

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE

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

CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED

"Carroll O'Donoghue, do you trust me?"
The question was put so suddenly and so earnestly that the young man was startled.

"Certainly, Morty; why do you ask?"
"Because,"—Carter folded his arms, dropped his head till his chin almost rested on his breast, and spoke with such an assumption of sadness that the impulsive, tender-hearted young fellow was deeply touched—"because," repeated Carter, "my character has been vilified and blackened, till the whole country is against me. What has a man but his character? and mine they have taken. Don't touch me, Carroll O'Donoghue, don't speak to me, but bid me to begone from your presence, for I stand before you accused of treachery and robbery."

"What do you mean?" broke in Carroll, painfully excited.
"I mean this,"—lifting his head and straightening himself as if with the proud consciousness of his innocence—"that I have enemies about who have been defaming every action and word of mine. I became familiar with the English soldiers, I won the favor of the English officers, I was permitted free access to the barracks; but what did I do it for?—to help the cause I would die to serve; and I did help the cause, and help it well. My information warned the boys many a time, and saved them. But what do they say of me now?—that I have betrayed them, and worse than that, they say it is I who have betrayed you, Carroll O'Donoghue; you whose life I saved when you were a child, you whom I carried in my arms when you were a little boy and tired from the sports of the day, you, the son of that man who trusted me as if I was his brother, you that I love as I would my own son."

He stopped suddenly as if his voice had broken from emotion.
"Those are ridiculous charges," said O'Donoghue, his lip curling with scorn.

"Nevertheless," resumed Carter, "they are the charges that are brought against me; and my enemies have done even worse; they have made your sister and Miss McCarthy deem me their bitter foe,—neither one of the young ladies will give me a civil look—and they have gone to live with Father Meagher in order to be protected against me—me their guardian, and Heaven knows, their best friend."

Again his head fell, and his voice assumed the sadness which he knew would not fail to touch his youthful listener.
"This is dreadful!" exclaimed the young man.
Carter looked up.

"If it touches you so deeply, how must it wound me? And there is yet more: Father Meagher told me to my face that he did not trust me, and when I entreated young Father O'Connor to tell me his opinion, his answer was that he too believed me guilty of all that was reported of me! Oh Carroll, pity me!" He took a step forward to the young man, and let his hands drop to his sides as if in the very abandonment of sorrow. "I am getting to be an old man; my heart had few loves in this world, but even those have been torn from it; and now, if you too believe these wretched lies, and spurn me, I have nothing left to live for."

"Never!" answered Carroll impetuously. "The world may turn against you, Morty, but I shall retain my trust in, and my affection for you, and I shall make Nora, and my sister, and Father Meagher, and Father O'Connor, know how wronged and calumniated you have been."

"That is just what you must not do," answered Carter.
"What?" burst from Carroll, "not permit me to defend you?"
"No! I will have no defense made for me until I can myself prove the falsity of the charges which have been brought against me, and that I shall be able to do when you, Carroll O'Donoghue, have, through my means, escaped. They say that I have betrayed you; let your freedom, gained through me, give the lie to that; Miss McCarthy now believes me to be her foe; let her marriage with you, which shall be speedy through my efforts, show her her error. Your sister thinks I would gloat over her poverty; let the little property which I possess, and which I shall deed to her, prove that she has wronged me. I ask only to live to accomplish these things, and then, poor, old, lonely, desolate Morty Carter will retire where his shadow will never again cross the path of friend or foe."

Carroll, in the ardor of his sympathy, sprung forward and caught Carter's hands, wringing them hard.
"Morty, do not take this so to heart; and believe me when I assure you of my trust and affection!"
"I do," was the response, sadly spoken, and that you will continue to trust me until you have heard their story, and—
Carroll interrupted: "They told me nothing when I saw them on the night of my arrest; nothing of you save to mention your name in an incidental manner."

"I can't account for that," replied Carter; "but never fear, you'll hear it all soon enough, and then you too will turn against me."
"Never! I swear to you that I never shall; it would require proof before my very eyes; such proof as should compel from you an open avowal of your guilt, before I could believe aught against you, Morty."
"Will you swear to me then, my dear boy, that no matter what they tell you, how fiercely they may denounce me, how firmly they may believe the evil that is spoken of me, you will not believe it—that you will not suffer your trust in me to be diminished in the least?"
"Willingly, Morty; I swear to all that without hesitation."

"And will you further swear to say nothing about me,—not to mention even that I have been here to see you—that you will simply listen to all they say, without putting in one word about me, good or bad?"
"Will, since it gratifies you, yes; but it certainly will be very hard for me to listen calmly while you are being vilified."

"Only for a time, my dear boy; only for a time, and then you shall rejoice with me in the full proof of my innocence. And now, there is the guard coming to let me out,—as some one paused at the cell door. My plan for your escape will be matured in a day or two; till then keep up your courage and remember your promise to me."

The iron bolt was shot back with an ominous click, the heavy door swung open, and Carter, wringing hard the hand of his ward, passed without; another instant, and Carroll O'Donoghue was again a solitary prisoner.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE WIDOW'S REPLY

In a small, dingy back room, situated in the poorest quarter of Tralee, a queer, crabbled little man sat smoking; the dudheen was well blackened, and the puffs arose from it in so precise and systematic a manner that they seemed to be following some plan in the smoker's mind. A small, old-fashioned table, littered with writing materials, was before him, and about the room was scattered a fantastical medley of furniture, the arrangement of which was marked by the disorder and want of cleanliness which told of the utter absence of a woman's hand. The occupant himself was in little better condition; from his half-soiled linen, profusely visible above his waistcoat, to the dusty shoes worn into large and ungainly shape by numerous excursions on his feet, he had the same musty, neglected look as his grim bachelor apartment. His face, indented with wrinkles, and brown with freckles, could not boast of an even feature, and his little, round, bald head was ornamented at the sides with tufts of gray hair tortured into the semblance of a curl.

A bold knock suddenly interrupted his cogitations; he seemed to be in no hurry to admit his visitor, for he drew another whiff from his pipe, and then took it slowly out of his mouth, as if he regretted being obliged to part with it for even a short time. The knock was repeated, and the visitor, apparently impatient, attempted to admit himself; but the door was locked.

"Ah!" said the queer occupant of the room, with a grunt of satisfaction; "foiled that time; don't be so hasty, my friend, whoever you are, to get into a gentleman's apartment."

By this time he had laid his pipe carefully down, and shaking himself out of his chair, he proceeded leisurely to the door. The knock was again repeated; still the grim little man did not hasten his movements; he had a key to turn, and a bolt to shoot back, and a spike to take out, and by the time that all these preparations were completed, the visitor's impatience had not decreased.

"May I never be drowned in a mud pool, but it's Tighe a Vohr!" burst out of his wonted phlegm, to the manner of his delighted astonishment. It was Tighe a Vohr, but in such a costume that, as he himself had expressed it, hardly his own mother would know him—knee-breeches, body-coat, white vest, a spotted choker, and surmounting his mass of short, brown curls, his own, old, worn hat, presenting a most ludicrous contrast to the rest of his dress.

"Where did you come from?" pursued the little man, "and what are you doing in such a dress as that?"—shaking both Tighe's hands vigorously, and drawing him into the room forgetting in his eager delight to close the door. But Tighe had no desire to be stared at by the prying eyes of other dwellers in the house who might happen to pass, and as soon as he had extricated himself from the friendly grasp, he closed and locked the door.

"You may well ask," he replied, returning to the little man, "how I came to have such a dress as this, bad luck to it! It has me so bothered that I can't think a straight thought,—ruefully surveying himself back and front. But sit down, Corney, an' I'll tell you all about it; it's a long an' a divartin' story."

Corney obeyed, forgetting, in his interest, to resume his pipe, and Tighe seated himself near. In his own ludicrous, and yet sometimes

pathetic manner, he told the tale of his trip to Australia, and the subsequent events.
"An' you are here, now, servant to an English officer? bedad it's the queer things you turn your hand to, Tighe."

"Yes," answered Tighe; "an' there's no knowin' what I'll do next, do you understand, Corney? I'll do any mortal thing that'd help the masher."

"Do, Tighe, an' them are the sentiments I admire; you are your mother's own son, Timothy Carmody, or in the Irish of it, Tighe a Vohr."
"Do you see now," pursued Tighe, drawing his chair closer to that of his listener, "I'll make mesel' a favorite in the barracks there; not one o' them suspects me intentions; Captain Crawford tuk the greatest likin' to me intirely, an' between one an' the other o' them, keepin' me eyes an, me ears open, mebbe I'll ketch many a bit o' information that'll be for the masher's benefit. An' that's what brought me here this mornin'—to have you help me. I was mortally afeard I wouldn't find you,—that you'd be gone out of the ould place, or that somethin' happened you, or the loike, seein' it's so long since I laid eyes on you."

"No, Tighe, I'm wedded to my surroundings. On the day that your mother married Timothy Carmody, I sed to mesel', 'honor thy Corney O'Toole, let your heart be dead to the natural affections; let the things of nature be your wife and children, and make no changes—stay in the one spot, and let time reconcile you to the fact that if you had been beforehand with Timothy Carmody, it is Mrs. O'Toole your mother would be, Tighe, and you, you would be my son, Timothy O'Toole.'"

In the excess of his feelings he leaned across and wrung Tighe's hand.
"An' why didn't you ax her since, Corney? she's a widdy this many a year, an' be me sowl, I don't think she'd refuse you."

"The little man arose.
"Is it deccrate the ashes of her widowed heart by a proposal now, when her husband is in his cold grave? Tim Carmody, do not so disrespect my years an' my gray hairs." He touched his sidelecks with melodramatic gesture.

"Tutther an' ages! it isn't whin her husband was alive that you'd be poppin' the question to her?" broke in Tighe.
"No, Mr. Carmody," with a tragic action of his arms, "nor shall I now disturb the beautiful serenity of her widowed feelings by such an offer. I honor your mother, placing his hand on his heart,—and I will leave her to repose her love in the cold grave of her lamented husband."

He sat down, wiping his face.
"Well," said Tighe, "we'll not moind about that little matter for the present. I want your help wid this; you tuk in a while ago, all that I could you about the letter I med the quartermaster write to one Widdy Moore?"

Corney nodded his head.
"Well, I want you now to write her an answer as if it came from the Widdy Moore—that's what brought me here this mornin'; he expected an answer last night, but I told him that the widdy wasn't in, but that I left the letter, an' also how I left word that I'd go after an answer this mornin'. Do you see, now, Corney, he's a soft soort o' fellow that it's not hard to get round at all, an' if I can string him for a while wid somethin' loike this, I may be able to turn him to account. I got out o' him last night the perticler part of the jail where Mr. O'Donoghue is, an' how his trial is likely to come off afore a great while. Sure it's your business to be writin' letters an' the loike,—glancing at the littered table."

"It used to be, Tighe, it used to be, afore people got to have the book larnin' themselves; but now, since they're spiled us with their national schools, an' their other, divil's improvements, an' the like, much poor Corney gets to do. Once in a while I've a love-letter to write, or an offer of marriage, or the like, where big words are a-wantin', but it's not often; times are not what they used to be," and the old man sighed touchingly.

"Read this," said Tighe, proffering the letter which he had induced the simple quartermaster to write to the Widdy Moore.
"That's a fine employment of words," said Corney, when he had read the missive slowly an' aloud. Then he turned to the superscription, reading that with the same attentive leisure.

"And how did you come to know this Mistress Moore?" he asked.
"The divil a bit o' me knew her at all till I heard the amadhain of a quartermaster make mention o' her, thin I med a bould guess at the rest. Sez I to mesel', whin I eyed him for a while, an' saw the hesitatin' way he was in about the writin'—sez I to mesel', 'you're in love'—and faith, Corney, whin a fellow's in love there's not much to be got out o' him be the way o' rayson or common sense."

Corney nodded an earnest assent.
"I found that out be the masher himself," continued Tighe, "for he wouldn't be led, nor drove, because o' his love for a purty girrel, till he got himself into the schrape he's in now. Well, that's neither here nor there, but, as I was sayin', I approached the subject o' this tormintin' widdy—"

"Spake respectful, me boy, of the

THREE ROOMS AND GAS

By Mary Clark Jacobs in Hossary Magazine

Jerry Warner paced the floor with long, nervous strides, his arms folded, his head sunk in abject misery. The task before him was hard, well-nigh impossible, yet he must do it. With white face and tightened lips, that spoke of grim resolve, he crossed the hall to the living room. At the door he paused, glad of the minute's reprieve, for his wife was talking to a maid who was leaving her service that day to be married.

"I am sorry you are leaving, Ellen," Dorothy Warner was saying. "I hope you know what you are doing. Marriage is a very serious step. Are you certain you are bettering your condition?"

Jerry's lips relaxed into a smile. Dorothy, the gay, madcap social butterfly, who gave no thought to marital responsibilities, thus advising the older, serious, settled maid was funny! Perhaps Ellen was thinking the same, for her neatly capped head gave a little toss as she answered:

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Warner. Jim is all right. We've been engaged for years. Before the War, you know." Dorothy frowned with a matronly assumption of concern that made it difficult for Jerry to repress a chuckle.

"No doubt your young man is all right, as you say, but can he take care of you?"

"Take care of me?" Ellen flared. "It's because I know he needs me to take care of him that I'm insisting on our getting married now. He went to France, and when he came back his job was gone. We've been waiting ever since. Now, he's working as a mechanic, getting in but half-time, but we're going to be married and do our waiting for better times together."

"How will you live under such conditions?"

Ellen laughed merrily. It will be three rooms and gas for me and Jim. Nothing more!"

"Three rooms and gas!" Dorothy did not understand. "Gas?"

"On the fourth floor of a tenement building we have rented two little rooms and a cubby hole of a kitchen with a gas stove. Oh, the gas, is everything, Mrs. Warner. We'll do regular housekeeping. Jim and I are crazy about it."

"And you give up this," with a wave of her hand she indicated her tasteful, attractive home. "You are willing to give up this for such a place?"

"This?" Ellen's shoulders shrugged disdainfully. "Mrs. Warner, this means nothing to me. It isn't mine. I've had no part in the making of it. Our three little rooms will be home for Jim and me. We'll work together. I don't suppose I can make you understand," she sighed, "but to me a home is a wife's workshop and, rich or poor, be it in hotel or palace, a wife must do her daily duty or there can be no real home. I'll not shirk my part and we'll be happier, perhaps, than many couples who can live in a place like this."

The maid was right. Dorothy did not understand. She was the indulged, only daughter of wealthy parents, insistent that every whim be gratified. With marriage she had assumed no obligations. As a wife she had continued the role she had played as a daughter.

As the maid departed, Jerry entered the room and dropped into a chair, facing his wife.

"You're not dressed," she greeted him impatiently. "We dine with the Beeches tonight. Have you forgotten?"

"Not tonight. I must talk with you—now."

"Are you ill?"

"No. Only tired. I must tell you the truth. I dread to, but I dare not defer it longer. I have reached the end!"

"The end?" she echoed the words dazedly.

"Yes. I can't keep up this farce any longer."

"Farce! Was that what he considered their life together? She drew herself up haughtily. "I'm afraid I don't understand you, Jerry. No doubt you are tired, but why indict your ill humor on me? I've accepted the Beeches' invitation. You must hurry—"

A flush of anger dyed his cheeks. "I am not dining out tonight," he said with finality. "If you don't understand, I'll try to make it clear. I can't keep up this house, this mode of living, any longer. The expenses are twice—three times—my income, and unfortunately I can't stretch my resources. I've been in debt for months—going deeper all the time. Now I must settle up things."

THE HOME OF HER DREAMS

How often the woman in business reaches the climax of her earning power before she has made any provision for her future!

You will be young only once. Let us send you information about the Mutual system of insurance at cost.

THE MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA WATERLOO, ONTARIO The Net Cost Life Insurance Company

LIMBS AND BODY ALL SWOLLEN "Fruit-a-tives" Relieved Both Dropsy and Sick Kidneys

The Wonder of Fruit Medicine Those who know they have Kidney Trouble—who suffer with pain in the back—who are up frequently at night—will welcome the news that "Fruit-a-tives", the wonderful medicine made from fruit juices and tonics, will positively relieve Kidney and Bladder Troubles—as proven by this letter.

"Our little girl had Kidney Trouble and Dropsy—her limbs and body were all swollen. We decided to try "Fruit-a-tives". In a short time, the swelling went down. Now she is the healthiest one of the family!"

WM. WARREN, Port Robinson, Ont. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

"Eastlake" Galvanized Copper-bearing "Metallic" Shingles Fire, Lightning, Rust and Storm Proof—Makes Water by Condensing Dew and Frost.

Send Postal Card for Folder "E" The Metallic Roofing Co. Limited 1194 King St. W., Toronto

87 YONGE ST., TORONTO PHONE MAIN 4039 Hennessey "Something More Than a Drug Store" DRUGS CUT FLOWERS PERFUMES CANDIES Order by Phone—we deliver

Do not suffer another day with itching, Bleeding or Pruritus. Piles. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and afford lasting benefit. See a box at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this paper and enclose 2c. stamp for postage. Newfoundland Representative: Gerald S. Doyle, St. Johns.

Do not suffer another day with itching, Bleeding or Pruritus. Piles. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and afford lasting benefit. See a box at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this paper and enclose 2c. stamp for postage. Newfoundland Representative: Gerald S. Doyle, St. Johns.

Do not suffer another day with itching, Bleeding or Pruritus. Piles. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and afford lasting benefit. See a box at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this paper and enclose 2c. stamp for postage. Newfoundland Representative: Gerald S. Doyle, St. Johns.

Do not suffer another day with itching, Bleeding or Pruritus. Piles. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and afford lasting benefit. See a box at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this paper and enclose 2c. stamp for postage. Newfoundland Representative: Gerald S. Doyle, St. Johns.

Do not suffer another day with itching, Bleeding or Pruritus. Piles. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and afford lasting benefit. See a box at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this paper and enclose 2c. stamp for postage. Newfoundland Representative: Gerald S. Doyle, St. Johns.

Do not suffer another day with itching, Bleeding or Pruritus. Piles. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and afford lasting benefit. See a box at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this paper and enclose 2c. stamp for postage. Newfoundland Representative: Gerald S. Doyle, St. Johns.

Do not suffer another day with itching, Bleeding or Pruritus. Piles. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and afford lasting benefit. See a box at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this paper and enclose 2c. stamp for postage. Newfoundland Representative: Gerald S. Doyle, St. Johns.

Do not suffer another day with itching, Bleeding or Pruritus. Piles. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and afford lasting benefit. See a box at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this paper and enclose 2c. stamp for postage. Newfoundland Representative: Gerald S. Doyle, St. Johns.

Do not suffer another day with itching, Bleeding or Pruritus. Piles. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and afford lasting benefit. See a box at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this paper and enclose 2c. stamp for postage. Newfoundland Representative: Gerald S. Doyle, St. Johns.

Do not suffer another day with itching, Bleeding or Pruritus. Piles. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and afford lasting benefit. See a box at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this paper and enclose 2c. stamp for postage. Newfoundland Representative: Gerald S. Doyle, St. Johns.

Do not suffer another day with itching, Bleeding or Pruritus. Piles. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and afford lasting benefit. See a box at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this paper and enclose 2c. stamp for postage. Newfoundland Representative: Gerald S. Doyle, St. Johns.

Do not suffer another day with itching, Bleeding or Pruritus. Piles. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and afford lasting benefit. See a box at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this paper and enclose 2c. stamp for postage. Newfoundland Representative: Gerald S. Doyle, St. Johns.

Do not suffer another day with itching, Bleeding or Pruritus. Piles. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and afford lasting benefit. See a box at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this paper and enclose 2c. stamp for postage. Newfoundland Representative: Gerald S. Doyle, St. Johns.

Do not suffer another day with itching, Bleeding or Pruritus. Piles. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and afford lasting benefit. See a box at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this paper and enclose 2c. stamp for postage. Newfoundland Representative: Gerald S. Doyle, St. Johns.

Do not suffer another day with itching, Bleeding or Pruritus. Piles. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and afford lasting benefit. See a box at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this paper and enclose 2c. stamp for postage. Newfoundland Representative: Gerald S. Doyle, St. Johns.

Do not suffer another day with itching, Bleeding or Pruritus. Piles. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and afford lasting benefit. See a box at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this paper and enclose 2c. stamp for postage. Newfoundland Representative: Gerald S. Doyle, St. Johns.

Do not suffer another day with itching, Bleeding or Pruritus. Piles. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and afford lasting benefit. See a box at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this paper and enclose 2c. stamp for postage. Newfoundland Representative: Gerald S. Doyle, St. Johns.

Do not suffer another day with itching, Bleeding or Pruritus. Piles. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and afford lasting benefit. See a box at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this paper and enclose 2c. stamp for postage. Newfoundland Representative: Gerald S. Doyle, St. Johns.

Do not suffer another day with itching, Bleeding or Pruritus. Piles. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and afford lasting benefit. See a box at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this paper and enclose 2c. stamp for postage. Newfoundland Representative: Gerald S. Doyle, St. Johns.

Do not suffer another day with itching, Bleeding or Pruritus. Piles. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and afford lasting benefit. See a box at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this paper and enclose 2c. stamp for postage. Newfoundland Representative: Gerald S. Doyle, St. Johns.

Protect Your Wife and Children

By suitable provisions in your Will, safeguarding the principal sum of your estate. We will be glad to confer or to correspond with you in regard to your Will free of charge.

The Capital Trust Corporation

10 METCALFE ST. OTTAWA 174 BAY STREET TORONTO Correspondence Invited

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS MURPHY, GUNN & MURPHY BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES Solicitors for The Home Bank of Canada Solicitors for the Roman Catholic Episcopal Corporation Suite 51, Bank of Toronto Chambers TORONTO, CANADA Phone 170

FOY, KNOX & MONAHAN BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC. A. E. Knox T. Louis Monahan E. L. Middleton George Keogh Cable Address: "Foy" Telephones: Main 618 Main 602 Offices: Continental Life Building CORNER BAY AND RICHMOND ST. REETS TORONTO

DAY, FERGUSON & CO. BARRISTERS James E. Day BARRISTERS 25 Adelaide St. West John M. Ferguson 26 Adelaide St. West Joseph P. Walsh TORONTO, CANADA

LUNNEY & LANANN BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES Harry W. Lunney, K.C., E. L. B.C.L., Alphonse Lanann, LL.B. CALGARY, ALBERTA

JOHN H. McELDERY BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC CONVEYANCER Money to Loan Telephone 1051 HERALD BLDG. ROOM 21 GUELPH, ONT.

Residence Park 1356, Cable Address "London." Hillcrest 1097 Park 4634W Main 1885 Lee, O'Donoghue & Harkins Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Etc. W. T. Lee, B.C.L. J. G. O'Donoghue, K.C. Hugh Harkins E. C. O'Donoghue, B.C.L. Offices: 241-242 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 175 ARCHITECTS

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

Members Ontario Association of Architects Millson, Burgess & Hazelgrove REGISTERED ARCHITECTS 209 Sparks St. OTTAWA, CAN. Specialists in Ecclesiastical and Institutional Construction.

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, G. R., President

FUNERAL DIRECTORS John Ferguson & Sons 180 KING ST. The Leading Undertakers and Embalmers Open Night and Day Telephone—House 373, Factory 543

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

STAINED GLASS MEMORIAL CHURCH WINDOWS Executed in Our Own Studios Colonial Art Glass Co. 556 BARK STREET, OTTAWA, ONT.