## THE WILDBIRDS OF KILLEEVY

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND

(LADY GILBERT) CHAPTER XXIII-CONTINUED

"You needn't try to frighten me," said Rupert, good humoredly. "You have spoiled me too long and too often for that. I have deserved your anger, and you have always forgiven me. This time there is no

fault upon my head."
"When I advised you to marry
you would not do it," burst forth
his lordship. "Why have you not married your Lady Mauds and Miss

"Because they were not—Fan," said Rupert, smiling.
"Be silent, sir, you are most impertinent," said Lord Wilderspin,

striding about. "Now, uncle, do be quiet, and let us talk. I want to marry and settle down according to your wishes; and the woman I have chosen is the 'child' who is dear to yourself. You love her as an old man, and I as a young man, and this is the only difference between You would have her obey you us. You would have her obey you that you may ride out a hobby, and I would devote my life to making her happy. There are women enough to sing for us in the theatres. I advise you to let me have my own way."

have my own way,"

"An Irish beggar-girl, a gipsy's foundling, is to be installed here as the future Lady Wilderspin!"

stormed his lordship.
"I will take her out of the place, that you may not be troubled with the sight of her again."

"You shall do nothing of the kind, sir. I tell you this is no mere case of a hobby, as you think.
I cannot have her taken from me. I love her as a child of my own.

"Treat her accordingly, then," said Captain Wilderspin, laying his hand pleadingly on the old man's

Ungrateful, good-for-nothing, towards the house.

from Fanchea's face when she went nothing to do with him for Wilderspin would never consent to her marrying his nephew, and the conviction brought relief to her encounter—the traces of her l conviction brought relief to her mind. Captain Rupert pleased her; his tender homage charmed her girlish pride; she admired his soldierly bearing, and had felt him younger and more companionable than the other persons who surrounded her. Yet she was very well aware that she did not want to under my roof, you little have rounded her. Yet she was very well aware that she did not want to under my roof, you little bag-

marry him. scheme dear to her heart was the discovery of the lost, and she would keep herself free for that enterprise. A promise of help in his power her search had for a moment shaken her purpose, and she had asked her"You have n self whether she could not accept this means of attaining her end. But a word had made everything clear. Her benefactor must not be

Such thoughts having raced to a all shed and gone. conclusion through her head, she flung open her windows and exconclusion through her head, she flung open her windows and extinguished her light and moved softly about her chamber dancing the gipsy's dance. Snapping her little fingers, poising herself on her transfer of the light till I look at you, Miss Impertinence. Eheu! did anyone ever see such a pair of eyes! You ungrateful monkey, did I ever refuse you anything you wished for?" toes she whirled from one end of the room to another, singing gaily under her breath that she was free;

"Free, free, to fly over the sea Like the birds that were cousins Of Kevin and me!

Her head at last on the pillow, she lay, with her face to the east, where she could see the breaking dawn through her open windows, hear the first whisper of life coming back to the world. shrill cry from the meadows below, harsh yet sweet; delicious from its association with the peace of the association with A deep quietude was in the air, and the fragrance of multitudes of roses came in and hung round Fanchea in her bed, where she kept warbling forth little couplets and sending them through her open window, across the darkened woods and fields.

The nightingales had done singing, you going to put her into her and there was no bird awake to dispute with her. She had hoped to

As the terrible words came ringing through her mind, Fan's heart gave a wild throb, and she buried her face in the pillows. It was no

ideal, silent upon a subject that ship's weakness. was displeasing to all around her, Captain Wil she had never confronted the fear of such a possibility before. But now she admitted that there was

worked himself higher in the scale of education and refinement? What proof had she that he had come out into the world in search of her, had been wrought up into something nobler than the noblest of the nobler than the noblest of the earth? Living at Killeevy, he would naturally do as others did, and go on earning his bread as his father had done before him. Could it be that he had for-

gotten all his early aspirations; or had he developed into such another as Shawn Rua (called the book-learned man?) Or even if he had followed her (according to he faith,) roamed for her sake out int to her the world's wide high-road, could she feel sure that, even in this case, he had been met by a happier fate How could he have procured any but the rudest tasks to do; who would have given him the advantages that had been so freely poured out upon her?

Travel-soiled, worn, weary, and poor, she had often pictured him to herself; but coarse and uncultivated, never. Oh! why had she not been left upon the mountain among her friends, to grow up and remain a peasant to the end of her day? She thus would never have been aware of anything wanting in those she loved, whereas, now, she realized that she might live to be only more unhappy through attaining the desires of her heart.

Sensitively and artistically alive to refinement, she was appalled at the probabilities presented to her. Sitting up on her pillow, and star-ing at the brightening dawn, her eyes grew red with weeping, and her heart felt like to break. Where was the use of the day if Kevin's beautiful soul were a dream? beautiful soul were a dream what was the object of the exist ence of such a creature as herself, if he were to prove one with whom she could not bear to associate?

> CHAPTER XXIV RACHEL WEBB AGAIN

"So, madam, you have been

crying?"
Lord Wilderspin had sent for Fan covetous rascal!" shouted his lord-ship, shaking off the hand and striding away in towering wrath striding about like an angry giant, wards the house.

Captain Rupert looked after him darting fiery glances from under the lit his cigar, his shaggy evebrows. He was bent and smiled, and then lit his cigar.
"Too hot to last," he said, comon frightening Fan from listening placently. "His bark is always to what he was pleased to call his nephew's impertinence. She must frightened look had gone snub the fellow, ignore him, have up to her room for the night.
Further conversation with the signora had assured her that Lord there was something in her face encounter-the traces of her last

gage?'
"My lord, I have a right to my

own tears," said Fan throwing back her head with a smile. It was not in his power to frighten her with "You have nothing of the kind," shouted his lordship. "Everything in this house is mine; you and your

tears, as well as the rest. "Then I am sorry I have wasted your property, sir; the tears are

"Come here to the light till I look

"No; and I am not asking for anything you can give me."
"A very likely story, with such a

Lord Wilderspin turned away from her where she stood in the full light of the window, and went puffing and sighing up and down the room, tugging and striving with his obstinacy and pride. The truth is, he had never noticed a woman The landrail sent up its a girl like this had looked at him piteously with such red-rimmed eyes. He and she had been saying farewell, and a year after the girl was in her grave. That is the story of Lord Wilderspin's old bachelorhood. It had never occurred to him that little Fan was one to cry; and he had no doubt whatever as to

grave?"
He wheeled suddenly round on

pute with her. She had hoped to sing herself to sleep, but suddenly down came the thought that she had been trying to sing and dance out of countenance.

"An uneducated labourer toiling at his spade, with a peasant wife and children—you will not find him one with whom you bear to associate."

He wheeled suddenly round on Fan.

"A little fresh air will be good for your complexion," he said, "and that rascally nephew of mine is bringing round a horse for you to ride. You have my orders to ride with him, and mind there is no crying about it."

"But my lord—"

But my lord-" "No buts, you monkey; I am as cross as a bear!" and, putting her out of the room, he bowed, and shut the door in her face.

The next hour Fan and Captain longer that she was angry at the words having been said, but she had begun to feel afraid they might be egun to feel afraid they might be downs together, while the signora and Herr Harfenspieler sat at the same face. Thou wert singing and dancing among gipsies."

Captain Wilderspin raptured. Although fully determined to have his own way at any price, it would have pained him to quarrel finally with his good old uncle, and the cessation of his lordmore than a possibility that such a disastrous state of things as had been pictured by Captain Rupert might be true.

Shy, slow, without a cultivated friend, how could Kevin have ship's hostilities delighted much more than surprised him. He had not expected so speedy a surrender, and was all the more pleased that

unpleasantness had come so quickly

to an end. That Fan would soon listen willingly to his suit he had no longer any fear, and he loved her all the more for the fidelity and tenderness that created her first difficulty. He was resolved to keep his word as to helping her in the search for her early friends, but comforted himself with the reflection that very little of Kevin, when found, would amply satisfy the crayappointment had been shed.

nephew's suit, and it did not sur- ant to Fan's eyes was the whole prise her so much as it ought to scene, have done, because she was so muslin cap, placed the have done, because she was so muslin cap, placed the have done, because she was so muslin cap, placed the have done, because she was so muslin cap, placed the have done, because she was so muslin cap, placed the have done, because she was so muslin cap, placed the have done, because she was so muslin cap, placed the have done, because she was so muslin cap, placed the have done, because she was so muslin cap, placed the have done, because she was so muslin cap, placed the have done, because she was so muslin cap, placed the have done, because she was so muslin cap, placed the have done, because she was so muslin cap, placed the have done accustomed to receive everything accustomed to receive every unusually grave and silent, and her lover respected her mood. He the place and the circumstances lover respected her mood. He divined clearly enough that the force of circumstances was telling upon her imagination, and in time would tell upon her heart. She did replacing it gradually with a reality of happiness.

In the changed expression of her eyes he read that the visionary Kevin "Drink thy tea now constantly filled them instead. She was remembering all circumstantial evidence against the friend of her youth. Her letters had never been answered; in all her wanderings she had not met him searching for her. The seven gipsies years (which at Fanchea's age are a lifetime) had changed him so that need not be afraid of frightening he was contented without her on me. I am no longer afraid of the the mountain, and was patiently supporting his wife and children by supporting his wife and children by the labor of his spade. The utmost good that he could require of her now was probably a little bounty such as Captain Rupert could give, to make him and his family more comfortable. The loss of her dream pressed heavily on her heart and chapped on the loss of her dream pressed heavily on her heart and chapped on the loss of her dream pressed heavily on her heart and chapped on the loss of her dream pressed heavily on her heart and chapped on the loss of her dream pressed heavily on her heart and chapped on the labor of his spade. The utmost spin, smiling on her. Mrs. Webb looked from one to tell the that does not concern those people. Didst thou know that some people. heavily on her heart, and changed her from a gleeful girl into a the gipsies?"
thoughtful woman. But Captain
Rupert was right in judging that the "Yes, I have

They had ridden a long way, when the sky became dark, and it was evident a thunder-storm was following their steps. They saw it rolling towards them from the sea rolling towards them from the sea across the valley, and to turn would across the valley, and to turn would bling.

"That was his name. It was so "That was his name." farm-house a mile in advance on the road, and they pressed on their horses to reach its shelter. In spite of fast riding, floods of rain and flashes of lighting overtook them; Fan's skirts were drenched, and the wind buffeted her little hat and wind buffeted her little hat and in fluttering ringlets round her wet pair of wings and fly along the and rose-red face.

and rose-red face.

The haven was reached at last—a track so wearily travelle friend so many years ago. neat farm-house with a gable over-grown with climbing flowers. Cap-tain Rupert sprang from his horse and threw the reins upon a rail of the gate, then hypried up the walk the gate, then hurried up the walk times; he was always searching for and knocked at the door. It was the same door at which Kevin had knocked when on his weary tramp so many years ago; and one of Rachel Webb's handmaidens opened

The distressed wayfarers were kindly invited in; Fan was lifted off her horse and hurried under shelter; and a fair, placid woman talents. A literary gentleman took him up, and they went travelling together, and have never returned.' Fan's face had become more and more radiant as the Quakeress went to him. in grey garments and a white muslin cap met her in the hall with

Let me step into your kitchen,' said Fan, smiling and rosy; "my dripping skirts will do less harm there than anywhere else.

As she stepped into the kitchen, and stood full in the light, she made a picture, with her clinging draperies, her blooming cheeks, and the wet tangle of her ruffled hair curling about her pretty head and

Rachel Webb looked at her attentively; and then said.
"Young friend, I have met thee before!

> CHAPTER XXV UNEXPECTED NEWS

'Young friend, I have met thee before. Fanchea returned the good Quaker's long, steadfast look with a glance of surprise, never doubting that she was mistaken for some

other person.
"I do not remember," she said, and yet-I have not seen many people

It is many years I met thee," Rachel, "but thou hast still "Many people saw me then. What a good memory you must

"The time is not so long for me as for thee," answered Rachel, smiling. "At my age seven or eight years pass quickly. But let me remove thy wet clothing. Afterwards I shall have something to say that perhaps may concern

When, still pondering these words, Fan emerged from the bedroom to which she had been led, she was dressed in a print gown fresh from the ironing table at which the maids were at work. Her riding habit was hung at the fire, and she was assured it would not be dry for an hour; besides the storm showed friends, but no signs of abating. In the parlor th the reflec-she found Mrs. Webb and Captain Rupert awaiting her reappearance; and tea was spread on a table in the pleasant old fashioned sitting-room found, would amply satisfy the cravings of her heart. Out of his pocket he would make the people comfortable for the rest of their days, and thus win her lasting gratitude after the tears of her disgratitude after the tears of her disgrational that the state of the satisfies the sa ered roses perfumed the tea-table appointment had been shed.

As for Fan, she saw everything undone again that last night had seemed finished and put away. She was quick enough to perceive that Lord Wilderspin was, favoring his pephew's suit and it did not suit to Fan's everything and it did not suit to Fan's everything and it of the same property. much as it ought to scene, including Rachel's white because she was so muslin cap, placid face, and the

hand in her fate. What we she was going to tell her? would tell upon her heart. She did not love him yet; but he would rather wait for her love than see her willing to marry him for the sake of mere worldly advantage. She would have her own time and her own way. It was enough for the part of the pa her own way. It was enough for him at present to watch tenderly was half so becoming to her as the the sorrowful wakening from her impromptu raiment from the irondream of Kevin, and to have the privilege of soothing away the pain, Rachel, eager for her next words, Rachel, eager for her next words, and the sound in the sound impromptu raiment from the iron-Rachel, eager for her next words, yet finding it impossible to hurry er, or disturb her in her little hos-

before seized upon her. This woman

belonged to her past, would have a

"Drink thy tea first, my dear. was no longer discernible, and the coarse reality, as presented by him, now constantly filled them instead. will say what I have to say to thee." Fan swallowed her tea, and then at silently waiting. "It will be sat silently waiting. "It will be nothing after all," she thought,

checking her impatience. Madam," she said at last, "you

She is in safe keeping now, I

one else was seeking thee besides Fan rose suddenly to her feet.

at the "Yes, I have always known it, have lead always believed it. What have you Rupert was right in judging that the way was opening that might lead her to become the Lady of Wilder- got to tell me?

"It is seven years since he came "It is seven years since he came"

here on his way to London looking for thee, and I have not seen him since. I suppose you know of whom I am sneaking." I am speaking."
"Kevin!" said Fanchea, trem-

Captain Rupert, remembered a new to me that I could not forget farm-house a mile in advance on the it. He was a simple, noble crea-

wind buffeted her little hat and tugged at her hair till it streamed Fan, looking as if ready to unfurl a

obtained some employment with a bookseller, and I have had means of learning that he gave himself up to study and developed some unusual talents. A literary gentleman took

on speaking. The fact that she had caught sight of him only to lose him again could not cloud her delight. Her faith in him had been verified and at present that was enough He had really been in search of her he was educated, talented, and living with people of refinement. What did it signify that they were still to be apart? He lived in the world, and so did she; and with the happy audacity of youthful hope she felt this sufficient guarantee of

their ultimate joyful meeting. Glowing with excitement, beaming with triumph and joy, she turned to Captain Rupert who had been a silent witness of this scene; but she met no sympathy from him; he turned away abruptly and looked out of the window, with a clouded face. The whirl of her thoughts would not allow her to guess at the cause of his coldness; she only felt him unkind, and remembered with a sort of pity for his want of judgment, that he had never been able to believe in Kevin. A little laugh rose in her throat, as the picture of a coarse peasant, with which he had lately succeeded in frightenia. lately succeeded in frightening her, flitted across her mind.

Here someone announced that the storm was over, and the horses at the door. Fan hurried away to prepare for departure, and was Wilderspin.

between them during the ride.
Rupert could not bring himself to Grace was the discovery she had made, fearing it involved the ruin of his own hopes. The story he had heard had sounded to him like a page out of a Mother what to do." congratulate the young girl upon the discovery she had made, fearing hopes.

fairy tale, and it seemed cruel of Fate to contrive circumstances so exceptional for the purpose of exceptional for the purpose of robbing him of his coveted happi-ness. Upon his exertions to find a ness. Upon his exertions to find a low-bred and vulgar Kevin he had rested his expectation of winning Fanchea's affections; but he could do nothing to bring about her meeting with such a man as had just been described. Her little outbursts of gaiety as she rode along by his side, the lark-like joy in her voice as she broke out into raptures about the beauty of the clouds, landscape, anything that caught her eye and became for the moment transfigured by her own delight, annoyed him beyond measure, feeling, as he did, that the fact of his own existence had no part in producing her satisfaction. Yet his unresponsive gravity gave her a slight chill in the end. If he really had any regard for her, she thought, why could he not be glad in her

joy?
"I think you are not pleased at
my good news," she said, looking at
him wistfully, when he had lifted
her down from her saddle. Captain Rupert turned pale, but smiled, and for an answer raised her little hand What was it that to his lips.

She is such a child," he said to himself. "How can I confess to her that I am jealous? After all she looks on this Kevin as a brother. If I can win her for my wife beforehand, why should I not be satisfied to see them meet?"

TO BE CONTINUED

## MAZIE AND THE MAJOR

By Marion Dee in Rosary Magazin

Spring had been late and the April blossoming slow, but May burgeoned forth like a flower. Across the emerald green of field and meadow a prodigal hand had sown the gold of a million dandelions, while peeping from sandy ridges and forgotten fence corners the sturdiest and bluest of violets shook their heads in defiance of the casual despoiler. Such a sunny May, too, whose showers when they did come only served to accentuate the glowing green of tree and hedge and to fill the air with the pleasant smell of fresh loam and growing things. Never had there been a more wonderful May—and never had Mrs. Wynn been less in tune with it. As she raised her living-room windows this morning to the odorous breeze and looked out into the little yard where robins and birds and the inevitable sparrows were disporting elves, her heart was as heavy as smile and waited till the Major came lead at the thought that perhaps soon all this dear and cherished loveliness would cease to be hers. loved her little home and had managed admirably as long as Lessmere remained a suburban corpora-tion; but now that it was to be taken into the city taxes and other expenses would mount up to such an extent that, with her limited income, she would be unable to meet them. By using strict economy she would have enough to rear and educate her three children. But such an economy would not permit living in what promised now to be a very expensive suburb. Besides, she could sell to an advantage. Already she had been approached with flattering offers. Somehow it did not seem right to refuse what would add a material

sum to her small capital. And yet the window with a burdened sigh when she heard the kitchen door slam, followed by a rush of eager

Three children, from four to eight, erupted into the room, all talking at once. Mrs. Wynn held up her hands laughingly.
"One at a time!" she admonished.

"Grace, you tell me," as the four-year-old precipitated herself into year-old precipitates
her mother's arms.
"Dozen eggs!" she pronounced
breathlessly. "A whole dozen,

Mother ! "Let's sell 'em-we don't need any eggs—"
"And not move to town!" recited

"And not move to the description of triumphant appeal. Such a of triumphant appeal. Such a grand idea—why hadn't Mother thought of it before? "Please Mother, won't you?" Margaret, the Mother, won't you?" Margaret, the oldest, begged. The description of the des Mother, won t you.
oldest, begged.
Mrs. Wynn smiled, but her eyes silled and a little contraction came into her throat. "That's a good idea," she managed to say cheeridea," she managed to say cheer a moment. "We'll have

fully after a moment. "We'll have to think about it, won't we? What would Mother do without her little helpers?" gathering the three close to her.
The children knew all about the contemplated move, and with an understanding in advance of their years realized how much their mother hated to leave the dear little

'It's because Father lived here once," Margaret told the two younger ones sagely, added im-portantly, "I remember him, you know. I liked him."

repare for departure, and was on riding homeward with Captain Vilderspin.

Very few words were spoken the control of the contr

Grace was resourceful, if young "Oh, I can like him up in heaven,

"You little silly!" exclaimed Margaret. he'd take care of us all and we wouldn't have to move, or any thing

Mazie looked properly impressed.
"Oh!" she murmured. "Oh!" "Oh!" she murmured. "Oh!"
That was it . . . If you had a
father there was never anything to worry about. Fathers, it appeared, had so much money that matters like wearing out shoes never worried them like it did Mother, for instance. Her strayed to new dresses, of which her small soul was passionately fond,—proud dresses like those of the Ziegler children, whose weekday attire was hardly less glorified than that of Sunday, when they blossomed forth in the sweetest if simplest of garments. Mazie coveted similiar ones, not alone for herself but for Grace and Margaret. and for Mother a rose-colored hat Mrs. Ziegler's.

"Mr. Ziegler's prob'ly the richest man in the world," she sighed to herself. "Richer than the president, or the Pope, or anybody
. . . I wish I had a father!"

It was a fair and lovely evening when Major Butler, who lived at the other side of Lessmere, was making his way homeward. He making his way homeward. He always got off the car at March mont Avenue for the sake of the walk across the stretches of charming suburb. A glance at his watch as he neared the Wynn cottage dispelled his half-formed idea of stop-ping for a few minutes, as he saw it was about the time of their evening He knew Mrs. Wynn gave meal. children an early supper for he had been invited to share it a coupl of times when he had thus happened in, but he was too shy a man, and too fearful of intruding, to risk stopping again at an inopportune moment. There was no one in sight as he passed, but further along as he found himself on a transverse lane he came upon a small figure tramping along steadily

brown paper bag in her hand.
"Why, I believe it's Mazie!" the
Major thought. "I wonder where
she can be going?" He began to smile as he gained on the child.
"Listen to her sing, will you?" And stepping quietly on the soft turf he came close enough to hear The Major paused with an odd feeling that he had been eavesdropping. "Poor little tyke!" he muttered. Then, "Is that you,

dropping. "For muttered. Then, "Is tun-muttered. Then, "Is tun-Mazie?" he called after her. Mazie?" he called after her. The child turned with a glad

"Where are you going and what have you got in the bag?" he asked with an old friend's privilege. "Cookies?"

Mazie shook her head and mazie shook her head down care-

proceeded to set the bag down care-"It's eggs," she explained. "A dozen fresh ones. I want to sell 'em. They're heavy, too," and she smiled up at her friend. "Do she smiled up at her friend. you know anybody'd want a nice

dozen of fresh eggs?"
"Now, isn't that funny?"
exclaimed the Major in great surprise. "I was just this minute wishing I had a dozen of nice fresh

eggs."
Mazie looked surprised, 'But you've got some. Mrs. Cross One said so. I was over to your house and she said I needn't—"

r small capital. And yet to leave the dear home to take the children to the city to live in circumscribed quarters—how could she bear to do quarters—how could she bear to do that? She was turning away from the city to live in circumscribed remarks. Her name was Mrs. Crossen, but having certain infirmities of temper, especially where children were concerned, she had been aptly re-christened by those youngsters of Lessmere ome acquaintance with her sharp ongue. "Yes, I suppose we have ggs." he went on, "but they tongue. "Yes, I suppose we have eggs," he went on, "but they wouldn't be as nice as these, you know. So I'll buy your eggs, Miss Grocery Lady," and he smiled

insinuatingly,
But Mazie knew Mrs. Cross One "She wouldn't let you have 'em,' she told the Major sadly. "And i wouldn't be any use to buy 'em if you couldn't take 'em home and eat 'em, would it?" Then, thinking that the Major seemed embarrassed, she consoled him. She said, wasn't so terribly cross. But-" her

ment before the absurdity of the thing flashed across his mind. She was so serious, the small rascal, that she had almost taken him in.
"Come," he said cheerfully,
"I'm going to take you home to
Mother. I think it's a little late

for ladies of your size to be out selling eggs and chickens—" "But I'm not selling chickens!"
(azie assured him. "We have to Mazie assured him. keep the chickens, for the eggs, you know?" looking up at him anxiousknow?" looking up at him anxious-ly. "It was us kids that thought about it, 'n Mother said it was a two good idea, and I thought I'd sell

troubles before they came in sight of Mazie's home. He had never dreamed of financial difficulties in connection with Mrs. Wynn, but there must be something, he realized, in what the child was saying. Besides he recalled that Mrs. Wynn had looked worried lately—he had thought so the last time he saw her. And, good Telegrams—Luisandi, Stafferd. Phone No. 104



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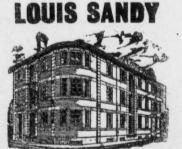
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