

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE

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

CHAPTER XXIX.—CONTINUED

The dog, fully comprehending the situation, stood with drooped head, and tail mournfully between his legs.

"Is it to Hoolahan's you'll go now?" questioned Corry.

"Straight, Corry; I'll walk there as boldly as if I didn't fall in me bones that there was a *have us corpus*, or some other law thriekery, backed up mebbe be a rignimit o' the loife-guards, after me. I'll ax for Mr. Carter, an' thin' if he's there, I'll find him this bit o' a note, an' I'll wait for his answer; you see I wouldn't loike to face him first without batin' him loike—drawin' him out, as we do when we're anglin' for the unsuspectin' little fishes—an' I think the contents, which to mebbe a mould would do you good, Corry, will be jist the bait for Mr. Carter; he's very shrewd, an' he's very cunning, this same old Carter, but I carcumvint him afore, an' I think I'll carcumvint him agin. Good-by."

He was off, whistling as he went lightly down the stair, and Shaun, mournfully resigning himself to the stances which behaved so cruelly to him, slunk to a corner, whence all Corry O'Toole's enticements could not allure him.

Tighe's fears of some action of the law being issued against him were fully confirmed; within five days of Hoolahan's spacious public house the strong hand of an officer was laid upon his shoulder, accompanied by the words: "You are my man!"

"How do you know I am?" returned Tighe, facing the policeman with the utmost coolness, and assuming his most stupid expression.

"Come, now, none o' that!" and there was a firmer grip of Tighe's shoulder; "you are Timothy Carmody, otherwise known as Tighe a Vohr." The policeman was a sharp fellow, and he knew his business; he was neither to be bullied nor cajoled from his purpose.

"I have a warrant here for your arrest, and I've been watching for you all day; yes, you answer to this description,"—diving one hand into his pocket and bringing forth a folded paper, while with the other hand he held Tighe.

"A description o' me!" echoed Tighe, in well-feigned stupid astonishment. "Is it in airmen's eye?"—while the officer opened the paper.

"Read it aloud, avick; I niver heard mesel' described afore, an' I'm curious to know whether they told all about me good looks. Now do you know there was Mrs. Drogmullion that lived beyant Murrankilly, as foine a woman as iver sheepped into two shoes, bearin' she was a thrife above the weight—"

"Hold your prate," interrupted the policeman, "and come along!" "Aisy, man, aisay, an' don't be shakin' me out o' me clothes,"—as the officer endeavored to thrust Tighe forward, "jist wait a bit, till I tell you the story. You won't wait—well, thin, you're losin' a dale o' divarsion; but anyhow, shifite yer impatience till I make mesel' persinable afther the maulin' you gev me."

And Tighe, whose object was to delay the policeman until he could gather a crowd, among whom might be some of that class whose impulsive daring is as ready to attempt a rescue of one who appeals to their sympathies as to defend themselves, began a series of maneuvers about his odd costume,—now stopping to brush the dust from his shoes, and causing the angry officer to stoop also, for the latter would not relinquish his hold for an instant; then straightening himself with a sudden jerk which sent his head into no pleasant collision with the face of his captor, and increased not a little the latter's growing indignation, and all the time talking loudly and ludicrously about Mrs. Drogmullion of Murrankilly, his scheme succeeded perfectly; a crowd was speedily gathering, much to the officer's anger and disgust. The latter would stand it no longer; he drew out his *baton* to compel Tighe to move on. Tighe clung to the railing which ornamented the entrance of Hoolahan's public house, bawling at the top of his voice and in most piteous accents: "Will you let me be murdered by 's, afore yer eyes—an' I the wrong man! oh, he's killin' me intirely!" as the policeman, in a rage rendered ungovernable by the pushing and swaying to which he was subjected by the crowd, struck Tighe a Vohr, but without even touching him, for Tighe had a peculiar and very successful way of his own of eluding blows, no matter how well directed. The officer rattled for help; but before it arrived the crowd had forced Tighe from his grasp and covered his retreat into Hoolahan's, making it appear, however, as if he had escaped round the corner of an adjoining street; in that direction, when the aid arrived for which the policeman had signalled, all the officers hastened.

Mr. Andrew Hoolahan, the good-natured proprietor of the public house into which Tighe had been hurried, had been a witness of the scene from the first, and his sympathies, which it was no difficult task to awaken, were all in favor of Tighe, whose droll figure and still droller badinage of the officer had afforded him more than one hearty laugh.

"But they'll more than likely come back and search this place too, when they find they are unsuccessful beyond," he said to Tighe, who stood within one of the small rooms that opened from the main apartment, a ludicrous picture of wonder and dismay.

"I wouldn't mind that," answered Tighe, "purvidin' I could see Mr. Carter first. I have a note here for him, an' it tells him there's loife an' death dependin' on me seein' him."

"Mr. Carter is not here now, but I know where he is, and I can send your note to him. Let me have it, and the easy, good-natured Hoolahan extended his hand.

The officers were returning—they were at the very door, loud and angry parley sounding, as they seemed to encounter some opposition.

"Away with him to the kitchen," some one suggested, alluding to Tighe, "and the wimin folks there'll contrive to hide him."

Tighe was hurried down by a back stair; the next instant he heard the tramp of the officers in the room he had left.

The "wimin folks" in the culinary department of Mr. Hoolahan's establishment fully sustained the reputation which had been given them, and Tighe's own artful tongue, as he told a most cunning story of touching distress, made them eager to save him. In a few minutes he was arrayed in female dress, with his brown curls pushed out of sight under a white muslin cap, and he was seated to work beside one of the scullery-maids, whom in an instant he had excited to fits of laughter by his droll and absurd remarks.

The search, all the more vigorously prosecuted that there seemed to be a reasonable attempt on the part of the people to defraud the law, reached the kitchen; but there was nothing in the scullery-maid, who stood, dish in hand, viewing with open mouth and great, staring eyes the whole performance, to excite any suspicion, and disappointed and discomfited, the officers were forced to leave, placing, however, a close watch upon the house.

"Begorra," we managed that beautifully," said Tighe to the laughing women, when the policemen had retired; "and now, if you've no objection, I'll maintain me prindit disguise till Mr. Carter comes. I have strong suspicions that whin I whisper a few words in his ear he'll put a dacin' ind to the whole thing." And Tighe washed dishes, and peeled vegetables, and turned his hand to the divers employments of the kitchen with such wonderful dexterity, at the same time convulsing his companions with laughter by the ridiculous stories which he told without ceasing, that one and all expressed unfeigned regret at being obliged to lose his company, when word was at length brought that Mr. Carter was up-stairs, and awaiting the person who wanted to see him.

"I'll see him the way I am," said Tighe, "to divert suspicion: for mebbe it's a couple o' palers he has at his elbow to arrest me, since they couldn't find me a while ago." And he departed in his feminine costume, his awkwardness in managing the skirts the cause of a little laughter, while he was at the same time followed by the good wishes of those of whom, during even his short stay among them, he had, by that rare winning power so natural to him, made warm and earnest friends.

Mr. Carter was in a fit of ungovernable rage; he had heard the circumstances of Tighe's arrest and escape, the evidence of which was before him in the guard placed about the house, and he was maddened to think that Tighe had again overreached him, as well as amazed at Tighe's impudence in sending a note to him, the bearer of which said that the sender of the note was waiting at Hoolahan's.

"You're a parcel of fools!" he said to the policemen; "the fellow's here in the house—I hold this note from him." And then he sought leisurely, amiable Andy Hoolahan.

"You ask me more than I can tell you, Mr. Carter," said Andy, who for special honest reasons of his own was not over partial to Carter. "The note was left here by some party or other to be given to you, and I sent it to you."

"But the party who left it, Mr. Hoolahan—describe him, sir," persisted Carter.

Mr. Hoolahan slightly straightened himself. "Mr. Carter, I believe you are asked in that note to meet here the person that wrote it; I'll send word that you're waiting to see the party, if you'll step beyond into that room, please."

That was the utmost Carter could gain, and inwardly fuming and swearing, he obeyed. In a few minutes there was a very timid, gentle tap at the door, and to Mr. Carter's loud and not over-pleasantly spoken, "Come in!" there entered, not, as Carter fully expected to see, Tighe a Vohr, but a stout, good-looking, rosy-cheeked Irish girl, a trifle taller than the medium height, and with her hands hid in her apron. She kept her eyes down in a very bashful way, and spoke as if she was afraid of the sound of her own voice, at the same time maneuvering to get in the shadow of the room:

"I'm sint by Tighe a Vohr," she began in a voice which, though strongly affected by the brogue, was pitched too low and in too fine a key to bear an accent of resemblance to Tim Carmody's deep, rich tones.

Mr. Carter, stupefied with surprise, did not answer.

"I'm his swateheart," she continued, "an' I'm aware o' the trouble he's in; an' I am aware, too, o' another thing; she took a step forward—"I'm aware o' the trouble you've got Captain Denner an' that Captain Crawford took on to Dublin to Lord Heathcote, I'm aware o' all that."

Carter jumped in his horrified astonishment; he had thought that transaction a secret between himself and the authorities to whom the paper had been delivered.

The speaker continued: "You didn't tell that to Carroll O'Donoghue whin you got to see him in the jail; you didn't tell it to the boys beyant that trusted you—that wouldn't suit yer treacherous purpose; but there'll not be wantin' others to tell them all, unless you withdraw this charge agin Tighe a Vohr, an' let him go free!"

"Who are you that know so much?" demanded Carter, thrown completely off his guard by his angry astonishment and the numerous fears which suddenly tormented him.

To have an entire distrust of him spring up in the Fenian circles, to some of which he was still cordially admitted as one of their staunch supporters, would hinder his future purposes; and to have Carroll O'Donoghue told of his last treachery in furnishing such a document to the government might undo all that he had effected during his interview with the prisoner. There was under the influence of such fears as these that he turned with fierce energy to demand of the speaker who she was. But the latter had drawn back again abashed, her head down, and her hands concealed by her apron.

"Please, sir, I told you afore I was Tighe's swateheart, an' it's for his sake I'm makin' bold now. If you'll let Tighe go free, I'll engage that yer saycrets'll be safe enough; an' old Maloney'll get his horse back; an' he be the rayson' o' that consideration, mebbe you could make the out, since he be satisfied too, and not do anything to Tighe for takin' his horse the way he did. Will you do all this, Mr. Carter?"

Carter paced the room, stopping at intervals to clasp both of his hands over his face and to groan, then to cast a long, puzzled look at his visitor; but he could make nothing of the apparent bashful, and yet determined, young woman.

"How did you obtain all this information?" he asked at last, standing before her.

"That's nather here nor there, Mr. Carter; mebbe Tighe told it to me, an' mebbe he didn't; mebbe one observation found out a great dale o' it, an' mebbe it didn't. But do you answer me question, Mr. Carter, and not be kappin' me from me work. They're waitin' for me in the kitchen."

"And what surety can you give me that my secrets will be kept? Women are not noted for their silence, and you are a woman," said Carter.

There was a low laugh from the woman in question; it startled Mr. Carter, bringing to a strangely puzzled look into his face—surely he had heard that laugh before; but his visitor was saying in very earnest tones: "You'll have to take me word for that, Mr. Carter, or me oath, whichever you loike best; for I'll be so grateful to you for relasin' Tighe that I'd cut me tongue out afore I'd spake a word to hurt you—Tighe bid me say the same thing to you; he'll not revala a word if you release him."

Again Carter paced the room. Did he refuse to yield to this proposition, the gain to him after all would be little compared to the jeopardy in which his future plans might be placed—his would have the darling satisfaction of seeing Tighe a Vohr punished, and of proving to his friends of the course how he had been the victim of a cunning trick; but, on the other hand, Carroll O'Donoghue might be made to believe him the traitor he was, and he might be ignominiously expelled the haunts to which, as his advantage to resort. His prudence counseled him to accept the terms and trust to the promise which was offered. The pledge to restore the horse to Maloney would, he felt, satisfy the old man, and prevent him making any charge against Tighe; and to his friends of the course he could pretend to turn the whole into a good joke, feigning that his innate good nature and compassion for Tighe a Vohr caused him rather to suffer his own loss than prosecute the poor fellow. He stopped again before his visitor. "I would like to see Tighe a Vohr—to treat with himself."

"You can't, thin, until you've agreed to all I ask; for Tighe'll not come nixt nor nigh until I give him, in yer han' writin', a pledge to withdraw this charge immediately, an' until you get the guard that's around this house taken away, then Tighe will come to see you."

Without replying, Carter went into an adjoining room, and speedily returned with three of the notes written on a paper, which he proffered to his visitor, saying at the same time: "I have sent up to the police barracks to have the guard taken away; and now, how soon shall I see Tighe? I must know when Maloney can have his horse."

"Wait for me here, an' I'll see if I can find him."

She departed from the room, trying to affect a true mincing

style; but there was something so awkward and constrained about her movements that, had not Carter been absorbed in reflection, with his hand to his face, he must have thought it all very strange.

Mr. Hoolahan she immediately went, proffering the paper which she had received from Carter. "Read that, please, Mr. Hoolahan; I'm not a very good hand at the book, I'm an' somehow the power o' under-standin' writin' has a fashion o' goin' out o' me head altogether."

Hoolahan, who had been breaking his heart laughing from the very first glimpse he had caught of the strange female a couple of hours before in the kitchen, and who laughed heartier now, as he looked at the quizzical expression on the strange creature's face, and felt that a very clever trick was being played on Mortimer Carter, took the paper and read:

"To the Sub-Inspector of Police: I hereby withdraw all the charges which I have straight forwardly brought against Timothy Carmody, otherwise known as Tighe a Vohr.

MORTIMER CARTER.

The strange female nodded her head with evident satisfaction.

"Thank you, Mr. Hoolahan; an' now, mebbe you'd be able to inform me if he sint to have the guard taken away."

"He did that, for I sent the order for him."

"I'll not forget the favor you done me this day. I'll go now, an' put on my own proper dress, for these wimin's skirts are very onhandy to manage."

Having arrived in the kitchen, he gave an account of his success which, while it was humorous, and seemed to be straight forward and truthful, yet afforded his listeners no clew to the true facts in the case, further than that it was his playing a trick on Carter that had made the latter procure a warrant of arrest, and now it was the playing of another trick on the same gentleman which had effected the withdrawal of the warrant. The account caused successive roars of laughter, and as the women assisted Tighe to doff the feminine garments which had been put on over much of his own clothes, thus giving the apparent female a very *embarrassant* look, and taking somewhat from her height, which otherwise might have been remarkable, they assured him, with regard for him, begging him to be a frequent visitor, and entreating him never to want for a meal's victuals while they were to the fore in good-hearted Andy Hoolahan's kitchen—neither himself nor any friend might happen to have with him, Tighe expressed himself with becoming gratitude, and with hearty pressures of the hand, which became a most significant squeeze when he held the fingers of the little scullery-maid beside whom he had been set to work, he departed a second time to Mr. Mortimer Carter.

Having given the same timid, gentle knock with which he had signalled for entrance when he personated Tighe's sweetheart, and having entered with the same cast-down eyes, and bashful air, and hiding of his hands with a handkerchief in lieu of an apron, he approached Mr. Carter. A sudden light broke on the latter's mind. He recognized the air, the gait; he identified them with those of his previous visitor, and in his discomfited astonishment he sprang from the chair into which he had thrown himself. "May the devil fly away with me if it wasn't Tighe a Vohr all the time!"

"The same, an' no liss," responded Tighe, in a tone which no use in cryin' could split milk; he bear up loike a man under the difficulties afore you, an' listen while I tell you where to find old Maloney's horse. Tomorrow at twelve o'clock be at Dick Courry's shebeen—you know where that is; you'll mate there Arty Moore, Maloney's groom; you'll beether tell him all the villainy is found out, but that we've been pardoned in consideration o' restorin' the baste immediately. That's all now, Mr. Carter, but, mind you, if you neglect attendin' to this—shakin' the papers he held—"for this is only writin' for it, an' I'm still loikely to be arrested till you have the charge properly withdrawn; if, I say, you should be guilty o' such neglect as that, an' that I should feel the hand o' a paler on me shoulder agin, that intant I'll make up me mind to discover you an' yer doin's. Good night, Mr. Carter; may you slape aisay, an' have contentin' thrames; an' the nixt toime don't be so ready to throw in a woman's face that she can't kape a saycret, as you did tonight to Tighe a Vohr's swateheart."

He departed, leaving baffled, dumfled, raging arter to vent his passion in long, hasty strides and the violent striking of his forehead with clinched hands.

TO BE CONTINUED

God has willed that no good should be done to man unless the gift be sanctified by love.—Lacordaire.

He who rests content with the smoothness and finish of the marble statue, or with the mere sound of the musical chord, or with the brilliancy of the colors on the pictured canvas, and perceives nothing more than a form, a note, a ray of light, mistakes the source and aim of art.—Brother Azarias.

AN ADOPTED SON

By Katharine Tynan

When Ellen Daly took to her heart the young child of the woman who lay dying in the Mercy Hospital she was only seventeen. A little mother if ever there was one, with her calm, wise, little face, and the large eyes maternally kind, under the wide brows and softly banded hair, she had been nursing an invalid sister before that, and when the child died Ellen had been inconsolable. She had pined and peaked herself nearly into an illness, and her kind elder brother John, who was getting on so well in his profession as a medical man, had been really anxious about her. The two were now alone in the world since Effie was gone, for the parents were dead some years. It grieved the brother every day to come home and find his remaining little sister with the wide, dry eyes of bereavement, and the dim, listless manner. He had been giving her tonics, but they seemed to do her no good. He had suggested her going away for a change, but the very thought of separation from him had seemed so intolerable to Ellen that he had given it up for the time.

One evening he came home from the hospital with a rather worried look. He kissed Ellen tenderly as he sat down to his dinner. There was so strong a sympathy between them that she detected at once that there was something the matter.

"What has happened, John?" she asked.

"Something very strange and sad," he said. "Did you ever hear me speak of Susan Connell?"

"You mean our cousin Susan, who was married when I was a little girl to a man out of the north?"

"Yes, she took him against every one's advice. There were others she might have had who'd have thought the world of her."

"I lost sight of her after she was married. For a long time I had not heard her name mentioned. She was brought into the hospital today, dying."

"Dying? Oh, John!"

"Yes, my dear. You see there are sadder things in the world than our Effie going to heaven. She had a child with her, a beautiful boy of two. She was past telling me anything, though I think, I hope, she knew me. There was such an appeal in her eyes as she looked at me before they closed in unconsciousness. She will probably die without recovering consciousness."

"And what of the little child, John?"

"That is for you to say, my child. I left him in charge of a kind woman for the night. Tomorrow you must see him."

"John, do you think Effie sent him to comfort me?"

"You are rash, Mary, and you are very young. If you take charge of a child of that age it means losing a great deal of your liberty, and you are but a child yourself. Don't decide too hastily. I will have the child taken good care of if we decide he is not to come here."

"You know nothing about the father?"

"Nothing." The kind face darkened a shade. "There was nothing found on Susy to give us any kind of clue about her, and she will not speak again. If Robert Waldron wants his child, let him find him. As for us we will think of the child as his mother's child, not as his father's."

The next day Mary saw the boy, a beautiful, healthy little child, who ran to her the minute he saw her, with a trust that went straight to her heart.

John had left her with the child for a while, thinking the decision would be a more deliberate one if he were not present. When he opened the door after half an hour's absence, a smile broke through the gloom of his face. Mary was sitting in the matron's low chair with the boy asleep on her lap. She put her finger to her lip as her brother entered, quite unconscious that she was recalling the charming gesture of the beautiful young mother in Sir Joshua Reynolds's picture. She looked quite happy again for the first time since Effie's death.

"Well?" whispered the brother, coming tiptoe to her side.

"Isn't he a darling?" she said, looking up at him with the radiant pride of motherhood.

He smiled back at her.

"I have discovered an excellent woman who will mother him."

She gathered the sleeping head to her with sharp alarm, seeing which the man touched her cheek with a reassuring finger.

"There, my child, it was a stupid jest. I hoped your wishes would go with mine. He is an orphan, Mary. His poor little mother is gone."

People thought Dr. Daly rather mad when they heard that he had adopted a child whose mother had died in hospital, and shook their wise heads over Mary's passion for the child.

"Let her marry and have children of her own, and she'll soon forget him," they said; while others suggested that in a few months Mary would be taken up with the pleasant varieties that attracted other girls, and the child would be left to servants.

Dr. Daly had let it be known that the child was a very distant relative, and only one or two people guessed that the child's mother had

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