PHE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND (LADY GILBERT)

CHAPTER XVI.

THE GIPSIES AGAIN the night when her voice startled Kevin, ringing down the street, Fanchea displeased Mrs. Wynch for the first time and got into trouble. It was all on account of Betsy the charwoman, whose naughty son had robbed her, and who could not pay rent. Mrs. Wynch was out spending the evening, and the signora visiting a sick friend; and Fanchea, being alone in the house with Betsy, listened with indignation and sorrow to the

of her woes.
Don't cry any more, Betsy; I am going to get you some money,' said she, wrapping her little black cloak round her. "You stay here till I come back. If Mrs. Wynch comes home you must tell her—but I would rather tell her myself."
"Oh, dear, dear!" said Betsy;
"I feels all of a tremble to see you

Whatever will mistress and Mamzelle say to me?

ell them I am very sorry, and I wouldn't have done it only you want the money so badly. You are quite sure nobody would give it to

No, no," sobbed Betsy, "why should anybody give it to me

"I'm sorriest about breaking my word," said Fanchea, "but how could I let you be so unhappy when I know such a good way of getting you just what you want?"

you just what you want?"

"God bless you!" said poor
Betsy, "and I hope you won't get
into trouble." And then she sat down solitary in the kitchen, to count the ticks of the clock and listen for Fanchea's return.

'If I could only have gone with her," thought the poor woman, divided between her dismay at Fanchea's daring, the possible con-sequences for the child, and her joy at the thought of getting her own entangled affairs set straight. But I dared not leave the house. That would have been worst of all.'

An hour passed, and neither Mrs. Wynch nor the signora had returned, hen, to Betsy's delight, she heard the child's knock on the door. Fan came in, pale and trembling, and, giving a large handful of silver charwoman, sat down at the leaning her head on her hand and looking like a little ghost.
After her own joy had subsided
somewhat, Betsy could not but
notice the child's altered demeanor.
"Dear heart!" said she, "how

selfish it was of me to let you go! Are you so afraid? I'll go down on my knees to mistress before she

shall punish you."
"I'm not afraid of being punished, Betsy," said Fan. "It isn't that. It is something that happened. Hark! was not that some one at the door ?

No, my pretty, no." "Oh, Betsy, the gipsies are after me! I was singing a song I love so much, a hymn I learned at home, and I forgot that the gipsies would know me by it, because they said it was not a common song, they heard it except from me And while I was singing a tall, black man, one of the gipsies who stole me, came up and caught me by the shoulder. When I saw his face I gave such a wild scream that people stopped and asked what was

This is my girl,' said he, 'and I

want her to come.'
"I am not his girl,' I cried; 'he is a wicked man. Keep him off me!"
I saw his face in the lamplight, and, oh! he gave me such a terrible frown, and said a dreadful word; and a man came and gave him a shake, so that he had to let me go. Then I darted away as fast as I could, and here I am. Only I know will come looking for me, and

"But mistress will never let him have you!" said Betsy, encourag-

ingly. "You don't know their clever tricks and their dreadful ways," said Fanchea, shuddering. "If they know where I am they will con-

trive to get me."
Thus it was that Fan got into trouble with her mistress, who was very angry when she heard what had happened. Upon calm reflection, however, Mrs. Wynch's wrath subsided. After all, the child had made open confession, and her motive in doing wrong had been But the consequences of her good. But the consequences of fault did not come to an end so quickly. That day a tall, dark man was observed hanging about the shop window. The next day he reappeared and actually came into the shop upon pretence of asking

the price of a china jar.
"My dear," said Mrs. Wynch to Fan that evening, "you must not be seen going in or out for a day or two. I fear it is true that the gipsies are looking for you. The man you told me of has been in the shop."

quivered.

weeks ago she had received from the dead letter office her own letter written to Killeevy mountain. written to Killeevy mountain. On it was scrawled, "Imperfectly addressed." She had not told Fanchea anything about this, as she thought it would only give needless p.in to the child. In time she in the control of the gipsy. The black countenance of the gipsy. She saw a tall, heavily-built old gentleman, with a bald, bullet-shaped head, a plain face with a wholesome sunburned complexion, and hedged all round with white the black countenance of the gipsy. She saw a tall, heavily-built old gentleman, with a bald, bullet-shaped head, a plain face with a wholesome sunburned complexion, and hedged all round with white to whom the King St. Ferdinand old man, in a dejected tone.

would learn to be content. Better some content and comfort of her spare her a rude shock, and let the niece Nancy's rural life. "What is gulf between her and her old friend widen imperceptibly. Seeing the little girl's anguish a page of the content and comformed niece Nancy's rural life. hobby at present?"

"None that I know that I k little girl's anguish, a pang of pity contracted her heart.

"My dear, you must be patient.
The gipsies shall not get you. Remember, however, that your own disobedience has led to this again

Fan hung her head; and thenceforward crept about the house like a little mouse, afraid to go near the windows, to sing a note, or even to speak above her breath. She locked her door at night, and ask about baby's teeth. started out of her sleep every hour, soon as he had mastered th thinking she felt the gipsy's hand upon her shoulder.

After some time had passed, Mrs. Wynch thought she might venture to relax her efforts at caution, and tried to encourage her to be lively as of old. The signora was dismayed at the change in her at Wynch, "and you may well put up favorite; and deplored the com-plete dumbness that had taken possession of the little singer. She would put her head out of the winwould put her head out of the would put her head out of the word down and look up and down the street, and then exhort Fan to take street, and then exhort Fan to take bators, or any of his other rubbishes."

down the old guitar.
"He is nowhere about; and besides, the windows are shut, and you need not raise your voice very

But Fan implored to be allowed to remain silent. She had no heart to sing, even if fear had not been ready to choke the notes in her When her house-work was done she would sit in the darkest corner of the signora's room, darning towels and stockings, and saying not a word from one half hour

to another. The signora furtively made a sketch of the lovely little pale face with its darkened eyes, as she saw it raised suddenly against a back-ground of the old tawny curtain, with a scared listening look giving a strange cast to its young beauty. But of this Fan knew nothing, absorbed in her terror and dismay.

was all He will come again!" could say when Mrs. Wynch tried to rouse her courage, and even began to scold her for her And he did come. One day Mrs.

Wynch looked up startled from her sewing as she sat behind her little counter, to see a dark face gazing fixedly at her, she having heard no sound of any one entering from the

"I want to know if you have a runaway girl here?" said the gipsy. "You had better give her up, as I mean to have her back. She is my girl, and you have no right to keep

her."
"I shall call a policeman," stammered Mrs. Wynch.
"Policemen ain't nothing to me,

rolleemen and thotaling to like, said the man, threatingly. "She's my girl, and I'm not going to move far from here till I've got her."

After this visit Mrs. Wynch became as frightened as Fan, and declared something must be done. clared something must be done. She and Mamzelle held a council over the matter, and agreed that the child must be taken away to the melody.

country with all secrecy and despatch, and kept there till the danger should blow over. Mrs. Wynch had no faith in policemen as the guardians of the rights of her countrymen and countrywomen, and, as she said, she was too poor to go to law. Her ideas of gaining protection for Fan by any legitimate means were vague, and she concluded that flight was the safest

My niece will take her in for a few weeks," she said; "and as there is a baby to nurse, why I only wish we mayn't have trouble to get her sweetness? The old lord was We'll both miss her; but puzzled. I for one can't stand her white face, and looks of her eyes enough to ing about, and staring at every turn! Nancy will be glad of her when she finds how useful she can

along the country road. She was lodgekeeper at one of the many gates of Lord Wilderspin's beauti-

CHAPTER XVII.

SAFE UNDER THE TREES In a wilderness of spreading seeches, all in their Maygreen, sestled Nancy's little red-tiled ottage. Fan, tripping silently by beeches, nestled cottage. Fan, tripping silently by Mrs. Wynch's side along the path that led to it, thought it looked pleasant, and home-like, and safe, and hidden among the trees, so that the gipsies would not be likely to find it. Besides, were not the gipsies left behind in London? Fan breathed freely, and a faint color door stood rosy, smiling Nancy, baby in arms, and welcomed her

"My gracious!" said Nancy, isn't it like what you would read in penny numbers?" And she looked the shop."
Fan's face whitened and her lips quivered. "I knew he would come," she said; "I knew he would come," she said; "I knew he would some," she said; "I knew he would cottage room, garnished with flowers. "Yes, my dear, they are sweet, and you shall have as much sweet, and you shall have as much like of them. You see we

'None that I know of," said ncy. "The last was incubators Nancy. "The last was incubators for the pheasants' eggs; but that is working quite well now, and so he doesn't care about it any more. first the people here were set against it, said it was unnatural, and the old lord used to go smong them himself, and scold and abus all round. As long as there was home here, and was as amiable as soon as he had mastered the matter and it was going smooth, he got as glad when he took himself off. 'He's a good master," said Mrs.

with his whims."
"Oh, yes; I for one am not afraid of him. And he's fond of children, though he pretends not to be. found that out for myself. Pity he hadn't married, and had grand-children now about his knees.

Mrs. Wynch went home the next morning, and Fan was installed in the cottage as baby's nurse and Nancy's general "help."

Summer set in early; the woods were full of brilliant yellow light and warm green shade. The birds were singing all round the red with its open window, slept with her head among them. The music and the soft warm colors of Nature everywhere seized on her imagination, and almost turned her young head. Her joyous spirit leaped out of the chill that had hung about it and revelled in the sunshine. She was free to rove through the woods for hours with n her arms, filling his fathands with flowers, and singing wild replies to the calls and ditties of the multitudes of birds that haunted the green wood. Her voice, once let loose, rang from glade to glade, warbling in ecstasy; but she was careful never to sing the Hymn of the Virgin Triumphant, except when safe indoors. No one heard it from her lips but baby, as she cooed it into his ear when rocking

him asleep. One evening old Lord Wilderspin arrived home unexpectedly, and having set all the servants by the ears in the course of half an hour, he turned out of doors and went for a solitary saunter through the park. There had just been a shower, and every color in Nature, from the deepened blue of the distance to the scarlet on the tips of the wild anemone's petals, was glowing under the moisture. The woodland was alive with the rapture of wooing birds. Among the wet green leaves one winged creature trilled its joy to another, and, in the most thickly-wooded part of the park, the happy multitudes flung out their songs together in a re-

melody.

His lordship stopped from time to time and listened attentively. Now and again a note fell on his ear which struck him as strange and new. A lover of music, he was familiar with the note of every bird that haunted his woods, but what bird was this? Its voice seemed to nimic the notes of all the other birds in turn; and it had a wonderfully human sound. But what human voice ever had such an artless, unconscious ring, such a bird-

pierce you. And to hear her whis-pering like that, and see her creep-his ear; till at last in a pause of the concert this perplexing and be-witching voice broke forth into a when she finds how useful she can be."

Now Nancy was the niece whom Mrs. Wynch had been visiting just

witching voice broke forch into a solitary song on its own account; a quaint gipsy song with hurrying fantastic movements, pathetic minor notes here and there, and a before she met Fan flying footsore along the country road. She was no mistake about it this time. The

voice was human.
Pushing on in the direction whence ful and far-spreading park, and her husband was Lord Wilderspin's spin turned here and there, and peered about; and at last, parting a screen of leaves, he descried the

Fan was sitting in a dell of golden moss, interpenetrated with sunshine, and flecked with warm color from masses of flowers. The baby lay asleep in her lap. She was clothed in a blue-and-white cotton frock, with a scarlet handkerchief looped loosely round her neck; her long dark hair hung in a thick plait down her back, and curled about her white forehead in that light crisp cloud that made her look so like the angel in the picture of the Virgin with the Candelabra. stole into her pale cheeks. At the Only Fan looked far more wide-

The last notes of her song having

noway expected.
"Hallo!" cried Lord Wilderspin.
Fan looked up with momentary
terror in her eyes. But the face
gazing down on her was very unlike

whisker, a pair of blue, fierce, quiz-zical eyes, and a protruding under-turban. gave the cross to be worn above her us go home. I can not stand it.

Hush!" said Fan, putting up her finger, "you will wake the

The old lord glared at her. are a nice person to talk about waking the baby! Who has been screaming over baby's head for the last half hour ?" That was singing. Singing

keeps him asleep, but shouting wakens him." His lordship, with his eye still fixed wildly on Fan's face, laughed

"And pray, madam, you who know so well the difference between singing and shouting, may I ask who taught you to sing

"I think it was the birds, first," said Fan; "the birds on Killeevy mountain. One of them-a thrush was my godfather, Shawn said, and he used to come and teach me to sing. I remember that all well, though it is a long time ago."
"Thirty years, I'll be bound!"
said Lord Wilderspin.
"I am only eleven," said Fan.

nightingale. What relation is he to None at all, sir. We have no

nightingales in Ireland.' "Very good. Now pray, which of your feathered cousins taught you the song you were singing just

Fan looked frightened. "You won't tell, if I tell you?" Certainly not."
Upon your word?"

" Honour bright! "Well, then, the gipsies taught it to me. It is one of their songs. I ought not to sing it lest they should hear me. But I have run away and left them in London. You are sure you won't tell any one I

am here?"
"Wild horses shall not tear the news from me," said his lordship.
And then he sat down on a log of timber beside Fan and the baby and questioned this new wanderer in is park as to all her antecedents. Fanchea told him her simple and oft-told story. She had been stolen from an Irish mountain. She was waiting for Kevin who live without her and would certainly come and find her as soon as he could. She was hiding from the gipsies under Lord Wilderspin's gipsies under Lord spreading beeches until the gipsies would give up searching for her and

let her go free.

"By the Lord Harry, if they come near this place I will have them strung up to the trees and let your friends the birds pick at them."
"Oh, no don't. Besides, I'm sure

the birds wouldn't. Only keep me "Do you know who I am?"

"No, sir."
"Did you ever hear of Lord Wilderspin?" "Oh, yes. But I am not afraid of you at all."
"What, in spite of my fierce eyes! And I suppose you hear that every one else is afraid of

No, Nancy isn't, because you

are kind to baby."
His lordship laughed another wild ha, ha! and strode up and down the

"I think I must go home, sir. Nancy will be uneasy."

Nancy was greatly surprised when she saw his lordship striding class. steps, while he carried the baby.
"Goodness me!" she ejaculated,

powerful in the land and would infallibly protect her from the gipsies, she sang without fear, and repeated again and again such passages as interested him most. And the old lord listening with ever-increasing satisfaction, took note of the compass of her voice, and made mental calculations of

his own. That night he wrote a letter to a musical friend in London, and, having despatched it, walked up and down the room in some excitement.

TO BE CONTINUED AT THE FEET OF OUR

LADY OF SORROWS

By Padre Coloma Lent was nearing its end, whilst spring was just beginning to announce its arrival in Seville by its two never-failing heralds: the was only in her rare, dreary moments that the likeness was so striking.

Hossoms of its orange-trees and the numerous strangers that flock thither at this delightful season. The former gird it as with a knidely blossoms of its orange-trees and the The former gird it as with a bridal wreath; the latter take possession of it like a flock of idle sparrows.

The former fill the air with penny numbers?" And she looked at Fan with intense interest as she made tea, in her neat bright answers from the birds. She was garnished with startled, however, by an answer she through a Spain of their own through a Spain of their own

imagining.

Lent was nearing its end, we repeat; and the various confraternities of the city were performing, in honor of their several patrons, of twelve, modestly dressed apthe black countenance of the gipsy. those seven and nine days' devotions proached him.

"Shall we those seven and nine days' devotions whose splendor and magnificence have won the name "pre-eminently Catholic" for the ancient sultana, to whom the King St. Ferdinand of twelve, modestly dressed approached him.

"Shall we go to Don Tomas, given him a little purse. However that may be, this Jupiter in livery suddenly descended from Olympus, old man, in a dejected tone." Let

On the first of April had begun a Cristo de la Espiracion, which was to end on the Friday consecrated to our Blessed Lady's Dolors. The doors of the little chapel, situated on the square Del Museo, were thrown wide open to the crowds of faithful, who hastened to prostrate themselves before the famous picture so admirably representing the agony of our dear Lord. Our Saviour seemed to stand forward in relief from the canvas, which was surrounded by rich curtains of black with those groups of idlers who urrounded by rich curtains of black with those groups of idlers velvet bespangled with stars. His in death, had yet a look of mercy. At the foot of the Cross was the image of Mary, the Mother of the afflicted, presenting to her children, as a model, that sorrow so calm that it restrains all sorrow, so desolate that it surpasses all woe; immense as the sea in its depth and bitterness,-velut mare.

"Oh, I beg your pardon. And now you are taking lessons from a the foot of each knelt a client of the Blessed Sacrament. One of these was a man of over sixty in whose entire person might be noticed that physical and moral inertia that overpowers one in great sorrow. He leaned his forehead against the candle, as if the weight of some thought doubled him forward; his arms hung by his side; his eyes were closed; from his lips, at long intervals, escaped broken words, which seemed to be a petition from his heart of hearts. Yet his eyes were dry, like a Yet his eyes were dry, like a fountain that had run out; his body motionless, suggesting a pain of the soul without remedy and without

hope. The devotion was almost at an end, and the choir intoned the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. The old man then seemed to awake out of his lethargy; he fixed his eyes on the picture of Mary, and joined his hands on his breast. "Ora pro hands on his breast. "Ora pro nobis!" he repeated with the people. Little by little the tears began to flow down his cheeks and to console him, and an occasional sob escaped his bosom and gave vent to his sorrow. The "Consolatrix Afflictorum! sang, and a copious flow of tears poured from the old man's eyes. Extending his arms toward the altar, he cried out, in a voice so loud as to be heard above all others: "Ora pro nobis! Ora pro nobis!"

Some of the people looked around only one aged lady, who sat behind him, arose as if by an instinctive movement, and then sat down again on her little stool. It was dark when the devotion ended. The lady started to the door, and the old man also went out. The took a couple of steps toward him, hesitatingly; and then she stopped, restrained by that sentiment of delicacy proper to noble souls, who when compassionating and consoling sorrow, know how to respect it, besides, there was nothing about the old man to betray a necessity of the kind that can be remedied by prompt succor. He was dressed in mourning and although his clothes were very plain, they were clean and decent. His person and bear-

when she saw his lordship set towards the cottage, and Fan trotting beside him with little fast to be quite old. She was slim and small. One of those grave, modest, small. One of those grave, modest, small Spanish headdresses "Goodness me!" she ejaculated, but graceful Spanish headdresses looking as if she had seen little Red Ridinghood gallantly escorted by the wolf. "There's no knowing what that all man will know in the state of the same will be a second to those grave, modest, but graceful Spanish headdresses covered her silvery hair, simply smoothed down on her forehead, except for two little ringlets, that what that old man will take into hung over her temples. There was nothing remarkable in her dress, The next dod!"

The next day Lord Wilderspin found Fan again in the park and made her sing all her songs over and over for him, besides her imitation of hinds (Corpolately and the search of the sear tions of birds. Completely reas-sured by his assertions that he was sit on in church; on her left hung a bag of black taffeta.

The old man moved slowly off in the direction of the street De las Armas, weighed down by his load of grief; the lady stood watching him, as if there was a struggle going on within her between charity, which urged her to stop and question him, and discretion, which held her back for fear lest, by an imprudent question, she might offend. On the following evening the two

the devotions. The man was silent and motionless as on the previous evening, but appeared still more dejected; the weight of twenty-four hours was added to his sorrow. From time to time there escaped from him to the control of the From time to time there escaped from him broken words, which, like gusts of wind before a storm reached the ears of the old lady in Seville by heralds: the trees and the that flock htful season with a bridal incomplete in Seville by heralds: the trees and the that flock over and over again repeated—a petition, which she, without know in Seville by heralds: the trees and the that flock over and over again repeated—a petition, which she, without know in Seville by heralds: the trees and trees are trees and the trees and trees are trees and the trees and the trees and trees are trees and trees and trees are trees are trees are trees are trees and trees are tre petition, which she, without knowing what it was, made her own in the depths of her soul, strengthening it by her prayer, and quickening it by her tears. For charity is never powerless; it can always pray with him that prays, and it can always weep with him that mourns.

At the end of the devotions the lady, with her mind made up, hurried out and waited at the door.

leaning his hand on the On the first of April had begun a five days' devotion to the Santo Cristo de la Espiracion, which was direction as on the preceding even-

were merely striving to kill outstretched arms offered protection to all; His eyes, nearly closed ment peculiar to large centres of ment peculiar to large centres of population at that hour—per going in all directions; some business, others in search of pleasure. No one noticed that sa group moving solitary in the —the old man leading the child, as Experience guides Innocence; the child supporting the old man, as Youth supports weary Age. Just outside the sanctuary were did any one observe the old lady twelve large wax candles, set in who followed them painfully, with no other motive than charity, no other hope than to wipe away tear. Her Angel Guardian alone followed, counting her steps.

By degrees they were getting away from the bustle; and, passing through almost deserted streets, they finally came to the distant quarter of the city called De la Feria. They stopped at a modest house near the end of Zand the two entering, the old man fastened the door of the porch that opened off the street. The lady slowly examined the front of house, and with some difficulty found the number, which was 69 She then turned to walk back : and. moving slowly and with difficulty, she at last reached the square Del Triunfo. The turreted walls of the palace—a Moorish gem, which has no other rival in the world but the Alhambra of Granada-appeared. and the lady stopped at the De Banderas; entering, as if at home into the historical dwelling of the Kings of Castile. The cathe dral clock was striking eleven; and the feeble lady, who was over eighty years of age, had walked about three miles that evening.

The antechamber of the Governor was crowded with a multitude of petitioners of both sexes, whose ridiculous side has been so often described by satirical pens, which jest at sorrow as if one were to place a laughing mask on the face of a corpse. The Voltairean levity of the age passes by these widows of colonels, not always problematical with a sneer; those daughters of unknown intendants, who were perhaps more honorable than their successors whom everybody knows those retired captains, who failed to become colonels, perhaps because they refused to turn against their they wear. Ah! remove those ridiculous masks which you have placed on them, and you will find hidden sorrows, silent miseries, virtues unrewarded, perhaps crimes unpunished. Then you will understand how repulsive is your satire; the laugh will die on your lips; and you will learn to observe more closely, to be less mocking and more charitable, in your criticisms.

The offices of the Government

were to be closed in two days, until after Holy Week; and all those unfortunates were eager their claims considered first, fearing that they might be delayed until after this time had passed. The Captain General had already two hours in conference with the Governor, and this made the people all the more impatient. A short and very fat porter ing a blue coat with gold borders on the sleeves, placed them in file as they came, answering their appeals with that rudeness which reveals in a striking manner the truth that the most intolerable of all tyrannies is that practiced by subalterns.

A considerable time had pass

since the arrival of the Captain General, when the aged lady, whom our readers have already met, appeared in the antechamber. 'Is the Governor in?" she asked

the porter.

"He's busy," replied the latter without raising his eyes.

"Give him this card," said the lady, taking one from her insepar-

able bag.
"He is engaged with the Most

"No matter!" cried the porter, whirling around in his surprise at this audacity. And, looking at the modest mortal that was so pre-

The lady, far from being vexed, showed a smiling curiosity in her countenance. She must have been fond of studying types, and she found a real study of that gro-tesque little tyrant.

"Hand in this card instantly,

Here the lady lowered her voice so that only the porter heard her One woman declared that words. she had threatened him with

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