

**CARROLL O'DONOGHUE**

CHRISTINE FABER  
 Authoress of "A Mother's Sacrifice," etc.  
**CHAPTER LVIII.—CONTINUED**

"Some o' you come wid me," he said; "he's killed intirely, I'm afereed—he fell into the gien, an' his cries are ringin' in me ears!"

It was decided that the prisoner, who was surly and who refused to open his mouth, be left in charge of one of the stalwart young men, while the other accompanied Tighe and Mrs. Carmody, and Moira volunteered to go and tell Father Meagher.

"An' if he's so badly hurt that he won't bear much movin', where'll we take him?" said Tighe. "Oh, I have it; I'll take him into our house, mother—it's only a little piece beyond where's he's lyin'."

All departed on their various errands.

"Aisy; even if he is a robber, he has a soul," said Tighe, as his companion and himself, having scrambled down the descent, were about lifting the writhing, groaning form.

It was that of a large, heavy man, and having fallen head foremost, the face was downward. They lifted him carefully and turned his face to the moonlight. It was Mortimer Carter. Tighe, in his surprise, well-nigh ceased his hold.

"Well, you could sinner," he said, as soon as he recovered from his astonishment sufficiently to speak; "you've got yer deserts at last, an' it's a wonder Almighty God didn't shrike you afore!"

They tried in vain to bear him from the gien—the ascent was too steep; and though Tighe had felt confident of being able to do so, he found now that with every effort he made he but incurred the danger of all three being precipitated backward. So Carter was placed gently upon the stones again, his head lying in Tighe's lap, while Tighe's companion went to arouse some of the people who lived near, in order to get more effectual assistance.

Carter was dreadfully injured; his arm and one of his legs seemed broken, and his face was a frightful mass of blood and bruises, beside some internal injury which caused a groan with every breath.

"Mebbe now you'll confess all the wrong that you done to Lord Heathcote," Tighe could not refrain from saying, "now, when there's no hope for you; for if you do get over this, which isn't likely, seein' the luk o' you this mornin', you'll be thransported for the way you broke into the praste's house."

"Transported!" said Carter, faintly, and striving to look up into the face above him.

"'Yis; what else would it be," said Tighe, "wid all the proof that's agin you? meel' an' the two min that were wid me saw the whole o' it, an' the villain that was wid you is taken—he's a prisoner this mornin', an' I'll be 'nough, I guiss, to tell all he knows."

Tighe was not so sure of the truth of his last words, but, with his usual cunning, he hearkened the remark. A deeper groan than any he had yet given issued from Carter, and a worse agony than that caused by his physical pain distorted his features.

"Will nothing save me?" he gasped.

"'Yis," said Tighe, fairly trembling with the hope which filled him, "if you will confess the guilt that you done, I'll be 'nough to get you a prisin'." "I'll ingrage that Father Meagher'll not prosecute you for this."

"I will confess," gasped Carter, "tell Father Meagher I will!" and then, from the combined effects of pain and exhaustion, he fainted.

"Oh, blissed mother av God, kape him alive—don't let him die till he sets matters right!" prayed Tighe, while he kept an agonized watch on the top of the descent for a glimpse of the aid he expected.

They came at last—a perfect array of the neighbors, and in a little while, by the help of ropes, a chair, and sturdy hands, the still insensible Carter was borne up, and carried to Mrs. Carmody's residence, where Father Meagher had just arrived. A physician was summoned, but, before he came, Carter had recovered sufficient consciousness to know the clergyman. The latter had been told by Tighe of the promises which had been made by himself and the injured man.

"Will you prosecute me for this act," said Carter, wildly, his very agony giving him strength for the moment, "if I confess the crimes I have committed?"

"Confess your crimes for the sake of your poor soul, Mortimer Carter," was the priest's answer; "seek the pardon of your offended God while there is yet time."

"God—pardon—there is none for me!" shrieked the agonized wretch. "There is," whispered the clergyman, "even at this late moment, if you are sorry for the past, and will make what atonement may be in your power."

"No, no," screamed the despairing man, "there is only hell's fire for my soul; see, Marie Dougherty! the young wife that I tore from her home, that I slandered to her husband—she taunts me—she curses me! Oh God! I am damned—damned!"

It was horrible to look at him; horrible to listen to his ravings. He tore away the bandages which charitable hands had put upon his wounds, and the blood spurted

forth, causing him to shriek and blaspheme at the sight.

The doctor now arrived, and he at once pronounced the case hopeless. The size of the man had rendered his internal injuries fatal, and a few hours at most would end his wretched life.

"Die!" he said, when Father Meagher whispered his danger in his ear, and besought him to prepare for his end: "who says that I shall die?"

He would have forced himself erect in the bed, but they held him down.

"I tell you I have years of life before me, only do not prosecute me—tell me, Father Meagher, that you will not!" and he tried to clutch the priest, who was standing by his bedside.

The clergyman whispered that he would not, and the dying man became quieter, during which time Father Meagher seized the opportunity to say:

"Carter, are you willing to do justice to those you have wronged? Will you state now, in the presence of witnesses, that Marie Dougherty was innocent of all that you said of her? that the story which Rick of the Hills told of your crimes is all true?"

"Yes, yes!" was the faint response.

"Will you let me take down, from your lips, such facts as may be required to convince Lord Heathcote of the innocence of his wife; and will you swear to them in the presence of the witnesses I shall call?"

"I will."

All were summoned within the room—Carroll, who had now arrived, Tighe a Vohr, his mother and two of the neighbors who had been foremost in helping the injured man, and Father Meagher, rapidly jotting down the brief facts which were necessary to convince Lord Heathcote; Carter was assisted to rise, and his feeble hand was guided while he affixed his dying mark to the paper; then were appended the signatures of the witnesses. After that he sunk into a fevered slumber.

Father Meagher, with crucifix in hand, knelt beside him, striving with Heaven that contrition might be vouchsafed this wretched soul. He woke to know the priest for an instant, then to glare at him with eyes whose look the clergyman never forgot, and to give such an unearthly scream that every one within reach of the sound was startled, and then, with one wild gasp, to die—unshriven, unrepentant, the soul of Mortimer Carter had gone to its Maker.

**CHAPTER LIX.**  
**A HAPPY RESTORATION**

The two funerals took place on the same day—but Rick of the Hills followed to the grave by sincerely mourning hearts, Mortimer Carter was laid in the ground without a regret being passed above his coffin, and with only the prayer said over his remains that charity prompted. The money for which he had toiled and schemed, for which he had sacrificed his soul, having no one to claim it, reverted to that government whose spy and informer he had been.

His accomplice in the surreptitious entrance to Father Meagher's house, who was no other than Thade, Carter's paid spy, being told of Carter's death, and hoping to obtain some mitigation of the punishment due to his own crime, made a frank confession. On that night which had resulted so disastrously for Carter, the latter, not knowing that Marie had gone to the home of Rick of the Hills, to be absent until morning, had stolen after midnight to the pastoral residence, and noiselessly cutting a pane from one of the kitchen windows, the blinds of which Moira habitually kept unfastened, he had found it easy to insert his hand and loosen the clasp which held the window down; that done, he had raised the sash and entered the kitchen, while his companion waited without. His purpose had been to drug every sleeper that he found in the house, and then, with the insensible form of Marie in his arms, to walk boldly out of the front door, which he, being within, would have little difficulty in opening. He intended to have borne her to a vehicle that, in the charge of another hired accomplice, waited a little distance up the road, and the driver of which, at the first sound of Tighe's voice calling to his companions, had whipped up his horse and escaped; Thade gave his name and description, but the officers of the law were unable to find him.

Thade's punishment was mitigated through the merciful interposition of Father Meagher, and the fellow in his gratitude promised with apparent sincerity to reform his evil ways.

Father O'Connor was summoned to Dhrummacol, and just as he had heard a full account of Carter's death a letter came from Walter Berkeley, he who had been so well known as Captain Dennier. The letter contained an alarming account of Lord Heathcote's failing health, and Father Meagher, perceiving Marie's eyes fill with tears, and Father O'Connor looked troubled, said, with his hand on the young priest's shoulder:

"Charlie—forgive me—William, it is just that you all, father and children, should meet one more; and you Marie be yourselves the bearers to his lordship of this paper signed by Carter; I shall telegraph to the Bishop for leave of absence for you, and Father

McShane will go down to your place until His Grace sends a substitute."

Marie hailed the proposition with frantic delight; the young priest, with some misgiving as to whether it was quite his duty to leave his beloved parish for the sake of visiting a parent who had even doubted the evidence of his own heart; and Carroll looked with blank dismay at the prospect of a separation from his affianced, short though it might be; he would have accompanied her, but Father Meagher said quietly:

"No, Carroll; this affair comprises a time and a place upon which you must not intrude—Lord Heathcote's family must be alone until this dreadful business is finished."

So the brother and sister departed, first telegraphing the time of their start from Dhrummacol, and that they bore important news. What was their surprise, on their arrival in London, to be met by a servant in livery who mentioned their names, asking respectfully if he was correct. Being answered in the affirmative, he requested them to follow him; he led them to an embellished carriage, drawn by two magnificent horses.

"Mr. Berkeley sent it for you," said the liveried servant; and with wondering looks at each other, the brother and sister took their seats within the handsome vehicle.

Could that be their destination—that palatial edifice before which the carriage stopped? It was, for Berkeley himself, too impatient to wait, at the first sound of the wheels grating on the space before the house had come forth, and was descending the broad stone steps. Another moment, and he was embracing his brother and sister. He drew them within the house, so excited, so eager to tell them his news that he could hardly wait to hear their tidings; and when he heard, when he held the paper and saw upon it that blotted mark—the hand had been so weak that made it—when he read the signatures of the witnesses, he fell upon his knees and said aloud:

"My God! I thank Thee."

Rising, he told them how on the receipt of their telegram he had acquainted his father with the facts, and the suffering nobleman—already strangely softened because of that very suffering, and yearning, as he felt his death approaching, for another sight of his children—broke forth into joyful expressions at the unexpected news, acknowledging to Walter that for the last few days he had been struggling with himself to subdue his pride and send for them.

"I shall go to him now," said young Berkeley, "and tell him all; and in the meantime you can rest, and partake of some refreshment."

He rung for a servant to conduct his guests to separate suites of private apartments, and he repaired to Lord Heathcote. In a comparatively short time, however, he rejoined his brother and sister—his face aglow, his form so violently trembling that his very voice quivered:

"Come," he said, seizing a hand of each; "he knows all, and he is convinced—he yearns for you, he waits to clasp you both!"

Yes, there he stood in the center of his private apartment, actually standing, though his feeble strength had not permitted him to assume that position for days before—his arms outstretched, his stern face now softened to inimitable tenderness by suffering and the wild yearning of his long-pent heart, and his voice crying: "Come! my children—my children!" He encircled them both, he pressed each in turn to his heart, but it was to Marie his longest and fondest caress was given. "My darling! my darling!" he murmured; "it is as if my lost one had returned to me—my poor, injured, slandered lost one!"

His sudden strength gave way, and he was borne to his bed, but with his children about him; Marie's hand performing for him the tender offices she had so often performed for the sick and lonely poor.

With the next day came a transient return of strength, and while it lasted the nobleman would work. Lawyers and friends whose friendship he had tested, and whom he wanted now to serve as witnesses, came in obedience to his summons, and the story of his Irish marriage, with the legitimacy of his three children, and their right and heirship to his property, were for the first time given to the English public; then the matter of his will was settled—his title, with the bulk of the property, would descend to Walter, who was the elder twin brother; the remainder of the estate, comprising a much larger portion than Marie dreamed of, would be divided between her and Father O'Connor, now compelled to assume his true name of Berkeley. When all was completed Lord Heathcote laid his head on the pillow again with an air of intense relief.

Walter wrote a faithful account of all to the anxious ones in Dhrummacol, adding that, as his father's death seemed so near, his guests would remain until the end. The end did take place, but not as the young priest and Marie had devoutly prayed and wished—Lord Heathcote did not die a Catholic; though expressing himself satisfied that his children should be of the faith of their mother, he persisted in his determination to die in that creed in which he had been reared.

So, even with his priestly son at his bedside tenderly holding one of his hands, the Episcopal clergyman came and read the prayers prescribed by the Church, and the old nobleman breathed forth his soul in one of his efforts to respond.

Carroll and Clare, now deeming it a duty to join their bereaved friends, arrived in London in time for the costly funeral; and when the obsequies were over, everything pertaining to the strange events which had been made public regarding Lord Heathcote's early life was arranged, then all turned their faces once more to Ireland.

TO BE CONTINUED

**A HEART-Y VALENTINE**

By Marjorie LaFleur in Rosary Magazine

The corner stationery shop was displaying a fascinating array of valentines. Betty Roberts, on her way home from school, stopped to admire the windowful of lacy hearts, with their decorations of cupids and ribbons. A pile of old-fashioned "comics" at one side attracted her attention.

"I wish I could find one about a carpenter," she said aloud, as she turned to enter the store. "I'd send it to Joe Brent, just to get even for his teasing me about my red hair!"

A few moments later Betty was a gleeful possessor of a hideous caricature labelled "The Carpenter," with a sarcastic and badly rhymed "poem" beneath it. Hastening to the post-office, she addressed and stamped the envelope and dropped it in the slot, to be delivered the following morning at her tormentor's home.

As Betty came in sight of her own house, she glanced mischievously to its roof, which for several days young Brent had been re-shingling. To her surprise, two sparrows were its only occupants.

Her mother's anxious face appeared at the door.

"I've been watching for you for half a hour, Betty," she called. "I want you to look after the baby while I go down to Brents. Joe ran a rusty nail through his foot about two o'clock, and Dr. Wall took him home in his car. Isn't that dreadful, when his family needs him so?"

Without stopping for a reply Mrs. Roberts hurried away, and Betty slowly entered the nursery where young Jack was playing in a patch of February sunshine.

Joe's misfortune would, indeed, be a blow to the Brents. The fifteen-year-old boy had left school the year before, and his earnings had barely taken care of his mother and two little sisters. They owned a tiny shack and a small garden on the outskirts of the town, which helped a great deal, but Mrs. Brent was not at all well and could do nothing to add to their income.

Thinking of these things, Betty suddenly remembered the valentine she had mailed so gleefully a short time before. What would she not give to be able to recall it! To send such a sarcastic missive to a perfectly well boy who good-humoredly teased you about red hair is a very different matter from sending it to one laid up with a painful wound, and hopelessly wondering what is to become of his mother and sisters until he is better. Betty Roberts had never felt so ashamed in all her eleven years. The words of the valentine's silly rhyme kept ringing in her ears, but now they seemed far from funny.

When Mrs. Roberts returned an hour later Betty flew to the door to meet her.

"How's Joe? What are they going to do?" she asked anxiously. Her mother shook her head.

"Joe won't be around for several weeks," she answered, and I'm sure I don't know how Mrs. Brent will manage. "I'll be all she can do to look after him and the household. I'm afraid they've been having a harder time than any of us suspected. Marie, the little girl about your age, couldn't go to school this week because her last pair of shoes had given out, and little Jean was just bursting through her faded rompers."

Betty's face brightened suddenly. "I know!" she cried happily. "Tomorrow's the 14th of February, and I'm going to send them a valentine!"

Mrs. Roberts looked incredulously at her daughter.

"Elizabeth Mary Roberts!" she said. "Are you crazy? How in the world could people in such trouble enjoy a valentine?" Betty laughed at her mother's shocked face.

"But this won't be an ordinary valentine!" she answered. "Why can't we send them a box like you read about in the 'Messenger'?"

Mrs. Roberts understood and entered heartily into the plan. "That would certainly be a splendid valentine," she said with enthusiasm. "Marie is quite a bit smaller than you are, and you have several outgrown dresses that are warm and good yet. And Jack's things will do for Jean!"

Betty's eyes shone with excitement. "And can I make them a fruit cake in the morning, Mother? Isn't it lucky St. Valentine's day is on Saturday this year? I'll put the box on that old sled and draw it over after dark, and rap on their door and scot away, and they'll never know who brought it!" she added breathlessly.

All that afternoon and evening Betty and her mother worked on

**Safety and Profit for Savings**

**5 1/2%** interest allowed on your savings in amounts of \$200.00 or more placed for one year or longer on our term plan.

**4%** on savings subject to withdrawal by cheque.

All savings of every kind are received by this Corporation in trust for the investor, and are not held as the property of the Corporation. Trust companies are subjected to a very careful Government inspection, and are required to show that they have set aside in Government bonds, Municipal debentures, first mortgages or cash, dollar for dollar to cover all moneys invested with them.

These bonds, mortgages and debentures though they remain in the custody of the Trust Company protect your deposits as effectually as if delivered into your possession. Accounts solicited.

**Capital Trust Corporation**

Head Office: Temple Building, 10 Metcalfe St., Ottawa, Ont.  
 Bay and Richmond Sts., Toronto, Ont.

**FOR ALL THE FAMILY**

For the stubborn coughs that distress children—that are dangerous to old folks—that are bothersome to everyone—Ayer's Cherry Pectoral should be kept always in the home.

**AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL**  
 OVER 80 YEARS OLD  
 F. L. BENEDICT & Co., Agents, Montreal.



**PIMPLES ON HEAD AND NECK**  
 Small and Formed Sore Eruptions. Skin Sore and Red. Cuticura Heals.

"Pimples broke out on the back of my head and neck. At first the pimples were small and then ran into each other and formed sore eruptions about the size of a ten cent piece. The skin was sore and red and itched a great deal, causing me to scratch. I had the trouble about six months before I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and after using three cakes of Soap and three boxes of Ointment I was healed." (Signed) J. A. Macdonald, Giffard, Quebec.

Relies on Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum to care for your skin

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address: "Cuticura, Limited, 243 St. Paul St., Montreal." Sold everywhere. Soap, Ointment 25¢ and 50¢. Talcum 25¢. Cuticura Soap shaves without soap.

**ASPIRIN**

Beware of Imitations!



Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians over twenty-three years for

Colds, Headache, Toothache, Lumbago, Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pain, Pain

Accept "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" only. Each unbroken package contains proven directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell bottles of 24 and 100. Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

**GO TO HIGH SCHOOL In Your Own Home**

You can get your Entrance to College or Normal School, or fit yourself for a bigger paying job in your own line—in your spare time—by our very successful method of personal instruction by mail. Our High School and Business Courses are endorsed by leading Colleges and Teachers—and hundreds of our students have won honours in the public examinations. Make up your mind to improve your education and we can help you. Write TODAY for full particulars. CANADIAN CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, Room 2, 78 King St. East, Toronto, Canada.

**N. HOUSE Butcher**  
 And Provision Merchant

We Specialize in Western Beef Ontario Lambs  
**FISH AND POULTRY**  
 The House of Quality & Service  
 112 St. Viateur Street, West  
**MONTREAL, QUE.**

PHONE 529 W  
**Westlake PHOTOGRAPHER**  
 Opposite the Armouries  
 EDUCATIONAL

**St. Jerome's College**  
 Founded 1864 KITCHENER, ONT.

Business College Department, High School or Academic Department, College and Philosophical Department.  
 Address: REV. W. A. BENINGER, C. R., President.

**J. M. COWAN Architect**  
 (Registered)  
 Churches, Schools, Colleges a Specialty  
 991 Bay Street TORONTO

**WATT & BLACKWELL**  
 Members Ontario Association of Architects ARCHITECTS  
 Sixth Floor, Bank of Toronto Chambers LONDON, ONT.

**W. G. MURRAY ARCHITECT**  
 Churches and Schools a Specialty  
 DOMINION SAVINGS BUILDING LONDON, ONT.  
 TELEPHONE 1557-W

**JOHN M. MOORE & CO. ARCHITECTS**  
 489 RICHMOND STREET LONDON, ONT.

Members Ontario Association of Architects  
**J. C. Pennington John R. Boyd**  
 Architects and Engineers  
 John W. Leighton  
 BARTLET BLDG. WINDSOR, ONT.  
 London Diocesan Architects  
 Specialists in Ecclesiastical and Educational Buildings

**Benjamin Blonde General Contractor**  
 CHURCHES  
 and Educational Institutions a Specialty  
 Estimates furnished on request  
**CHATHAM, ONT.**

**Stained Glass Memorial Windows**  
 We make a specialty of Catholic Church Windows.  
**B. Leonard 6351 John St. Quebec, Que.**

**Casavant Freres CHURCH LIMITEE Organ Builders**  
**ST. HYACINTHE QUEBEC**

Where Do You Go When You Wish to "Say it With P"  
**The West Floral Co.**  
 249 Dundas St. London, Ont.

**UPHOLSTERING OF ALL KINDS**  
 Chesterfields Made to Order  
**CHAS. M. QUICK**  
 Richmond St. London, Ont.  
 Opposite St. Peter's Parish Hall

Phone St. Louis 2557  
**N. HOUSE Butcher**  
 And Provision Merchant

We Specialize in Western Beef Ontario Lambs  
**FISH AND POULTRY**  
 The House of Quality & Service  
 112 St. Viateur Street, West  
**MONTREAL, QUE.**

**DR. REBECCA HARKINS DR. MARIE H. HARKINS**  
 OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIANS  
 Abrams Method of Diagnosis and Treatment  
 The St. George LONDON, ONT.  
 Wellington St. Phone 1566

PHONE 7308  
**DR. LE ROY V. HILES**  
**Foot Specialist**  
 202 DUNDAS STREET LONDON, ONT.  
 HOURS: 9 to 12 a.m. } daily Tuesday, Thurs. and Sat. 1.30 to 5 p.m. } evenings 7 to 9

**DR. R. R. FONGER**  
 D. C., Ph. C., D. M. T.  
**Consulting Chiropractor**  
 169 1/2 Dundas St. (Upstairs) LONDON, ONT.  
 Hours: 10 to 12; 1.30 to 4.30; 7 to 8  
 Lady Attendant

**BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS**  
**MURPHY, GUNN & MURPHY**  
 BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES  
 Solicitors for the Roman Catholic Episcopal Corporation  
 Suite 65, Bank of Toronto Chambers LONDON, CANADA Phone 1176

Telephone 7224. Home Bank Chambers  
**J. M. DONAHUE, B. A.**  
 BARRISTER, SOLICITOR and NOTARY PUBLIC  
 121 Dundas St. LONDON, ONTARIO

**FOY, KNOX & MONAHAN**  
 BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC.  
 A. E. Knox T. Louis Monahan  
 E. L. Middleton George Keogh  
 Cable Address: "Foy"  
 Telephones: Main 481 Main 482  
 Offices: Continental Life Building CORNER BAY AND RICHMOND STREETS TORONTO

**Austin M. Latchford, LL. B.**  
 BARRISTER & SOLICITOR  
 Federal Building  
 Richmond St., West  
 TORONTO

**DAY, FERGUSON & CO.**  
 BARRISTERS  
 James E. Day  
 John M. Ferguson, E.C., B.A., B.O.L.  
 Joseph P. Walsh  
 38 Adelaide St. West  
 TORONTO, CANADA

**LUNNEY & LANNAN**  
 BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES  
 Harry W. Lunney, E.C., B.A., B.O.L.  
 Alphonse Lannan, LL. B.  
 CALGARY, ALBERTA

**JOHN H. McELDERRY**  
 BARRISTER, SOLICITOR  
 NOTARY PUBLIC  
 UNION BANK BUILDING  
 GUELPH, ONTARIO CANADA

Rep. Lakeside 1376 Cable Address: "Leedon"  
 Hillcrest 2506 Main 1533  
**Lee, O'Donoghue & Harkins**  
 Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Etc.  
 W. T. Lee, E.C.L., J. G. O'Donoghue, K.C., Hugh Harkins  
 Offices: 241-243 Confederation Life Chambers 5, W. Corner Queen and Victoria Sts. TORONTO, CANADA

**MICHAEL J. MULVHILL**  
 L. D. S., D. D. S.  
 35 PEMBROKE STREET W.  
 PEMBROKE, ONT.  
 PHONE 175

OPEN EVENINGS  
**DR. J. M. SEDGEWICK**  
 DENTIST  
 425 Richmond St., Near Dundas LONDON, ONT.  
 PHONE 8006

OPEN EVENINGS  
**DR. VINCENT KELLY**  
 DENTAL SURGEON  
 Clinic Building, 241-243 Queen's Ave LONDON, ONT.  
 Phone 1400 Res. Phone 5193

**R. I. WATSON**  
 Government and Industrial  
**BONDS**  
 BOUGHT and SOLD  
 Phone 1637W 213 Dom. Savings Bldg. LONDON, ONT.

**BEDDOME, BROWN CRONYN and POCOCK**  
 INSURANCE  
 TELEPHONE 693 W