

## CARROLL O'DONOGHUE

CHRISTINE FABER  
 Authors of "A Mother's Sacrifice," etc.  
 CHAPTER XX.  
 A STREET ARAB

It was only a street accident: the overturning of a gig driven tandem, and the dashing away of the frightened horses with the broken vehicle. The owner of the turn-out had singularly escaped, owing to the presence of mind and his swiftness in jumping; but a little street Arab had fallen under the feet of the horses, and he seemed to be severely hurt.

Tighe a Vohr, passing at the time, had witnessed the whole of the accident, and he was the first to lift the little prostrate form. The boy was not insensible, but the wound in his head, from which the blood was flowing profusely, and the death-like color of his face, bespoke no light injury.

"I have no home, but don't let them take me to the hospital," he whispered, striving to smile at the friendly face above him; and Tighe, touched to the heart by the gentle, mournful look in the soft, dark eyes, and the pleading in the faint voice, was puzzled how to grant the boy's request. He was not long, however, in having the idea of sudden, bright thoughts. Corry O'Toole's bachelor apartment was in the next street—a few seconds' walk would bring him there; and, without pausing to think what Corry's opinion on the subject might be, or what kind of a welcome the latter might accord the injured stranger, he resolved to bear his burden thence, trusting to his ingenuity for mollifying the old man's temper should it be unpleasantly aroused.

"Back," he cried to the crowd now pressing about him, "leave the way!"—speaking angrily to some of the foremost, who with impatient curiosity, were thrusting themselves in his face. His sturdy demeanor showed that he would enforce his order, and the crowd made a passage for him, dropping sundry remarks as he went.

"The craythur! it must be his brother; an' a purty gosssoon he is! The Lord betune us an' harrum, but it's little we know from one day to another what'll overtake us."

Tighe, paying little attention to the observations, hurried on with his burden, Shaun closely following him. Mr. O'Toole had the same look, and bolt, and spoke to attend to when Tighe knocked at his door, as on the occasion of the latter's previous visit; but Tighe's voice pleading for speedy admission seemed to hasten the little man's movements.

"I'm afeard he's killed, Corry—the beautiful little lad!" began Tighe, the moment the door was fairly opened, and he brushed by the astounded Mr. O'Toole to the bed which stood in a curtained corner of the room. Placing his burden gently upon it, he continued: "There was no other place to take him, Corry, an' I moined how me mother used to tell o' yer tender heart for the poor an' distressed, so I med up me mind to bring him here, an' we'll nurse him, Corry, you an' me, till he gets well."

That allusion to Mrs. Carmody struck home, as the sly Tighe a Vohr knew it would do. Mr. O'Toole was by the bedside in a moment.

"Get me some wather," said Tighe, "an' we'll wash this cut o' his first thing—see how deep it is; an' mebbe we could get him well again widout havin' recourse to a doctor; for doctors, had luck to them! are only a dissection set that'll take yer money while yer livin' an' yer body whin yer dead."

Corry was obedient to all the directions, looking on with a stupid wonder at the skill and quickness with which Tighe attended to the patient. The tender-hearted fellow's hand was as gentle as a woman's, and the patient little sufferer evinced his gratitude by a frequent effort to smile.

The cut was not so deep as Tighe had feared, and by the time it was carefully washed, and the soft, thick, curling hair cropped from about it, it seemed to need no more than a simple bandage. The boy lay back on the pillow with a sigh of relief, and closed his eyes; indeed, fatigue, more than pain, seemed to distress him, and Tighe drew the curtains, and motioning Corry to follow him, stole to a distant part of the room.

"I don't know one thing about him, Corry," explained Tighe in a whisper, "only I saw the horses dash him under their feet, an' I was frightened intirely; this whin I lifted him, it went to me heart the way he tould me that he had no home, an' the look wid which he axed me not to let him take him to the hospital. That's the whole o' it, Corry; but oh, won't me mother be pleased whin I tell her o' yer noble goodness this day!"

"Pshaw!" said the little man, trying to cover by affected indifference the glow of pleasure into which he was thrown by the last words.

"A few days' rest," continued Tighe, "will make him all right; an' now, Corry, I have a word to tell you about mesel'."

Mr. O'Toole drew his chair closer, and very affectionately patted Shaun, who was sitting gravely between them. The allusion to Mrs. Carmody had made him well disposed to take an active interest

in everything pertaining to Tighe a Vohr.

Tighe continued, still in a whisper: "The young mather is so strictly guarded that not one at all'll be let to see him, an' Father Meagher an' the young ladies had to go back to Dhrommacol yesterday the same as they kem, widout one sight o' him. Well, Mr. Garfield—"

"The quartermaster that I wrote the letter to in the Widow Moore's name?" interrupted Mr. O'Toole.

"The very same, Corry; an' roight well yer letter was recaved; he doesn't belave to this day that there's a bit o' a joke in the matter an' what wid his own consistin' on bein' where the widdy is, an' followin' her loike a ghost, he's the sport o' the town; an' she hates the sight o' him as the devil hates howly wather. Oh, but I'm tould it's a sight to behold her freezin' looks at him, an' the cowl'd shoulder she gives him every way, an' he, poor oyndhawn, thinks it's all roight bekaise we tould him so in the letter. You moined the contents o' the letter, Corry?"

"De," said Mr. O'Toole, with a glow of pride.

"Well," resumed Tighe, "her brother Jack isn't a whit better than hersef; he's down on the poor fool o' a quartermaster too, an' he's been thyrin' to make all sorts o' sport o' him. He succeeded in makin' him bet himself, an' get the bets o' his frinds, on a horse o' his own; he's the trick o' goin' lame betimes whin there's to be a race; an' now for this race that's comin' off in a wake or so, poor Garfield hasn't a horse nor a rider, an' he'll be out a hundred pounds or so; besides bein' the manes o' his frinds losin' also. Are you takin' it all in, Corry?"

"I am," answered that gentleman with a very solemn air.

"Well, when I heard that, an' heard, too, that the mather's frinds wouldn't get nigh nor nixt him, an' also that the mather himsef will be kept here a month, I jist went to work thinkin', hard thinkin', Corry."

Tighe paused, and looked sharply into his listener's face, as if to question what the latter's surmise would be regarding the result of his severe cogitations. Mr. O'Toole, by way of answer, spread both his hands firmly upon his knees, bent his body forward, and looked as sharply into Tighe's face, his look expressing:

"What did you think?"

"Me thinkin' kem to this, Corry: that if I could find another horse an' a rider for Mr. Garfield, in his gratitude he moight find a way for us all to get secin' the mather."

"Timothy Carmody, I'm proud of you!" the little man stood up, and shook Tighe's hand; "you are your mother's own son, and you deserve to be Timothy O'Toole."

He had forgotten in his eagerness his previous whispered tones, and had spoken aloud; but Tighe pointed to the bed, and put his finger on his lip, and Mr. O'Toole, having wiped his face and given a careful twist to his sidelocks, sat down.

"It was aisy enough to think so far," resumed Tighe, bringing his mouth in close proximity to Corry's ear, but it was the devil's own job to think where I'd get the horse. I used to be a good hand at contrivin' to get him some way for our own races afore the mather was transported; an' I'm thinkin' now I'll have to do what I used to do thin—take the hind o' a horse widout axin' the owner's lave, an' hold mesel' prepared to be a martyr for the consequences."

"But how will you take the time to find the horse, an' to ride him in the race, engaged as you are at present?" said Corry, pointing significantly to Tighe's dress.

"Leave me alone for that," answered Tighe a Vohr; "Shaun here, here—affectionately placing his hand on the dog—" was the manes o' managin' it for me. Faith, I don't know what I'd do at all widout Shaun?"—turning a look expressive of the fondest regard on the scraggy animal. "I shpoke to Captain Dennier this very mornin' about havin' his service. He was the surpriestest man iver you seen, Corry. 'Lave me,' he says, 'what for? Arn't you thrated well?'"

"I am, yer honor," sez I; "better tharatement I couldn't wish for; an' if it was restin' wid mesel' I'd be content to shay wid yer honor always."

"Well, what is the trouble?" he axed thin; "tell me plainly, Tighe."

"Thin, Corry, I pertended to be awful shy intirely, an' to be sort o' distressed loike; an' to restore me confidence, an' to make me feel aisy afore him, he bid me take a nate, an' he took one himsef, an' he sez: 'You know, Tighe, I promised Captain Crawford to purvide for you, an' I'd loike to kape me word; besides, I'm plazed wid you mesel' an' I'd loike you'd shay.'"

"I would, yer honor," I answered, "but the life in the barracks doesn't suit Shaun at all."

"Oh, Tighe," interrupted Mr. O'Toole, "you didn't say that!"

"The devil a lie in it, Corry; I said that wid as sober a face as I have this minit, an' I wint on, while the captain sat bol upright in his chair, an' looked at me as if he thought I had lost me senses; 'Shaun, sez I, 'is a delicate dog, an' what wid the confinement o' the barracks, and the excitin' sight o' the soldiers, he's gettin' thin and worrisome. He was always used to the country, an' to plinty o'

liberty, an' I'll have to go away wid him for a few days."

"Thin the captain sez: 'Well, Tighe, if I give you lave o' absence for a wake, would not that recruit your dog?'"

"No, sez I, I thinkin' o' the race; 'nothin' less than two wakes' do—'Shaun's strinth is run down, an' he requires particler tharatement.'"

"Well, take the two wakes," sez he. So here I am, Corry, wid two wakes holiday afore me, an' a good aisy place at me back."

There was a faint call from the curtained corner. Both Tighe and Corry were instantly at the bedside. "Where am I?" The dark eyes were opened wide in wondering surprise, and the head had lifted from the pillow.

"Oh, I mind it all now,"—as Tighe's sympathetic face appeared in the opening of the curtains; "I was knocked down by the horses, and you picked me up and brought me here," and the most ravishing smile that Tighe thought he had ever seen played on the perfect features.

"Don't be thyrin' to talk," said Tighe, softly, "for if you'll be quiet, you'll be well in no time. Lie down now,"—as the boy endeavored to rise to a sitting posture—"an' Corry here'll make you a cup o' tay—the rale weed that he kapes in his own private canister. Won't you, Corry?"

"To be sure I will," answered Corry, immediately beginning to bustle about the necessary preparations.

"Let me tell you," pleaded the boy, catching one of Tighe's hands in his fevered grasp, "you look so kind that you bring my heart back to Cathleen. It won't hurt me, I'm sure, if you'll just stroke my head."

"I'll not say very much; and—oh!"—with a cry of terror, and a spring that brought him to an upright sitting posture—"what did I do with it—have I lost it?"

He searched his bosom wildly. It came forth at last, a piece of folded paper, and with a sigh of intense relief, he caught it fast in his hand, and threw himself back exhausted on his pillow. Tighe would have drawn the curtains and left him, but the little fevered hand again grasped him. "Stay," whispered the boy, "I shall be better in a moment, and I can tell you."

He did rally, and Tighe was forced to hear him.

"I am to take this paper,"—holding up the latter—"to Dhrommacol, and give it to some one there that they call Rick of the Hills."

Tighe no longer bade the boy desist; he was listening now with most eager attention.

"Mr. Carter gave it to me to take. He was stopping at Hoolahan's, where I had my meals and a lodging yesterday, and my breakfast this morning. He wanted this note to be taken by hand, for he was afraid if he sent it by post it wouldn't reach Rick of the Hills, by reason of the latter not being always in the one house. He gave me directions if I didn't find him at once to go to three other places. One of the women in Mr. Hoolahan's told him I could be trusted, and he was so anxious to have the note go quick that he bade me start at once; and now what'll I do if I'm not able to find it?"

"I looked with touching anxiety into Tighe's face.

"I am goin' down to Dhrommacol this very day," answered Tighe a Vohr, "and I know Rick of the Hills, an' if you'll thrust me, I'll take it to him."

"Trust you," the boy said, "after what you have done for me! I'll trust you, and I'll be so happy to know that the message went, and that Mr. Carter won't be disappointed."

He gave the paper into Tighe's eager hand, and continued: "Up in Ballyrarry, where I live, everybody was kind to me, mostly, I think, because I was an orphan; I had a home with one and the other of them, and a bit of schooling once in a while; but the kindest of all to me was Cathleen Kelly. She taught me to read and write, and she told me such beautiful things about God and His blessed mother that I used to think she must have been in Heaven herself to know so much of them. She lived with her aunt and her cousin, a young man as kind-hearted as herself; but he went away to join the boys when the news of the rising came, and not very long after a letter came from a priest to say that he was dead—he had been shot in some fight with the soldiers. Oh, then was the time of grief for Cathleen and her poor old aunt, for she was the young man's mother. Their hearts seemed to be breaking, and once in a while I'd hear a word dropped that told me how they were achin' to know more particulars of his death; and then it got into my head that if the priest who wrote the letter, and who said in the letter how he was present at the death-bed of William Kelly, could come to see them it would console them entirely. I did say to Cathleen that she and her aunt ought to make a journey to see the priest, but there seemed to be some queer thing hanging over it all, as if there was a secret reason to prevent the journey. When I saw that I made up my own mind to make a journey myself to this priest unknown to any one. Quite carelessly I got out of Cathleen the name of the priest, and the place he was in, and the way one might take to get to him, and I started, sometimes begging my way, and sometimes airning it. I only

got there yesterday, and I happened on Hoolahan's place to beg a meal. One of the women there was very kind to me; she gave me a lodging and fine meals, and I told her where I was bound for, but I didn't tell her my business. That was yesterday evening, and this morning she came running in to me when I was at my breakfast, saying that there was a 'gentleman outside who wanted a message carried to a place that I'd have to pass through on my way to see Father O'Connor.'"

TO GIVE OR NOT TO GIVE

By Florence Gilmore

Miss Mary O'Connor listened attentively while Father Martindale read the weekly announcements, making mental note of a change in the hour of early Mass, and sighing involuntarily at the reminder that the following Wednesday, Friday and Saturday would be Ember Days, and consequently days of fast and abstinence.

Father Martindale paused impressively, and slowly repeated this announcement.

"He's determined that we shan't forget," Miss O'Connor said to herself, adding whimsically, by way of consolation, "Twenty-five years from now I'll be too old to be bound by the fast. It's a comfort to think of that."

When Father Martindale reached the end of the parochial notes he did not at once proceed to read the epistle and gospel of the day. Instead, after a rather long pause, he began earnestly:

"I want to speak to you of the work of a priest from one of the southern States who is spending a few days with me at the rectory. For the past five years he has been pastor of a small and very poor congregation, in a community where there is rapid anti-Catholic feeling. Last night he told me all about his parish and his people. He did not ask for help—or dream of getting it—but I am going to tell you part of what he said, in the hope that some among you will make an offering for his work. Charity to give it at the rectory today or tomorrow."

Father had a wooden church and a small wooden house. The bishop found him lodged in a two-room shanty and built the house at his own expense. Father's great ambition is to have a school, but he hasn't a penny to spend on it, and his people not only have nothing to give, but are quite content to send their children to Public schools."

Father Martindale then dwelt upon the very urgent need of a parish school under these and all circumstances, but Miss O'Connor heard but very little of what he said. She was thinking of fifty dollars which she had slowly saved to buy a new winter coat. It occurred to her that it would be an act of real charity to give the money toward the much needed school, but vividly recalling the undeniable shabbiness of her old coat she decided that, since charity begins at home the school would somehow have to be built without her help. This conclusion reached, Miss O'Connor once more attended to what Father Martindale was saying.

"Father says that it wrings his heart to see his 'little lambs,' as he calls them, being trained in godless schools," were the first words she heard.

"Little lambs!" Miss O'Connor repeated. "Why, that's what mother used to call all little children. I wonder—I wonder what she—"

The tenderest chord in her heart had been touched, the tenderest and the safest, and it was only a moment later that she decided:

"I am going to change my mind and give him the money. I can save more for a coat. I love to think that he calls them 'little lambs.'"

A few hours later Miss O'Connor rang the bell at the rectory, and after a rather long interval it was answered by Miss Martindale, the most leisurely, sociable, and talkative of women, who kept house for her brother, after an easy-going fashion all her own.

"May I see Father Martindale?" Miss O'Connor asked.

"He's not at home. He left about five minutes ago to make a sick call. It may be an hour and a half before he returns. Will you wait, or come back, or may I give him a message?"

"I wanted to give him an offering for the priest from the south," she said. "I will leave it with you."

"Oh, he is upstairs, in the sitting room. I will call him. My brother and I have been so busy all day that we haven't had so much as five minutes free to entertain him. He'll be glad to have company."

Miss O'Connor had her doubts on this point. Besides, she was shy and would rather have left the offering for him. But she had no choice, for Miss Martindale repeated briskly, "I'll call him," and before Miss O'Connor could either assent or protest, she was gone.

Miss Martindale came back after two or three minutes to report that the visiting priest was coming down, and having led the way into the parlor she proceeded to entertain Miss O'Connor until he appeared.

"He asked me to find him a house-keeper, but how can I? Who would go to an outlandish little town in Georgia to swelter for eight months of a year, and be half paid for twelve?"

"I am afraid you'll never be able to get one for him," Miss O'Connor agreed.

"I am certain of it—unless you want to go," Miss Martindale said, with a little chuckle.

Miss O'Connor laughed at that, and they both laughed when she suggested:

"Perhaps Father Martindale would spare you. Why don't you ask him?"

The visiting priest appeared in the doorway at that moment, and Miss Martindale fled from the room, in her embarrassment lest he had overheard the conversation, forgetting to introduce him to Miss O'Connor.

Miss O'Connor noticed that he was tall, and red haired, with kindly, very blue eyes. As soon as they were seated she explained her errand and handed him an envelope containing five ten-dollar bills. She marvelled to find that miserably shy as she always was with strangers, she felt at ease so much so that after he had thanked her warmly, but rather incoherently, she found herself explaining with her low laugh:

"I had saved the money to buy something for myself and had decided to keep it for that, in spite of Father Martindale's appeal in behalf of your school, when he quoted you as having spoken of the children of your parish as your 'little lambs.' That is what my mother used to call children, so—I changed my mind."

"I believe that I often call them that. It was from my mother that I learned the expression. She loved all children," the priest said softly, and added more briskly, "Perhaps it is an Irishism. My mother was Irish, and I am certain that yours was."

She was Irish through and through," Miss O'Connor told him. "Her maiden name was Reilly, and she was born and bred in Ireland."

"And you, too, were born there?"

"Yes, in a village of Galway. Mother brought me to this country when I was eight years old."

"I have no doubt that she and you had a hard time when you came," the priest said, with such ready sympathy that Miss O'Connor's heart was deeply touched.

"Oh, we did!" she cried. "We had very little money when we landed, and were often cold and hungry before mother found a good position. She had never been employed, and had never before been away from our village. Besides, because her eyes were weak when she was little she had had no education and could not read and write. She had no idea how to make a living for us. Afterwards—I am thankful for that, I was able to take good care of her."

"And she—she is dead now?"

"She died three years ago," Miss O'Connor answered. Two big tears rolled down her cheeks and she furtively brushed them away.

"I too, came from Galway," the priest told her. "My father owned a bit of land there, but the crops failed year after year, so he came to this country, bringing my elder brother and me with him. He had arranged that my mother and sister should stay with relatives until he could make a home for them and send passage money for us."

"We went to Chicago. He worked hard and we helped him. After school hours and the end of two years he was able to send for my mother and sister. It happened that three weeks before they left Ireland father was offered the management of a farm in Pennsylvania at a salary better than anything he had ever had. So we went there and turned the farm house, and were ready for my mother and sister in good time. The day before their ship was due my brother started to New York to meet them, and on the way was thrown from the platform of the train and so seriously injured that he died without regaining consciousness. Some days passed before his body was identified, and we could be notified—and then it was too late. Mother must have landed and found no one to meet her. She did not know the address of the farm, and we left no trace in Chicago. Besides, she did not know how to write, and my sister was too small. Father and I went to New York and searched for weeks but could learn nothing. And then—after he died—I went to the seminary."

Miss O'Connor was staring at the priest, white-faced and incredulous. She could not utter a word, so he went to her, his hands outstretched.

"Mary, don't you know your brother?" he said tenderly.

"You're not—O Tim, it surely isn't you?" she cried.

"Of course it is I! Mary, Mary, I should have known you anywhere. You are the image of mother as she looked when I saw her last. And do you know that your voice is an echo of hers? As I came down the stairs I heard you laugh and say, 'Why don't you ask him?' I think I was certain that I had found you even before I reached the door and saw you. You did not suspect, as you sat there explaining about your offering, that my heart was beating so wildly and happily that I hardly knew what you were saying."

"O Tim, we couldn't understand. We knew it was all a mistake, and mother hoped and prayed year after year. If she could only know now—"

Tears started to Father O'Connor's eyes, but he said cheerfully: "I have no doubt she knows. Do you suppose she lost interest in us when she got to Heaven?"

## Why Worry About the Many Little Details that take up your valuable time when these can be attended to for you by us.

The care of your Bonds and Securities, the collection of Interest and Principal of your Mortgages, the payment of all Insurance Premiums, the care of and rental of your properties, the investment of your money guaranteed against loss and at a good rate of interest, and many other matters.

Our charges are moderate and our service is accurate. Write to us or call at one of our offices.

## Capital Trust Corporation, Limited

OTTAWA TORONTO

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS

**MURPHY, GUNN & MURPHY**  
 BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES  
 Solicitors for The Home Bank of Canada  
 Solicitors for the Roman Catholic  
 Episcopal Corporation  
 Suite 53, Bank of Toronto Chambers  
 LONDON, CANADA Phone 179

**FOY, KNOX & MONAHAN**  
 BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, Etc.  
 A. E. Knox T. Louis Monahan  
 E. L. Middleton George Keogh  
 Cable Address: "Foy"  
 Telephones: Main 92  
 Office: Continental Life Building  
 CORNER BAY AND RICHMOND STREETS  
 TORONTO

**DAY, FERGUSON & CO.**  
 BARRISTERS  
 James E. Day 35 Adelaide St. West  
 John M. Ferguson  
 Joseph P. Walsh TORONTO, CANADA

**LUNNEY & LANNAN**  
 BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES  
 Harry W. Lunney, K.C., B.A., B.C.L.  
 Alphonse Lannan, LL.B.  
 CALGARY, ALBERTA

**JOHN H. McELDERRY**  
 BARRISTER SOLICITOR  
 NOTARY PUBLIC  
 CONVEYANCER  
 Money to Loan Telephone 1081  
 HERALD BLDG. ROOM 24  
 GUELPH, ONT.

Residence Park 1305, Cable Address "Leedon."  
 " " 2536W  
 " Hillcrest, 1077  
 " Park 454W Main 1558

**Lee, O'Donoghue & Harkins**  
 Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Etc.  
 W. T. Lee, K.C.L. J. G. O'Donoghue, K.C.  
 Hugh Harkins R. O. O'Donoghue  
 Offices: 241-242 Confederation Life Chambers  
 S. W. Corner Queen and Victoria Sts.  
 TORONTO, CANADA

**V. T. FOLEY**  
 BARRISTER-AT-LAW  
 HURON AND ERIE BUILDING  
 CHATHAM, ONT.

DENTAL

**MICHAEL J. MULVIHILL**  
 L. D. S., D. D. S.  
 25 PEMBROKE STREET W.  
 PEMBROKE, ONT.  
 PHONE 175

ARCHITECTS

**WATT & BLACKWELL**  
 Members Ontario Association of Architects  
 ARCHITECTS  
 Sixth Floor, Bank of Toronto Chambers  
 LONDON, ONT.

Members Ontario Association of Architects  
**Millson, Burgess & Hazelgrove**  
 REGISTERED ARCHITECTS  
 293 Sparks St. OTTAWA, ONT.

Specialists in Ecclesiastical and Institutional Construction.

EDUCATIONAL

**St. Jerome's College**  
 Founded 1884 KITCHENER, ON

Business College Department.  
 High School or Academic Department.  
 College and Philosophical Department.  
 Address:  
 REV. W. A. BENNINGER, C.R., President

FUNERAL DIRECTORS

**John Ferguson & Sons**  
 180 KING ST.  
 The Leading Undertakers & Embalmers  
 Open Night and Day  
 Telephone—House 373, Factory 543

**E. G. Killingsworth**  
 FUNERAL DIRECTOR  
 Open Day and Night  
 389 Burwell St. Phone 3971

**STAINED GLASS**  
**MEMORIAL CHURCH WINDOWS**  
 Executed in Our Own Studios  
 Colonial Art Glass Co.  
 188 BANK STREET, OTTAWA, ONT.

**PILES**  
 Do not suffer another day with itching, bleeding, or protruding Piles. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and afford lasting benefit. One box all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this paper and enclose 2c. stamp for postage. Newfoundland Representative: Gerald S. Doyle, St. John's.

**Stained Glass Memorial Windows**  
 We make a specialty of Catholic Church Windows.  
**B. Leonard** 5351 John St. Quebec, Que.