HER IRISH HERITAGE

BY ANNIE M. P. SMITHSON AUTHOR OF "BY STRANGE PATHS" CHAPTER XVI.

AFTERMATH "To every man upon this earth death cometh soon or late, And how can man die better than facing fearful odds

For the ashes of his fathers, and

the temples of his gods. There was silence for a few moments in Mary's little sittingsay. Clare was seated in a low chair beside him, her hand in his, and Mary was seated opposite. chair beside him, her hand in his, themselves against the British. and Mary was seated opposite to him, her eyes never leaving his and both sides were pretty well

"It is no good keeping you longer in suspense," he said at last. "Shamus was shot in action in the

face, and her eyes were strained and hard, but she was quite calm.

olock, and do not die thi ten at night. We got him—"

Clare interrupted him quickly.

"We!" she said. "Oh, Tony, then you were in it too?"

He looked at her in surprise.

"Why, certainly," he said;

"surely you would not have wished
me to stand aside at such a time? was not one who voted for the Rising: but when it was an accomplished fact my place was with my countrymen. I was in the G. P. O. during all the fighting, and escaped

almost by a miracle. "Go on about Shamus," said Mary, and her voice sounded hard

and cold.
"Well! We got him into friend's house for safety, and a doctor and nurse saw to him at once. Ah! Mary, I can never tell him." once. Ah! Mary, I can never tell you how devotedly our Red Cross people worked. We had a priest also, and he received the Last Sacraments. I askedhim,"—Tony's voice broke suddenly, but he struggled on, "I asked him had he struggled on the strug any request to make, or was there anything that I could do for him. And he asked me to bring his sister Mary to him if possible.

And did you?" breathed Clare. "Yes. I can never forget that journey to Rathmines-it was bad enough going, but coming back with Mary it was an awful ordeal. But she was very brave. How we escaped I don't know-I suppose it was to be—anyhow we got safely to where poor Shamus was lying. That was about eight o'clock, and he was anxiously awaiting us, for he knew he had not much longer to live. Mary just went straight to and I will leave you with Clare. him and knelt beside him, holding his hand, but she could not speak. He smiled at her with all his old brave spirit, although his eyes were dimmed with pain. He gave her messages for all the others, and for Norah Donovan. She was in the College of Surgeons with the Countess, and we could not reach her. Presently Shamus asked us to say the Rosary in Irish—there were dod about six of us with him—and we "I A little before ten o'clock, coming very slowly and with difficulty—'If you get out of this all right, old fellow, tell Mary he turned to me and said—the words all right, old fellow, tell Mary Carmichael that I have got my wish.' I don't know what he meant of "Oh! Tony—y course, but that is his message! me any He seemed to slumber for a few English moments, and then he opened his eyes suddenly and looked straight at Anthony's tired eyes as he slipped the foot of the bed. No one was there—that we could see—but he— "Clare Castlemaine may he lifted his hand to the salute and saying quite loudly and clearly—
'For Ireland!' he fell back—dead!'
"Yes—he got his wish!" said

Mary, letting the tears fall at last.
"And the others!" asked Clare.
"Oh! are they all right?"
Anthony did not speak at once.

Then—
"Mary and Norah and Bride are with Mr. Blake in Rathmines," he said, "and as for Pat, he was a said, "and as for Pat, he was a perfect brick all through that terrible time-dressing our wounded, and doing the work of two men. He is at present 'lying low,' as he would say himself, because there are several of our people in hiding who need his care, and so he is still in the city, and has not returned to Rathmines yet."
"And Tom?" It was Mary who

asked the question.

Anthony rose abruptly from his seat and going to the window, stood looking out for a few moments. There was a white lilac tree outside, and the scent was wafted to him through the open casement. He could never bear the smell of lilac afterwards.

"And Tom?" repeated Mary again, and her voice sounded strange

in her ears.
"Tom was shot," and Anthony turned suddenly and put his arm round Mary as a stifled moan fell upon his ears. She could not speak, but looked at him pitifully and he went on quickly—trying to get it over—to put her out of suspense and feeling, as we feel when we have hurt some poor dumb thing.

"Tom did not join them at first," he said, "he thought, like myself The that the Rising was a mistake at the

to his father, and told him that he could not stay at home any longer both Shamus and Pat were gone and he must follow if only to see could he gain any tidings of them. His father had expected this. 'No Blake ever hung back when his country called him'—he said—'your grandfather was out in '67—and I only wish to God that I was young myself again!' Even Mary young myself again!' Even Mary did not try to dissuade him. He made his way citywards, and had not gone far when he fell in with some young fellows whom he knew. They gave him a rifle and he joined room, and then Anthony straight-ened himself suddenly, and seemed to brace himself for what he had to

exhausted. Tom's attention, it seems was in suspense," he said at last. suddenly caught by the sight of a "Shamus was shot in action in the Post Office area. He was helping a very centre of the roadway—a wounded comrade to safety when an English bullet hit him—two indeed. One only grazed his temple the tion he stepped out of the ranks there entered the lung." other entered the lung."

Clare was sobbing, but Mary sat stiff and upright in her chair. Every vestige of colour had left her friend, from whom I heard it all. friend, from whom I heard it all. 'I want to drag that Tommy out of

'Did he die at once?' she asked.
'No," replied Anthony, "he was to in the firing line—he's badly hit, poor chap! Tom replied.
"'You'll be a fool if you do!" "No," replied Anthony, "he was shot in the morning, about eleven o'clock, and did not die till ten at they would do as much for one of

"'I can't help it,' replied Tom, 'I couldn't see any unfortunate wretch suffering like that.'" "Oh! how like him!" whispered Mary, as Anthony paused for a

Well, he reached the soldier. and managed to bring him to the Irish ranks. He had just placed him in safety behind the firing line and was returning to his place, when an English bullet was aimed straight at him, and he fell at once, shot through the heart. Mary did not attempt to speak,

and Clare sat aghast.
"His friends got the body, and

days we thought that she was going to join her brothers; but God means to spare her to us for a little while yet; and Mary-I have one bit of pleasant news for you—she is coming down to stay with you for a long

visit as soon as she is able for the "Thank God!" said Mary.
Then she rose and laid her hand

on Anthony's arm.
"Thank you, Tony," she said quietly, "I know what it must have cost you to have to speak of these things. God bless you for coming.
Now I want to be alone for awhile, There was silence for a few

minutes when she left the room. Clare," said Anthony then. But there was no answer-Clare's weet face was hidden in her hands and her head was bent down on the

arm of her chair.

He was beside her instantly.

"Dearest!" he said so "Dearest!" he said softly, "don't fret—sure, it is the Will of

'I'm not fretting-at least not

for them," was the stifled answer.
"Then for what?" he asked.

"Oh! Tony-you won't care for me any more now, because I'm half The ghost of a smile dawned in

"Clare Castlemaine may be half English," he whispered; "but Mrs. Anthony O'Farrell will be Irish—every bit!"

Upstairs in her own little room. kneeling before the picture of the Sacred Heart, Mary Carmichael was pouring out her soul in prayer for those who "died for Ireland. Her grief was very great, her hear torn with suffering and pain, and yet above and over all her sorrow was a feeling of pride and glory in the thought of those gallant young lives laid down so gladly—oh! so gladly! "for Ireland." She thought of Easter Sunday morning when in all parts of the city, they had approached the Altar rails in their hundreds to receive the Holy Communion which was to be the Viaticum for so many of themknowing the risk they were taking and realizing that they would probably never see another Sabbath dawn over their beloved city. And yet willing-oh! and eager!-to light that spark which was to rouse their countrymen from their

Weep not for them with useless

For Ireland they have fought the

We'll remember, we'll remember,

time, but on the third day he went Lo! the dead arise triumphant, and the living's task is set, The cause is burning in our heartand we shall not forget

TO BE CONTINUED

THE YEARS BETWEEN By Adelaide Proctor

Richard Stanbrook's household consisted of himself and his daughter Ruth. So when an important business affair called him north in him, as it was not a season of the year when either cared to be alone. Ruth was very young when her mother died, but she had scarcely realized her loss, for a brother, some years older, had almost completely filled her little world. He had always had time to listen to her, to play with her, to take care of her. And then, just before Christmas one year he had suddenly gone away. She remembered that day still, although she had tried so hard to forget it—for, after all, he had been unworthy of her hero-worship. Her father had said so. He had explained it all to her after Robert had gone and he had found her sobbing in her room.

It had seemed incredible that Rob-her Rob-could have disgraced the family name, the family pride: that he should have deliber. ately ruined his own prospects for a brilliant future. And yet, her father must be right. And her father said that Robert had done all these things and more by becoming a Catholic

Robert, a Catholic! She could only guess at the enormity of the offense by its effect on her father. Of course, it was not to be expected that her father could have such a person in the house. Even Robert could understand that. And after her father had made it quite plain to her, she had been displeased with her brother's conduct for a whole day and then had promptly for-given him and longed for his return. She remembered clinging to crying out that she wanted to go with him, even if he were a Catholic; and that she would be one, too, if he would teach her how, for she wanted to be like him. It was then that her father had ordered her from the room. He had later told her that the word "Catholic" must must not again be mentioned, and that Robert's name must never again be

spoken under that roof. She had never seen her brother again. At first, letters had come from him and her father had grimly returned them unopened. After a while they had ceased to come. That was fifteen years ago. If Richard Stanbrook regretted his On the afternoon before Christmas decision, no one knew. Only Ruth noticed that he was becoming more tolerant of the opinions of others on religious matters, and one day she came upon him suddenly when he was looking wistfully at Robert's picture. And although nothing could have induced him to seek his son openly; although if another letter had come some adamantine trait in his makeif another up would have urged its return; that his son was no longer living he had, of late years, acquired the habit of glancing at every passer-by
—particularly if he were in a
strange city—subconsciously hoping
against reasonable hope to find his

the interests that had brought him his reserve his selfcenteredness to the northern city, Ruth was were breaking down. before he could hear the shame-faced murmur.

the shame-shad even looked into several churches to see the decorations, a thing she would never have dreamed of doing at home, and in one of them she had gone very close to a crib that was being arranged at a side altar. It was strangely peaceful in there, yet she had not staved. It would have seemed disloyal to her father. And yet—all this had been, maybe was still, a part of her brother's life. She tried to see it through his eyes, and went slowly out with a backward glance at the crude manger and at the swinging ruby light that seemed to drop in front of the main altar. Somehow Robert seemed nearer in a place give like this. She would visit Catholic One. for the present, perhaps, she had better go alone. Her father might resent an invitation to accompany her. He might even be displeased if he knew that the had gone he knew that she had gone. When, therefore, she met her father at dinner and, as was her custom, related the incidents of the day, she did not mention the visit to the

churches.

They had both looked forward with pleasure to this hour when they exchanged bits of interesting news and when Ruth invariably gave an account of her sight-seeing trips. Her father seemed unusually depressed that evening, so sh chatted more volubly than ever in an effort to distract his thoughts.

"Oh, yes! I almost forgot nother adventure," she added, another op not for them with useless tears; but think of them with after she had declared her account complete. "I was about to enter a reland they have fought the fight, for her with joy they died.

remember, we'll remember, bids an admission of children who their blood, their wounds, are unaccompanied by adults.

insistent, smaller boy, presumably his brother.

"But I want to see him. I do want to," sobbed the child.

"Aw see the nice things in the winda, Jimmie, and never mind about Santa Claus. They won't let us in. You got to have old people with you. And if we tried it by ourselves maybe Santa'd know it ourselves maybe Santa'd know it and he wouldn't like it, Jimmie. So let's just look at these things here-

they're awful nice. And poor little Jimmie, father, with tears filling his eyes turned towards the window. I felt so sorry for them all! And I know you will think it quite ridiculous of me, but I just invited the whole ragged lot of them to come in with me. I wish you could have seen their happy faces, father. And then, in case Santa should not reach their houses with toys, I bought a couple of little things for each of them. They were so happy. It seems to me as if the poor must feel their poverty more during the Christmas season than at any other

time. How I wish—"
"That reminds me, Ruth, of something I did today. I know you will approve of it. I noticed in this morning's paper an appeal from the charity clerk of this city. He stated that there had been so many appeals for help filed that the funds for this purpose will not permit the usual amount of provisions going to each applicant and he asked charitably inclined persons to relieve conditions by assuming some of the burden. I phoned that I would take care of half a dozen families and he gave me the names and addresses of some. What do you think of that?"

me. What do you think of that:
"Oh, father, how good that is of you! Nothing could please me more,— not even the little children's enjoyment today. How generous you are!" Generosity, she told rself, had not been one of her father's earlier traits.

"We'll buy the things tomorrow father. And as I want to see these people myself, and as this is a strange city to me, you will come with me to see them, too, won't you? It will do you good to—to get something like this on your mind. I am afraid that sometimes you think too much and too long about personal troubles, and sometimes if one puts something else Yes, yes, I'll go with you," her her replied, smiling. "You are

father replied, smiling. "You are probably afraid that a messenger would eat some of the food or—" No, father, it is just because want to see these people myself, and I don't want to get lost in dark stairways and spooky halls." "Very well, dear! that isn't much to do for you. We'll go

they started on what Richard Stanbrook called his "Christmas

adventure. The silent, brooding man was finding the experience more interesting than he had expected. To plunge from bright, sunlit streets into dark alleys and darker rooms to leave gay, laughing faces look upon weary, sad ones : to catch these fleeting glimpses into lives so differently ordered from his own; was to see life from a new angle. These people were human beings like himself. Only the accident of birth in a higher social circle made him appear different. Beneath the surface, perhaps, honesty and dis-honesty, generosity and greed, were on. the same, irrespective of their dwelling places. The barriers of

pensing of charity was a very doleful process; that the visitor was delighted with complaints and tears; that a pall of gloom hung over every poor home. He found cheerful resignation, if not con-

Some of the recipients accepted the gifts as their due, casting an appraising eye over the contents of

"So! No celery nor cauliflower even. But one vegetable with potatoes. There might have been two. What do they think?" to a harassed-looking husband in an invalid's chair. "It is Christmas. If the city gives, why must it not give right? Yes, there's a pie. One. That means I should cut it in six pieces! Well, it is good what is here, lady. We're obliged."

Others plainly felt that it was a humiliation to accept public charity. One woman explained that she was asking for charity because her husband had died a few months before and she had not married again.

could have married," she proudly. "With my five en, he would take me. But I added proudly. "With my five children, he would take me. But I thought no. He has not so much; and so I wait—maybe someone come with more money and I take him. I wait, and the city help me. It is

Marriages for money are not confined to our class alone, then," laughingly commented Stanbrook when they had left the dingy little

'No, indeed," agreed Ruth pleasantly. "And now I wonder what we'll find most valued at the next place. Food, money or some-thing else? It's interesting, isn't it, to see the difference in ambitions. By the way, we have only two more

Mr. O'Toole's door was opposite to that of the Cassidys. Ruth rapped at the open Cassidy door. "Come in," said Mrs. Cassidy, taking her hands from the wash tub

and drying them on her apron. One of the children was crying and a fretful voice was heard in a bedroom beyond.

Ruth explained her errand.

"Well, it's glad I am and grateful to you, Miss. It's for something to eat that Bennie's crying now. There's a bit of bread and milk here for the children, but they must wait until I get this washing done. I would have been through before now, but there is a man sick across the halleand—"

"Oh, yes," interposed Ruth.

"And after I have brought him his breakfast and basket of things, will you let me help to get the children's supper and to make a cup of tee?" I can make a little with the children's supper and to make a cup. of tea? I can make a little broth for Mr. Cassidy." "Well—I—I don't like you to be

doing all that with the pretty clothes on you, but 'twill be a great help to me, to be sure, and the children are hungry—but as for Martin O'Toole, he'll need nothing more here. It's dying he is and the priest is with him now. I left the washing to stay with him until a short time ago. I sent Maggie for the priest, but the pastor was out on another sick call and 'twas one of the missioners that comea mission at St. Paul's, you knowand my husband says to me, 'When the priest comes let him come to me, too. 'Tis nearing Christmas and I must be receiving.' And although I was kind of afraid when I saw it was a strange priest, still I knew by the looks of his face that

the tubs out of the way-"Well, I am sorry about Mr. Toole," said Ruth, "but I am O'Toole," said Ruth, "but I am sure it will be all right to leave his portion here. You can make use of it. And now let me get the chil-

he wouldn't mind, nor he didn't. He will come in to see Tom before

he goes back, and so I wanted to get

dren's supper.
"You won't mind waiting a few moments, will you, father?" in-quired Ruth anxiously. She hoped that they could get out before the priest would leave Mr. O'Toole, for she did not want their afternoon spoiled by an encounter with a Catholic priest. It would upset her father and embitter him again.
"No, no. I won't mind waiting."

And he turned to watch the olde ooy who was trying to make a sled from the boards of an old box.

But his mind was not on what the boy was doing. It was busy with other thoughts-thoughts of the close relationship that seemed to exist between a priest and his people; of the spirit that prompted this man, a stranger in the city, to respond to a call meant for an absent pastor. He was under no obligation to do it. What could he gain by it? And the Catholics, with all reverence, yet with all assurance, seemed to expect this service. It was strange. There must be something more to it than he, Richard Stanbrook, could under-stand. Robert had apparently understood. 'I wonder," reflected Stanbrook,

"if Robert remained a Catholic. But I'll never know. I—I—think I would be disappointed in him now to hear that he gave it up. I don't know just why, but I hope he didn't It was Christmas time. Miss give it up. I wonder what these Lisle always went south for Christyears have meant for him!"

And yet the old feeling was still

the door and heard Mrs. Cassidy various friends and relatives,

from the room and Ruth felt rerom the room and Ruth felt re-ieved that neither she nor her family reunions were the fashion. father had been obliged to meet

the bed room. toward the door. She did not turn. She was afraid that the garrulous

Mrs. Cassidy would draw her into the conversation. the priests will be over tomorrow.'

room. Ruth was the first to re-

a swift, energetic movement as if left alone. he were trying to banish the night-

insistent, smaller boy, presumably three children and a sick husband. IF YOU WISH to arrange for a yearly or monthly payment to be made to any individual or Charitable Institution, either by Will or during your lifetime, we will be glad to present a plan to you which will give full effect to your wishes.

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against the changed order of things. The old antipathy towards Catholic and the Catholic religion had disappeared.

The son realized what anguish his father must have endured before his tenacious grip on the old convictions had been loosened, and the priest knew that only the grace of God had given this soul the strength to surrender.
With his hands on the priest's

oulders, Richard Stanbrook said with simple dignity: "I was wrong, Robert. You are right. I see it now. I think I have known it for a long while, but I would not admit it-not even to myself. And I have

missed you, my boy."
"That's all right, father. Don't think that I didn't miss you and Ruth, too. But I decided upon prayer instead of letters. They only widened the breach. I was discouraged at times, but I kept right on In fact, I finished novena today that I made for that intention. I asked the Christ-Child to bring a true reconciliation. That eans but one thing.

"I-I-want to tell you some-ing," said Ruth, hesitatingly, and she looked apologetically at her father. "I went into a Catholic church yesterday and again today-

"So did I, Ruth," said her father quietly. "We won't be afraid tell each other when we go again. "We won't be afraid to Much of the conversation had been in low tones, so that Mrs. Cassidy only half understood the scene; and the Cassidy children were too busy eating to care that a family was being reunited back of

"God be with them and give them a happy Christmas!" fervently exclaimed Mrs. Cassidy as she closed the door after them.

And the three who had come on errands of mercy went down the rickety stairs together, with the joy of Christmas singing in their

THE BEST GIFT

By Mary T. Nixon-Roulet

Miss Hannah Lisle was not feeling er usual serenity of soul. A less well poised person would have owned herself cross, but Miss Lisle would never have admitted such an unladylike frame of mind possible to a Lisle, trained to uphold a long Noblesse Oblige.

mas. There was less fuss in a fashionable hotel about the festive so strong within him that he sat | Yuletide season, and she hated fuss.

very rigid, refusing to turn in his chair, when he heard a light step at invitations to spend the day with for her loneliness, and had been Excuse me, Father, for not breef loneliness, and had been been greater to be breef to a degree by the family meeting you at the door. I didn't jollification. In it all she felt a hear you coming. Tom's room is hopeless outsider, no matter how right there beside you and I'll see kind people were and she took their you after you're through with him."

No word was spoken by the priest, who bowed in response to the direction of the priest, who bowed in response to the direction of the priest, was her life, the rich Miss Lisle tion and went into the bed room.

There was a low murmur of voices quently bored and at no time more

That she had no family to assem ble was her own fault At five and They would go now before he left | forty she had within her breast the comforting assurance that she was an undoubted old maid, by prefer-But the priest returned sooner than she had expected. Ruth had ence, not necessity. Many men had scarcely finished her self-imposed admired her statuesque beauty, task when she heard him coming even more attracted by it than her fortune, but had gone away disheartened by her placid coldness. None had ever touched her heart. e conversation.
"Good-by, Mrs. Cassidy. One of face of her interest and he was the first word Richard Stan-the first word Richard Stanbrook leaped to his feet and faced the priest. Ruth clutched the edge of the table and stared at the tall figure with her brother's voice. The priest looked from one to the other of the startled faces in the other of the other of the startled faces in the other of the other of the startled faces in the other of the startled faces in the other of the other fession, a success not measured by dollars and cents, but in the coin "Robert! Robert!" she cried, reaching out her arms to him. "Oh, Robert, I'm so glad! I can hardly believe it is true!" "My boy!" he whispered broken-ly." dollars and cents, but in the coin of scientific honors and the blessings of the poor. An only daughter, in her girlhood Miss Lisle had performed a trying novitiate as nurse to an invalid mother, fractious with ly.

"At last! I was afraid that you had—died—" And he brushed back the hair from his own forehead with her father, an inveterate traveller, and adventurer, until the Great Adventure claimed him and she was

It was cultivated loneliness, how their blood, their wounds, their pains, of we know no pang was wasted, not one drop was shed in vain! rour country has awakened, we have heard the trumpet blast, dream of slaves is shattered, and we shall be free at last!

are unaccompanied by adults. A little group of forlorn children stood just outside. Their adult relatives were probably hard at work somewhere, and the children had been turned back at the door.

"No, we can't go in," explained and we shall be free at last!

By the way, we have only two more places to visit."

They were both in the same tene that had haunted him through the years.

And then he remembered what had been turned backs at the door. Was a Catholic priest—a missionary priest! Hisframesuddenly stiffened but only for a moment. It was force of habit making a last protest.

"No, we can't go in," explained one of the older ones to an eager, other, that of a Mrs. Cassidy with mare of remorse that had haunted him through the years.

And then he remembered what

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