

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE

CHRISTINE FABER

"Authoress of 'A Mother's Sacrifice,' etc.

CHAPTER XVII—CONTINUED

"And was it against him that Garfield bet?"

"Yes; it has got abroad some way that this poor fool of a quartermaster is dead in love with the dashing widow, though she only spoke to him once, and that just at their introduction; and though by reason of having so many richer beaux she has been giving him freezing looks and the like, it doesn't seem to have had any effect on the poor fellow. He's been haunting her like a shadow; intruding himself everywhere that he could do so without gross impropriety. Her brother, Jack, always ready for sport, whether fair, or foul, got an inkling of all this, and also how the Englishman was one of a class who think an Irish girl's affections are to be had for the asking, and at the meeting for the course the other day—when the stakes were entered, and the horses named—just for sport, and to show soldiers a trifle of Irish smartness, when Rody Crane's filly was put up Jack, who had already got the ear of Garfield in view of this very thing, suggested that he, Garfield, should enter the filly, and that he, Jack, would furnish the best rider in all the country. Garfield accepted, though one of his friends tried to whisper him into refusing, and immediately the pools were made. Garfield bet as I told you, to find himself in a day or two a sadly-duped man. The rider, Joe Canty, who is really the best jockey in the county, was bought up by the other side, just as deceiving Jack Moore knew he would be, and Rody Crane's filly was discovered to have taken the spavin. The bet is in such a way that if Garfield cannot enter another horse he and his friends will lose their money, — a loss which I believe his purse is ill able to sustain and will be laughed at by Jack Moore and all that roystering set; and I fancy that it is the anticipation of the latter which chafes him the most."

Tighe had heard sufficient. It would give him abundant thought for his next interval of leisure, and he had a dim idea that he should be able to turn it all to some important advantage. He moved to the bar, determining to hazard an inquiry which should elicit some information of his friends. His garb, proclaiming him to be the servant of a military officer, was rather a passport, procuring at least not uncivil attention from those with whom he came in contact. But the buxom girl at the bar, though she answered him only in a few words, apparently as clear questions, imparted no satisfactory information, and Tighe departed, to venture on the same enterprise in the other hotels of the town. His efforts were as little successful, and puzzled and provoked with himself, attributing his failure to his own "want of tact," a phrase by which he expressed his deficiency in understanding, he was obliged at last to turn his steps to his master's quarters.

"Just in time," said Captain Dennier, stumbling upon Tighe in front of the barracks, and speaking with a kinder tone than the latter felt he had any right to expect, having overstayed his limited leave by absence. "I have been in search of some one to take this note for me," drawing an embossed, neatly-directed envelope from his pocket; "run down with it now to Blenner's and give it to the Reverend Mr. Meagher, and wait for an answer."

Tighe's whole face underwent so sudden and marked a change, intense pleasure showing in every lineament, that if he had not pretended to be very busy placing the note safely away, the officer must have remarked him. He knew the Reverend Mr. Meagher meant none other than Father Meagher, and Blenner was one of the very hotels which had figured in his own fruitless search. It required but little time to reach again the bar, Shaun accompanying him, at which he had so recently stood, and it was with a very important air, arising from the consciousness of the legitimacy of his errand, that he delivered himself this time of no covert question, but an open inquiry for the worthy priest. His question being accompanied by the remark that he bore a note from Captain Dennier, of her Majesty's Regiment, won for him immediate and respectful attention. He was shown to the parlor, to wait for the reverend gentleman, while Shaun to his own disappointment and that of his master, was detained below.

Father Meagher was not prepared to meet Tighe a Vohr, and still less prepared to see him in his present dress. His start of astonishment, and then his look of comical bewilderment, as his eyes wandered from Tighe's curly brown head down to his topped boots, and slowly back again, made Tighe smile, though he affected to hang his head in some confusion.

"What is the meaning of this?" said the clergyman at last, recovering from his surprise, and advancing to his visitor.

"Just this, yer riverince,"—and Tighe, bowing, handed him Captain Dennier's note.

The priest's face lit with a smile of satisfaction as he read, and he exclaimed when he had finished:

"Ah! he will see me, and he desires me to appoint the hour of my coming. He is truly the gentleman."

He turned to Tighe: "Pray tell me how you have come to be Captain Dennier's messenger."

Tighe made sundry maneuvers before he answered; walking the whole round of the room—which contained only the priest and himself—to be sure that there were no eavesdroppers, placing his hand over his mouth to shut in the sound of his voice, and rolling his eyes about, to be certain that no one could enter unperceived. Then he whispered to the clergyman a brief account of the events which had brought him to his present position.

"And you have in your possession now the paper containing information that Mortimer Carter gave to Captain Dennier?" said the astonished and delighted priest.

"I have, yer riverince, an' glad enough I am to surrender it into yer kapin,"—drawing forth the document. "Sure I got lave o' absence, as the soldiers say, an' I want all the way to Dhrummacool to give it to you, an' to tell the result o' all me trials to see the mather, You wor from home, an' Moira wouldn't spake to me."

"Wouldn't spake to you?"—uttered in a tone of hearty surprise. "Why not?"

"I think yer riverince knows the reason—the order kem from yerself—affected shyness."

The priest seemed puzzled for an instant; then it flashed upon him the injunction he had given his niece regarding Tighe a Vohr; but he had not intended to impose such an absolute silence as Tighe reported. He was pleased, however, with her obedience, and disposed on that account, as well as on account of Tighe's own faithful efforts in behalf of the prisoner, to treat him with more than usual favor.

He shook Tighe a Vohr's hand: "You have done an inestimable service to our poor boy, as well as to the other poor fellows; none of us shall forget it for you; and now the young ladies must see you, and hear this, it will gladden their hearts. I shall ring for them."

He did so, and they came in arm in arm, both paler than they had ever looked to Tighe before, and both showing in every lineament of their fair faces such painful evidence of a wearing grief that it almost broke the faithful fellow's heart to see it. They brightened when they saw him; somehow his very presence inspired hope, and though like the priest they were surprised at his garb, his greeting was none the less warm and delightful. Again and again they wrung his hands, asking eagerly a dozen questions, and looking as if they could cry for every joy when they heard of his success in obtaining the paper. How long the scene, with its pleasant and painful circumstances, might have continued not one of the little party could tell, but it was interrupted by the entrance of some of the guests of the hotel.

The clergyman said in a low tone: "I was advised by a friend to see Captain Dennier when we came up here, and told that the captain was a perfect gentleman and, moreover, was the intimate friend of the governor of the jail; as such, should be disposed, he could aid us to an interview with Carrill. Accordingly, I sought the officer on our arrival this morning, but he was not in the barracks at the time, and I left a note for him, stating that I had called on important business and would like to see him; he is reported to be in a very courteous strain, placing himself at my service, and desiring to know when I can repeat my visit."

Tighe shook his head ominously: "I'm afeard it'll be very hard to see the young mather; for all I can larn on ivery side he's under wonderful strict guard, an' not one at all that's suspected o' friendly intentions'll be allowed nixt to the prison; they say that order kem from the highest quarters. But"—and Tighe lowered his voice still more, and directed an earnest glance to Nora, whose attention was so eager that she was listening with parted lips and bated breath.

"The captain is a bosom friend o' the governor o' the jail, an' it would be aisy enough for him to spake in yer favor, an' get the interview that way."

The priest's face brightened. "Well," he replied, "I shall answer Captain Dennier's note immediately, and perhaps something hopeful will come of my seeing him."

He turned to leave the parlor; Tighe and Nora began a low, earnest conversation, but Clare fitz-wed-hin, "Father,"—stopping him in the doorway, "I have an answer that you will be accompanied by Nora and myself."

The clergyman stared aghast. "I mean it, father; my heart misgives me since Tighe spoke of Carrill's strict guard, and should it be in Captain Dennier's power to procure for us an interview with my brother, his fine sense of honor"—there was a dash of sarcasm in her voice—"might make him refuse; but perhaps when Nora and myself unite in petitioning him, perhaps, when he sees us both so deeply sunk in grief, even he, high principled as he is,—again the sarcasm which she could not control was in her voice—"may not think it dishonorable to afford some consolation to two breaking hearts."

The tender-hearted priest, surprised and pained at her proposition, and embarrassed also at the thought of bringing ladies to the precincts of the barracks, yet could not find it in his heart to refuse her; he turned away, his silence yielding the assent she craved.

In a few minutes Tighe had the answer, and having called for Shaun, whose frequent bark had attested his impatience for his master's return, he was hastening back to the soldiers' quarters.

CHAPTER XVIII

CARTER'S INSINUATIONS

Captain Dennier flushed until the scarlet was visible on his forehead when he read the reply brought by his valet, and yet, despite the repugnance which he felt toward the proposed interview, and his anxiety lest this unusual visit of ladies to his quarters would provoke unpleasant comment, he felt a throb of pleasure. Clare O'Donoghue's bright face rose before him, as it often did since his first look at her winsome features; the remembrance of her candor, her enthusiastic spirit, thrilled him as they had done on the occasion of their first meeting; and he felt tempted to curse the fate which had not made him Irish, and an Irish patriot. With nervous impatience he awaited their arrival, ordering that they should be shown at once to a room in a retired part of the barracks, the only one whose appearance indicated less military precision than the other apartments. He suspected that their visit was to obtain from him information of the prisoner, but he did not dream that the interview before its close was to be marked by a harrowing scene.

The visit to the barracks of the clergyman and two ladies deeply veiled, but showing in their plain tasteful dress and their deportment an elegance of breeding and a captivating modesty, and that visit paid to the reserved and stern Captain Dennier, was the subject of wondering comment among the soldiers. Some of them waylaid Tighe to know the import of the matter, but Tighe had his answer: "We Irish," he said, imitating the cockney accent of the soldier who questioned him, "haven't the curiosity o' you English to know the business o' our betthers; how do I know the company that the captain's recavin' at the prison moment? you'd better ask hisself for information."

Captain Dennier met his visitors with the most graceful and courteous of greetings; just a trifle of embarrassment appeared in his heightened color, as Clare O'Donoghue threw aside her veil, and bent upon him one of her bright piercing looks.

Father Meagher came at once to the object of the visit—would Captain Dennier kindly aid them to secure an instant interview with the officer started; in all that he had surmised no suspicion of such a favor being craved crossed his mind. Being the friend and confidant as he was of the governor of the jail, a scratch of his pen to that official requesting permission for a visit of friends to the Fenian prisoner would have been sufficient to secure an instant interview; but such a proceeding would be an utter violation of that principle of duty which the young officer held to be dearer than life. His silence, his painful embarrassment, spoke too well the refusal that for the moment he was unable to utter.

"Captain Dennier, could you, if you would," asked Clare's trembling voice, "help us to obtain this favor?"

"I could," he responded, without looking at her.

"Then may I beg,"—before he could realize or prevent what she was about to do,—she had thrown herself on her knees before him, and burst into so passionate and piteous an appeal to be afforded one sight of her brother that the officer was well-nigh maddened by the conflict which compassion for her touching distress, and his own irradicated duty, to do his duty at whatever cost, aroused within him. "The prayers and the blessings of two orphan girls will follow you!" she continued, with her clasped hands raised toward him, and her lovely eyes streaming with the tears she could no longer restrain. Her action had been so sudden and so unexpected that neither Father Meagher nor Nora had been prepared for it, and now both stood as if paralyzed by the shock of her proceeding. "Help me, Nora," she still continued, "plead with me to this man, whose heart is so hard to touch."

"Rise, I beg you, Miss O'Donoghue," the officer at last found voice to say, and he bent to assist her; by this time also, Father Meagher was soliciting her with his tender entreaty, and Nora was supporting her with her trembling clasps.

"Say that you will help us to one brief interview with him."

The captain was desperate; how he wished that he had resigned his commission as he had intended to do on the occasion of his last interview with Lord Heathcote,—he would not then be in this wretched strait. With an effort which sent his hot blood surging madly into his face and then caused it to recede as suddenly, leaving him white to the lips, he said in a voice that trembled painfully, despite all his efforts to make it calm:

"I am harrowed to the soul, Miss O'Donoghue; I would give my life to be able to answer as you desire me to do, but my duty, my honor, my principles forbid it. I will give you what information of your brother it is in my power to give,—the probable time and whereabouts of his trial—but to assist you to an interview with him is impossible—I must refuse to interfere." He turned sadly away.

Clare would have made another effort, but Father Meagher detained her. "Control yourself, my dear child," he whispered; "we cannot move him; and nothing remains but to obtain the information of which he speaks."

He left her and sought the captain, who stood at a little distance from the party, his head bowed, and his eyes moodily seeking the floor.

"I thank you, sir," the priest began gently, "for your evident commiseration of that poor girl, and I regret that we have put your devotion to such a painful test; but perchance the information of which you speak may be some balm to our suffering and anxious hearts."

The young man, in gratitude for words which seemed to say that at least one understood him, and he divined the unhappy conflict warring within him, extended his hand to the clergyman, and with an admirable air of candor answered: "I thank you from my soul, reverend sir, for what you have said; you have taken some of the bitterness out of that cup which it is my fate constantly to drink, and you give me hope that in a more peaceful time I may be better understood and better judged by one who now regards me as the most stern-hearted of my sex. With regard to the information you ask, I can say this much: it is more than probable that Mr. O'Donoghue will be detained here a month, at the end of which time, if he is not sent on to Dublin, his trial will take place here."

Father Meagher bowed and thanked him, and returned to his fair charges, both of whom were once more heavily veiled. Captain Dennier accompanied them to the limits of the officers' quarters. With a wild wish for some sign which might tell him that Clare's feelings toward him were not entirely those of aversion, he ventured to walk beside her as they neared the arched passage in which he would make his adieu; but she did not give him the slightest mark of notice. Disappointed and saddened, he still found opportunity to whisper when he had taken leave of Father Meagher and Nora: "The day may come—and I shall pray for it—in which I shall be able to show you how bitterly I have wronged you."

Could he have penetrated the thickness of her veil, nay, more, could he for one instant have read the depths of her heart, he would have been entirely comforted, for the latter was strangely touched—touched to the very marrow—by the friendly screen which concealed the sudden rush of tell tale color to her face.

Tighe a Vohr, with his wonted shrewdness, was in timely waiting, and to him Captain Dennier resigned his visitors for further guidance from the barracks.

"Is it succias?" whispered the eager fellow, when he could ask the question without fear of being overheard.

"No, Tighe," answered Father Meagher, "it is not; we have gained nothing by our visit but the information that Carrill is to be kept here a month, and perhaps will stand his trial here."

"A month!" repeated Tighe, "be the powers!—axin' yer riverince's pardon for swearin'—how'd awhile, an' let me conjecture—faith! I think I have it. Go back to Dhrummacool, but kape yerself in readiness to return any minute."

"What is it, Tighe; what have you planned?" asked the ladies in a breath.

"Don't ask me to tell, fer I haven't it quite straight in me own mind yet, an' nobbe-I won't be successful."

"You are plotting nothing wrong, I hope—no sinit means, Tighe?" said the priest a little anxiously, well knowing that Tighe a Vohr's affection for his young master would impel him almost to any commission for the master's benefit.

"Now, Father Meagher, can't you thrust me sometime, an' not always be thinkin' I'm a rascal?"

He spoke with so ludicrous an air of injured innocence that, despite their heavy hearts, they were forced to smile.

Having accompanied the little party as far as his instructions warranted, Tighe took a respectful leave, and with a very thoughtful, important air turned his steps to the part of the barracks where he hoped to meet Carrill. He had rather avoided the quartermaster since the latter's refusal to allow him to indite another live-letter, and it was with no little anxiety that he determined on a meeting now. He knew not how far his deception relative to the letters might have been discovered, in case it had been discovered at all, but he resolved to trust to his natural wit should he find himself in difficulty. He came suddenly upon the quartermaster, who was standing apparently watching a group of soldiers engaged in card-playing; but his heavy face betrayed by its expres-

sion that his thoughts were not those engendered by the scene before him. His knitted brow, giving evidence of unpleasant reflections, and his thick-set underlip, gave a dogged and repulsive look, a feature otherwise not ill-formed.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE MISSION OF A ROSE

Just the year before the beginning of the Great War two ladies from the "States" decided to spend their holidays in Ireland.

The last week was reserved for Killarney, which, apart from its native loveliness, was endeared to the elder lady as being the early home of her parents, though she herself was born in America. The younger lady, her daughter, Margaret, a lively creature of about nineteen, shared her mother's love for Ireland and all concerned with it. Hence they both enjoyed to the full the delightful scenery and romantic association of "Beauty's Home."

One day, during their stroll in the vicinity of the lakes, they came upon a scrubby cottage, which was beautifully covered with clematis, and near it a remarkable rose-bush, bearing pink blossoms of very delicate perfume, showed signs of being very carefully tended. Beneath the bush was placed a rustic seat of home manufacture, and the whole appearance of the place was very taking.

"Oh, mother," cried Margaret, "don't you think it would be nice if we could take a slip from that bush home with us as a remembrance of our visit?"

"Yes," replied the mother. "I should like it much, but I am afraid it would not flourish in our changeable climate."

Just then the owner of the cottage appeared in the doorway, and having overheard the conversation, very kindly offered them a strong root which would have a good chance of succeeding. He also invited them to rest a while on the rustic seat, and re-entering the cottage, told his wife about the visitors.

With kindly good nature she soon appeared with a tray containing two glasses of milk and some biscuits, which she placed on a small table before the guests. Whilst partaking of her hospitality, she informed them that the rustic seat was a favorite place for her in the summer evenings.

"It is very dear to me," said she. "The bush was planted and tended by my elder son, who also constructed the seat for my comfort. You must know," added she, "that my second son died some years since, and I am now very sad and lonely, as my elder son left for the States many years ago, and has not written to me for a very long time. Often I sit on the seat beneath his favorite bush, and pour forth my petitions to the Sacred Heart and His Blessed Mother for news of his welfare. I also send bunches of those roses to deck the Sacred Heart altar for that intention."

The ladies were greatly touched by the simple faith of the good old Irish peasant, and, as they themselves were fervent Catholics, they assured her of their belief that her petition would one day be heard.

"I would die happy," the old woman repeated, "if I only knew he was leading a good, holy life in that dollar-worshipping place."

"Never fear, Mrs. F.," her visitor replied, "the Sacred Heart will send relief when you least expect it."

"God grant it," replied the poor woman, and the visitors rose to go. The old man now inquired for their address, so that he would have the little bush packed safely for its long journey, and forwarded to them before they left Killarney. After a few words of thanks and farewell the visitors left the place.

Next day the box arrived at the hotel, and in a few days the ladies were once more on board the steamer facing home. They kept the box in their cabin, and Margaret peeped from time to time to make sure the bush was still alive.

Soon the ladies were again safe at home, receiving the gushing welcome of Mr. F. and the younger members of the family, who when the first excitement of home-coming was over, were filled with curiosity as to the contents of the various boxes containing souvenirs from Ireland. Soon Margaret opened her box containing the bush, which was showing signs of being wilted, so they decided on planting it in a large tub in the most sunny corner of the porch.

It took a good deal of care and attention to coax it to accommodate itself to its new surroundings, but at last the family were delighted to see it showing evident signs of progress. It was very carefully tended through its first winter, and in the spring as the weather was favorable it was transplanted to the warmest part of their little front garden. Margaret and the younger children were more than rewarded for their trouble when they discovered later on that the shrub intended flowering in the summer, as several delicate green buds had already appeared.

June came on apace, and the pink buds opened, and a beautiful perfume was diffused all around.

"Now," said Margaret to her little sisters, "the very first blossoms must go to the Sacred Heart altar in our church."

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