

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE

CHRISTINE FABER

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

NORA MCCARTHY'S SACRIFICE

Father Meagher was in his pleasant little study, conning a Latin work which lay open before him, at intervals raising his head to address Clare O'Donoghue, who, at the opposite end of the table, was pretending to do some needlework. Her fingers plied the shining implement it is true, while the clergyman's eyes were upon her, but the moment she was unobserved her fingers ceased to move, and she yielded again to despondent thought. The good priest had observed with no slight concern her growing moody reserve, and he knew that it boded little good for her health of mind or body. For the purpose of rousing her from her melancholy, he had insisted that she should bear him company in the study until Nora's return, and he had sought to awaken her interest by recounting amusing items of the parish gossip. But a slight smile that was scarcely such, it was so faint, was her only answer.

"Do you know what I heard an hour or so ago?" he said, shutting his book, rising from his chair, and beginning to pace the little room.

Clare had commenced her stitching again, and she seemed too intently at work to care even to raise her head.

The priest continued: "Tom Murphy at the kilns, was telling me—it seems he has been up to Tralee for the race that took place there a couple of days ago, and some other business kept him so that he did not get home until shortly before I was speaking to him. Ned Maloney, down here, had his horse entered for that race, with some noted jockey to ride him; and Tighe a Vohr, by one of his tricks, actually got possession of the horse, rode the animal himself, and won the race, doing Maloney and everybody concerned with the old man in the affair out of all their expectations. It sent poor Maloney nearly crazy—so much so, that he has done, for him, a most unprecedented action—closed his place, and gone up to Tralee himself. But this is not the whole of the story; Tighe was arrested for what he did, the charge being preferred by Morty Carter; but he so badgered or befooled the officer who had him in charge that he escaped, and afterward he actually found means to hoodwink or cajole Carter into withdrawing the warrant; and I believe in my heart now, since I have heard this narrative of Tighe's doings, that he was the instigator of all that rattle and uproar in front of Maloney's place last week.

"And if he was, uncle, surely you ought to forgive him for the good turns he does everybody."

It was Moira who spoke; she was entering with the cup of tea which the priest sometimes took in his study, and she overheard sufficient of the last remark to enable her to know well to whom it had reference. "You forget yourself, Moira!" said the priest a little sternly, though he was somewhat amused at the pertinacity with which his niece insisted on defending Tighe upon every occasion.

Having set down the tea, she left the room with an appealing look to Clare, as if she would have said: "You speak in his behalf!" But Clare was too sad to respond to the look by even a smile.

There was the noise of some one entering by the back way, and an instant after, the sound of hurried steps on the stair and in the little passage which led to the study. Father Meagher opened the door, and beheld Nora so deathly pale, so wild and frightened-looking that he started in dismay.

"My child! what has happened?" His exclamation brought Clare to the threshold.

Nora did not speak; as if her voice had left her, she caught the soutane of the clergyman, and trembling brought him to the little parlor, at the same time waving back Clare, who attempted to follow. The parlor was but dimly lighted, but it was sufficiently so to show Nora's terror-stricken face as she threw herself on her knees at the priest's feet. "Father, for the love of Heaven, answer me one question—is Rick of the Hills my father?"

The priest started, and so violent was his emotion that great beads of perspiration came out upon his forehead. He did not reply.

"For the love of God, I beg you to answer! one little word, and end my horrible suspense!"

"Why do you ask?" The clergyman's voice was as quivering as her own.

"Because Rick has told me so, he claims me as his child. Oh, father, answer me—I must know!" She was in no condition to be evaded, or to be calmed by anything save a direct reply, and Father Meagher gasped, rather than said: "He is!"

"Then go to him—he is downstairs waiting to see you." Hardly with volition of his own, so mystified, and bewildered, and pain-stricken, was he, the priest obeyed. Clare met him in the hall, but he could not answer her; he pointed to the room in which he had left Nora. She rushed in. Nora was still kneeling, her face bowed on the crucifix which had drawn from her bosom, and which was the fact-simile of that worn by her betrothed.

With one hand she waved Clare back. "Leave me—let me be alone for a little while with this!" indicating the crucifix by a motion of her head; "I am not myself now—and by, some one will tell you, but go away now—please go away!" as Clare still hesitated, ready herself to burst into passionate weeping at this mystery, which, for aught she knew, might mean some dreadful occurrence to her brother. She obeyed the earnest entreaty, however, and paced the little hall in an agony of suspense. In a few moments Father Meagher, flushed and excited, accompanied by an ill-formed, shambling man whom she recognized as Rick of the Hills, passed her, on their way to the study. The door was shut tight upon them; still, as she wildly walked, she could hear their excited voices, and the more harrowing sound of Nora's sobbing. "My God! my God!" moaned Nora, deluging the crucifix with her tears; "I accept it all—I unite my will with that of Thine. I begged of Thee once to inflict upon me any suffering so that Carroll would be spared—I repeat my prayer, and I accept this trial from Thy loving hands. Oh, Thou who drank to the dregs Thy cup of sorrow and shame—Thou whose heart broke in its agony, have pity upon me! give me strength, give me courage for my duty. Blessed mother of God, whose tender heart is never closed to the cry of the distressed, pray for me!" and scapular and crucifix were together pressed to her fevered lips.

Within the study, Father Meagher was saying to the cowering man before him: "Did you not solemnly promise when Mrs. O'Donoghue took the infant from its dying mother's arms that you would never claim it—that you would never assert your title to it in any way? And by what right did you dare to make yourself known to her now, when you did not do it before you have not even the claim which henceforth sober life might have given you. Had you been such, Rick, instead of a worthless scamp, I myself would have revealed the secret to her before this; but to tell her, she, who is almost angelic in goodness, that you,—you as you know yourself to be, Rick, without any description of mine,—were her father, would be to break her heart, as I doubt not you, by the shock you have given her, have already done. And what good is this going to do, let me ask you?"—the priest's manner became more severe—"she shall not leave her present home, nor shall you be permitted to molest her in any way."

Rick answered doggedly: "She is my child, and she is of age to judge for herself she told me when I put the case before her as if it was another, and not herself, that were she the child I spoke of nothing should part her from her father—that she would acknowledge him before the world, though he was a villain and an outcast."

The priest's expression changed to one of sadness and perplexity. Rick continued, in a tone that became more full of emotion with every word: "You ask me why I claim her now, when I didn't before? I made the sacrifice long enough to let her have the home, and the education, and the friends she has, while I wandered the world with the heart within me crying for my child; may be if I had had her all these years I wouldn't be what I am; may be if I could feel the little arms around my neck, as I once felt them, they would have kept me from many a crime! I endured it all, Father Meagher, as long as I could; I held out against this—against the impulse that was maddening me; the impulse to reveal to her who she was—till the heart within me was melting for my child. I battled with myself, and then, to satisfy my wild longing, I tested her once a few evenings ago when I met her alone. She answered as I told you; and what heart could withstand that? You are a priest of God," he continued, "and you have heard before this the story of wretched and broken hearts—my heart is such, and you may blame me, aye, spurn me, if you will, but think while you're doing it, Father Meagher, how it's the wild, racking, burning love for my child that has done it all!" He fell on his knees, sobbing aloud.

The clergyman was deeply touched; he made two or three turns of the little study before he could subdue his emotion. "What will satisfy you, Rick?" he said at last, pausing before the kneeling man. "You surely would not wish her to leave those with whom she has been reared since her infancy—you could not, you would not dream of asking her to live with you?"

Rick arose. "I'll leave it to herself; I'll abide by what she wants; if it's to wander forth again without her, I'll go; if it's to depart from her without ever returning to look upon her face, I'll obey, because it will be her wish." He folded his arms and let his head drop forward on his breast.

Father Meagher looked at him, and for an instant he sickened as he thought of that wild, half-cleanly, sinful man being so closely allied to pure, lovely Nora McCarthy. "Remember here," he said; and he left the room, encountering the well-nigh frantic Clare.

"What is it, father? I shall go mad if you do not tell me! perhaps my brother has been already executed!"

"No, no, my poor child; it is nothing about Carroll—it only concerns our poor Nora; and now go to your room and be alone for a little while with this!"

Somewhat relieved, though still a prey to keen anxiety, she obeyed, and the priest retired to Nora. She was still on her knees, but no longer weeping; her whole attitude was strangely calm, and the face which she lifted on the clergyman's entrance—save for the dark rings under her eyes, indicating severe mental suffering—bore no trace of her late emotion. She rose, and with her hand still clasping the crucifix she said quietly and slowly, but with an accent of touching sadness: "Father, I understand it all now, and my duty has become plain. He is my father, my poor, wretched father, it is true, but still my father; his heart has been breaking for me all these years, and it must be my task to comfort him for the future."

"You would then leave the friends who have reared and protected you—who have loved you more than this miserable parent ever pretended to be? Is this your gratitude, Nora?"

"Oh, father, you are harrowing my soul! I know, I feel all that you would say, but listen to me. Could you hear him, as I have heard him, depict his broken heart, his blighted life, and could you feel, as I have felt, that neither might have had had I, his child, whom he so loved, been with him, you would only repeat the counsel my own heart is whispering. He is now a drunkard, a wanderer, an outcast; if I, by patient, unwearied affection, can win him back, can reclaim his soul, is it not my instant duty to fly to him? Which, father, would you have me do—spare the dear ones, who have been more than a father or mother to me, and spare myself the anguish of a parting which after all will be the occasion of only a little earthly pain, or seek to reclaim an immortal soul—whose life is devoted to souls, answer me?"

The priest turned away; he was too deeply affected by the holy enthusiasm, the spirit of self-immolation which spoke in her earnest eyes, to answer her immediately.

"Speak, father!" she entreated. He slowly faced her. "My child, have you counted all the costs? where will be your home with this poor wretch; what your means of support; how will you endure the hard, painful, perhaps ignominious life to which you may be subjected? Think well before you decide. And there are other ways by which you may discharge your duty to this miserable being. God does not require such an utter sacrifice of yourself as you desire to make."

"Nay, father!" a mournful smile broke over her features for a moment—anything less than living with him, doing for him, supporting him, would not be fulfilling the duty which I owe him as his child—and it is for this affection that his heart has been crying all these years. You ask me where will be our home, and what will be our means of support—a very little, humble home will suffice for us; and for our support, I can earn that—my needlework has already brought me no inconsiderable sum, and God will take care of us."

"Have you given a thought to what Carroll will say of this?"

"Oh, the anguish that shone in her dry, burning eyes! the emotion that became visible in her trembling lip; for an instant it threatened to overwhelm her, and she swayed to and fro with the convulsive throes of her form. "You, father, will break it gently to him, and you will tell him to forget me. I could not, I would not, hold him to his troth now, when I know myself to be the offspring of such a parent."

"I shall do nothing of the kind!" broke out the priest bluntly—all the more bluntly, and indignantly as well, that he might hide his own emotion; "tell him that," he continued, "to break his heart! and Carroll O'Donoghue is not the man to resign you because of what has occurred; besides, he is already avowed that you were a little wild about your family, and that your true name is Nora Sullivan."

As if she longed to end the distressing interview, she turned toward the door, saying: "Come with me, father, and I shall tell him that I am ready to acknowledge him before the world." Without, however, waiting for the priest, she hurried to the study; but at the door to the little room, with her hand upon the knob, she remained standing till Father Meagher, who had followed, reached her. Perchance she deemed his presence would help her to ward off the feeling of death-like faintness which seized her at the thought of what she was about to do. By a desperate effort she recovered herself, and with a mental prayer for strength she entered, the priest, who was unable to prevent, or remonstrate further, following.

Rick of the Hills was in the same position in which Father Meagher had left him—standing with his arms folded, and his bowed head so deeply forward that his chin rested upon his breast. The light from the study lamp fully revealed him—his coarse, abundant black hair hanging in disordered masses, his high shoulders, and his whole ungainly form. He did not look up at the entrance; he did not make a motion; and Nora, not suffering herself to pause for an instant, not suffering herself to contemplate for a moment that unkempt, miserable

figure, flew to him, folded her arms about him, and cried, while her tears burst forth: "Father! I am here to acknowledge you, to wander o'er the world with you, to pay you back love for love!"

Was it fancy on the part of the priest that, for a second, there was a actual shrinking of Rick of the Hills from that embrace; a sudden, involuntary start as if he would have broken desperately from it? but the next moment he had thrown his arms around Nora, and his big and rapid tears were coursing with her own.

He released her gently, as gently as if she were the little babe of whom he so often spoke, whose clinging arms he was unfastening from his neck, and he put her from him, almost as if he felt some invisible barrier rising between them. "Father Meagher!" He sprang erect as he uttered the name, and stood with a manliness of bearing that seemed strangely foreign to his appearance, continuing: "My soul is black with crimes before Heaven this night. I am a miserable wretch, fit only to mingle with the scum of the earth, and perhaps this last act of mine, which has torn her heart"—indicating Nora by a slight motion of his head—"and which may be the means of blighting her life, has gone up to Heaven with a bitter cry for vengeance. I say—in his earnestness he took a step toward the priest—"it may be so; but I call God to witness it was the love for my little one that drove me to it—the little one that went from my arms with the smile on her mouth, and the bright look in her eyes—the little one that comes to me in my dreams, always a little one!"

It was, as he had said, always a little one; his affection seemed to be centered round the babe that he had resigned, rather than about the woman whom that babe had become—as if he could not reconcile himself to the change that time had effected. It might be due, as the deeply touched priest thought, to the fact that it was only during the period of her babyhood the wretched father had been permitted to claim and to caress her; for, though he was bound by a solemn promise not to reveal himself to her, nor to discover to others the relation which existed between them, still there had been frequent and ample opportunities, had he chosen to use them, when he might have seen and spoken to Nora. That he had not done so, now in the face of such wild affection as the evinced, was a surprise to the priest, and he listened to the unhappy man with mingled emotions of wonder and surprise.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE STORY OF A REVOLT

By Walter Palmer in Rosary Magazine

It was scarcely yet light, but the men were coming in from their completed chores, hungry and impatient for breakfast. They had been up an hour, and in that time had done the milking and fed the stock, and had oiled and run the farm wagons from the shed to be in readiness for the long day's work.

Now they gathered about the stove, in boorish unconsciousness of being in the way, and feeling that they had earned the right to remain. Mrs. Johnson, that her breakfast was late, and that men folks with work to do had no time to wait on women folks' tardiness.

And Mrs. Johnson—poor woman—hastened silently, but with a long-gathering spirit of protest beginning to burn in her tired eyes. She had been three hours, and in that time had built fire with wood brought in by herself from the woodpile, and had been in the cheese-room and the milking-room to prepare cream for the day's churning and to look after the new milk as it was brought in by the men, and to various other parts of the house on the uncounted errands which enter into the morning of every overworked farmer's wife.

But in spite of her vantage and time and hurry, breakfast was a few minutes' late, and she almost ran from closet to stove—crowding the men—and from stove to table. It was no easy task to prepare food for six hungry men whose criticism was as sharp as their appetite, and there was no one to help her but frail, twelve-year-old Mary.

But in time breakfast was ready and eaten, and the men filed out noisily to their waiting teams. Mary began to gather up the dishes and hurry them to the sink. Yesterday and the day before she had found no time to study, until late in the evening, and then she had been too tired to do so. Today she hoped to hasten work in order to obtain a half-hour some time in the afternoon. And she must study if she wished to join her old classes when she returned to school.

Presently something in the unnatural silence of the room caused her to look around. Her mother was standing by the door, gazing toward the barn. It seemed so strange to see her motionless that the girl started forward in alarm.

"Mother," she called anxiously, "are you sick?" "No, I was just thinkin', Mary. You keep on with the dishes. I'm goin' out a minute." Her husband was in front of the stable, harnessing a new horse to the buckboard. He was going to try him on the macadamized road.

As she approached he looked round impatiently. "Nothing new wanted from town, is there?" he grumbled. "I brought out a whole load of stuff last week. I only wish I had time to run that kitchen a few days; there wouldn't be quite so much dilly dallyin' an' waste. Farmers have to be savin' to get on."

"No, we've got provisions enough just now, John," she answered quietly, but with a new ring in her voice which he failed to notice. "What I want is for you to look round an' hire a girl to help Mary an' me in the kitchen."

He dropped the reins he had been buckling and stared at her in questioning wonder. "Sick?" he inquired. "No." "Mary sick?" "No."

He laughed grimly. "Then I guess we don't need no help. We ain't millionaires, not just yet. My mother lived to be eighty, an' she never had no help. An' there's my sisters—"

"Never mind them, John," she interrupted. "We are better off than they are, an' can afford to live easier. We've been able to build a new barn, an' to buy new stock, an' hire six men to work for us; an' now you talk of buyin' out the county sellin' rights in a new mowin' machine that's goin' to cost fifteen hundred dollars. Sure, we can afford to take life a little easier," laying a hand persuasively on his arm. "It ain't for myself I care so much, but there's Mary workin' her very life out. She's all the child we've got, an' she ain't no time for study, or no play like other girls. You can see for yourself how pinidin' an' weak she's gettin'."

We're able to do as well by her as the neighbors do by their girls, an' yet see how strong an' healthy they be 'side Mary. We're just killin' her, John."

"Humbag an' nonsense!" he cried contemptuously. "It's jest her peevishness. If she was idle, she'd be phlinderin' round the country like the other girls, an' that's somethin' my family's women never did. A girl's nat'ral place is workin' in the kitchen with her ma, an' I calculate that's where Mary's goin' to stay. Come now, Dan."

He turned abruptly to the horse, as though ending the conversation. But instead of moving away abashed, as he had expected, his wife merely dropped her hand from his shoulder to the bridle rein.

"Just a minute, John," she insisted, and now there was something in her voice which even he recognized as unnatural, and he waited in sullen impatience.

"I've worked faithfully with you all these years," she went on steadily, "an' ain't never complained. We began poor, an' now we're well-to-do. You've put up new farm buildin's, an' bought more land, an' opened new roads. But in the house it's jest the same. I have the same things to do with as I had when we was married, an' I work as hard—yes, harder, than I did when we got trusted for our groceries."

"An' don't I work, too?" he retorted angrily. "Of course, I ain't hintin' at you. Foolish I want to say is that we're foolish to wear ourselves out so when there's no need. Tain't for myself I care," she hastily added, in deprecation of the angry flush that was crimsoning his face. "I'd be willin' to go on with you to the end. But there's Mary. Times ain't as they was when we was young. Children have to learn more of books an' music an' things, or they ain't nobody. I don't mean for our Mary to grow up more ignorant than other girls."

"An' I don't mean for her to grow up ignorant of a girl's nat'ral place in the kitchen," he returned. "If she can bake bread an' do the week's washin' she can get on very well without such follies as books an' pianos. Long's I have my say, our Mary'll stay in her proper place in the kitchen; an' as for help, when you an' she get sick so you can't work, we'll see 'bout gettin' a girl. If I weren't so busy I'd go in an' do it myself, so you could sit round an' read an' play tunes. A woman's work ain't never done jest 'cause she don't get it done. I'll go into the kitchen some day, an' show you how easy 'tis. But, come, I've got work to do if other folks ain't."

And he sprang to the seat of the buckboard and touched the horse with his whip, and she was obliged to step back in order to avoid the wheels.

For some moments she gazed after him, the look of resolution growing stronger upon her face. Then she turned back toward the house. "He didn't used to be that way," she mused aloud. "He was jest as considerate an' helpful as any one could be. But it's the prosperin' an' gettin' on that's spiled him. The more he gets the more he wants. An' now he's for outtin' fifteen hundred dollars in that patent machine. I didn't like the man's look, an' I told John so. I said for him to look into the thing, an' write to the city an' find if the man was safe—but no, he wouldn't listen to me, of course. He don't b'lieve in a woman's judgment—oh, no! What I said only made him more to go in. Fifteen hundred dollars in that, an' he can't hire a girl so Mary an' I have time for study! But we'll see," closing her lips grimly—"we'll see."

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