

HER IRISH HERITAGE

BY ANNIE M. P. SMITHSON

CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED

She had got through Saturday somehow—how she hardly knew, and never afterwards could she remember much of that day. It was as though some other personality—some unknown being—had taken possession of her body and had gone round her district and dressed bad legs and sore fingers and burnt children, and had made old women's beds and all the rest of her morning's work. She came back at dinner time and sat through the meal—actually eating too, but what she was eating she neither knew nor cared. The other nurses noticed little except that she was pale and tired looking—stupid and heavy, but she said she had a headache and as she was subject to very bad ones this made a reasonable excuse.

Daisy Ray and Nurse Sealey were the only ones who knew that she expected to have met Dr. Delaney that night, and as Mary passed through the hall on her way to the cloak room after her evening visits, she met these two on the stairs.

"Hello, Mac!" called out Nurse Sealey gaily, "feeling better old girl? You must try and pull yourself together for this evening you know!"

Mary Carmichael stood for a moment looking at her in a stupid, rather vacant fashion.

"You poor thing!" said Daisy Ray tenderly. "Your head must be very bad! How unfortunate you should have it tonight! How distressed Theo will be!"

Mary Carmichael moistened her dry lips as if she was going to speak, but did not do so, and after another half stupid, half puzzled look at her two friends, she passed slowly up the stairs, leaning heavily on the banisters.

"What is the matter with Mac?" asked Daisy Ray, "she looks so queer. I never saw her like that before."

"Nor I," replied the other. "Her head must be really bad—she looks like one who is stupefied with pain," which was true, but not in the sense that Nurse Sealey meant. Indeed it is very probable that if Mary Carmichael had had to undergo very severe physical pain on that night she would hardly have felt it, for she was benumbed in body and soul—dead spiritually and mentally, and she seemed incapable of physical feeling.

She did not appear at supper, and when Daisy Ray came up after wards with a cup of tea, she found Mary seated at the open window gazing down—but with unseeing eyes—at the busy Square beneath.

"Are you no better, dear?" asked Daisy. "Here's a cup of tea, try and take it and a biscuit. Have you taken anything for your head? You know it's after eight—don't you want to go out soon?"

Mary Carmichael took the cup of tea in her hand, but made no effort to drink it.

Daisy began to feel rather frightened about her friend's condition. Could she be going to be really ill?

"Mac, dearest!" she said, "do you feel bad—is the head very painful? Do speak, old girl, and tell me how you feel," Mary Carmichael looked at her then.

"How do I feel?" she repeated slowly; "I don't feel at all, Daisy dear—I can't feel."

"Well, drink your tea!" urged Daisy still anxiously. Mary drank the tea obediently, and set the biscuits; then she brushed the crumbs off her apron and handed the cup back.

"And now won't you dress?" said Daisy. "You will be awfully late dear for your appointment."

Mary turned and looked at her. "What appointment?" she asked quietly.

"What appointment?" repeated Daisy Ray, incredulously. "What appointment! Good heavens, Mac, why, I mean your meeting with Dr. Delaney, of course."

The other continued to look at her for a moment in silence, then—"Dr. Delaney?" she repeated slowly. "I don't know him."

Daisy Ray stood as one petrified—she looked an almost absurd picture of bewildered consternation as she stared, tea-cup in hand, at the quiet figure by the window. Then her nurses training came to her aid. She saw and recognized at once by the clue just given to her that the other was suffering from some great shock, and all Daisy's professional instincts came uppermost. She placed the cup and saucer on the table and moved over to the window.

"It's getting quite chilly, Mac," she said, "I think we will shut down this window—at the bottom anyway—it's open enough at the top to give us air. And now come and I'll help you to undress—you know your head won't get better until you have had a sleep."

And Mary obeyed her like a child, allowing Daisy to take off her clothes, and settle her comfortably in bed. And now I'm going to fill a hot jar for your feet, dearest, she said, and left the room. But once outside the door she caught her breath with a little dry sob, and ran downstairs with white cheeks and anxious eyes, and opening the door of the Recreation room she beckoned to Nurse Sealey, and almost pulled her into the cloak-

room. There was no one in it, and Daisy switching up the light, turned and confronted her friend.

"Good heavens, Daisy; what's the matter?" exclaimed Nurse Sealey. "Oh, Sealey; oh, Sealey," was all the affectionate little thing could say.

"Daisy! what is it?" "Oh, Sealey, it's Mac!—it's dear old Mac!"—and fighting hard with the sobs that threatened to overwhelm her Daisy Ray told of her interview with Mary. The other listened horror-stricken.

"Oh! my God!" she said, adding almost in a whisper, "it will kill her—Oh! Daisy, it will kill her!" Anxiously they conferred together but they knew that there was nothing for them to do that night.

"Oh, how could he! how could he?" said Daisy. "Oh, Sealey; would you ever have believed it of Dr. Delaney?" "Never!" replied the other. "Never! I simply can't realise it. Oh, poor old Mac! How will she ever get over it?"

They took the hot jar upstairs together, and by a great effort forced themselves to talk quietly and unconcernedly to that silent, irresponsible figure lying on the bed and staring at the wall with wide, open eyes.

And so Mary Carmichael passed the hours of Easter eve—that Easter Eve to which she had been looking forward for long weeks, counting the very days and hours. And so she lay wide eyed and sleepless through the long, long night. Daisy Ray had prevailed on Nurse Johnson to change beds with her and let her sleep in Mary's room, explaining that she was anxious about her as she seemed so ill. And Daisy had kept awake for several hours, but at last, almost against her will, she had dropped off to sleep. As the hours went by Mary Carmichael seemed to pass out of the dull lethargic state in which she had been all that day, and in doing so she began to realise more distinctly what this terrible thing was that had come upon her like a veritable bolt from the blue, shattering in one awful moment all her dreams and hopes, all her happiness and joy. And yet even as she began to realise it, her poor brain was thinking over and over again—

"Can it be true? Can it be true? Is this real or am I dreaming?" She would put her hand to her head and push back her heavy hair with a helpless puzzled gesture, and again she would ask herself, "Can it be true?" But at last she found herself forced to answer back—

"Yes, it is true—quite true!" And then indeed the iron entered into her soul, and Mary Carmichael lying quiet and still, never even moving for fear of disturbing Daisy, suffered such tortures, such mental and spiritual anguish, that the memory of that night will never pass from her—never be erased from her heart for the very thought of it years afterwards was like a knife turning slowly in an unhealed wound.

Early in the morning the bells for first Mass awakened Daisy Ray. Opening her eyes she was puzzled for the moment to find that she was not in her own bed, and then in a flash everything came back to her. She glanced swiftly towards Mary, but could not see her face, which was turned from her. "Mac!" she called out softly, "are you awake, dear?"

"Yes." "How are you feeling? Is your head easier?" For Daisy thought it better to keep up the fiction of the bad headache—and probably she had a headache too, poor thing!—she thought.

"My head is all right, thank you," was the quiet answer. "I suppose you don't feel able to go to early Mass?" enquired Daisy, as she drew on her stockings.

"I am not going to Mass." "Well, I think you are wise, dear, to take a rest. A late Mass will be best for you this morning."

"There was no reply, and Daisy Ray went on with her toilet, vaguely uneasy in her mind.

When she was finished and ready to go out, she went and stood beside Mary's bed for a moment.

"I'll bring you up a cup of tea, Mac," she said softly, "when I come back. Just lie quiet and rest until you feel better." Then she went down to the landing below and knocked at Nurse Sealey's door.

"All right—one moment," came the reply, and almost immediately afterwards the door opened and Nurse Sealey appeared ready for Mass too.

"How is Mac?" were her first words. "Just the same, I think," was Daisy's reply, "she lies there like a log, and seems to take no interest in anything. Oh! Sealey, don't forget her in your prayers for I'm terribly anxious about her."

On their return they ventured down to the kitchen. Martha was still absent at Mass, but Anne—a regenerate, spotless Anne—arranged a dainty little tray with tea and bread and butter for her beloved Nurse Carmichael. Together the two friends carried it up the weary flights of stairs and knocked at the door.

"Come in," and Mary's tones were composed and indifferent. She turned and looked at them as they entered, but it was almost the look that she would have given to strangers.

"We have brought you some tea, Mac," said Nurse Sealey, because poor Daisy, feeling a sudden lull

in her throat had gone over to the window apparently to adjust the blind.

"And how are you today?—feeling better?" "Thank you—that is kind of you. Yes, I'm quite well this morning—my head was rather bad last night, but it's all right now."

She sat up and began to take tea in a quiet, matter of fact manner. The other two were rather nonplussed. If only Mary had been more natural—more communicative, and inclined to take them into her confidence. They could not help feeling very curious as to what had taken place between Dr. Delaney and herself, and they would certainly have welcomed any confidence that Mary might have given them, and nothing she said would have been repeated by either of them—both were too much attached to her to gossip over her private concerns.

But Mary Carmichael showed not the slightest inclination to impart any information on the subject over which they were puzzling their brains. On the contrary, she seemed not to grasp that there was anything to be spoken about out of the ordinary.

She finished her tea composedly, and handed the tray to Daisy with a smile of thanks.

"And now I think I must get up," she said. "I suppose you will go to eleven Mass, or will you wait for twelve? But I am afraid the last would be too long for you today," said Nurse Sealey.

"I don't know—I haven't thought about the matter," and again the cold indifference of her voice struck the others unpleasantly.

"Well, we will leave you now to dress," they said, and went down stairs together, feeling strangely depressed.

Both had engagements with friends for the evening, but they had some cases to see during the morning, and promising to themselves to see Mary again at the early dinner, they went about their work.

Left to herself, Mary dressed leisurely and quietly. When she was doing her hair before the mirror she looked at her reflection in some surprise. True to tell, she hardly recognized herself as the same person who had gazed into the mirror yesterday morning with red cheeks and shining eyes—eyes soft with loving expectancy. The face that looked back at her now from the glass was haggard and pale, the eyes dull with a hard look in their depths. She looked many years older, for lines and wrinkles were there, which surely were not visible yesterday morning. Yesterday! Was it really yesterday—or a hundred years ago?

She was off duty today, but she dressed in uniform and slipping on her bonnet and cloak went down the long stairs and across the wide hall without seeing anyone. She opened the hall door and passed out into the square, walked rapidly in the direction of Nelson Pillar.

The streets were very full this Easter Sunday with crowds coming from and going to the various Masses, and others, their religious duties over, setting off for a day's pleasure in the country or seaside.

Mary mounted to the top of a Dalkey tram, and in a few minutes she was leaving the city behind her. She realised now for the first time how anxious she had been to get away somewhere—anywhere, but out of sight and sound of St. Columba's, and all connected with it. Even Nurse Sealey and Daisy Ray were unbearable to her now. She must get away somewhere and think—think—what was to be done—for that she could continue in her present position she knew was impossible. Both she and Dr. Delaney had been so well known in their own social circle and had had so many mutual friends—all of whom she knew had considered their engagement as practically settled—that for Mary to stay in Dublin and face the gossip, the smiles, and shrugs that her fancy conjured up, would be impossible to one of her temperament. Already she could almost hear Nurse Lenehan's sarcastic comments, and see her mocking smile, and the pity and compassion of her real friends would be almost worse to bear.

There was only one thing to do, one course to follow and that was to get a transfer to a district in the country where she would be miles and miles from all those who knew of her humiliation. And before Blackrock was reached, Mary's mind was made up and she decided to see the Superintendent on the following day and to apply for a transfer. She smiled grimly at the thought of what her sensations would have been a few days ago if anyone had suggested such a thing to her. A country district! To Mary's city-bred mind the idea called up visions of muddy roads and thick boots, tramps over hogs and hills, wind and rain and discomforts innumerable. It meant too, narrow minded gossip instead of intellectual companionship, and long, lonely evenings—no more dances, theatres, lectures or concerts. She would have scorned the bare idea of such an existence, but now she contemplated it quietly, nay eagerly. She cared not where she went—she would have gone to Timbuctoo or the North Pole—the Sahara Desert—to anywhere, to any place where she would be unknown, and above all where she would not meet him. The bare thought that she might meet him

suddenly—see him face to face again, made her almost faint.

She left the tram just before it reached Dalkey and proceeded to walk the rest of the way, passing through the quiet little town and going on towards Loretto. Just in front of her a nursemaid was wheeling a go-cart in which was sitting a charming wee maid of about two years old. She wore a white furry coat and her golden curls peeped beneath her sweet little bonnet. Mary looked at her and then—for all children loved Mary instinctively—the little one smiled and stretched out her hands in frank friendliness. But to Mary the baby smile was like a knife thrust reaching to her very heart, all the mother hunger within her cried out in pain and she almost moaned aloud in her anguish. Her mental sufferings were plainly written on her always expressive face, and the child—used to loving looks from those around her—became suddenly alarmed at the hard, white face looking back at her, and began to cry in a frightened way.

Passing Loretto, Mary went on in the Killiney direction until she reached a quiet spot by the sea, where she sat down. It was one o'clock now—only one! she thought, gazing at her wristlet watch. Oh! what a long, long morning it seemed—that long night and long morning were stamped on Mary Carmichael's brain for all time. Here the beauty of Nature was all around, the silver sea shone at her feet, behind her were the woods and Obelisk of fair Killiney—and peace reigned everywhere save in one woman's unquiet heart.

TO BE CONTINUED

MA DRISCOLL BLAZES THE WAY

By Teresa Brayton

It had been a very hot day and now the grateful shadows of sunset were gathering down on a hot, hot city. Tony, the iceman, who dripped perspiration from every dusky pore even when carrying his quickly-melting wares from basement to basement, voiced disapproval of his adopted country's climate and vowed his yearly vow to go back to his native Sicily as soon as it was time to put his sign up for "Wood and Coal."

Tony had voiced that same complaint so often that none of his customers took him seriously, and looked for his services through many a summer and winter yet to come.

"Ma" Driscoll, who furnished room and board for single men only in an old-fashioned high-steepled house in West Sixteenth Street, bore with the weather in a more philosophic spirit. "When it's hot in New York it's hot everywhere, and I'd rather spend a hot day within reach of my own icebox and bathtub than go chasing around to get cooled off in a crowd that would tear the buttons off a walking skeleton, much less me," she declared to her neighbor, Mrs. Adams, as the two women seated themselves on the top steps of their respective stoops when the setting sun had left their side of the street in shadow.

Mrs. Adams nodded her head in agreement, adding that the "riff-raff" of foreigners a person has to meet on boats and nowadays takes all the pleasure out of an excursion."

Mrs. Adams was born in Bangor, Maine, and her doorknob bore the inscription "Mrs. N. L. Adams, New England Cooking, All Home Comforts." Some of the irreverent dwellers on the block called her "Nosy Lizzie," on account of her propensity for gathering news, and Mrs. Driscoll often claimed that "whatever home comforts were next door, the boarders did not get them, for after a while they looked that poor and miserable that Regan, the undertaker down the street, began to keep an eye on her."

"It is deplorable, Mrs. Adams," Ma said, "that refined folk like ourselves should be living among the 'riff-raff,' as you say, and New York is surely a sinful city; but somehow one gets used to it after a while and finds it handy in many ways, like the man who was grateful for the wart on his nose because it kept his specs from falling off. As for foreigners, ma'am, sure we're all that, except the poor Indians."

"That's all true," answered Mrs. Adams soothingly, "but you know the people coming to America these times are not like what came over years ago when our ancestors settled here. Nearly all we're getting now are poor, ignorant creatures who can't speak a word of English. Why, they are over-running the country!"

"Oh, America will take a lot of over-running yet," said Ma, in her element now that a duel with "Nosy Lizzie" was in prospect, "and it isn't highbrows that have made it what it is up to the present, either. When my own grandfather landed at Castle Garden in forty-seven he was no college professor in English, though one of the best Gaelic speakers ever left the Cove of Cork, God rest him. He had no trouble passing the customs, either, for most of his baggage was on his back. But he fought all through

the Civil War and he gave a leg to this country, as well as sons, grandsons and great grandsons—my own two boys—to every American war since. I suppose your people came over in the Mayflower, Mrs. Adams."

Mrs. Adams replied that she had always heard her parents claiming descent from a passenger on that historic craft.

"Well, I'll admit she was one great ship, surely," said Ma, nodding her head in admiration of her subject. "When you consider the thousands of men, women and children—not to speak of old family relics in the way of furniture, Bibles, warming-pans and the like—she brought in safety to our astonished shores, there isn't anything on the big ocean lines today fit to tug her up the River beyond. The only thing to be regretted about the Mayflower, and the noble pioneers she carried here, is that she let Christopher Columbus beat her to it—let a Dago have the credit of discovering America first. They were a fine stock, the Puritans, even if they did not have good lasting in them."

"Lasting!" spoke up the offended New Englander, "why, the descendants of that same parent stock are prominent in our public affairs up to this very minute."

"I don't doubt you," answered Ma. "Look at the Eighteenth Amendment! What I mean is this: If any other European race, be they Jews, Dagos, Poles or anything else, got the same running start and clear field after the Indians were cleared out, why you'd be seeing the 'Standing Room Only' sign hanging out from Maine to Mexico long ago, in Yiddish or whatever their language might be. No, the Puritans had't the spreading-out quality, and that is why the Big War needed every Pat and Able and Max and Hans and Tony we had to send over to France."

"The Irish have been coming here in boat-loads for years and no one can say they haven't got the spreading-out quality," said Mrs. Adams, "yet there is no fear of them owning the whole country—yet!"

"Well," laughed Mrs. Driscoll, "they are making a fine crack at it; only for them and the Jews there wouldn't be a bubble in the melting-pot."

Mrs. Adams looked around for some subject to change the conversation. Down the street shutters were being thrown open, and window-sills began to blossom out in leaning figures where roomers and boarders wooed the cool air creeping up from the river. Street lights flickered here and there and an organ-grinder, surrounded by a group of children, started a dance tune at the corner of the avenue. Nodding to a neat-looking house across the street, Mrs. Adams remarked that she had noticed Mrs. Ryan's front room was occupied again, or, at least, some one had been moving around there the previous night.

"Yes," said Ma shortly, "Mr. Clancy moved in yesterday."

"Surely not the Mr. Clancy used to board with you?" asked Mrs. Adams. "I thought he was a fixture in your house."

"Yes, the same man," answered Ma. "When he came back from the country I had no vacancy, so I sent him over to Mary Ryan. She will take good care of Mike."

Mrs. Adams swallowed hard once or twice. She knew Mrs. Driscoll was aware of her own empty parlor and up-stairs front room. Also, she suspected that her neighbor was not unaware that for weeks she had counted on getting Mike Clancy for a tenant on his return from the country. There was no use, however, in voicing her disappointment to this prosperous rival whose "Room and Board" seemed such a desirable attainment for every home-seeking, food-craving, eligible male in the neighborhood. Picking up her porch cushion, she remarked that work could not be finished up by sitting out on the front steps, and withdrew to pass the news of Mrs. Ryan's new tenant to her neighbor on the other side, in a back-fence conclave.

Meanwhile, Mike Clancy, the innocent cause of this sudden retreat, stood before the mirror in Mrs. Ryan's front room on the second floor, looking like anything at all but a happy man. Six new ties had he tried on and discarded; now he was struggling with a lavender and white affair fresh from the laundry. As he tugged and pulled, from time to time he addressed his good-looking image in the mirror, and that in no complimentary way. "Fifty years old come Christmas, and the biggest fool in New York," he muttered. "A plumber to be talking like a Greenwich Village picture hound! Mike Clancy, you'd better keep out of the park or the squirrels will be after you for a nut. Oh, the nonsense of me about Rubens and Turner, and she laughing at me behind my back! Well, let her laugh! Let Schultz and herself laugh themselves to death for all I care. It's me for a bachelor's life and—oh, damn ties and laundries, where's my soft collar? If only Ma Driscoll was here—"

Mike flung the lavender tie with the others on his dresser and went to the window. Across the street Mrs. Driscoll caught sight of his woe-begone face and waved a friendly hand.

A great wave of homesickness for his old quarters took Mike by the throat, and it seemed to him that if



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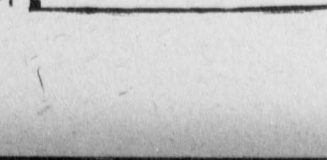
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