

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE

CHRISTINE FABER
Author of "A Mother's Sacrifice," etc.
CHAPTER XXX.

A STARTLING DECLARATION

"It's little you have to do when you can sleep till this hour in the morning!"

The words, somewhat crossly spoken, came from Rick of the Hills, who was standing beside Carter's bed in the private lodging which he sojourned in Tralee.

"How did you get in; and what time is it?" he asked, when he seemed to have recovered all his waking faculties.

"How did you get in? Faith, easy enough; I came up here this morning and went to Hoolahan's, where you told me to go if I wanted you; but you hadn't got there yet, and a good-natured man at the counter gave me the street and the number of your lodging; so I came here, and the girl below said you weren't up; but she showed me your room, and when I knocked and received no answer, I tried the door. It was open, and I entered—that's how I got in; and as to the time, it's twenty minutes past the dinner hour."

Carter started and looked at the watch, which he drew from beneath his pillow. It was true—that was the hour; and he sat motionless, looking at nothing in particular, and holding his watch in a vacant way.

But his mind was painfully reverting to all the events of the previous day; it was due to them that his morning nap had been thus extended; for in perplexity and agony of mind, owing to his fears of what Tighe a Vohr, who had already so cleverly outwitted him, might accomplish in the future to hinder his purposes, he had walked the floor till daylight shone through his uncurtained window, and then he threw himself, partially dressed, on the bed; he had forgotten to lock his door.

"How long are you going to stay that way?" asked Rick impatiently, as the minutes passed and Carter gave no sign of coming out of his gloomy reverie. "I came here after you," continued Rick, to want you decide the business you want me to do at once. I got tired waiting for you to come back, and I got more tired with the craving want of my heart for Cathleen. A look of agony came into his pinched and haggard face; but it was lost upon Carter, who shook himself erect and began to finish his toilet, answering carelessly:

"Sit down, Rick, and I'll talk to you as soon as I'm dressed and the breakfast is sent up—we'll have it here—so that there'll be no greedy eyes to take in what we're saying."

He rang the bell, and gave an order for what sounded to his hungry visitor a sumptuous meal, not forgetting to include a bottle of whiskey.

Over the meal, and after the imbibing of a glass of the liquor, Carter seemed to recover his spirits. He was particularly good natured to his guest, pressing him to eat, and frequently replenishing his glass. At length, when both had done ample justice to the repast, and both apparently well satisfied, leaned back in their chairs, Carter said: "Well, Rick, there is only this one piece of work between you and Cathleen. If you succeed in it she shall be yours, with money and prosperity to boot. But there must be no flinching, no maudlin sentiment about the matter—you must do the task clean and well."

"I'll try,"—the response was given with a determined effort to make it calm and steady, but despite all the voice shook, and the tone had a mournful, touching cadence. He leaned across to Carter, a slight flush, caused by his rising emotion, dyeing his worn cheeks, and his eyes wearing a look from which Carter involuntarily shrank. "I didn't think I could do it when you asked me—it went against my soul; but Cathleen rose afore me—Cathleen as she used to be when her little arms were round my neck, and her eyes looking into mine; oh, God! I couldn't stand it!" He stopped suddenly, and dropping his head on the table, sobbed like a child.

Carter looked on unmoved. The burst ceased, and in a few moments Rick resumed: "My heart grew so wild with longing for her that I felt I could go to hell to see her; and since no other way will touch your stony heart, Carter, I'm here today to engage again in your dirty work, and to sell myself body and soul to the devil for the sake of Cathleen. But how do I know"—he seemed to be seized by a sudden and horrible fear, for he sprang from his chair and stood glowering at Carter—"that you'll not deceive me? how do I know that when I've served your purpose you won't give me the slip without keeping your promise? how do I know that Cathleen is living at all, or how do I know, oh God! how do I know"—his form shook like an aspen, and his voice became husky—"but that when I'd find her it'd only be to hang my head for her shame and for mine?"

Carter also rose. "I have sworn solemnly to you before that your fears were all false, and I'll give you the same pledge again." Rick laughed scornfully. "How much are your oaths worth to me,

Carter? you'd take as many false ones as would make a grave mound over a coffin!"

Carter bit his lip to stifle his anger, resuming haughtily: "How much will you gain if you refuse to serve me? To whom can you apply to find force me into an acknowledgement that I know of her whereabouts? I would laugh at the story and pronounce it a mere fabrication of your own; and you know that past circumstances would bear me out in my statement."

Rick, as if he were overcome by the truth of what he heard, groaned and hid his face with his hands. Carter continued, placing at the same moment a poundnote before his guest: "No, Rick, it's better for your own interests every way to trust me and to serve me. This affair, which will be one of my last strokes, will end the business, and I again swear to you that you shall see Cathleen, and see her well and happy. Come, drink to your future joy." He filled the glass to overflowing, and proffered it to his visitor.

That last struggling remnant of good in the poor wretch's nature urged him to repel the temptation; he had already sufficient liquor within him, and more would, he knew make him the degraded and unresisting tool of Carter's most foul machinations; but the bait was too alluring; he drew back once in angry refusal, but the next instant he seized the glass and quaffed its contents.

Carter was satisfied, and he resumed his seat; Rick dropped heavily into his. "How soon will you"—there was a sudden pause on the part of Carter, as if he were undecided how to frame his question.

Rick looked up. "You mean to ask, I suppose, how soon I'll be ready to work up this last foul plot of yours?"

Carter nodded. "Now—at once!" He arose from his chair, and pocketing the money which had been placed before him, began buttoning his ragged coat and planting firmly on his head a dirty, well-worn hat. At the door, with his hand on the knob, he turned to say: "Mind you, Carter, this is the last devil's work I'll do for you; and if, when it's done, you fail in your promise to me, I'll wash my hands in your blood; aye, if I have to come out of my grave to murder you!" There was a wild desperate look in the large black eyes that made Carter draw a relieved breath when the door was fairly shut behind his visitor.

A dull, constant rain poured abroad, but beyond a slight shiver, and a closer fastening of his old coat about his person, Rick paid little heed to the storm. Indeed, it would seem from the glitter in his eyes, and the unwonted flush still on his pinched cheeks, that some emotion within made him insensible to the uncomfortable atmosphere without. He could take the car now to his destination, thanks to Carter's recent gift, and not be compelled to make the journey, as he had done when coming up to Tralee, by begging lifts on passing vehicles, and falling that, by trudging till his feet were sore and blistered. The effect of his weary tramp was visible now in his partially limping gait, and some kind-hearted people looked after the poor wretch as if they would have gladly doled him an alms, but he asked none. It was nightfall when he reached Dhrommacol, and the storm, which had also raged there, had abated. The stars were beginning to twinkle in the dull sky, and the air had all the refreshing influence upon the spirit which is sometimes so cheerfully felt after a storm. Something of such a feeling stole on the miserable man, who, walking slowly by the country lanes, often cast his eyes up to the now star-studded vault above him. A strange fascination impelled his glance in that direction, while the scent of the wild field-flowers came to him, and the waving of the trees in the soft evening wind seemed to salute him—all conspiring to narrow his soul with memories at once sweet and heart-breaking. The big tears rolled from his eyes, but were widely dashed away. "What is unmaning me?" he said; "why do I give way now, when I know I must do it?" he had involuntarily paused, and his eyes were again fixed on the sky. "Why do I look there?" he resumed; "there, where I shall never be! and oh, if Cathleen were there, and if she's looking at me—may be, wretched sinner as I am, she'd give me one pitying look!" He threw himself on his knees by the country hedge. "Blessed mother of God, you that have a tender heart for the poor and the distressed—pray for me!" He started up wildly: "What am I doing—me praying!—it'll make the devils in hell laugh to hear the like of me praying!" He strove to laugh himself to banish the strange, softening influences which were at work about him; but his mirth sounded hollow and discordant. He walked on quickly to Father Meagher's residence, shuddering as he approached the little chapel, and hurrying by it.

Moir, in the kitchen lightening her evening work by pleasant thoughts of Tighe a Vohr, opened to Rick's knock. "Why, Rick!" she exclaimed, "where do you come from? it's so long since you've been here!"

"I know it," he responded; "and now as I am here, and tired and hungry in the bargain, will you give me a meal?" "To be sure, and welcome! just sit down before the fire,—the rain has made it so chilly,—and I'll have a supper for you in no time." And the kind-hearted girl cheerfully bustled about the preparations. "Don't be troubling yourself so," remonstrated Rick, "a crust and a cup of tea will do!" "But Moira, in the goodness of her heart, would make the poor fellow, whose plight was well calculated to win sympathy, as comfortable as she could, and she set before him the best that the priest's simple larder afforded.

Rick ate, asking careless questions the while about the household, ascertaining, to his private satisfaction, that Nora McCarthy had gone alone some distance to see a dying creature, and that she would probably not return very soon. By further adroit questions he won from simple Moira the precise location of the house in which Nora had gone on her charitable errand; and when he had finished his meal, and thanked his kind little hostess, he set out in the direction which he knew Nora must take on her return.

The moon was shining, and everything on the lonely country road could be seen as plainly as in the moonday sun. Not a soul crossed Rick's path until he was within sight of the house into which Nora had gone. It was one of the very humble cabins of the Irish poor, and its whole exterior proclaimed the want which might be within. He gazed at it with bitter feeling; too well he knew the poverty which existed in such places, and his bosom swelled as he thought of that government to whose oppression was due such want and woe; but in the same instant his cheeks tingled with the flush of self-accusation and shame, for was not he the traitor who had betrayed to the authorities the hiding-place of Carroll O'Donoghue? He turned away as if in his bitterness he would depart from himself; but there was the sound of a light step on the road, and he turned back. It was Nora McCarthy; well he knew the agile grace of that slight form, and he continued to watch her as she approached him. The moonlight revealed her fully; a dark cloak enveloping her person, its hood covering her head, and the little basket in which she had carried some nourishment for the sick creature pending from her hand. On she came, fearless and apparently thoughtful, and only slightly starting when Rick sprang before her in the road. "I would speak to you, Miss McCarthy—I have been watching for you."

"Certainly, Rick; anything I can do for you? do not hesitate to tell me."

"Do you mind the last time we met, when you asked me if I was in trouble, and I told you the secret of my heart—the sorrowful secret that's been eating my life away for many a year?" his voice was husky and trembling.

"I do, Rick, I remember it all," she hastened to answer; "and I have prayed for you fervently every day since."

He bent his head forward, and whispered, as if his growing huskiness prevented his speaking aloud: "Do you mind the advice you gave me then; and would you give me the same now?" "The same, Rick—the very same; it would be the worst of sins to change it."

"But listen once more,"—still in a trembling whisper; "it may break my child's heart to know what she doesn't present guess—think, Miss McCarthy—if it was your own case, what would you do?" he raised his clasped hands to her in wild entreaty.

All her soul spoke in her beautiful eyes as she answered, with thrilling earnestness: "Were it my case, I should know no pause between this knowledge coming to me and my acknowledgment of my father. No wealth, no home, no friends should stand between us; were he an outlaw from mankind he would be still my father, and I thinking alone of the love which had never lost sight of me during all his desolate, wandering years, his bound to him, and repay him with burning affection!"

"Nora McCarthy, the case is your own—you are my child, and I am your father!" He stood there white and trembling,—the blood had flown even from his lips—with outstretched arms and humid eyes. Her father! she heard like one in a dream; it was so sudden, so unexpected, so dreadful, that she could not comprehend it; and she stood there so motionless that the gentle swell and fall of her bosom as she breathed could be plainly discerned, while her face was as white as Rick's own. Her eyes were fixed with a wild, frightened look upon his face.

"I should not have told you," he said mournfully; "the advice you gave me for another is too hard for yourself to follow!" He let his hands drop and was turning away. "Wait a moment!" She was clasping his arm with her trembling hands. "Let me think!" "Faster than the lightning's flash came a train of thoughts to her terror-stricken mind—thoughts that brought her back to the time when, on the eve of her First Communion, she learned from Father Meagher's own lips how she was a wif who had been adopted by the O'Donoghue family; that her parents were gone—gone, and not dead, had been the word used by the priest, though the impression that both her father and mother had died was somehow given to the little girl; and when she had sought to know more of her origin, she had been told simply that she was the child of humble, but honest parents. It must be so then; this man, this intemperate beggar, this outcast from all respectable society, this wild-looking being, from relationship with whom, and such relationship, her whole soul recoiled, must be her father! But no answering instinct responded to his appeal; no strangely affectionate impulse had sprung into being at his cry—nothing but the horrible consciousness that she was the child of a man from whom she recoiled with aversion and terror. In her agony—her agony which was causing her frame to work convulsively, and sending pallor and crimson successively into her face,—her heart turned to one friend—Father Meagher; he would know; he would help her to understand this wretched mystery.

"Come home with me!" she said hoarsely, still clasping Rick's arm. Come home, and I will tell Father Meagher." Rick neither objected nor remonstrated, but walked on quietly by her side.

"Again? I should think you could find something better—"

"There isn't anything better! Not when you want a good laugh. You know, Julia, opening the book and looking over at her with bright, amused eyes, "I think one of my chief delights when I go to London will be finding some of these old Dickens landmarks. Some of them are still there, no doubt, and to eat a meal in the Blue Lion Inn at Muggleton... well!" He laughed a little as he began to turn the pages.

A slight chill struck at Mrs Marchand's heart but she essayed to pass the matter off in her usual way. "When you go," he said laughing, "I dare say you will enjoy all those ridiculous things!" "And so will you," he assured her gravely. "It will be no end of fun! We've never had a real trip, so we've a lot coming to us!" She gave him a sharp glance. "You talk as though it's all settled!"

"He met her glance innocently. "Well, isn't it? You always promised to go when we celebrated our twentieth anniversary, if we didn't go before. And next June, old lady, we'll be twenty years married."

"Why, Wilbur, I never could stand a long trip like that, and you know it!"

"Of course you can. We'll take it by easy stages—I like to take it easy myself. We can't see everything in four months but we'll see what we can and let it go at that."

"Four months!" indignantly. What did he take her for—travelling around for four months, sleeping in strange beds, eating all kinds of food—why it would kill her, that's all! "If you're counting on staying that long," he said, "I'm afraid you'll have to go alone."

This usually settled it, but now— "Oh, I hope not, dear," was the answer she heard, given with a casualness that made her heart sink, while at the same time her ire mounted. "That would be a queer way to celebrate our anniversary, wouldn't it?" he added with a whimsical smile. "To send me off traveling all by myself—"

She stared at her husband unbelievably, her anger submerged in some other feeling that she could not quite analyze. Then she said in a measured tone, "But what if I don't care to celebrate in that way? Traveling never did appeal to me—you know that."

Wilbur Marchand laid down his book and looked over at his wife meditatively. There was the same gentle kindness in his eyes and he even smiled a little. "Well, what would you like to do, to commemorate the notable anniversary?" he inquired.

There! That was her old Wilbur that spoke! She knew that he wouldn't be so—Triumph and relief set the blood to her cheeks as she answered quickly, "I can observe it right here at home, where we have spent the twenty years so happily." She looked at him, and around the handsome man with her possessive, satisfied smile.

But this time in her husband's brooding eyes there was no responsive gleam. He only said, "Well, Julia, I don't think I could. I want something different—a little change. . . I—I was hoping you'd feel that way too. You see," he added, as her face changed, "I have been wanting to go abroad for nearly fifteen years, but you would never go—"

She broke in, "I was never able to travel, was I?" "But you never wanted to. You always said you preferred to stay at home," he said acridly. "I suppose I can have my preferences."

Mr. Marchand smiled cryptically. "You have had them, for nearly twenty years. Now I believe I'll have one of mine, for a change."

"Oh!" she almost choked on the words between pain and rage. "Oh, go on and say I've been selfish all these years—that I've kept you home!"

"No, my dear, I won't say that," was the gentle response. "When you didn't feel able to go I was unwilling to leave you. But now—you say yourself you haven't been so well in years, and I thought you might feel equal to the trip. You know," placatingly, "it does us all good to get away occasionally. Lifts us out of our groove."

His wife's tone was chill. "I'm perfectly satisfied with my groove." "Yes, that's the trouble," he sighed to himself inwardly. Aloud he said, "Well, I believe I want to get out of mine." He flexed his arms smilingly. "Getting to feel rusty, musty and old-age-y. Come, Julia," with an appealing glance at the set face opposite, "say you'll come along. We'd have a wonderful time!"

He saw her eyes harden and knew he had made a mistake in some way.

"I'll think about it," she replied coldly, forcing a half smile. It was the "say you'll come along," that enraged her. That meant he was going—whether she went or not. If he had said, "say you'll go," she would not have experienced the sharp pain of knowing that he had planned the trip without either consulting or considering her. He was going! That was settled, it was plain to be seen. She opened her own book for fiddlingly and stared at the printed page unseeingly.

The Wellers and the fat boy failed to amuse Mr. Marchand that night.

TO BE CONTINUED

GOING AROUND THE WORLD

By Helen Moriarty in Rosary Magazine

Mrs. Marchand smiled in a superior manner. "No," she stated calmly. "My husband doesn't care about traveling. We are incorrigible stay-at-homes. Always have been."

"Oh. . . I thought I understood Mr. Marchand to say—" began the caller doubtfully.

That's Wilbur's favorite joke—that he's going around the world some day. Why, I'm the poorest traveler imaginable, hate sight-seeing, and as for the water—my dear!" she arched resigned eyebrows.

The caller gathered her wits together. "Oh, that's so," she agreed. "He did say you were no traveler and he supposed he would have to go alone."

That Mrs. Marchand's smile became a trifle mechanical, the caller was almost sure, but her voice was as suave as ever when she spoke: "Isn't that just like Wilbur? When he has never stayed away two weeks at a stretch since the day we were married?"

"Oh, you ought to train him better than that," offered Mrs. Winchester lightly. The airs of the woman, she thought to herself contemptuously. "Well, I must be going."

Mrs. Marchand's face fell into sterner lines as she closed the door after her caller and she frowned as she took her way up-stairs. It was too bad of Wilbur to talk like that. This was the second or third person who had asked her about the trip Wilbur was planning, and the casual way they wanted to know if she was going too she found peculiarly exasperating. As though her husband would go without her!

They had never held with trips, the Marchands. She had been averse to traveling and he had seemed content to stay at home. True, he had sometimes suggested that they go here or there, enthusing over the joys of sundry trips, but when his wife demurred he let the matter rest without a protest. Surely if he had been very anxious he would have insisted. . . . She wondered what she would have done if he had insisted.

Mrs. Marchand had never been quite strong and like all invalids she was apt to magnify the extent of her weakness, and, receiving consideration on all sides because of delicate health, she had finally come to expect it as her just due. As far as her husband was concerned it had really become a demand. At that Mrs. Marchand was not aware of being selfish. In other respects she exhibited the ordinary virtues of a good wife and though denied the blessing of children they had been very happy. Unusually happy, she said to herself with a sharp pang, as she thought of this new development and wondered if it were true, if Wilbur really was planning a trip and had said nothing to her about it. He must have mentioned it to others in all seriousness, or they would not have taken it that way and spoke of it to her as a matter of course. It looked queer for her not to know anything about it. . . . It mortified her. . . . Wilbur should have considered her a little. . . . He should at least have consulted her before he. . . . But my goodness, it was ridiculous—she knew he wasn't thinking of such a thing! It was just another one of his little jokes about going around the world. She'd tell him what Mrs. Winchester said this evening and they would have a good laugh about it.

He said mournfully; "the advice you gave me for another is too hard for yourself to follow!" He let his hands drop and was turning away. "Wait a moment!" She was clasping his arm with her trembling hands. "Let me think!" "Faster than the lightning's flash came a train of thoughts to her terror-stricken mind—thoughts that brought her back to the time when, on the eve of her First Communion, she learned from Father Meagher's own lips how she was a wif who had been adopted by the O'Donoghue family; that her parents were gone—gone, and not dead, had been the word used by the priest, though the impression that both her father and mother had died was somehow given to the little girl; and when she had sought to know more of her origin, she had been told simply that she was the child of humble, but honest parents. It must be so then; this man, this intemperate beggar, this outcast from all respectable society, this wild-looking being, from relationship with whom, and such relationship, her whole soul recoiled, must be her father! But no answering instinct responded to his appeal; no strangely affectionate impulse had sprung into being at his cry—nothing but the horrible consciousness that she was the child of a man from whom she recoiled with aversion and terror. In her agony—her agony which was causing her frame to work convulsively, and sending pallor and crimson successively into her face,—her heart turned to one friend—Father Meagher; he would know; he would help her to understand this wretched mystery.

"Come home with me!" she said hoarsely, still clasping Rick's arm. Come home, and I will tell Father Meagher." Rick neither objected nor remonstrated, but walked on quietly by her side.

The Service That Serves

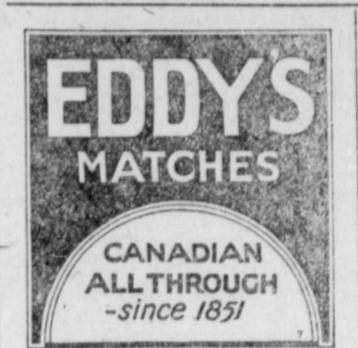
TO INVESTORS WE OFFER THE FOLLOWING OPPORTUNITIES:

- 1. We will issue to you our Guaranteed Investment Certificate bearing interest at 5 1/2% for five years.
2. We will purchase for you at the market rate Victory Bonds or other securities without additional charge.
3. We will sell you good first mortgages in city property bearing highest current interest rates.

Free information is given to those contemplating making investments or in regard to general affairs. We will be glad to confer with you at our office or to answer any enquiries by mail.

Capital Trust Corporation

10 Metcalfe Street, Ottawa — 171 Bay Street, Toronto



THE COACH'S JOB

Something of the taskmaster, the general and the diplomat, and a lot of the doctor must be hidden away in the man who would be the coach of a successful football or track team. Emergencies of all kinds are his daily routine. A thorough knowledge of first aid is as essential as a knowledge of the game played by his men. Bumps, bruises, strained ligaments and muscles are every day happenings, but the coach never becomes contemptuous of them. He knows that if neglected, they may result in anything. Trainers everywhere keep Absorbine Jr. in their lockers. They use it not only for sprains, cuts and bruises, but for the skin and blood protection of its disinfecting properties. In one convenient container it combines the functions of a number of preparations. It is the first of all the First Aid requisites in use in all of the leading athletic clubs. And there are just as many everyday uses for Absorbine Jr. in the homes of Canada as there are in the training camps. Always keep it in the home where you can "jump to it" in case of emergency. \$1.25 at your druggist.

LONDON OPTICAL Co. Have Your Eyes Examined. Dominion Savings Building, Richmond St. Phone 6180

Casavant Freres CHURCH LIMITEE Organ Builders. ST. HYACINTHE QUEBEC

Special Value in Note Paper. 100 Sheets Chevron Linen Finish Note Paper and 100 Envelopes 60c. POST-PAID



A fortunate purchase of this popular make enables us to offer this exceptional value. Act quickly, as our supply is limited.

The Catholic Record LONDON CANADA

Conan Boyle's Spiritism a Religion? Its Death Knell has been Told in the cleverly assembled Proofs as given in "Spiritism, the Modern Satanism" By Thomas F. Coakley, D.D. Price \$1.25 Post Paid

The Catholic Record LONDON, ONT.

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS

MURPHY, GUNN & MURPHY BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES. Solicitors for The Home Bank of Canada. Solicitors for the Roman Catholic Episcopal Corporation. Suite 33, Bank of Toronto Chambers LONDON, CANADA Phone 176

FOY, KNOX & MONAHAN BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC. A. E. Knox, T. Louis Monahan, E. L. Middleton, George Keogh. Office: Continental Life Building CORNER BAY AND RICHMOND STREETS TORONTO

DAY, FERGUSON & CO. BARRISTERS James E. Day, 25 Adelaide St. West, Toronto, Canada. Joseph P. Walsh

LUNNEY & LANNAN BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES. Harry W. Lunney, K.C., B.C.L., B.L.S., Alphonse Lannan, LL.B. CALGARY, ALBERTA

JOHN H. McLEDDERY BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER. Money to Loan Telephone 108. HERALD BLDG. ROOM GUELPH, ONT.

Residence Park 1305, Cable Address "Lendon." Lee, O'Donoghue & Harkins Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Etc. W. T. Lee, B.C.L., J. G. O'Donoghue, K.C., Hugh Harkins, R. C. O'Donoghue. Office: 311-313 Confederation Life Chambers, S. W. Corner Queen and Victoria Sts. TORONTO, CANADA

V. T. FOLEY BARRISTER-AT-LAW HURON AND ERIE BUILDING CHATHAM, ONT.

DENTAL MICHAEL J. MULVIHILL L. D. S., D. D. S. 25 PEMBROKE STREET W. PEMBROKE, ONT. PHONE 125

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

FUNERAL DIRECTORS John Ferguson & Sons 150 KING ST. The Leading Undertakers & Embalmers Open Night and Day Telephone—House 373, Factory 649

E. C. Killingsworth FUNERAL DIRECTOR Open Day and Night 389 Burwell St. Phone 3971

87 YONGE ST., TORONTO PHONE MAIN 4030

Hennessey "Something More Than a Drug Store" DRUGS CUT FLOWER PERFUMES CANDIES Order by Phone—we deliver

F. E. LUKE OPTOMETRIST AND OPTICIAN 187 YONGE ST. TORONTO (Upstairs Opp. Simpson's) Eyes Examined and Glass Eyes Fitted

Stained Glass Memorial Windows We make a specialty of Catholic Church Windows. B. Leonard 5551 John St. Quebec, Que.