## THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND (LADY GILBERT)

CHAPTER XXI-CONTINUED

While they talked, Fan moved on a little apart; her hands were linked behind her back, her feet han fallen into a dancing measure, keeping time to a wild, quaint gipsy song which she was singing low to herself. They were treading that mossy, flower-spangled opening in the wood where she remembered having been found by Lord Wilderspin, and where she had sung for him the gipsies' tarantula. To her, who forgot nothing, all this-magic space was haunted by the faces of gipsies, and echoing with peculiar music which the birds had learned to mock. late conversation, having made a slight vent for habitually silent thoughts, had given a more than ordinary vividness to her memories, and therefore she broke out into the gipsy song as she walked, till became a dance, like a ghost of the dance she had first learned delightedly on Killeevy, and afterwards danced many times in gaiety, fear, sorrow, and expectation, while scanning the crowd for a face that never appeared, amidst the hurry and excitement of the tent. Captain Rupert watched her while he talked, noticed her singing and dancing like a person doing the same in a dream, where the voice is kept from soaring and the limbs from moving by an unaccountable something that is struggling against the will. Her feet beat the time, though with a fettered movement; her hand was ometimes raised to shake the tambourine, or she snapped her fingers softly, with a whisper of the rattle of castanets. After some time she danced herself gradually away out of sight of her companions, and they heard her fantastic song break out gleefully in the distance, as if in the soltitude of Nature the spell had been broken and the wild

music set free from her heart The signora and Captain Rupert stood still, and looked at one another while their conversation flagged and died on their lips.

"It is piercing sweet," said the signora, "but I do not like it. That song always seems to me the ex-pression of something wild in her nature that is warring against our efforts to train her for her fitting career. Whether it is the wild Irish strain that is in her blood, or whether it is that she is inoculated with gipsy's magic, I do not

There is certainly more of the trice," was the answer.

"I cannot bear it," said the signora, with a look of passionate

pain on her worn face, and putting her fingers impatiently in her ears. Her anguish sprang from a variety of causes, all converging curiously like little knife-points towards her heart. The notes of the gipsy song always beat upon certain old, unused, and rusty strings within her, like "sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh," making a claim for some truths which she was unwilling to grant. Its round, rolling sweetness, its wayward whims and changes, its purring contentment, and utter freedom from all rules and constraints, seemed to her always to sing of the genius that is rather suggestive than creative or interpretative, and will rather work through love and gladness in dewy byways than come forth with any That Fan should live to be a mere cricket chirping on any hearthstone was an idea that the signora could not tolerate. There was no creature in the universe noble enough to absorb her music into his life. That such a state of things even ought to be she was unwilling to admit. And yet she knew too well that the rusty chord within her which would vibrate so agonizedly to Fan's birdlike, love-laden minstrelsy, was the mainspring of almost every woman's heart; and that in Fan's it was strung with gold, and throbbing mellowly in tune.

Captain Rupert looked on her emotion with surprise. "Strange," he said, "that music so enchanting should give you nothing but pain. And you are a musician, signora."

partly," replied she. "This wild-wood singing makes me tremble for her perseverance in the utterance and interpretation of more noble strains. My own life, sir, has been given to art, offered as a handful of roses that shrivelled into dust, in the giver's hand; and now my failure has been made a pedestal for her success. She shall not turn into a mere thrush in the hedgerows; she who was a little to the success that the success is the shall not turn into a mere thrush in the leen perfected many said that the success that the hedgerows; she, who was born for,

Captain Wilderspin listened to her impassioned words disapprovingly. "There," he said to himself, "is the kind of person who would steal the posies from a woman's life in order that the dried leaves of fame may rustle on her brow!" But he did that the dried leaves of fame may rustle on her brow!" But he did not quite understand the signora. Art was the god of her enthusiasm, and not fame. The latter she looked on as, but the accidental accompaniment of the success the releast might prove, at its completion, to be one of those works which are moment of completion had never been attained; the star of hope had set in the feverish brain that consequently accompaniment of the success that

through the upper air with a wil-fulness that seemed resolved to an instrument of torture for the glowing with air and exercise, she fulness that seemed resolved to escape out of reach of the thought of both listeners.

Another reason why I do not like it," said the signora, "is that it is the twin-song of another which is a link between the child and the home which I trust, she may never see again. A return to that lowly and uncivilized home could only result in the loss of her peace of

"I agree with you there," said Captain Wilderspin. "What is that other song you speak of?" "A hymn, which is in itself very beautiful, forming a contrast the most complete to the gipsy song. She sings it in her native Irish, and I own that listening to it my heart has been softened towards a people whose peasantry could treasure and enjoy such a gem of religious melody and thought. But when I hear Fan sing the 'Hymn of the Virgin Triumphant,' I feel as if she were stealing away out of my restraining arms into a region where the world can never follow her." Have I heard her sing it

No; of late she has given it up, having seen that it gives me pain; out of the heavens to give signal and only sings it in a crooning way meaning to her bleak and barren to herself, generally, when she thinks she is alone. I believe she sings it as a sort of incantation to bring the spirits of her people around her, to call up the scenes her childhood and the voices of those she has lost. When I hear her crooning so, it makes me weep. So strange a thing is the human heart, Captain Wilderspin; so sad a

thing is life."
Captain Rupert reflected that the worn-faced little lady was rather flighty and inconsistent; and he felt angry with her. She would place this creature so cherished on a public stage, under the gaze of all the eyes of a vulgar world. she is fit for something higher," he insisted with himself. "Is she fit

At this moment Fan, whose song had ceased, appeared at some distance, in a hollow among the trees, flitting across the opening, with a bright look over her shoulder in the direction of hor friends. The direction of hor friends. The control of the direction of her friends. The brilliant face shone, the white dress glimmered, and she was gone again, hidden behind the greenery.

What? this girl out of come home. a cabin, with her pagan gipsy song, and the Christian superstition of her 'Virgin's Hymn?' What a likely bride for the heir of all the Wildorsning!'' Wilderspins!

Again Fan was seen still farther way, wandering on the upland, in the blue ether of what seemed another and more delicately and

deeply-colored world.
"Fool!" thought Captain Rupert, watching her, "to be so jealous of a dignity which could add nothing to her grace. My coronet would, perbe of as little value to her was the jewel to the bird in the

## CHAPTER XXII

GATHER YE ROSES The signora had, during the late years of ease and peace that had passed over her head, been striving to catch back at the lost purpose of a life, and had tried to gather up er up with one hand some of the broken threads that youth had spun and time had snapped, with the hope of time had snapped, with the hope of less to remove; but before she had weaving them into something beautiful that should yet glorify the close of her existence. The spirit was gone from her brow, and all of resignation which made her content to stand and wait while others turned. Despite her love for, and served, which had kept herfrom feel- gratitude to, the signora, it ing her fate intolerable, and at times would rise from her heart in language which startled the listener with its sanctity, and in thoughts manner of dealing with life. which lifted her own feet over too difficult places, this spirit of resignation was not always with her. When it went at intervals, feverish desires made havoc in her soul, and she dreamed again that hers might be among the hands that are carvers of the corner-stones of the palace of

imperishable art. have told you the reason In the room that she had y," replied she. "This wild-furnished with the furniture of her old lodging, trying to make it look, in the midst of splendour, like the meagre home in which she had struggled so long, and where poverty had seemed to baffle her most passionate offerts are backets. been perfected many a delicate copy of the old masters, and some and has been trained to give expression, to the soul of multi-tudes!" lovely bits of original work that had gone forth to the world to be loved and admired; but to make no lastand admired; but to make no lasting name for their creator. Upon it had also been angrily destroyed, by the hand of the artist, more than one ambitious effort, begun in a fever of hope that perhaps this, at accompaniment of the success that is witness to the truth. ceived such pictures long before the work had approached its maturity,

too persumptuous soul; and like one had invoked an angel and been confronted by fiend, the half-crazed dreamer had turned and fied from even the memory of the once holy labor of her hands.

Grown meek through failure, and am hersuaded by her higher nature to will be satisfied with the perfection of what others had achieved, she had thought to fling herself entirely into the life of another, and for a long time Fanchea's love, and Fanchea's future, had been sufficient to absorb the action of all the fire within her. But as the years moved on the old passion revived, and the longing that only death would ever extinguish returned upon her in her more self-forgetting existence, to do battle with the peace that had been gradually

gaining sway over her soul.

The old easel was set forth into the light, and the old frown, reappeared on the signora's brow. Again she refused to believe that it was a demon, this spirit that whispered to her of a glorious crown of fruition which should yet descend meaning to her bleak and barren

"Dear Mamzelle." said, Fan. erry to see the absent, unsatisfied growing in the eyes of her little friend, and the spasm of pain contracting her furrowed mouth, "why do you not paint the wild flowers as you did last year? You made them look living things, and

made them look living things, and they gave you delight. This new undertaking is wearing you away."
"I would not work for mere delight, my darling; not for mere pleasure to myself. The greater the work the more exhausting to the mortal frame, no doubt; but there is something here that will be the day and would not highly and revised and bright like the day and according to the look." there is something here that will excel the mere loveliness of flowers; a message, perhaps, worth giving to mankind. Raphael did not to be a peeress?" thought Captain grudge his headaches, or his wake-

"There has been radiant, seraph-

hidden behind the greenery.

"Is she fit to be a peeress?"
thought Captain Wilderspin, and then made a movement as if shaking himself awake, shocked at coming suddenly upon so strange a looking happily at Raphael's Madonna than to sit here sorrow-hand the strain of the level.

"And, dear Mamzelle," said very pizzing and Captai before her. "The bi soloking happily at Raphael's Madonna than to sit here sorrow-heard so defore."

"Snagki place," he said to himself, "which is beginning to tell upon me also.

It is time Lord Wilderspin should come home. What? this is the sorrow-fully, trying to invent a Madonna of one's own? One can hardly expect to compete with Raphael. the angels.

The signora bowed her head. She could not say, "But I have dreamed that I, too, might be an angel." The very boldness of the girl's playful words convinced her that Fan did not guess at the deep ambition of her restless heart, for Fan's was not the finger to probe a wound. And as Hope was still within call, ready to hold the lamp by which she might finish this work, she was able to recover herself, and

"You unkind girl. You make little of my picture!"
"No," said Fan; "your work is always good. It is you, and not I, that are dissatisfied with it. Come out into the sunshine and be

I cannot at this moment; but

be here in the afternoon. Fan went, with a shadow still ingering on her face, feeling that a exhibition this year which all her tenderness was powergardens the reflection of a trouble

"If she would only come out here, and be perfectly happy for one hour!" thought the girl, her eyes flashing with delight as they roved over the rich banks of colour, the prim, trim, brilliant scrolls of bloom, the old grey walls with their green and purple and scarlet draperies, the clusters of ripe roses, from pale gold to crimson, that stood aloft above the sward, as if they were the picked and choicest jewels to be offered to heaven out of this treasury of sweets; and then rested on the back-ground of sombre, almost blackened foliage, fringed with grey, that gave value to all the warmth of the interior.

"If she would only drink in this delicious air," thought Fan, "without giving it back again in sighs. If she would but let the exhilaration of it get into her head, and the perfume get into her heart and stay there! With Raphael in her memory, and her hands full of flowers, might not the artist-soul within her be content? Surely God's message

is in the flowers, too !' Carried away by a passion of joy in the loveliness round her, she gathered a heap of roses, and wove them into a crown for her hat and a girdle for her waist, and thus gar-landed she set off on tip-toe of glee nanded she set on the toe of gree across the Park to pay a visit to Nancy and her children. She romped with the children, and shared their meal of bread and

is witness to the truth.

In the pause that followed the signora's speech ,which Captain Wilderspin found so unlovely, Fan's song wound, curled, and dived

Work had approached its maturity, and destruction had followed swiftly on the first foreshadowing of failure. The canvas intended as the groundwork for a structure of imthe hearest dells and dingles till

dancing and singing homeward through the woods.

almost worked off, her eye fell on a mossy tree-trunk that formed an inviting seat, and, "Now that am by myself," thought Fan, " will sit here and do a bit of thinking."

thinking."
Sitting there, perfectly still, her thoughts went rapidly back over her young life; a period of seven years was rapidly scanned, and then, more slowly, another period of ten. Closing her eyes, she "saw Killeevy" as of old, in the gipsy's tent, and the "Hymn of the Virgin Triumphant" came softly out of her lips, as if she sang in her sleep. There were the tossing white waves There were the tossing white waves rocking at the feet of the cliffs, there were the faces of the singers lit by the red glow from the turf-fire on the hearth. As she sang her mountain-hymn the voices of home was only one of a few hours' dura-

never given up. Her Irish was now merely broken Irish, but there was Marie smiled at their sallies, wiping

and round and bright, like the old copper pan you are so proud of on ving the wall. The hearth is swept; the not firelight is shining on the old copper pan. Supper is made; the cakes are baked. Call the children

you tell me a story again

The song would have been longer. like genius of that order," said the signora, agitatedly, "but the rule is the singer, who looked round, and no longer saw Killeevy, but beheld said very plainly the woods of Sussex, her lips before cheek and Captain Wilderspin standing stretched hand.

ore her.

The birds and I are lost in onishment," he said. "We never astonishment," he said. "We never back from the window, she saw him heard so doleful a ditty from you lift the flower to his lips.

Speaking for yourself," message for me

The signora is painting a beau-

tiful picture."
"Is it the picture I asked her for; the portrait of a certain gipsy maiden ' "No," said Fan, laughing;

is a much more noble subject. You remember her indignation at that request. The idea of her perpetuating me as a gipsy I particularly want a gipsy for

the gallery."
"To put among the beautiful grandmothers?" Yes; to put their beauty to

shame Fan colored a little at the plainrun away, my love, and enjoy the spoken compliment; but her emmorning. Herr Harfenspieler will barrassment went as quickly as it came.

"There is a gipsy in the Academy is very pretty, and I don't think it is sold."

Whatever is the matter with ?" she questioned herself. "Here you are sighing and 'Oh mying,' on this lovely day! For what, pray? A pair of Irish Eyes, hast showered Thy richest blessing that you never saw before and are not likely to see again! Now do be sensible, Madge Marie! You are not usually so foolish." She smiled, then sighed again as she brought to mind the scene in which grey eyes had played so important a part.

Some weeks before while return-ing from a visit to the dear nuns,

of returned men to pass.

When the passengers learned why when the bassengers learned why they were being detained, they went wild with enthusiasm. Train boys with their baskets did a rapid and wholesale business.

came a thunderous cheer and the boys were literally showered with fruit, candy, smokes, papers and magazines.
One elderly travelling man,

throwing open his sample case, reck-lessly gave out all his choicest brands of cigars.

"This is my week's supply," he chuckled to this neighbor. "I'll have to wait for more at the next "O I say, Man, don't do that!" cried a young corporal, catching what he had said.

"You're welcome, lad. Our factory is well stocked. "You did my share over there. Let me hear there dearest, in fact her dearest, in fac ard through the woods.

Her fit of exuberant spirits being card."

from you sometime. Here's my friend.

friend.

So it was all down the line. Greetings and sometimes addresses friends

"We're certainly glad to see you folks again," "God bless you, lad, God bless you." "There's Mother!" "Hello, Mother!" This to some silvery-haired, sweet-faced old lady dressed in deep mourning, the tears falling unchecked, perhaps, for her own dear laddie, lying somewhere in Flanders Fields under the waving poppies. Indeed, in spite of smiles cheery welcomes, there was hardly a dry eye on the whole train. Madge Marie had been just as

excited as anyone. Opening the dainty lunch basket, which the good mountain-hymn the voices of home began to whisper, and gather strength, and at last made their audible responses in her heart.

The hymn finished, she went on singing her thoughts in a sort of plaintive recitative: for this was a habit of thinking which she had never given up. Her Irish was now

no one to criticize her grammar.

"The sea is singing its old song, the white birds are flying, the sun is setting behind the islands. Kevin browniness of them, with their sad, is coming over the cliffs with Fan in his arms. His eyes are full of a beautiful story, and he is going to tell it. Oh, Kevin, when will you browniness of them, with their sad, happy faces, a sadness stamped which they had just passed, the happiness of blessed release. Finding themselves once more with the loved Canadian soil beneath their feet, the extent of that great relief only God and themselves knew.

'Did I hear some one whisper chicken," said a merry voice. Turning quickly, Madge Marie found herself looking into a pair of the greyest eyes she had ever seen. "O, I am so sorry, but I haven't another sandwich left."

The soldier leaned out of the window. "Please may I have that?" pointing to a rosebud Madge had fastened to her blouse. Again their glances met. His eyes were suddenly sober. Madge Marie felt strange and embarrassed. With a faint "Surely," she unpinned the flower. Hesitating a pinned the flower. Hesitating a moment, she pressed the rosebud to her lips before putting it in the out-"Thank you." Brown fingers pressed hers lightly and as he drew

The troop train gathering speed passed rapidly out of sight followed

Fan, shaking her head. "The birds know everything. If they could speak, they would carry many a Madge Marie sank back in her seat feeling rather lonely and sad,

"I do not doubt it. I wish I were in their confidence. But where is the signora this morning?" seat feeling rather lonely and sad, why sad, she could hardly tell. The brief incident had haunted her ever since. One moment she would be her gay little self, the next dreaming of grey eyes, wondering if she would ever meet him again. Left an orphan when quite a child, she had been adopted by an

aunt. Mrs. MacCauley loved her niece as a daughter. Being of a niece as a daughter. Being of a warm, Irish nature, she delighted to hear the girl tell of her little adventure on the train. I wonder if he thought me very

bold. You know, Auntie, it was not quite the thing to do, now was

'War makes a difference, child. Sure 'tis myself would kiss every blade of grass they trod on, if 'twould make their welcome sweeter. Wait, my dear, until Father Larry comes home, perhaps he has met your Irish Eyes."
"Dear Father Larry, how glad I

is very pretty, and I don't think it is sold."

"It must have one particular face, or I do not want it."

TO BE CONTINUED

IRISH EYES

By Mary E. Falconer

Madge Marie gave herself a little mental shake as she closed the gate, rather sharply, behind her.

"Whatever is the matter with you?" she questioned herself.

"A priest! dear heart? A Priest of the sold."

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"A priest! dear heart? A Priest of the stalwart son of the house. How well Mrs. MacCauley remembered that ne'erto-be forgotten day when he had told her of his desire to be a priest.

"Mother," he said, "I have been talking to Father McShane and have decided, with God's grace, to become a priest."

"A priest! dear heart? A Priest of the sold."

"A priest! dear heart? A Priest of the sold."

"A priest! dear heart? A Priest of the sold."

"A priest! dear heart? A Priest of the sold." shall be to see him.

"A priest! dear heart? A Priest of the House of God!" Falling on hast showered Thy richest blessing

upon me! A moment's silent prayer, then gently helping his mother to her feet, the young man was awed by the expression of almost holy joy on that dear countenance. "It was your own desire, mother?" he

Mrs. MacCauley drew the dark where she had spent the most of her childhood and girlhood, the train on which she travelled was side-tracked to allow a troop train of returned men to pass.

When the passengers learned why children consecrated to God. Since your infancy I have offered you to

At his country's first call, Father Darry, as most of his parish called him, had gone overseas as Chaplain. The troops had been awaiting the arrival of the Express. As the trains drew slowly together there were the dear ones at home for were the dear ones at home for having heard their prayers and brought him through it all without a scratch. Just now they were eagerly awaiting word of his home-

> When our story opens, Madge Marie had been spending the day with a very dear girl friend who lived at the other end of the village. Amy Lane had just become engaged Amy Lane had just become engaged to a young officer in the Imperial Forces, whom she had met while doing Red Cross work in France. They were to be married in a fortification to make their the state of the state of

home in London. Madge Marie was

Marie dear," called Amy's mother. Greetings and sometimes addresses were exchanged, as from long lost right home. She has the best of

From Father Larry, I feel sure. Good-bye, Amy dear, I shall see you

Slipping into sweater and tam was the work of a Saying good-bye to Mrs. moment. Lane, Madge Marie was soon on her way. Twenty minutes rapid walking brought her to the little white Glebe on the hill. Seeing the dear old Father McShane at work in his garden, she stopped at the gate ask how the roses, for which the village was famous, were coming along.
"Don't you think they are larger this year. Father? How beautiful they will be for Our dear Lord's Feast Day."

Feast Day. The old priest, hearing her voice, raised his head and called "Come in, child, come in. Mary Ellen shall bring you a cooling drink. You must be thirsty after your

I cannot come in today, Father. dear. Thank you just the same. Auntie phoned to say she had good news, I am hoping from Father Larry

Aye, I had word myself and a good one it is, too, but I'll not be after spoiling your aunt's surprise, so run along, child." "Dear Lord, bless her," as he watched Madge slip into the church. "She never that door without a little visit to You

Madge Marie had added a prayer for "Irish Eyes" to her usual peti-tions and today as she knelt before the altar, she felt a quiet peace steal over her heart.

It was dusk when she reached ome, cool June dusk. The frogs were holding merry concert down by the brook. A bird chirped drowsily as if loath to go to sleep on such a perfect evening. The sweet scent of the lilac by the gate, gentle lowing of contented cattle blended together in an inde scribable peacefulness. 'Dear Lord. 'tis good to be

breathed Madge. alive. Mrs. MacCauley met her niece at the door, drawing her into the home-like living room where the cheerful wood fire seemed not amiss on this cool evening. ' A dear. ong letter from Father Larry brought by special messenger. 'Tis the messenger himself, will have something to say to you, dear, so I'll hie me away and be after seeing to the supper.

A tall figure in khaki came across the room and the next moment Madge Marie, found herself looking into a pair of the greyest eyes she had ever seen. the girl, her heart beating quickly My dear little Rosebud! How

glad I am to see you again."
At the term of endearment, the quick blush mounted to her fore-"Won't you come and sit down?" She crossed the room to

Before seating himself, the young man took a small note book from his breast pocket. Within its pages lay a little brown flower.

"This is my greatest treasure," he said. "I have been trying ever since to find out the real name of the little girl who gave it to me. called you little Rosebud and had made up my mind, as soon as I got my discharge, to search all Canada, if need be, the whole world, until I

found you."
"O, whatever did you think of 'stammered Madge "Think of you! I have never ceased to think of you. Have you ever thought of me, little Madge?"

The lowered head barely nodded A little smile crossed the soldier's face, as he continued. "While waiting for our discharges, some of us went for a week end to the next town. It happened to be the Eve of the First Friday. We were of the First Friday. We were spending the evening at the K. of C. Hut, and were enquiring about the church. The Chaplain happened to be passing through the room. Someone called him over and introduced us to Father Larry, as they all call him." As Madge looked up quickly, he smiled and nodded. "We became great friends, as I always spent my spare time with him. One evening we were exchanghis mother had just sent him. Among them, one of you. I knew you at once and I'll admit I felt

rather queer for a moment. Who is this, Father?" I asked.
"That is little Madge, my cousin. She is an orphan and makes her home with my mother.

'Then it all came out. I showing him the rosebud and telling him of my fixed determination to find you and be properly introduced. "But we haven't been," inter-rupted Madge, mischievously.

"Oh, I am sorry, I forgot this when I saw you, Madge." He handed her an envelope addressed in Father Larry's familiar hand-

in Father Larry's familiar hand-writing.

"My dear little Madge Marie," it ran, "I am very happy to say I have found your 'Irish Eyes,' and am sending him along. We thought to come together, but the Govern-ment had other plans for me. However, I shall be home soon, if only for a week end. For some reason, my companion would not night, intending to make their and have not found him wanting.

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