant confes-sional," did not arouse dissentient opinion in various sectarian organs throughout the country. An innovation so subversive of Protestant tradition and so "Romish" in its implications and tendencies could not have failed to provoke opposition. And yet the suggestion has met with favor in some unexpected quarters. The Baptist for instance agrees with Sheldon in maintaining that there should be "a place in the ministry of every live Church where men and women may pour out their hearts and be sure of a sympathetic hearing and a Christ-like ministry."
And this Baptist organ, seeking Scriptural grounds for opinion, says stood wide open. Jane was there to help her off with her wraps and to of Jesus to His disciples, "that whose sins they remit shall be remitted, which we cannot lightly

The Episcopalian Churchman, on the contrary, disapproves of Dr Sheldon's suggestion, although many of the High Church members of its ministry have already put it into practice. There are, it says "a good many psychologists, moralists and ministers who have a wellfounded conviction that to reduce confession to a 'practice'-regular practice—to whisper month by month all one's petty misdeeds, or even grosser ones, into the ear of a priest is spiritually profitless and may become morally debasing. That has been the agelong Protestant conviction, or prejudice; if we will." The Churchman expresses the hope that this "conviction" or "prejudice" will be retained in Protestant tradition.

Dr. Sheldon, however, does not share in the opinion of these chologists, moralists and ministers that the practice of confession spiritually profitless and become morally debasing." In he is so convinced of the spiritual and moral value of confession that he says: "The confessional of the Roman Church is a recognition of a human craving so deep and eternal, that it is a bewildering thing to see how it has been ignored by the Protestant Church, which has emphasized preaching above pity, and the pulpit above reason.

Whatever gratification we may be nclined to take from this acknowledgement of the necessity and value of the Sacrament of Penance, mingled with pity for the millions of Protestants whom the religious catastrophe of the sixteenth cen-tury deprived of the means instituted by Christ for the forgiveness of sin. The Protestant who has not entirely lost the sense of sin must often yearn for some adequate eans of reconciliation with It is clear that the all-wise and allmerciful God alone could instituted this means, and Sacred Scripture itself proves that He did

so. But before we take up this proof let us briefly consider some truths—admitted, generally, by all Christians—which bear upon it.

The object of Christ's mission to the world was chiefly twofold. came, first, to destroy error and to teach all truth; secondly, to do away with sin and to estab empire of virtue in its These were the fundamental objects of His coming, as they are also of the Church which He established to continue His mission on this earth. As the Father hath sent Me. I also send you," was His injunction to the Apostles. Now, according to Christ's promises, Christianity was to exist until the end of time. These primary objects, therefore, were to be realized until the end of

In order to carry out His first object, Christ established a living, authoritative and infallible tri-bunal which should guide men to a knowledge of the truth and free them from all error opposed to the doctrines of salvation. Is it not to that," Mary faltered, and was sorry as soon as the words were uttered.

natural to suppose, even before entering upon a Scriptural examination of the fact, that He adopted, with regard to the destruction sin and the establishment of the empire of virtue in the hearts of empire of virtue in the hearts of men, a method similar to that which He adopted to establish the reign of truth? Did He leave the manner of atoning for sin—the manner of getting rid of it—to the arbitrary will of every individual sinner? Did He leave the judg-ment of the validity or invalidity of the conditions and dispositions for the conditions and dispositions for efficacious repentance to the same arbitrary will of each sinner

Sacred Scripture itself gives the answer to this question in a way and exclusive power of forgiving or retaining whatsoever sins might be committed by men after bap-tism. This He did when, after hav-Mary pressed her face in her inglaid down as a last resource to hands for a moment. Then she reclaim an offending brother that reclaim an offending brother that they should tell the Church, He enjoined that if this sinning brother first, Phil, but for years I—I've loved you best, though I didn't know—I never guessed that you—"

Very tenderly she held out both hands to him. I say to you, whatsoever you shall bind upon earth shall be bound also perched on the driver's shoulder. Close to smiling embowered homesteads the melons ripened in the steads with all the steads with all the while God bad in the while God bad with all its fair promise, to the only this in store for me," she is like."

Spouse perfect enough for the love of hard areas than the bound also in the while God bad with all its fair promise, to the only this in store for me," she said the while God bad with all its fair promise, to the only this in store for me," she silke."

Spouse perfect enough for the love of the child-like but beautiful soul.

Gilmore.

Thought was going to be devote her life, more cultivated, an altogether with all the she but at all the while God bad the with all the she but at all the while God bad also in the aven: "A third upon earth shall be sould also in the aven: "A third upon earth shall be sould also in the aven: "A third upon earth shall be so that all the while God bad also in the aven: "A third upon earth shall be so that all the while God bad also in the aven: "A third upon earth shall be so that all the while God bad also in the aven: "A third upon earth shall be sould also in t

# CONFESSIONAL'

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