REAPING THE WHIRLWIND

BY CHRISTINE FABER

CHAPTER XV

Mrs. Phillips' last two letters reached Thurston in such quick -Miss Balk for secret motive, not having appropriated them as she had done their immedi predecessors—that his reply to first became also an answer to the second. In it he deplored the cruel necessity of her absence, but he gave so glowing an account of the beneficial effect of her letters upon his health that she cried tears rapture as she read.

They wrote to each other every day now, and while Mrs. Phillips assumed a most touching melancholy, and even an air of feeble health before Miller, who in his office of her guardian kindly visited her every day, she had no difficulty when alone in putting out of her countenance and out of her heart every vestige of grief. Indeed, she was sometimes wildly happy at the prospect of en-riching Gerald. She had now not the slightest doubt of being able to win his forgiveness, having in his letters such strong proofs of his ardent love, could she but keep her marriage to Phillips secret until she became Mrs. Thurston. Of his for-giveness in the event of telling him efore the marriage she had very

On the plea of feeble health she re fuseed to see a single one of the friends of the Tillotsons who called to proffer their condolence; she steadily refused to go out even for the brief drive which the physician advised for her health because she would be expected to ntemplated, when she could fix the day of her return to Eastbury going quietly and secretly, so that she might be spared the necessity of wearing the same solemn costume That, of course, would tell the shock

ing story at once to all Eastbury.
Gerald's letters began to hint at some delightful mystery. "Do you telling you of a great hope which mightione day be fulfilled? Well, the e day be fulfilled? fulfillment seems strangely near,— so near that it takes my breath away to think of it, and then, my little Helen, all your pride shall be grati-

Her eyes glistened and her cheeks flushed over such letters as these, and she became so impatient to return that only Mr. Miller's assurance of a very few days more being neces-sary to decide matters could win her a promise to remain.

A long and affectionate letter had come from the Tillotsons, every member of the family penning some fond and sympathizing words, but announcing an indefinite postponement of their return. Annette, who had been the more severely injured life paralysis of the lower limbs, and in view of the operation advised by several leading physicians, the aily had decided that they would

Helen was answering this letter when Miller called to make his daily visit. She looked very pale from her long close confinement, and, maintaining the grief stricken air which she was careful to assume before entering his presence, the tender-hearted man found it most difficult to make some evidently disagreeable

My dear Mrs. Phillips," he began when his kind inquiries health were languidly "do you think you would have sufficient strength to appear in court tomorrow

Helen recoiled, and, startled out of her languidness, exclaimed, "In

Miller pretended to be amused: dreadful thing. It is only the matter of your presence in the court for a very short time. You will be treated with the most flattering respect and delicacy.

But why must I appear there at all?" interrupted Helen, too impatient to wait for the diplomatic explanation Miller sought to make The lawyer coughed in order to

gain a little time:
"My dear Mrs. Phillips, there is "My dear Mrs. Phillips, there is deep that it was deemed expedient just a little trouble about your husband's will. Some one who in a possible; in her own room then, she will in your favor; but he has a poor will be necessary for you to go upon to her the witness stand a few moments. and testify to the last words spoken to you by your husband." Mrs. Phillips gasped.

The last words of her husband to brain at the time, and for days after the line which had uttered them were stilled they had rung in her ears like a knell of some fearful doom. Must she repeat those words on a witness stand,—must she depict for the delectation of a public court, that last dreadful scene, in which her husband sank beneath the shock of her intamous dunlisite?

Tell him he need not wait,"
Helen, sitting up in the bed; "no; I shall see him myself."

Regardless of the

He was bending over her immedianxiously and nervously waited.

ately:
"My dear Mrs Phillips, I blame myself for telling you so abruptly; the expression of her face, it was so but your sensitiveness exaggerates hard and determined. this matter. It will really be very "Tell me," she said abruptly, "all

little; simply to show that your that you know about this claimant relations with each other were of the to Mr. Phillips' property." tondest character up to the last.'

What if I do not appear?" she said; "what if I consent to let this claimant, whoever the party may be, contest and win the case? I have lived without my husband's wealth; I can do so still."

Miller looked very grave: "My dear Mrs. Phillips, such a course would be most unwise; besides, the law, in order to do justice, might compel you to appear. Pre-parations have been made for your stimony to be taken tomorrow, but if you feel too ill to give it, it can be deterred. However, my dear Mrs. Phillips, I would advise you, if possi-ble, to have this unpleasant duty over at once. I do not think your presence will be required after toorrow. May I call for you in the

Her mind was rapidly working. Did she persist in her refusal, did she even return immediately to Eastbury, such a course might entail a most unpleasant exposure of all that she wished to conceal; since, as Miller had said, the law might compel her to appear, it might then summon her from Eastbury in no pleasant manner.
She looked up and answered

quickly Thank you, Mr. Miller; I shall be ready in the morning." He seemed relieved, and seeing that she appeared too wearied to talk further, he took

his departure So Mrs. Phillips had to appear in widow's weeds at last; but they were exquisitely becoming, and, even despite of an ominous dread and anxiety which had caused her slum-ber during the night to be short and fitful, she felt a throb of delighted vanity as she looked at herself in the glass. Her very pallor but made her more interestingly beautiful, and her widow's cap, covering, it did not entirely conceal, her beautiful hair. surrounded features so perfectly modelled that the gaze must indeed be dull which did not linger upon her with intense admiration. Mr. Miller brought his own carriage for her, and her maid accompanied her. As the lawyer had said, she was treated with the most delicate courtesy, assigned a private room until the very moment in which it should be necessary to give her testimony, and then she was escorted to the witness stand by Miller himself. She was politely requested to remove her veil : she did so, and the blush that cendently lovely; a buzz of admira-tion went through the crowded courtroom, and the people jostled each other in their efforts to obtain a view of her.

Being duly sworn, she deposed to the fact of her amicable relations with her husband to the very moment of his illness. She had but left his arms to go to her room for the pur-pose of changing her dress, and had reached the door when she heard him fall. That was all; and all the questions and counter questions of counsel elicited not one syllable of the actual truth; she had perjured herself as remorselessly as she had broken her plighted troth to Thurston. She had been conscious while she was speaking of some bustle in her rear, of efforts being made to keep some one quiet: but just as she had finished speaking, and was about to draw her heavy crape veil over her face, some on as if by main force, rushed in her direction, — some one who, with a single bound, seemed to clear the space immediately in front of her, and who stood with outstratched who stood with outstretched arms in passionate denunciation :

"Helen Brower, are you my father vidow ?" It was Gerald Thurston. Like an apparition he stood there Why should I have to appear | white as a ghost from his recent illness, but with eyes that flamed at her as Phillips' had done in that last terri-"My dear Mrs. Phillips, one would think you had been asked to do some something about Phillips which at something about Phillips which at times had puzzled her by its strange resemblance came to her now bore conviction as strong as Gerald's words, and with a wild cry, that startled anew the already wildly excited people, she fell at Gerald's

CHAPTER XVI

Mrs. Phillips' swoon seemed so former will, was named as Mr. Philopened her eyes for the first time lips heir, is seeking to invalidate his since they had closed on their last dreadful sight of Thurston. She case," lowering his voice as if he screamed at the horrified remem-were speaking to himself, "and it brance. The scream brought Jennie

Thank God that you have come to at last !" was the exclamation of the faithful maid; and, in the glow of her own satisfaction at the event, a last words of her husband to They had been burned in her alarm, his telegram to the physician, who was momentarily expected, and the excitement and concern of the whole court; the lawyer's anxiety kept him still in the house awaiting the arrival of the doctor.

Tell him he need not wait," said hut

Regardless of the expostulations of her infamous duplicity? Her head reeled, and she sank helplessly back on the cushions of the sofa. strength for such an exertion, she Miller, thinking she had fainted, was about to ring for help, but she opened her eyes and called him before he reached the bell.

However her dinner over her impediately suffering, in her impatience, Jennie's assistance to arrange the loosened attire, she descended to the room where Miller to th

He was startled by her entrance, and still more startled when he saw

to Mr. Phillips' property."

Swayed still by that influence which her youth, beauty, and apparent artlessness had acquired over him, he cast about him for some means of softening the recital he had to make; despite what he had at last been forced to believe of her, he would still spare her. She seemed

Please speak to me very frankly. she said, with the same abruptness which she had used before, but with a tone of determination that at any other time would have seemed impossible to accredit to her; and sinking into a chair she fixed her eyes full upon his face. He did not preface his communi-

cation this time with his usual "My dear Mrs. Phillips; instead, he said,

hurriedly:
"This claimant to Mr. Phillips property is Mr. Phillips' own and only son. Mr. Phillips' name was Thurston; it only became Phillips some years since, when in order to possess a fortune bequeathed to him, he was obliged to have his name changed by law to Phillips. Being a widower, his son was his only heir, and to guard against all contingencies a will was made entirely in the son's favor. But they quarreled desperately quarreled; it so angered the father, who had an implacable temper when aroused, that he entire-ly disowned his son. They parted but the shock told so fearfully upon Mr. Phillips that it developed an affection of the heart which the physician said might prove fatal any moment. He went abroad, met the Tillotsons, and after, through them, met you. Though continuing so angry with his son that he would make no overtures towards a reconciliation, he must still have had some hope of receiving such from him, for he commissioned Mr. Rod-ney, who was at that time his lawyer, to keep advised of young Mr. Thurston's whereabouts. Rodney did so : but when he would speak of the young man, since he could bear no plea for pardon from him, the father refused to listen. At length, when angered anew by this seeming stubbornness on the part of the to marry you that he might revoke his will in favor of his son, which as yet had remained unaltered. With all these facts Mr. Tillotson was he nor Mr. Phillips thought it neces sary to tell them to you, since by his utter cutting off of his son it was hardly probable you would ever meet him, and the very mention of his name had grown to be intolerable to Mr. Phillips. He had, however, appended a condition to his will: that condition you read just before your marriage.

'I read it, but I was too excited to erstand it," interposed Helen

"tell it to me now."

Miller paused and looked at her;
possibly he was beginning to see
under the lovely surface, and to discover interior things which were not

so beautiful. It you read it at all, Mrs. Phillips," he resumed, "it was very easy for you to understand it. It was pretense, or for any necessity, to give one cent of what Mr. Phillips should bequeath to you to Gerald Thurston: it did not state that the latter was his son, it simply mentioned the name.'

A faint "Oh!" which she was un able to repress, escaped Helen's lips, and her face colored for an instant.

The lawyer resumed: You signed the paper which con tained that condition, Mrs. Phillips and your marriage took place. What occurred between that and the moment that your husband was stricken down lies between your own heart and God. He, in an interval of speechless consciousness, con-trived to make us understand that Rodney arrived Mr. Phillips was able with some difficulty to speak. He desired to be alone with him. We accordingly withdrew, I going to the library, the physicians remaining within call. In a few minutes they were hastily summoned, to find the dying man again making attempts to speak. He contrived at last to ejaculate some words which were to the effect that he wanted his first will to remain .- his will in favor of his son. He was unable to make any signa ture to that effect; and, while I was summoned from the library, you also were summoned to him,-not by his request, however. I met you at the door, you remember, but those about the bed signalled to me that he had just departed. Mr. Rodney communicated to me the subject of his private conference with Mr. Phillips, and, though Rodney was himself convinced of the truth of the communication. I believed it to be the vagary of a dying man, or, if even it were partly true, that there must have been vastly extenuating circumstances. The physicians also, on hearing his story, declared that it could not stand in court, for the mind of the deceased was affected. However, Mr. Rodney, who is strongly attached to young Thurston, determined to contest the will. I should have told you all this before, Mrs. Phillips, but your feeble state of health made me hesitate to do so. Now, however, you know all the facts.

She rose, her lips quivering, her

"Oh, if I had known before that it was Mr. Philips' son I was debarring from his fortune! But I shall no longer do so; I could not be so cruel. From this moment I waive rd and determined.
"Tell me," she said abruptly, "all wealth."

was restored. He could not remain stoical in the face of such distress,

and he said, softly:
"The law will be obliged to decide the case now, Mrs. Phillips, and the chances are all in your favor."

TO BE CONTINUED

"ANGEL NUMBER 20.813"

Number, please !" rang the opera tor's voice, as she pushed a nickle plug in one of the thousand tiny holes that lined the hoard in front of her tone intentionally revealed the fact. Just as she was about to leave for a night at the "movies" a re-quest came for Miss Kane's services on night duty. Yes, she would take the regular night shift this week; of course she would. For if she re-fused she might not take the day shift next week. Ten minutes later when the night operator's first call was recorded in the tiny electric bulb before her, the number on the disk of light that shot into view not unlike the dropping of an eyelid, was that of Here was her chance; now she would show him that even opera tors have a few rights in this world But the voice that came over the wire was not Mr. King's, but that of Kendrick, Mr. King's six year old

Minnie thought she detected a sob behind the words, and her harsh retort was checked, and she asked

Where is mother?" 'At the Century Club, came the

It was the work of a second to insert a plug in the hole that was the property of the Century Club. In about three minutes Mrs. King's brisk tones ennounced that that lady was in connection. Minnie allowed the key to remain open. It was against course, but that the rules of course, was a trick of the trade.

This is Mrs. King," came the business-like tones.
"Hello, muvver." There was no sob in the boy's voice now. Kendrick! why did you call

"I'm awful lonesome, muyver, Why, where is

The boy had looked for a little omfort, but evidently his mother had none for him that night. There

Father was not in for dinner The boy's voice broke as he blurted out: Ob, muyver, its terrible here Silence along the wires, and then

Mrs. King's voice more pitying than sympathetic announced: "Well say your prayers and go to bed, and mother will see you in the

morning." The boy waited and then asked Muvver please help me say my prayers."

The mother repeated the formula beginning with "God bless Mother" and the little treble followed down to God bless Aunt Jane," and then mother's quick "good night" was lovingly answered by the child's "good night, muvver dear." Mother

For a full minute silence reigned in the exchange and then Minnie snapped the key closed, buried her hand in her arm on the switchboard and blurted out:
"Poor little kid! Poor little kid!

Minnie was one of those philoso-phers trained in the many coursed school of the world. Often had she seen Kendrick and only that day she had remarked to another operator: "Those kids have nothing to do but live and enjoy life, while we

must get out and fight for our bread. The other operator had heard like words in Minnie's mouth before and she was not surprised now. She preferred to live today and let to-

that wealth could not bring happi ness. She had often thought that if she had a home like that of Kendrick everything would be glad and joyous, and now her ideas were suddenly

changed. "Poor little kid!" she sobbed. Poor little kid! I was never so

bad off as that." And then the thoughts rushed up-on her thick and fast. As long as her mother lived she had always said her prayers just as she heard the poor little rich boy say his tonight. Minnie knew that things we poor little rich boy say his tonight. And she too knew what it was to long in vain to kneel again and repeat after her mother the innocent blessing of childhood. When Minnie was left an orphan she too had felt the need of a mother's voice to lead her through the prayers. mother's voice was silent and Minnie had learned to say the same prayers without a mother's guiding voice. She could not help wondering what would have become of her if her good mother had neglected her as this mother was now neglecting the little boy on the wire. But his mother was of a different type.

good one. Everyone rejoiced when Marie Kennedy married Nelson King, for she set an example by converting the superintendent of the Delmarvia conversation. Minnie Kane would tell his the Catholics of Denton had the advantage of a convent education would not look for trouble. It did not of the charity? Well she would not look for trouble. It did not of the company o all the Catholics of Denton had the advantage of a convent education and many could remember when Marie ward of her charity? Well she advantage of a convent education and many could remember when Marie word of her charity? Well she coming year this club take an active interest in the working girls of this and many could remember when Marie

played the organ and was the first soprano in the Catholic Church of St. Raphael. Then Nelson King married her and the charming wife of the superintendent soon won a place in the selecteircle which Denton boasted as its "four hundred." Then the telephone company declared a bonus. The Kings moved into a fashionable house of pretentious proportions. Kendrick came to ring his baby voice through the wide rooms. Socially Marie was a decided success. Her brisk easy grace soon led her brisk easy grace soon led her to the first ranks of the exclusive set. Her dinners were always the best of the season; her presence in a line at a reception always warranted mind was miles away. With a yawr that reception a success; she was althat reception a success; she was always eager to help, enthusiastic to an extreme, yet always the best of wives and the fondest of mothers. Her social activities increased. Century Club became her most engrossing hobby. The Catholics heard with a pang that she could no longer give her time to the choir. Minnie among the rest missed her sweet voice in the Unison Mass that the choir put forth every Sunday. But no one complained.

her religious fervor were not cooling, if the Century Club would not draw her away from her home and Church but Minnie waited to see results. The next night about a quarter past she was on the verge the same time, Kendrick called again; Minnie made connections and with the key between her fingers listened 'Hello, muvver!" came the timid voice of the boy,

"Kendrick, you must not call mother any more on the 'phone now. Say your prayers and like a good boy, go to bed."

Mrs. King rang off. Minnie listenup the receiver. In an instant Minnie buzzed the little blue button under the key and Kendrick's sulky voice timidly answered:

"Hello!" Minnie was at a loss for words, but ummoning courage she responded:
"This is the night operator. I heard your mother ring off and I thought maybe I could say your pray-

ers with you."

Kendrick was evidently non-plussed, but in a few seconds, he All right! But, say who are vou ?

Oh, I'm just the night operator. Say, operator, talk to me! I'm awful lonesome.' 'Lonesome? You shouldn't

lonesome up there in that great big There was a plaintive tone in boy's voice as he answered:
"That's why I'm lonesome.

body here to talk to. My mother and father are out and I am all alone. -ay, I bet your mother stays home.

Poesn't she?"
Minnie hesitated before answering and swallowing her anger and her resentment and thinking that matters were getting beyond she declared:

No, my mother is dead." Kendrick's tone was intended to be sympathetic:
"Say, I'm awful sorry, but I wish

my mother would stay at home.

Minnie quickly said: "Your mother is a very busy woman and I can say your prayers with you and everything will be all right. Kendrick was reluctant to break off, but he answered timidly:

All right." The wires did not convey the red blood that rushed into Minnie's face as she started, "God bless mother." In thinking over her conduct Minnie has often wondered how she ever lived through that prayer. At last the end came and Kendrick paused before his "Amen" and asked

"Say, operator, what's your name?" 'Oh, never mind," answered Minnie;

bed. Aw say operator, talk to me. Won't you?" came the plaintive answered several calls when the day tones.

Now like a good boy, say Amen Minnie was surprised at her own

night operator.' could fashion. Her cheeks were glowing, her heart thumping at a rate that threatened to unnerve her. I guess you don't want God to bless you 'cause you won't tell me your name. There are lots of operators, you know."
"Well I ll tell you my name some

other time.' Tomorrow night ?" Minnie knew that things were

"Well maybe. Say 'Amen' now and 'good night!" and good night!"

"Amen," answered Kendrick,
'good night till tomorrow."

"Good night," said Minnie.

She waited for the boy to hang up

the receiver and then she reluctantly closed the key. For a full minute she wondered at what she had done. Rules had been broken. One rule said: "The operator should not listen while two parties are speaking." Another declared: "The operator shall not carry on any conversation with parties except in cases where 'information' is asked." Oh yes, she was a Catholic and a good one. Everyone rejoiced when

mind? Calls were not frequent that night. Minnie sought diversion in her novel. She had been waiting for time to finish this thriller. But it was insipid now. Even when the heroine was in most dire plights, the laughing eyes of a chubby youngster would smile at Minnie as if his image were on every page. Minnie put the book aside and sat and thought. Oh, if she had only told him not to tell his father. But then it was too late now. Wearily the hours passed and as dawn approached calls were frequent. Mechanically Minnie supplied all the numbers, her ators, douned her hat and set out for home. She was too young not to sleep, but she awoke late that after The noon with a feeling of expectancy She could hardly wait to get office. When there she made several wrong connections, people were angry, but if they dared to vent their anger Minnie would always answer in her sweetest tones, "The line is busy." If they dared to ask, "Did unday. But no one complained. you ring?" Minnie would promptly Yet tonight Minnie wondered if answer with the operator's favorite response, "The line is busy."

> Nine o'clock came and no call from Kendrick. Minnie sought solof ringing and asking if they had called, but feared the consequences. At about twenty minutes past when Minnie's patience was almost exhausted, the tiny disk dropped before her eyes. Her quick fingers snapped in the plug and opened the

> 'Number, please!" she asked "Hullo, operator," came the timid

tones. "Is that you?"
"Yes, boy. Are you all alone to night?'

Yes, daddy don't stay home much now and muvver goes to the club right after dinner these nights. They're having election of officers up there tonight and muvver is up for president as I heard her telling Mrs Siple tonight. As soon as they are out of the house I get awful lone some.

Well, don't you worry, honey, I'll talk to you any night you want.
Only you mustn't tell 'daddy' or I

All right, but are you going to tell me your name?"

After some wrangling Minnie promised, even crossed her heart,

that she would positively reveal her identity the next evening. The little chap was satisfied and after some talk about school, Kendrick admitted that he was tired. Minnie helped him say his prayers and then rang off.

For some time she thought of her

peculiar position. Here she was violating many of the company's rules, listening to family gossip from the superintendent's son, but above all this, she was allowing the little would have to stop that she assured herself. Yet she had so few friends so few real touches of life in her work a day make up and there was no harm in being kind to this child she thought. But she was unfaith ful to the company, but "what of that? They did not pay much." Then the horrible thought came that if she allowed herself to keep up this practise it could only end disastrous ly some day and even now she could not speak to the little fellow, if she met him on the street. He did not even know her. But these were distressing thoughts. She would put Why trouble herself Let time take its course. Her novel was less interesting than ever to-night. After a while she put on the night button. Now a call would be her head on her arms Minnie soon "now say Amen and go to say onerator, talk to me.

Say onerator, talk to me. shift arrived. When she reached the office that night a note awaited her from the chief operator. Her fingers trembled as she opened it. she shrugged her shoulders and remained silent. It was useless to talk to Minnie, for she had ideas of her own.

But tonight Minnie had learned that wealth could not bring happing.

"Well just say 'God bless you."

"Well just say 'God bless the the control of the Century Club last night," it read. "You will please make a permanent connection between the club and the City Sential office. It was the only answer Minnie from eight o'clock until eleven. The new president will be inaugurated and will outline the plans for the coming year. Please be sure of thorough connections as the Sentinel wishes to obtain a detailed account for tomorrow's issue." Minnie hastily prepared connections. At eight sharp she opened the key and soon the Sentinel office was reporting Mrs. King's speech. Minnie listened until Kendrick called, then she closed the key and gave her full attention

to the boy on the wire.

His mother, he said had been out for dinner, his father had been moody and had left immediately after dinner. As usual he was alone. Minnie talked on until it came to say the prayers and here Kendrick balked. "You promised to tell me your

name tonight, you know you did Minnie did her best to silence him and at last she asked : Do you want to hear

mother's speech? You know she is speaking at the club tonight." Kendrick liked the idea immensely Miunie bade him not to make a sound until she call him. The boy agreed. Quickly she snapped open keys and Mrs. King was heard

declaring! "-and I propose that during the

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