

THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND (LADY GILBERT)

CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED
'I will do it!' he said. 'I will do it. And she will be the first prima donna in Europe!'

Nancy was interrupted in the midst of her household work one morning by the arrival of a servant from the Hall with a message from his lordship.

'It's a h'invitation to dinner,' said Thomas. 'His lordship wants your little girl what nurses your baby to come and dine with him and another gentleman at eight o'clock. That's what he has got to hear. Shouldn't wonder to hear him asking presently to have some of our 'cads served up on a dish for supper.'

Nancy was obliged to sit down and recover from the shock of her astonishment before she could reply to this extraordinary announcement.

'Not that we ought to wonder by this time, at anything he does,' said she. 'But he is an everlasting surprise, is that old lord, the child would be over me with shyness and refuse to go; but Fan took the matter quite quietly.'

'I know,' she said, 'he wants me to sing for his friend. He asked me if I should be afraid to do so, and I said no, not if he would never tell the gipsies.'

'Well, you are a cool one,' said Nancy. 'I suppose that comes of knocking about the world and getting used to everything queer that turns up. Nothing comes strange to you.'

So Fan, in a clear print frock, went up to the Hall to dine, and sat at a long table with Lord Wilderspin and a little old man who had no diamonds on his fingers like the lord, but wore them rather in his eyes, which were keen, quick, and flashing, and fascinated Fanchetta.

Herr Harfenspieler was a German, and looked like a man belonging to another age, who had stepped out of an old picture, and would step back again when his present engagement was over. He had long, rusty grey hair, and a face into which deep lines had been eaten by intense feeling. Music was his passion; all his life had been expressed into it and by it. It had been his joy, his sorrow, his glory, and his ruin.

While the gentlemen talked, Fan had time to observe the noble room, with its pictured walls; and when dinner was over she followed his lordship with awe and delight, as he led her by the hand up the great staircase and through several beautiful rooms, where were pictures, statues, and curious and lovely objects of many kinds.

'Now, my dear, in here is the music-room,' said Herr Harfenspieler, 'and we are going to have some music. You will sing for me, will you not?'

'Oh, yes,' said Fan; 'but do let me look at these beautiful things first—I shall sing so much better afterwards.'

The two old men smiled at each other, as the little maid made this appeal and stepped around the rooms softly, her hands folded on her breast, as if she were afraid they might touch something if she did not touch them on the way. She said little, but her eyes brightened and brightened, and she glanced up for sympathy from time to time at the two old faces that watched over her shoulders. At last she was satisfied, and followed them into the music-room.

Herr Harfenspieler took up his violin, and Fan was placed before him to sing as she was bidden. At the first pure note the old musician started, and glanced at Lord Wilderspin, and when the young voice, scarcely like that of a child in its wonderfully mature power, rose and swelled through the high room, his face shone and glowed, as it was seldom seen to do. He put her through various exercises of a kind she had never tried before, till at last her cheeks began to lose their colour, and her eyes to grow heavy. It was long past her bed.

'Now you may go and look around again,' said Lord Wilderspin, 'while this gentleman and I have a little conversation.'

Fan went, but after some time sat down to rest in a velvet chair. It was softer than any bed she had ever slept in. Her tired little head gradually dropped back among the cushions, her eyes closed, and her soul escaped away into a dream of woods and birds. After an hour the old man came to look for her, and found her fast asleep.

Lord Wilderspin rang, and desired the housekeeper to come to him.

'Take this child away,' he said, 'and put her lord? In the Hall?'

'Here, my lord? In the Hall?'

'Yes; if they send for her from the lodge, tell them I am going to keep her here. She is not to return there any more.'

Mrs. Brown's face expressed the amazement she dared not speak. But she said 'Yes, my lord,' as readily as if he had told her to bring him a particular dish for dinner tomorrow. And Fan was carried off to bed, so sound asleep that she did not waken sufficiently to understand what they were doing to her. So much for sound, healthy childhood, and an open air life in the woods.

Abon Hassan himself was not more astonished when he wakened in the caliph's palace than was Fan when she sat up in bed the next morning and gazed around on her morning bedroom, with its handsome appointments. She laughed with glee as she touched the fine coverlet and curtains with her little fingers, and walked over the rich carpet with her bare feet, feeling the softness of it with wonder; and she stood for some time looking in awe at the beautiful painted water-jugs before she could venture to pour out water for her bath. By the time she was dressed, however, she had become accustomed to it all, and her last and highest raptures were bestowed on the splendid roses that clustered with creamy fragrant faces around her open window.

After breakfast she was summoned again to the presence of the gentlemen, and made to sing for a long time, after which Herr Harfenspieler played for her on the violin. Then the business seemed over, and he went away by the train back to London, and Lord Wilderspin relapsed into his first manner towards Fan.

'Now, madam,' he said, 'you are going to stay here in my ogre's castle with me.'

'Am I to stay here?' said Fan, looking round, half delighted and half awe-struck.

'You are to live here for the future, as long as I want you to stay. When I am away, Mrs. Brown will take care of you.'

'But what shall I do, sir? I shall have nothing to do.'

'Mrs. Brown will give you dusters to hem, or something. And besides this, I promise you shall have plenty of work. I am going to give you what is called a musical education. Do you know what that is?'

'Yes, sir. Mamzelle often talked to me about it.'

'Who is Mamzelle?'

'The lady who was kind to me at Mrs. Wynch's.'

'Well, Herr Harfenspieler is coming down here to teach you, two or three times a week, and if you do not work hard I promise that you and I will quarrel.'

'I shall work, sir, never fear,' she said, looking up archly into the old lord's suddenly-fierce face.

'You must have some other education, but I have not thought about that yet. You will need to learn Italian. Some one must come who can teach you Italian, and see that you practise.'

'Mamzelle is an Italian,' said Fan, eagerly.

'Oh, is she? An Italian and musician, and does not exactly hate you. Isn't in league with the gipsies, eh?'

'Oh, no, sir.'

'Then we'll write to her. Write her a letter if you can, and I will do the same.'

The next day Mamzelle received two letters. One was from Fan, full of joy at the prospect of seeing her. The other was from Lord Wilderspin, short but explicit.

'MADAM—The little girl you have befriended is now in my care, and I intend to give her a thorough musical education. I want someone to live here and teach her other ordinary matters, especially Italian. Will you undertake the charge at a salary of £200 a year? If this should not cover your loss in giving up other occupations, you can have more.'

'Yours, with sincere respect,' WILDERSPIN.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE POEM IN THE 'CURRENT CENTURY'

To Kevin's great delight Mr. Honeywood returned, and soon began a practice of dropping into the old bookshop occasionally to have a good rummage among the shelves. Being a man of leisure he would often stand, book in hand, talking by the hour to Kevin, to whose face he had taken a fancy from the first, and whose character, as it became gradually unfolded to him, interested him more and more. Full as Mr. Honeywood was of companionship and information, his education to the younger man, who laid before him eagerly the thoughts which were called up in his mind.

One morning he came with a peculiar smile on his lip, and opening a book which he had taken away some days before, drew from it some slips of written paper and handed them to Kevin.

'Where did this come from?' he asked.

'It is mine,' said Kevin, blushing and abashed. 'I did not know it was there.'

'Well, I am glad it was there, and I want you to let me keep it for a time. Of course I understand that the poem is your own composition.'

'It is indeed. Do you really think there is anything in it?'

'I think there is a good deal in it,' said Mr. Honeywood, folding it and putting it in his pocket-book. 'It was a ballad, of which the strong, vigorous ring, poetic

imagery, and delicate finish, gave promise of future very high work from the mind that had so begun to express itself. The young scribbler had indeed made rapid strides since he had penned his first little song.

'Why did you not tell me you did this sort of thing?' said Mr. Honeywood, tapping the pocket-book.

'You were not laughing at me?' said his friend, eyeing him thoughtfully.

'Don't say too much,' said Kevin, laughing. 'Don't turn my head.'

'What! does it turn your head to find you are not laughed at?'

'You know the danger of jumping to conclusions.'

'I do; but you are not in much danger, as you can blush. If you had not blushed I should have snubbed you a little.'

'For once I am grateful to my awkward, unmanly habit,' said Kevin, colouring again and smiling.

'It may be awkward to you; it is not unmanly. Suffer it while it lasts. Not many of our young poets know how to blush; the old ones did in their youth, I doubt not.'

Mr. Honeywood did not say any more in praise of the poem, but before he left he invited Kevin to come and spend a few hours with him at his house that evening; and from that day there was a marked increase of warmth in his manner towards our hero, who soon became a frequent and welcome visitor at the house of his new friend.

Mr. Honeywood's rooms were, in some sort, a school for Kevin. Besides a fine library and several portfolios of rare etchings and engravings, they contained a multitude of beautiful and curious objects, the casual notice of any one of which at any moment served to open up springs of information for Kevin's thirsty mind. And the owner of the key of the fountain, the master of the house with its collection, was not slow about inviting his visitor to drink of these pleasant sources of knowledge.

The table of Mr. Honeywood's study was always covered with a heap of papers and books.

'That makes a great show, does it not?' he said to Kevin. 'But it does not mean much. I am a busy idle man, or an idly busy man, whichever you like; I think I am better at criticising other people's work than doing my own. Two or three years ago I began with its history of poetry, and I have never got further than collecting materials and making notes. There is a good deal that I want to say, but I only jot down my ideas, and the time never seems to come for getting them fitted into their right places. They are all shaken together like a child's toy letters in a box; I am not sure that they will ever spell anything.'

'But what a pity not to work out your ideas,' said Kevin, who had been looking over some of the notes.

'My dear fellow, I have one advantage above many scribblers of this prolific age, and that is, that I am not haunted by a fear of what the world will lose if I die without enlightening it. If I ever print, it will be a good deal with the feeling of the mischievous boy who shies a brick-bat across a garden wall, and then ducks to avoid being seen.'

'And never be heard of, but if from a distance I can get dismay and surprise among the cabbage heads of the world among whom my missile falls, I shall have a reward which I do not deserve.'

'Then you will be severe on the poets of the present day,' said Kevin.

'On many of them,' said Mr. Honeywood, 'especially the wordy weak and the deliberately obscure, and those who put the senses in the place of the soul. But this is a secret. Tell it not in Gath. I would not be laughed at and exalted before my moment comes.'

Kevin listened half guiltily, thinking of sundry written pages which were as yet his secret. For this was before the finding of the ballad in the book; and so no wonder he was abashed at finding that this censor of living poets had discovered him. All the more dear, however, was Mr. Honeywood's praise of his ballad for the memory, yet fresh, of this passing conversation.

On one particular evening, when he walked into his friend's study, he found Mr. Honeywood waiting him with a look of sly humor on his face, a look which Kevin had come to like, as the forerunner of something pleasant to be said or done. He did not seem in a talkative mood, and after a few words threw a magazine across the table to Kevin, and said:

'Try a little light literature for a change. There is the Current Century for this month; amuse yourself with it while I smoke a cigar.'

Kevin turned over the pages of the periodical, and his friend smoked in silence: even the very touch and smell of the new-cut leaves gave pleasure to our hero, as he glanced through the various contents with eagerness. So accustomed was he to yellow-paged, musty books that new paper and type were a little luxury in themselves over and above the delight he felt in coming face to face with the latest thought of the intellect of the civilized world. For the Current Century was one of the ablest and most thoughtful publications of the day.

Presently in the pleasant stillness an exclamation broke from Kevin. 'Well, what is the matter?' asked Mr. Honeywood.

'I am quite amazed. I don't know what to say. You made them put it in.' For Kevin had found his own ballad occupying a place of honor in the great magazine.

'My dear fellow, do you think the editor of the Current Century, who is a very big man, would be "made" to put anything in? I showed it to him; and it is there with his full consent. And, lest I forget, let me give you something which he asked me to convey with his compliments. And Mr. Honeywood threw an envelope across the table, in which lay a cheque for a sum that seemed like a little fortune to Kevin.

'How does it read?' asked Mr. Honeywood, with a twinkle of fun in his eyes, and watching the young author gazing up and down the lines of his own poem, like a child first sees with amazement its own reflection in a looking-glass.

'Wonderfully well,' said Kevin, glowing all over with delight. 'I could not have believed it. How shall I ever thank you?'

'By following the advice I shall give you presently. And now do you think you have sufficiently got over the first shock to be quite ready for a second?' And he laid an open paper before Kevin, containing a review of the Current Century, and speaking at some length of the ballad in question.

'Buckle on your armour of humility,' said Mr. Honeywood, 'and read what is said here. If it were not for a certain look in your eye, he added kindly, with a lingering gaze at Kevin's eyes, in which lay reflected at the moment something of "the light that never was on sea or shore," if it were not for a feeling I have about you in the suddenness of this good fortune.'

TO BE CONTINUED

THE FIRST EASTER LILY

By Mary Dodge Ten Eyck

The narrow streets of the great city were thronged with a happy bustling crowd. Men, women and children, shouted and waved palm branches. Everywhere was gaiety, joy and praise of One. Babies were raised on their father's shoulders, they could see coming toward them a man seated on the back of a donkey.

'Hosanna!' cried a boy, catching his sister's hand and together making their way among the jostling sightseers.

'Hosanna!' she repeated, much as she heard the cries of the people. They ran into the street, barefoot and eager. No one heeded them much. Posies and lovely flowers they threw in the path; and the feet of the little beast, trampled them flat. But the children did not notice as they gazed at the wonderful face of the Man. It was sad, yet sweet and kindly in its calm beauty. He sat erect on the little donkey's back, and looked on the crowd with tender understanding eyes, as they shouted the more and more.

'Hosanna, Hosanna! to the Son of David.'

The boy caught his sister's arm suddenly.

'See, Leah! He looks at us!' The child felt a thrill as the Man's eyes, soft and longing, turned to him a second, but it was a second never to be forgotten.

'But Daniel,' she replied eagerly, 'I can touch his robe,' and so she did, her small fingers stroking it.

Here they were brushed aside; and the gentle Man on His little beast, which might well wish to boast of his Burden, moved on. And so did the crowd. Daniel and Leah stood gazing after them, but soon their view was hidden, and they were rudely pushed here and there. Finally the boy again took his sister's hand and led her from the crowd into a deserted place. He felt suddenly subdued, yet he was thrillingly happy. This was an unusual feeling, for this Jewish boy had quite a normal boy, neither so good nor was he bad. Leah was several years his junior, and in many ways scarcely more than a baby, care free and merry.

'He is the great Wonder Worker and Prophet,' exclaimed the boy.

'And I am certain He loves little children,' added his sister.

They were drawing near the gates of the ancient city. In the distance they could still hear the cries of "Hosanna!" and they softly repeated them. As they passed over the gates, and on to the country road, the bustle and noise were left behind them, and together they talked of the things they had seen and which they would tell their father and mother.

Their home was just a little way outside the city. Their father was a gardener, and grew fine vegetables and luscious fruits which he sold to the city folks. Daniel himself was much like his father and delighted to work in the soil, but he liked best to grow beautiful flowers. Leah, too, loved them so much that her brother had a hard time to keep her from picking his before they were fully grown.

As they neared their home, they saw two women who were young, and the other, somewhat older, leaned against her.

'What a beautiful, beautiful woman!' exclaimed Leah.

'The other Lady, Leah; she is even more beautiful,' answered the boy. 'Go thou and bid them wait 'till I fetch them cups of water. They seem so weary.'

As Daniel ran to his house for water, Leah did as he had asked her and shyly approached the two women.

'My brother bade me ask you to wait until he brings you water.'

'God will bless his kind heart, and thine too,' said the elder woman in low tones that reminded Leah of music.

Daniel came hurrying with the water, which the younger woman took and handed to the other. They thanked the boy and smiled at him, but only the one drank.

'Thou art thirsty, Mary, and wilt thou not drink?' she asked her companion.

'No, I would rather not. It is time I learned to say "no," even when it is not necessary, and especially when I would rather say "yes,"'

The children looked at her closely. She was, indeed, very beautiful, but so sad. She seemed tired; and they were sure she was thirsty, and this gave them their first real example of self-sacrifice. But the sweet, vibrant tones of the other Lady were speaking to them.

'And what are your names, dear children? I shall never forget you.'

'My sister is Leah, and I am Daniel. Our father is a gardener; and we live here,' the boy replied.

'Yes,' spoke the Lady; 'and tell me more of what you do, and tell me more of your home life, how Leah helped her mother about the house; how Daniel raised and tended his beloved flowers.'

'I have a most sturdy lily which will open about the Pasch, he said proudly, and wondered why shadows crossed the two beautiful faces.

Then they naturally told of the excitement in the city, of the procession of the "Son of David," and saw the two women were listening eagerly.

'He looked at me; and though he does not know me, I can never forget him.' Daniel talked fast, and the memory of the wonderful look quieted his voice.

'He knows of thee, Daniel, and of all thy family,' corrected the Lady gently.

'Yes?' asked the boy; and Leah told how she touched his robe.

This gracious Lady put her arms about the children's shoulders, and they thought she kissed their hair as she bade them goodly and again thanked them. The sad "Mary" smiled, but did not touch them; and Daniel and Leah were sorry to see them both go, and watched until they passed within the city gates and were lost to view in the narrow streets.

Their father and mother had a great deal to hear that night as the brother and sister told of the great entry of the "Son of David" into Jerusalem. They knew of this Wonder Worker, and once had heard Him preach. That sermon they could never forget. Then the children told of the water offered to the weary women.

'One must have been a Mother, she was so sweet to us,' said Daniel as he caressed his mother.

'And the other's name was Mary,' put in little Leah.

'Who were they?' wondered their mother thoughtfully.

So in the children's minds they remained "Our Lady" and "Mary," and they continually spoke of them.

That week of the Pasch, with all its great importance to the world, was nearly gone. There was excitement in Jerusalem, and news of it all came outside the city gates and into the home of Leah and Daniel. The great Wonder Worker, Jesus of Nazareth, was going to be put to death. The people, who had praised Him the other day, now wanted to crucify Him. Daniel puzzled over it and was sad as he worked with his flowers. He and his sister had not forgotten that day when they waved the palm branches in His pathway and scattered the flowers. Daniel wiped a tear from his beautiful eye as he knelt poking the dirt about its roots. The plant and flowers had grown and beginning to open. It was large and beginning to open. The pure whiteness of it rose almost majestically from the sturdy green stem. Just one blossom, but

'It is the most beautiful lily I have ever seen.' Daniel's father praised and called the mother to admire it. Daniel was prouder than ever. But what would he do with it? He did not want to be so selfish as to keep it himself.

'Give it to thy sick cousin,' suggested his mother.

Daniel thought perchance that would be the best thing to do, yet with a sigh he knew he did not want her to have it. She could have others of his flowers, but his wonderful lily? why, it must be for something special. But for what? Suddenly he murmured to himself: 'I would our Lady might have my lily! No one heard. But how could he give it when he did not know where she lived? He had not even learned her name. So he told no one, yet the lily was hers in his mind.'

And then the first Good Friday came. Daniel and his father were preparing to start for the city. He was giving a last tender attention to his lily as some Roman soldiers

in a gay party of young people passed him by.

'Oh! what a beautiful lily! I want it!' exclaimed a girl.

'Then you shall have it, I will buy it from the lad,' replied one soldier, and came over to Daniel. The boy's heart felt a pang. He looked at the man and the girl, and he liked the less to give them his lovely lily. She might wear it as a moment; then she would toss it aside. The boy thought he knew.

'Oh! I don't want the lily, I would rather have those roses,' cried the girl, and Daniel in relief hurried to get them for her before she changed her mind again.

It grew dark while his father and the lad were in the city. There seemed a hush and a dread over all the people. Was it because Jesus of Nazareth was dying on the Cross? Suddenly it thundered heavily, the earth quaked and the air around seemed to almost suffocate them. They felt strange; and everyone they met or dealt with acted quietly, as if in a great dread. Scarcely a soul was to be seen.

Those who had not gone to Calvary stayed within their houses. Daniel felt sorrow and fear as he learned that Jesus of Nazareth was dead, died a most painful death on the Cross.

Their business kept them a long time in the city; and, just as they started home, they saw a little group on the quiet street coming towards them. There were four women; two a little apart, and two ahead with a young man. Daniel gasped and caught his father's arm.

'Our Lady! Leah's and mine,' he cried softly, 'and the other woman.'

'The Mother of Jesus of Nazareth, and Mary Magdalen,' his father knew and told him.

Daniel could not keep the tears back. "Our Lady," as he and we call her, was leaning on the arm of a young man. His handsome face was all tenderness and sad as he assisted her. On her left walked Mary Magdalen, tears streaming from her beautiful eyes. Her veil but partly covered her head, and long golden hair fell clear to her knees. But our Lady! There were no tears in her eyes. Her sorrow was too deep to be seen; it had pierced her heart through and through. Slowly the three turned and went into the house, not at all seeing Daniel and his father. The two other women followed. Their faces were almost entirely covered by their veils.

With a little sobbing sigh Daniel drew his father along with him and together they went home. The whole populace was talking of this Jewish family talk. Daniel and Leah spoke together in the garden as he worked over his flowers. Then he confided to her.

'Leah, I would give my beautiful lily to our Lady, she only must have it.'

'Ah, yes,' she clapped her hands; 'but we cannot go to her for a little while. She will be too sad to see us.'

The next day his father said to Daniel:

'Well, son, have you decided to whom to give thy beautiful lily?'

'Yes,' father, 'I knew thou wouldst give it to thy mother. Thou couldst not find a better to receive it, couldst thou?'

Daniel's eyes widened in real distress. Of course, he loved his mother, best in the world he always said, but—his father looked among the flowers and cried suddenly:

'Why son, this lily is bigger than thy pet! And the best is none too good for thy mother. Shall we not give her this?'

Daniel ran over to him eagerly. The other lily was bigger. He bent over it. The petals were not quite so snow white, and its sweetness was not so great as the other.

'That is the one for her, my son. Keep thy pet until it grows a bit,' continued the father.

Daniel sighed in relief. He was glad his father thought this prettier. He wanted his mother to have the best he could give, yet to him the other, smaller flower seemed the more exquisite of her gift that Sabbath day.

The following morning Daniel and Leah were up nearly with the sun. He had permission to walk with her into the city. Together they were going to find "Our Lady" and give her the lily. The flower was gloriously perfect this morning. It was open and wonderfully pure and fragile, while two other little buds were coming out on the stem.

There were not many travelers about so early; but they met some of their playmates.

'Oh! such a lily!' they exclaimed, and all wanted it. Daniel found it very hard to say "no" to his friends, particularly when the tiniest of them, a wee two year old, cried for it. But he remembered that he promised them other flowers, if they would but come to his gardens. So everyone felt satisfied.

As they again reached the big city, the early merchants were about, and life had quite begun to stir. There were some curious looks at the children with their lovely gift; and many were the offers they had to sell it. As they trudged down a busy market street an old man jostled against Daniel and the precious plant slipped from his grasp and fell. The boy and Leah tried to catch it as they screamed in alarm. Then Daniel

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