ZHE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND (LADY GILBERT)

CHAPTER XXVI

FAN'S TRIUMPH The signora was walking impatiently about the room, reflecting on the downfall of her own and Herr Harfenspieler's hopes. Another disappointment was about to be added to the many troubles of her life. She cast remorseful glances at the large canvas that stood in the corner, with its face to the wall. Had she carefully guarded her pupil instead of wrapping herself in foolish dreams, this great misfortune might have been everted.

"Oh me, oh me!" she moaned, "to think of all the care and pains we lavished on her for nothing. Only that she may turn out a fine lady after all. Who could have imagined that Lord Wilderspin, in making himself so nobly the friend of genius, was but providing an un-fortunate alliance for his nephew. The door flew open and Fan came

in radiant.
"Mamzelle," she cried, springing to her side, "whether you like it or without your symnot, I cannot do without your sympathy. You must wish me joy

The signora heaved a bitter sigh. cannot but wish you well. have loved you too dearly for that. But the lady of Wilderspin must learn to be independent of so humble a person as myself."

"Mamzelle, you do not know what I have heard to put everything else out of my head. Kevin is

'Kevin!" shrieked Mamzelle, feeling that this was, indeed, "out of the frying-pan into the fire "Where is he?" she added, with an accent of despair.

"I do not know."
"You said he was found." "He is in the world; he has been seeking for me; he is clever and learned and a gentleman. Is not that enough?

"Quite enough for me," said the signora, tragically, "and I am glad to hear it is also enough for you."

"My vocation."

of Providence. Heaven will not ask to sacrifice all natural feelings as you would do."

Fanchea, you are unkind."
"I want to be kind, Mamzelle, and you will not let me. Kiss me and I will not trouble you any more with my good news. And Fan went away to her room

happy in silence was a more difficult

Lord Wildersbin and Herr Har-

Your lordship has generously chosen to put her there in her place; and why should you suffer the heir of your noble family to pluck her out of her proper niche, to the detri-ment of his own dignity?"

"Men of his position have married women already famous on the stage," growled his lordship. "It is better growled his lordship. "It is better to take her artless and fresh, as she

'His fancy would pass away if "But I will not oppose him."
"But I will not oppose him,"
shouted Lord Wilderspin, thinking
not of his nephew at all, but of the
cruel redness round Fanchea's

bright eyes. "My lord, "My lord, you are—"
"A fool?" said the said the old man,

"I could not think of applying "I could not think of applying such an epithet to your lordship," said Herr Harfenspieler; and after that the two old men had sulked at that the two old men had sulked at the two old men old and congenial friend in a lonely country house, they met in the evening as if nothing had

conscious, however, was each member of the party of something vividly present in the mind which could not be alluded to in speech, that conversation was difficult, and an unusual silence hung over the dinner-table. Afterwards music came to the rescue, and Fan's singing and the professor's violin-playing drowned a great deal of trouble for the moment. Having soothed himself into better humor by such accustomed means, Herr Harfenspieler bethought him of something to talk about which would have no cort of connection with the difficult sort of connection with the difficul-

ties of the hour.

A friend of his, an Englishman, A friend of his, an Englishman, ne Mr. Honeywood, has sent him a olume of poems, written by a coung man in whom he (Honeywood) was deeply interested.

He left the room and returned with a book, which he gave to Captain Rupert.

a sad one.

"The genius of music may still carry the day," said Herr Harfenspieler, "We may yet have the happiness of presenting our queen of song to the world."

His lordship glared round at them as if they had been plotting someone Mr. Honeywood, has sent him a volume of poems, written by a young man in whom he (Honeywood) was deeply interested.

Captain Rupert.

with a book, which he gave to

white-clothed figure, the dark little head and sparkling face that leaned forward in the lamplight to listen; and then he read the poem aloud. "Sweet," said Herr Harfen-spieler. "It ought to be set to music for our songstress."

Fan gazed around on her friends. Mamzelle had approached and listened; his lordship, with a preliminary grunt of protest, had given ear to the reading, and now stood silent, all under-lip and scowl. The poem had found a tender spot in every heart of the group, for there was that in the four faces which cannot be either affected or denied.

How strange, thought Fanchea, that their hearts should all bow to these words, and yet have so little sympathy for the mindful tenderness that had caused her joy today. Her own heart yearned to the comprehending soul that had so given a voice to her fidelity. worshipped in silence the Master Spirit that had spoken to them all with one breath, in the language of

"That is the true voice, said impulsively to Herr Harfen-"Song can only be its

'Nay, music is often its inspirahumble a person as myself.

"The lady?—oh, Mamzelle, you while Captain Rupert looked on the look that the look that this poem had called the look that the look that this poem had called the look that this poem had called the look that the look that this poem had called the look that the look the look the look the look the look the look the loo do not know what I mean.

all over—at least—nothing more has been said, and I had forgotten into her face. He realized in that moment the heights of her nature, that to fail in exciting and knew that to fail in exciting the highest devotion she was capable of would be to lose her altogether.

Her eyelashes wet with the tears of enthusiasm, Fan picked up the volume, which Rupert had laid on the table, and turned over the leaves, seeking for more of that divine music whose vibrations were still thrilling in her brain. dentally her eye fell on the title-page, and a cry broke from her

'What is the matter?" several voices. Captain Rupert came close to her, with a presage of trouble. All eyes were turned on her in surprise.

"Ah, Mamzelle, had you never any childhood, any youth? Have you no recollections of early friends and home?"
"It is my duty to think above all of your vocation."
"My your learns and brought the teast into your hearts and brought the teast into your hearts and brought the teast into your hearts." the tears into your eyes. Kevin is the poet we have been worshipping-Kevin, whom you despised.
"Kevin!" was echoed around.

'Yes, Kevin," she said, standing on her tip-toes, and smiling down on them in her triumph. "Look at the name for yourselves—K-e-v-i-n, and the other is his surname."

And Fan went away to her room and had a thorough good cry.

For a nature so sympathetic as hers to be solitarily glad is a trial; and she felt keenly the refusal of those around her to rejoice in her joy. She had early learned to keep her cares to herself, but to be harny in silence was a more difficult.

"Allow me to introduce my old comrade, Kevin, to my dear and noble friends," she went on, making a gleeful courtesy all round, and waving the precious volume above her head. "You, who have been so good to me—you were afraid I should be ashamed of him when he appeared. My lord have I reason "Allow me to introduce my old comrade, Kevin, to my dear and appeared. My lord, have I reason to be ashamed?" suddenly wheeling about and facing him with eyes

Lord Wilderspin and Herr Harfenspieler had almost quarrelled
that afternoon on the subject of his
lordship's weakness in yielding to
his nephew's caprice.

"The child is the child of genius,"
said the professor. "A pedestal is
awaiting her in the temple of Fame.
Vour lordship has generously chosen
"I congratulate you." said Cap-

'I congratulate you, tain Rupert, and walked out of the room, with a jealous heart. "I will try to be glad," said Herr Harfenspieler, rubbing his nose vehemently with his pocket-hand-

'Mamzelle!" "I love you!" said the signora in her tragic way; but she did not look more pleased than Captain

"You expect us to be glad," said his lordship, "because this is a great fellow whom we can do nothing to

Fan looked up at him with wide grateful eyes, remembering all his bounty to her for years. 'You can allow him to shake you

by the hand, my lord."
"Little Simpleton, is that a benethen Fan, smiling a loving lo round upon her friends as if thank.

ing them for their scraps of sympathy, turned away abruptly, still hugging her book, appeared. A solemn silence reigned in the room for some seconds after she

went. His lordship, striding about the floor, was first to speak. "After all we are a pack of fools," he said. "We ought to be thankful that the fellow is, as she says, one to be not ashamed of."
"Captain Wilderspin is the only person who has serious cause to be

displeased," said the signora.
"Ha!" ejaculated his lordship. "I do not think we shall hear any more of his suit," continued the signora, beginning her sentence on a triumphant note, and ending to on

"Ah, I remember this," said body's death. He was ashamed to Captain Rupert, turning over the leaves. "I am not a great reader of poetry, but some things in this hours that had elapsed since that wolume won on me very much. Here, for instance, is what I call a ly as to be more willing to have delightful song. He glanced at Fanchea, taking in all the grace of the light white all the factors. see her a successful prima donna. Confounded for one moment at coming face to face with his own inconsistency, the next he remembered nothing but the pair of red-rimmed eyes that had confronted him so bravely in his study.

"By Heaven, he shall not jilt her

for any far-fetched, jealousy!" he shouted. "You pair of heart-murderers, robbers of the joys of youth, hypocrites, with your tender elodies, and poetic sympathy with human feelings—you would send the fellow away, and put forth a crushed creature to give expression with her own misery to your hum-bugging music!"

spend the night in reading Kevin's book. Weeping and laughing with delight, her eyes flew over the pages that were intended for herself alone, and that told the story of their early comradeship, their parting, and his continued, fruitless, but never hopeless search. An exquisite sense of happiness settled on the young girl's heart as the mysterious union of their lives, long believed in, became so suddenly proved to her. The history of the princess, related to her on the island long ago, had its place in the ooem; but not in death would her prince be restored to her: the ending of the real life-story would be the fulness of joy. Had she, indeed, been his inspiration, his genius, the cause of his attaining the heights he had reached? Overwhelmed with bliss she lay back in her chair to dream over what she

she considered about how she was to communicate with Kevin, concluding to write him a letter, for which Herr Harfenspieler would supply the address. She laughed to think of her two old letters of reach him, of course, because he was not there where she sent them, look for her. Herr Harfenspieler was an early riser; she would find him in the garden by this time; and she went forth to look for him. himself among the flowers, humming melodious ditties to himself in or gear. He was poor, but a broken voice, and when he saw often he shared with those sionally to give plaintive meaning

to their artistic work.

"And yet, in spite of her tenderness, there is something hardy about the creature," he reflected, studying her firm elastic movestudying her firm elastic work. ments as she hastened to meet him. understanding than men and chil"She might weather a gale as well dren more understanding than as the strongest, and her song be either. all the fuller, enriched by a note folk he'd pass the most of his spare from the storm. Certainly his lordship had me there; for I believe a corner of the house telling them "Iosa the crown of art is for those who stories or getting stories out of have suffered.

'Meinherr. I want to speak with "Willingly, my pupil, but after we have sung. We will give the freshness of the morning to our

work. And he led her out of the sunshine into the music-room.

Overwhelming joy seemed to have

given a new power and sweetness to her voice, and having heard her her young face with a strange, uneasy, half-angry expression in

his eyes.

"Can we suffer her to fail us?"
he asked himself. "Shall we bear
to lose her, having brought her so
far as this? I cannot—I will not Now I have earned the right to

speak, meinherr. I am writing to my friend, Kevin. Will you give me his address?" Meinherr frowned. "My pupil, I do not know it. TO BE CONTINUED

IOSAGAN

Translated from the Irish of P. H. Pearse, by Father Fitzgerald, O. F. M. Old Mathias was sitting by his door. Anybody going the road would think that it was an image of stone or marble that was in itthat of a corpse—for he wouldn't believe that a living man could stay so motionless, so quiet. He had his head bent and he was listening. It's many a musical sound was to be heard by anyone who would heed it. Old Mathias heard the moaning of the waves on the rocks and the murmuring of the brook over the stones. He heard the cry of the heron from the beach and the low-ing of the cows from the booley and the merry laughter of the children from the green. Yet to none of these was he listening so intently— sweet though they all were to him but to the clear liquid voice of the Mass-bell coming to him with the wind in the stillness of the morning. for them to be letting the children

nim, one by one or in groups. The little lads were running and jumping. The girleens were engaged in lively chatter. The women conversible to the said of the set thoughts to Father John. And it's what the priest said of the set thoughts to Father John. And it's what the priest said of the set thoughts to Father John. And it's what the priest said of the set thoughts to Father John. And it's what the priest said of the set thoughts to Father John. And it's what the priest said of the set thoughts to Father John. And it's what the priest said of the set thoughts to Father John. And it's what the priest said of the set thoughts to Father John. And it's what the priest said of the set thoughts to Father John. And it's what the priest said of the set thoughts to Father John. And it's what the priest said of the set thoughts to Father John. And it's what the priest said of the set thoughts to Father John. And it's what the priest said of the set thoughts to Father John. And it's what the priest said of the set thoughts the set thoughts the set thoughts the set thoughts the set the set thoughts the set t ing in subdued tones. The men were silent. Like that they went the road every Sunday. Like that old Mathias would sit in his chair "Don't mind the poor children," says he. "They couldn't be in better company." "But I'm told he doesn't believe looking at them till they went out in God, Father."
"It's many the saint is in heaven

odd old bed-ridden person, the children playing on the green, and himself sitting at his door.

Old Mathias used not to go to the bugging music!"

And emphasizing this outburst with a scowl of displeasure, he marched out of the room.

Arrived in her own chamber, Fan throw open her window and the state of the people, and now he presence of the people, and now he was a withered, wasted old man, his fore. hapel. He had not heard the Math sweet Mass" for three score years yet? his hair grey, wrinkles on his fore-head, and his shoulders stooped. He had never bent a knee before God during all those three score

Nobody knew why he did not go Mass. People said he did not believe there was a God at all. Others said he had done some awful sin in the beginning of his life, and when the priest wouldn't give him absolution in confession a fit of anger came on him and he swore that while he lived he would never have anything to do with priest or chapel again. Some others saidbut this only in a whisper at the fireside, when the old people would be conversing among themselves. after the children had gone to bed -that he had sold his soul to a had read, and the first sundeau found her fast asleep; a smile on her parted lip, her small face bleached by an intensity of glad-lim to attend Mass.

I don't know whether these

reports were true or false, but what I do know is that in the memory of the oldest person in the village old Mathias had never been seen at the Mass of God. O'Nee, an old man who had died a to think of her two old letters of couple of years before that at the long ago, and how they failed to age of ninety, said that he himself saw him there when he was a lad.

Let it not be thought that old but gone out into the wide world to Mathias was a bad man. He was natured a man as you'd meet in a day's walk. You'd never hear anything but the good word from his The old musician was already airing mouth. He wasn't given to drink, nor was he fond of company or gold a broken voice, and when he saw often he shared with those who her approach his heart smote him were poorer than himself. He had for the love he was hoping to sympathy for the sickly, and mercy exclude from her young life. He for the unfortunate. Other men could have wished she had been one had both regard and esteem for of the more robust-tempered, him. Women and children and even strong-minded sort of women who animals loved him, and he them, stand in little need of love, and and everything that was lovable only borrow its sentiments occa-

Old Mathias would rather be It's in the company of little them. It's wonderful the stories he had. He had the adventures of the Grey Garron the nicest in the world. He was the only old person in the village who had the story of the Kite and the Wren right. Isn't it himself would put fear into the children when he'd imitate the fu fa feasog of the two-headed giant, and 'tis he would knock peals of the Adventure of the Piper in the with pride and delight, the professor snail's Castle. And the songs he paused in the lesson and gazed into had! He could lull a sick child to sleep with his

Shoneen sho and sleep, my pet The fairy host is walking the glen. Or he could put the lull of the house of children in stitches of

laughter with his Hy diddle dum, the cat and his mother O That went off to Galway astride on

a drake O! And isn't it himself had the funny old rhymes, and the hard puzzles, and the lovely riddles. And as for games—where was the person, man, woman, or child, that could keep up Lurabog Larabog, orathe Buidhean

Balbh with him? In the fine weather it's on the hillside or walking the bog you'd see old Mathias and his little comrades—he explaining to them ow the ants and the wise woodlice lived, or making up stories about the hedgehog and the red squirrel. Another time it's boating they'd be, the old man with one oar and some little boy with another, and maybe a little girl steering. It's often the people who would be at work near the shore would hear the joyous shouts of the children wafted to them from the mouth of the bay, or perhaps the voice of old Mathias and he singing an air—

Oro my curragheen, O! And oro my boateen-

or something else like that. Some of the mothers began

The people had all gone to Mass.

Old Mathias had seen them go by him, one by one or in groups. The priest or Mass."

On one occasion a

They couldn't be in

They went by him this particular today that didn't believe in God at morning as usual. The old man one time of his life. And whisper. kept looking at them till the last If old Mathias has no love for Godbatch had cleared the churchyard a thing that you or I don't knowrise, till there was nothing to be it's wonderful the love he has for seen but a long straight road the purest and most beautiful thing stretching out white, till there was created by God—the bright, shining not a soul left in the village but an soul of a child. Our Saviour Himself had the same love for them, and so had the highest saints in

Mathias to the knee of Our Saviour

Heaven. How do we know that

won't be children who will draw old

And 'twas left at that.
On this Sunday the old man stayed listening until the bell for Mass stopped ringing. When it had finished he gave a sigh like a person who would be tired and lonely, and he faced up to a group of children years; never offered up a prayer to his Creator; never given thanks to his Saviour. A man apart was a some playing for themselves on the patch of grass—the green, old Mathias would call it—at the cross-his Saviour. A man apart was a some playing for themselves on the patch of grass—the green, old Mathias would call it—at the cross-his Saviour. them. He wouldn't ask for pastime than to be sitting there looking on at them and listening to them. them. He was counting them, seeing what friends of his were there and what ones of them had gone to Mass with the grown-up people, when he noticed a child in their midst whom he had never seen before. A little brown haired fellow with a white dress on him them and he without boot or hat, as is customary with the children of the West. The face of the child was as bright as the sun, and it seemed to old Mathias as if there were rays of light coming from his head-the sun shining on his hair maybe.

After seeing this child Mathias wondered, for he hadn't heard that any strangers were after coming to the village. He was just going over to ask one of the little lads about him when he heard the buzz and clatter of the people coming home from Mass. He hadn't felt the time slipping by, he was so taken up with the children's Some of the people bid him good-day as they went by, and he bid good-day to them. When he as decent and guileless and good-natured a man as you'd meet in a children again the little strange child wasn't with them.

The Sunday after that old Mathias was sitting at the door as usual. The people had gone over to Mass. The little folk were running and leaping on the green. And the little strange child was running and leaping with them. Old Mathias sat looking at him for a long time, for he gave the love his heart to him on account of the beauty of his person and the brightness of his countenance. At last he called down to one of the little

boys: Who's that child I see with you for the last fortnight, Coleen?" said he, "that one with the brown head of hair—but maybe it's whitered it is-I don't know whether it's dark or fair with the way the sun is shining on it. Do you see him now-he that is running up to us? "That's Iosagan," says the little

Iosagan?" "That's the name he calls him-

Who do ye think he is?' "I don't know, but he says that his father is a king. Where does he live?"

"He didn't ever tell us that, but he says that his house isn't far from Does he be along with ye

often? 'He does, when we do be at pastimes like this. But he goes away from us when any grown-up people come among us. Look he's

gone already.

The old man looked, but there was no one there but the children he The child whom the little boy had called Iosagan was missing. The same moment the hum and bustle of the people coming from Mass were heard.

The next Sunday everything happened as on the Sunday before. The people had gathered as usual, and the old man and the children were left to themselves in the village. Old Mathias's heart gave a jump in his breast when he saw the holy child in their midst again. He arose. He went over and stood near him. After standing there a hands towards him and said in a low voice:

'Iosagan The child heard him and came running over to him. Come here and sit on my knee a

Come here and sit on my knee a little while, Iosagan."

The child put his hand in the thin, knotty hand of the old man, and they went side by side across the road. Old Mathias sat in his chair and drew Iosagan to his breast. Where do you live, Iosagan?" said he, still speaking a low voice.

"My house isn't far from here.
"Why don't you come to visit me?"
"I'd be afraid in a king's house.
I'm told your father is a king."
"He is the High Ving of the 'He is the High-King of the rld. But there's no need for you to be afraid of him. He is full of

mercy and love."
"I'm afraid that I haven't kept

'Ask pardon, from Him. Myself and my Mother will make inter-

cession for you."
"I'm sorry I haven't seen you before this, Iosagan. Where were you from me?

"I was here always. I go the roads, and walk the hills, and glide over the waves. I am among the people when they are gathered together in My house. I am among the children they leave behind playing on the road."
"I was too timid—or maybe too

proud—to go into your House, Iosagan; but I found you among the

There's no time, nor place where the children are playing for them-selves, that I don't be with them. Sometimes they see me and other times they do not."

"I didn't see you till lately."
"Grown-up people are blind."
"And for all that I was let see you, Iosagan? My Father has given me leave to reveal myself to you, because you love little children."

The voices of the people returning from Mass was heard. "I must be going from you now."
"Let me kiss the hem of your robe, Iosegan."

"Will I see you again?" "When?"

"To-night." At that word he was gone. "I will see him to-night, old Mathias, and he going into his nouse.

The night came on wet and stormy. The big breakers were heard booming on the shore. The trees around the chapel were waving and bending with the violence The chapel is on a height which slopes down to the sea). Father John was about to shut his book to say his rosary when he heard a sound as if some one were knocking at the door. He listened for a while. He heard the sound again. He got up from the fire, he went to the door and opened it. There was a little boy standing on the threshold of the door—a little boy the priest never remem bered to have seen before. was a little white dress on him, and he without boots or hat. It seemed to the priest as if there were rays

shining on his comely brown head Whom have I here?" said the

of light coming from his face and playing around his brow—the moon

'Get ready as quickly as you can, Father, and hurry down to Mathias's house. He is at death's The priest did not wait for the second word.

But when he came back the little messenger was gone. Father John faced down the road, and he wasn't long putting it past him, although the wind was against him, and it raining heavily. was a light in old Mathias's before him. He lifted the latch of the door and went in.

Sit in here till I'm ready," said

Who is that coming to me?' said the voice from the old man's

The priest." "I would like to speak, to you, father. Sit here, near me." The voice was weak and the

vords came slowly. The priest sat down and heard the old man's story from first to last. Whatever secret was in the old man's heart was told to God's servant there in the middle of the night. When the confession over, old Mathias received the Body

of Christ, and he was anointed. "Who told you that I wanted you, father?" said he in a low weak voice, when everything was done. "I was praying to God that you'd come, but I had no messenger to send for you."

But you did send a messenger to me, didn't you?" said the priest, and great wonder on him. I did not.

"You did not? But a little boy came and knocked at my door and said that you wanted my help." The old man stretched forward in his bed. There was a brightness in his eyes.
"What sort of a little boy was

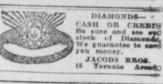
he, father?"
"A gentle little lad with a white dress on him. 'Did you notice as if there was

circle of light round his head?"
"I did, and it put great wonder Old Mathias looked up, a smile

came to his lips, and he put out his two hands-"Iosagan," said he.
With that word he fell back in the bed. The priest stretched gently towards him and closed his

LOOKING AT THE HOST

Pope Pius X., on May 18, 1907, granted an indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines for looking at the Sacred Host when It looking at the Sacreu Hose is elevated during the Mass or exposed on the altar and saying: "My Lord and my God." The Abbott of Ampleforth, in his beautiful meditations on the Mass, recently published, speaks of this upward look as "the consecration of our eyes, to preserve them from danger throughout the day." Yet, even now, a glance round the church at Elevation will show that of fifty people scarcely two will give the Sacred Host the prescribed form of veneration, or reap for themselves the rich reward of it.



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