

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE

CHRISTINE FABER
Author of "A Mother's Sacrifice," etc.
CHAPTER XXXI.—CONTINUED

"You blame me," Rick continued, with a desperation in his voice which seemed to tell of the last bitter throes of a broken heart, "and spurn me for what I have done; and she herself,"—again indicating Nora by a motion of his head— "when she feels the poverty and the shame of being my child, may turn against me; but God, who knows the secrets of all hearts, knows what drove me to do this, and on the last day, Father Menger, when we are all before the Judgment Seat, perhaps in my soul, damned as it may be, you will be able to read the woe and the despair which have been my company for many a year." For an instant emotion threatened to stifle his voice, but he overcame it, and resumed: "Remember now, that I do not force her—I do not ask her to come with me; I'll wander again, childless, as I did before, and I'll not disturb her with my presence. Let her choose for herself which she will have—her father, or the friends who have been more to her than father or mother." He fell back to his first position, his arms folded, and his chin upon his breast.

Nora threw herself at the priest's feet. "You who have been my friend, my counselor, my father, do not deter me when I say that my choice is with him—do not refuse me your approval, and oh, do not deny me your blessing!" Her voice was choked with tears.

"My poor child! I beg God's blessing most earnestly upon you, and I beg Him to give you courage and strength for the hard fate you have chosen; far be it from me to seek to dissuade you from what you so earnestly deem to be your duty; but I may at least try to smooth the road before you. Go to your room now—this distressing affair has been too much for you—and let me try to arrange matters with"—he paused suddenly, endeavoring to conceal his hesitation by a slight cough; then he resumed quickly, "with your father. Tomorrow you shall know our plans."

She hesitated a moment, as if she faint would have received immediately the information of which he spoke; but the priest's face expressed too earnestly his desire for her withdrawal. With that same quiet manner and half-averted gaze with which she approached Rick of the Hills before—as if, did she allow herself a moment to think, or to contemplate him, her resolution might fail,—she now advanced to him. "Good night, father,"—her voice sunk as she uttered the last word, but with a heroic effort she instantly recovered it, and continued: "Tomorrow, then, the world shall know us both. She wrung his hand, and went quickly from the room."

Clare was waiting for her; her eyes red and swollen from weeping, and her whole disordered appearance manifesting how much she had suffered from her dreadful suspense. "At last!" she murmured; "now surely you will tell me!" Nora did not answer, but drew her gently within the room—drew her gently to an humble image of Our Lady placed, together with a large crucifix, on a temporary pedestal, and before which they were both wont to say their morning and evening prayers. There, kneeling, and impelling Clare to kneel with her, Nora told it without tears, without faltering, without much trace of any emotion; but the expression of her eyes, fixed on the crucifix, and her face, as ghastly as if it were already beneath the coffin-lid, seemed to deny her apparent calmness.

Clare would not believe the tale at first—it was too horrible! Nora, lovely, noble, saintly Nora, the child of such a man!—it could not be; and she burst into passionate weeping. But when she realized at last how true Nora deemed it, and when she divided piece by piece—for Nora, fearing the pain it would inflict, refrained from telling fully,—how bitter a sacrifice it would entail, she clung affrightedly to her companion, and sobbed more passionately: "Surely you will not leave us! We cannot do without you—I, at least shall go with you!"

"Hush, Clare; do not talk so wildly; it will be your task to pray for strength for me, and for repentance for my poor, wretched father." For the first time her voice faltered; she could not pronounce that name without the most bitter emotions rising and threatening to overcome utterly all her courage and devotion.

"And Carroll," wailed Clare, "how will he bear this?" The mention of him gave new impetus to the bitter and burning anguish which Nora had struggled so long to repress; it rose now in a paroxysm of agony, and it was Clare's turn to hold, and to attempt to comfort, the grief-stricken girl; she was experiencing again that uncontrollable sorrow which she had felt so mysteriously in the prison cell. She remembered it distinctly now,—that unaccountable paroxysm to which she had given such utter way, and the cause of which she had been unable to explain. This burst was as wild and deep, and she could not but feel that the former was a presentiment, a herald of the too real and lasting grief which had now begun to darken her life. "Father

Meagher will tell him gently everything," she said as soon as she could speak; "he will bear it; Carroll my desire to be released from my troth."

"Released from your troth!" repeated Clare slowly, and as if she did not understand. "Yes," was the mournful reply; "I could not, I would not hold him to our engagement now, when I am the child of such a parent."

Clare sprung to her feet, her eyes dilated, her cheeks flushing, her whole form swelling with indignation; even her voice was quivering: "Do you think that my brother is so base as to resign you for that? When he plighted his troth to you, and received yours in return, it was for sake of yourself, Nora McCarthy, and not because of the parents you might have had. It is you he loves, not your origin, nor your surroundings; and you mistake the character of Carroll O'Donoghue if you think such villainous could exist in it. You have yet to learn that an O'Donoghue prizes a virtuous woman far more than her pedigree." She sunk overcome by Nora's side.

CHAPTER XXXII. CARROLL'S TRUST IN CARTER Tighe a Vohr had returned punctually on the expiration of his fortnight's leave of absence to his duties as valet, and a smile of pleasure broke over Captain Dennier's grave face as he saw the bright, neat, clean appearance of his drab Irish servant. Indeed, Tighe had taken special pains with his toilet, brushing his brown hair till its gloss and curl would have been an ornament to the fairest feminine head, and arranging and smoothing his clothes upon his person, till he stood forth as neat and lithe a figure as any upon which the Englishman's eyes might care to rest. He was profuse in his thanks for the favor which had been accorded him, declared that Shaun had been perfect, recovered, and in statu quo, and in a condition to ensure the exciting life of the barracks, and he asserted his readiness to show by his future behavior how truly devoted he was to his master's interests; all of which statements the officer received with an amused smile, though he could not forbear acknowledging to himself that he was really pleased at Tighe's return—not because of the services of the latter, for those had been as well, or perhaps even better, rendered by an English substitute, but because of that strange, indefinable something within him which constantly impelled him, despite his birth, his profession, his principles, to incline to the Irish. Perchance the bright, winsome face, which he could not entirely exclude from his thoughts, had much to do with the strange influence. Annoyed with himself, he took a hasty turn of the room, then, as if his pride would cover even that slight exhibition of mental disturbance before his servant, he stopped short, saying: "You were away, I believe,—what part of the country were you in?"

Tighe pretended to be seized with a very violent fit of coughing. Knowing that Captain Dennier, unlike Captain Crawford, was extremely reserved, and little given to interrogating subordinates on the latter's own private matters, he was utterly unprepared for the question; he wanted time to meditate on the presence of naming Dhrommacol. Certainly the officer had never given evidence that he recognized in Tighe any one that had been identified with Carroll O'Donoghue on the night of the latter's arrest, and determining to trust to that assurance, Tighe answered, feigning a husky tone in order to show his great difficulty in recovering his voice after the coughing spell: "I was down to see me mother in Dhrommacol."

"Dhrommacol!" the name was repeated with such surprise and interest in the tones that Tighe, who had cast his eyes down, now looked up in astonishment. "The name sounds familiar," continued the captain; "have you lived there long? do you know many of the people?"

"I've lived there since afore I was born," replied Tighe a Vohr, who, in his earnestness to impress on his listener the full length of time he had spent in the village, was unaware of the bull he was making; "and as for the people, there's not one, from the priest of the parish down to the beggar that hasn't a cabin to lie in, that I don't know."

"Then of course you know a family of the O'Donoghues—a brother and sister, I believe, and a young lady who has made her home with them?" "The O'Donoghues," repeated Tighe slowly, as if for a moment he did not quite remember; "do you mane Carroll O'Donoghue, that's held in the county jail beyant, on a charge o' trayson to the government? sure they're the noblest family in the whole of Ireland. Oh! not a lady in the land, not even barrin' the Lady Mayoress herself, could come up to Miss O'Donoghue an' Miss McCarthy for rale beauty an' goodness! I don't the poor o' siven parishes say particler prayers for thim both—the two livin' angels, as they're called, jist for the charity, an' the kind words, an' the swate looks they has always ready for poor craythurs. As for Miss O'Donoghue, she's the idol an' the darlin' o' iverybody for the spirited way she has about things."

A sudden and vivid blush dyed Captain Dennier's cheeks, causing him to bite his lip with anger that it should be so, and turning away, he dismissed Tighe to his duties with a curt, "Thank you."

Tighe a Vohr had lost neither the blush, nor the hasty and abrupt turning away of the officer; he knew, as well as did that gentleman himself, that the latter action was a pretext to hide his sudden embarrassment, and Tighe departed to his duties with a very expressive look, and an observation to Shaun on his first opportunity of speaking to the dog without being overheard, which told how shrewdly he had divined Captain Dennier's feelings.

"Faith, Shaun," said he, "there's more nor Moira an' me in love, only the quality has a quare way o' doin' their courtin'—I'll engage now, that thim twoll jist kape apart till one or the other dies o' their fallin'." That's not the way o' the poor at all—they have no such things as pride an' the loike, that the rich payble do be torminted wid, to kape thim from poppin' the question. An' I don't know but it's the bist way, Shaun—I'd rather be mesel' as I am, wid Moira Moynahan beside me, than king o' England wid the Indies to boot. And as for him"—indicating with a motion of the thumb the part of the barracks where he supposed Captain Dennier to be—"I don't know about the loike o' him for Miss O'Donoghue; to be sure he's a purty decent kind o' gentelman, not loike the generality o' the survy English at all; but he's not her kind. Faith I'm sorry he's a sussenahoy."

And with that regret expressed very forcibly to Shaun, Tighe plied himself anew to his duties, which had been suspended while relieving himself of the foregoing remarks.

Despite Carter's care to give his own skilfully-concocted version of the manner in which he had forfeited his stake in the race, the story of Tighe's clever trick, with many a ludicrous addition, was in everybody's mouth, and Tighe a Vohr suddenly found himself the cynosure of many eyes, and the darling attraction of numerous ardent and impulsive hearts. In the very barracks he became the general favorite, and he was permitted almost as many privileges as the guards themselves. Garfield had become his warm and devoted friend, and there was no length to which the grateful quartermaster would not go to serve Tighe.

The fair Widow Moore had not grown a whit more encouraging in her demeanor to the ardent red-coat; on two occasions, impelled by his overwhelming desire to have her speak to him, he ventured to approach her; each time she drew herself up with coldest hauteur, answered frigidly his stammering salutation, while the brother, the friend, and the lover, who had been present, looked as if he would like to transfix the daring soldier. So the letter was forced to withdraw, too much abashed even to make, as he had intended to do, a whispered allusion to her letter. Tighe, to whom he hastened to tell the story of his discomfiture, sought to comfort him by saying: "You'll spill it all if you kape on doin' thim kind o' things! didn't I tell you afore to kape out o' her sight intirely, an' wait for somethin' favorable to turn up? A dale o' it is due to her knave o' a brother; for some reason that's past underhandin' he doesn't loike a bune in yer body, an' if yer kape puttin' yersel' in his sister's soight the way you do, it's turn her intirely agin you he will. Now, if you'll take me advice, Mr. Garfield, you'll shayt completely away from her, an' puttin' to iverybody you doll you care a thraunce for her. Faith, that'll make her fale sore; it'll be very woudin' to her to think that you could soasily forget her. You know I told you once that the Irish women were very quare; the devil a lie in it, for they have as many tricks an' humors as'd turn a poor fellow's brain backwards to underhand. If they see a man dyin' about thim, an' ready to fall on his knees at their fate as—beggin' yer honor's pardon—some o' yer own countrymen's given to doin', begorra it's—m-ah chance at all he'll have; but, if he's a man that doesn't seem to care one way or the other, that's as ready to lave thim as to sake thim, an' is bound an' independint all the toime, faith it's into his kapin' they'll give their flutnerin' hearts; so you see, Mr. Garfield, the coorse you ought to follow."

"I acknowledge your advice to be sound, my good fellow," answered the quartermaster, who had listened with profound attention to Tighe's remarks, "and I thank you; but my fears of orders to leave here would make me risk everything to have an understanding with her."

"Sure that'd be the viry thing!" answered Tighe a Vohr, whose own earnest desire was for the arrival of some order which would oblige the quartermaster to leave Tralee before he could discover the deception that had been practiced upon him; and it was Tighe's steady purpose to keep the man befooled until the occurrence of such a happy ridence. "Does not the vaise writer, Moore," he continued, "or some o' thim other min that's called poets, say, 'it's dishtance linds enchantment to the view?' an' it's never so fond o' you she'll be till you're away; faith it's thim, when she'll think she lost you he'er own cruel thraiment, that her heart'll be cryin' for you out an' out, an' she'll be so

glad to hear from you at all that you may safely send one o' yer own written letter's widout waitin' to get an Irishman to compose it for you."

With which consolation Garfield was forced to be satisfied, and which advice, for lack of better, as well as for lack of courage to do otherwise, he followed.

Tighe was a fair and inspiring singer of old Irish ballads, and sometimes he tuned and lilted for the amusement of the soldiers. But many a time, when his strain was loudest and most animated, his heart was aching, and his breast was swelling with despondent thoughts of his imprisoned young master. Thus far all his wit and vigilance had not availed to open a passage for himself to Carroll's cell; and though he believed in Garfield's friendship, and felt that perhaps he might even trust the simple-minded, unsuspecting quartermaster, yet prudence constantly dictated to him the necessity of concealing his interest in the prisoner. Propitious fate, however, afforded him an unexpected opportunity. Captain Dennier dispatched him with a message to the governor of the jail, and while he waited for an answer he was granted the permission which he asked—to make a tour of the jail yard. He had learned the side on which Carroll's cell was situated, and knew that it was the corridor which faced the yard. In true clownish fashion he sauntered about, tuning softly, as if the strain broke from him in the very carelessness of his heart. Beyond a moment's curious stare, the wardens paid him no attention. Arrived at the spot below which his master's cell was situated, he suddenly broke into a quaint old Irish ballad; it was one that Nora McCarthy used to sing, and Tighe had learned it that he too might divert the young master when both were from home, as they frequently had been, on sporting expeditions. He sung it now with his heart in the strain, and his soul praying that it might reach the ears of the dear prisoner below. It was a stirring, touching lyric, set to an air so wild that it suggested scenes of lonely mountain passes and distant sea-washed crags. The melody was so finely rendered by Tighe's deep, rich voice that the wardens forgot their surprise in their admiration, and they did not disturb him. When the song was ended he resumed his careless, clownish air, and continued to repeat his tour of the yard until he was summoned to receive the answer to Captain Dennier's message.

TO BE CONTINUED

A HAUNTED ROMEO

For the hundredth time that morning Pete Daly looked eagerly up and down the street, from the window of his "Old Home Restaurant." The sun was shining gaily, a soft wind was whispering of budding flowers and grasses far out in the country places over which it had been blowing, but inside of Pete's heart was nothing but a gloom that could only be brightened by the glad sight of a certain trim little figure stepping in again through the swinging doors of the Old Home, with a bright smile and a cheery good morning!

Three days had now gone by since last she sat at the corner table where he was wont to serve her with coffee and crullers, every morning as the clock pointed to 8:30. Three long lonely days had they been to the usually genial Pete, during which he didn't "have a word to throw to a dog," as one of his customers remarked.

How could he? How could any man swap jokes with a lot of rough-tongued, cold-hearted, cold with misery, and a terrible fear was wringing his inmost soul. Suppose she never would come in again! Suppose she suddenly remembered—what he should have remembered in time—that family feud in the old country between the Kennys and Dalys, and would never come within a block of the Old Home or himself any more. Round and round on this bitter treadmill of thoughts his mind turned incessantly, seeing nothing but a succession of other blank days ahead.

Love is a terrifically strong force at all ages and stages of life, but when a man first loses his heart to a woman at fifty it is a fair bet that his head goes after it. That is what had happened to Pete Daly. His first love affair had given him a wallop between the eyes just as he was turning his fiftieth birthday; since then the peace of mind had gone to smithereens, and his eyes were a dizzy succession of trembling hopes and fears.

Naturally Pete's business was suffering as well as himself. The coffee, for whose excellence the Old Home Restaurant used to be famous along the length of Ninth Avenue, was now either as weak as dish-water or too strong for mortal man to tackle. The sandwiches were, as Bill Farrell said, "anything at all you might like to call thim." So on with the rest from bean soup to apple pie, nothing was the same. To Pete, however, busy with his own inner woe, the grievances of his customers meant no more than the buzzing of flies. All he kept thinking of was "will she ever come in again?"

How well he remembered that crisp October morning six months before, just as he had cleaned up the counter and put on his white jacket and apron, when a brisk little figure breezed in through the swinging doors of the Old Home, and set itself down at a corner table. Self service was the general rule in Pete's place, but this lady evidently expected to be waited on, in double quick time, too. "Coffee and crullers, please," she talks like a bird singing," said Pete to himself, so, not daring to offer her one of the thick mugs in which his coffee was usually served, he went to the kitchen for his own cup and saucer, put an extra shake of powdered sugar on the crullers and nearly fell over his own feet before the grateful glance of her soft eyes. After that she came regularly every morning daily becoming more friendly with Pete, till that unlucky minute when she told him her name was Mary Kenny, that she was a public school teacher in the city, and that her folks came from Caragh, in the County Kildare, Ireland.

Then what did that monumental omadawn, Pete Daly, do? Why, he up and told her that he was from Caragh, too, that he had been a neighbor of her relations there, and if Jim Kenny was her father that he remembered him well from long ago. Pete groaned in spirit now as he remembered these thoughtless words. No wonder Mary gave him such a strange look.

Why, many a time he had given her father a good shelp of a stone across the hedge when he, Pete, was a little boy, who thought a Kenny fair game for battle any day in the week. "And all over a divil of an old owl that maybe was too tough even for a fircasse," thought Pete. "Of course she told her father about meeting me, and, of course, he told her all about 'Topsy,' and of course, now she will have no more use for one of my name than for a pink snare."

Forty years before the trouble that now lay so heavy on the heart of Pete Daly really started with "Topsy," a speckled hen belonging to his mother. An inoffensive looking enough bird Topsy seemed as she strutted here and there, but if there ever was a malcontent, a looter, a disturber of the peace all around her, in fact a hen without any sense of honesty whatsoever, Topsy was the same fowl. Plenty of grain was to be had for the picking in Daly's haggard, hot potatoes and other food scraps were flung lavishly from Daly's back door through the day, saucers of buttermilk were set in Daly's fowl-house, but Topsy yearned for other forage as intensely as any pirate that ever scoured the Spanish main of old. Since she was a wee ball of yellow fluff loot was a consuming passion with Topsy, and finally led to her untimely end. One bleak March morning the avenging hand of Pat Kenny, Mary's grandfather, sent Topsy into captivity when he found her scratching his garden "into baby rags," as he said afterwards, "and it set with the best seed that money could buy." That tragedy was the beginning of a feud between the two families that lasted for years, and now had reached over the wide Atlantic to cast its shadow on Pete Daly's path.

"Much ado about nothing!" you will say, maybe. But listen! When Kate Walsh, from Wicklow, married John Daly, Pete's father above the three hundred pounds, the fine outfit of linen and dishes she had brought with her to Caragh, she also brought a setting of eggs the like of which was not in the whole country. Topsy the buccaner was the last female descendant of that memorable "clutch." The axe hurled by Pat Kenny in a moment of ungovernable anger not alone had put a predatory fowl of high lineage out of existence, but put an end to a famous line of layers.

One of the eggs was as big as a turkey's any day, wailed Mrs. Daly in the hour of her affliction. "And the flavor and smell of them would raise a dead man to life, so they would."

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