

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE

CHRISTINE FABER

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

CHAPTER XIV.

CORNY O'TOOLE

Captain Crawford was a manly specimen of the English officer; dashing, genial, fun-loving, prone to good nature, proud of his profession, devoted to his country, ardent, generous, brave, he won with little effort the confidence of his superior officers and the enthusiastic affection of his men; but no one of these praiseworthy qualities could eradicate or diminish a fierce hatred against those of the Irish who dared to foster a thought of rebellion toward the English government, such he would crush with ruthless hand, and no measure enforced for their submission was too severe for his approval. He hated the very name Fenian, and he hailed with delight every scheme for the capture of the devoted fellows. Yet his purse was often open to relieve cases of destitution accidentally brought to his notice, and his laugh was ready and hearty at any snail of Irish wit or exploit of Irish cunning, even though the victim of both might be himself.

For Tighe a Vohr he conceived a peculiar fancy; the fellow's true humor, his laughable simplicity, his apparent frankness, and the ardor with which he seemed to serve his new master, all made the latter regard him with something akin to affection, and he was disposed to treat Tighe with more than ordinary favor.

Tighe, with his natural sharpness, divined all this before he had served a fortnight in his new capacity, and it required little effort on his part to act in a manner which should increase the officer's regard for him. On the day subsequent to his delivery into Mr. Garfield's hand of the letter written by Corny O'Toole, and supposed to come from the Widow Moore, Tighe, busy in the officer's private apartments, was chucking to himself as he mentally saw again the quartermaster's expression of countenance when he read that remarkable composition. Indeed, the soldier's face had afforded a wonderful study; astonishment, perplexity, a mixture of triumph and pleasure, some disappointment, and a long, wondering look at Tighe, which the latter endured without a muscle betraying his inward mirthful convulsion, all had succeeded each other on the countenance of the astounded and bewildered quartermaster.

"Isn't it to yer satisfaction?" Tighe had asked when the soldier's eyes had turned from his face to the letter again; and the mystified fellow had replied: "It is, and it is not; I can't understand it; it seems a strange way for a lady to write—so different from our English girls." "Yer English girls?" Tighe had burst in; "didn't I tell you afore that there was no comparison betune them? no more than there is betune a well-bred filly an' a cantherin' jackass. It's the slap an' the dash that our Irish women want an' not the aisy-gooin' ways o' yer English girls."

"What did she say to you?" the befuddled quartermaster had asked; and Tighe had answered: "Is it the loike o' me you'd have to stand afore a lady loike her? it's aisy to see you're not rightly mannered in yer country; if you wor, it's not such a question as that you'd be puttin' to me," inwardly exulting as he saw the quartermaster bite his lip; "sure I giv the letter to the servant to take to her, an' she was out, as I told you afore, but when I wint agin the servant had the answer ready. An' now if you'd loike to have me compose another letter for you—"

"No," had been the decisive reply, "I'll wait awhile first." "Well," Tighe had replied, "whin you're ready, yer honor, I'm at yer service; an' you nadn't be afeerd to thrust me, for I'd sooner cut the tongue out o' me mouth than tell one word so dacint an' nice-spoken a gentleman as yerself; but whin Mistress Moore becomes Mrs. Garfield, an' you're happy an' thrivin', mebbe thin you'd remember poor Tighe a Vohr."

And Tighe, as he now distinctly thought of all this, could hardly restrain an outward chuckle, but at that moment Captain Crawford entered the room with another officer; it required but one look for Tighe to recognize in him the same who had conducted the arrest of Carroll O'Donoghue—Captain Dennier. He was not afraid of recognition by the captain, being confident that the latter had obtained but passing glances of him on the night of Carroll's arrest, and he felt that his present dress would prove an effectual disguise; but, in order to be respectful, he passed to an inner room, where he feigned to be very busy. Never, however, were his wits so keen. He managed adroitly to leave the door between the apartments ajar, and to cause his duties to take him frequently to the spot. Captain Crawford was evidently heedless of Tighe's vicinity, for he continued a conversation with Dennier which seemed to have been commenced before their entrance.

"Yes," he said, speaking warmly, "Lord Heathcote must surely give credit to you for this success; you certainly have been quick and clever about it." Captain Dennier did not reply; he seemed absorbed in gloomy thought.

"What are to be the next moves?" pursued the speaker, looking somewhat anxiously into the face of his friend.

Captain Dennier replied in a low voice, but not too low for Tighe's overhanging hearing:

"Lord Heathcote's arrival here is expected daily, and this Mortimer Carter, the same who has been supplying information to the government for some time past, is here, waiting to deliver to his lordship a valuable paper, a paper which he has told me crimiates not only this unfortunate prisoner, O'Donoghue, but which contains the most conclusive evidence against the unhappy wretches who were arrested the other day at that attack on the barracks."

That piece of information worked strangely on the eagerly listening Tighe. His face lengthened itself, and his eyes grew in size till they threatened to burst from their sockets.

"Be me sowl," he said mentally, "that's our Morty Carter he means."

"Then," continued the speaker, "the prisoner will stand his trial."

There was a touch of sadness in the last tones that struck unpleasantly on the ear of Captain Crawford. Striking his hand on his knee, he said in his hoarse way:

"Upon my honor, Walter, if I didn't know you as I do, I would say that you sympathized with those Fenian scoundrels."

"No," was the reply, "I love England too well to sympathize with any rebellion against her; but I cannot help feeling for the spirit which through all oppression is still defiant. My heart quivers at the sight of a distress I meet so often, and I have found so much that is noble and kindly in the Irish character that I find myself often pitying where previously I was wont to condemn."

"By Jove!" laughed the surprised, and yet amused, Captain Crawford, "we shall have you transferring your allegiance, and commanding a Fenian raid before long; what will my sister Helen say to that, I wonder—yow were her model, you know. Oh, don't color so, Walter; it will be all right one day, I suppose; only one of her last counsels to me was to make you my study. I wonder if she would approve of my imitating your conversion to the side of the Irish, and Fenianism to boot. Perhaps you would even emulate that daring scoundrel, Captain O'Connor; they say he is marvelous in the matter of disguises, and report has it that he has been in the very heart of a surrounded district, enrolling for this d—d Irish Republic, and perfecting his plans under the very eyes of the government officers."

"I admire his gallantry and his fealty to his cause," replied Dennier with sparkling eyes; "thus far he has shown wonderful skill and courage, and doubtless, if his last bold movement had not been checked, it would have brought more serious results to England than the scare it gave her."

"Scare!" repeated Crawford, throwing himself back in the chair he had taken, and laughing loud and heartily, "why the way those wires worked sending alarm messages to headquarters, and the manner in which the troops were rushed off, was enough to make O'Connor himself laugh when he heard of the commotion he had created."

"Yes," replied Dennier, "and his mirth would be all the heartier if he knew how Horseford is taking to himself the credit of having stopped the rebellion down here."

Crawford straightened himself in his seat, saying eagerly:

"Ah! you probably hold the opinion about that that I do."

"Perhaps: my theory is that the failure at Chester has had more to do with the comparative cessation of the rebellion all over Ireland than all Horseford's boasted soldierly skill and executive ability."

"You are right," answered Crawford, thoughtfully; then, as if glad to change the subject, he said with a sudden alteration of voice: "I have not told you about my new valet—a perfect specimen."

"Oh, begorra!" muttered Tighe, "I'm in for it now; they'll have me out the exhibition, an' mebbe that devil of an officer would remember after all that he seen me in Dhrommacol." Quick as thought he seized the blacking used for his master's boots, and smearing different parts of his face with it, he fell to polishing the first shoe he could find.

"Tighe!" called his master. Tighe appeared in the doorway, shoe and brush in hand, and his head hanging down in well-feigned confusion. "If you'd be a fther excusin' me, yer honor; I'm not persintable."

Captain Crawford laughed, and even Captain Dennier's grave countenance relaxed into a smile at sight of the besmeared face smothered by a shock of curly brown hair now in tangled disorder from the frequent running of Tighe's fingers through it.

"Very well, Tighe, we accept your apology," said Captain Crawford; and Tighe, with a bow which he had learned from an itinerant dancing master, and which provoked another mirthful burst from his master, and a more animated smile from Captain Dennier, returned to the room he had left. He could hear, even while he pretended to be noisily engaged, Captain Crawford detailing in most ludicrous fashion the circumstances of

his first meeting with Tighe and Shaun; but although the captain's own laugh rung out with infectious merriment, it seemed to produce little of the same effect on his companion; grave, silent, the latter's thoughts appeared to be far, and unpleasantly away.

"Egad, Dennier!" broke from Captain Crawford at last, "you are a changed man since you came to Ireland. On my honor, I shall begin to surmise that you are really contemplating going over to the Irish."

Captain Dennier smiled, but he did not reply, as if he deemed the remark too trifling to deserve an answer.

"Come, old fellow," resumed his companion, "you were wont to give me your confidence; confide in me now, and tell me the trouble."

The earnestness, the affection in the tones seemed to rouse and to touch the young officer. He replied with unwonted spirit:

"On my soul, Harry I wish I could tell you; I cannot even explain it to myself; it is a nameless something which has seemed to press upon my spirits from the moment that I set foot in Ireland. It may be that Lord Heathcote's manner to me has increased it. You know, owing to my absence in India, I did not see him for a long time; since my return, however, our interviews have been somewhat frequent, and the close of every meeting is only to leave me more discouraged, more unhappy, more perplexed with myself than I was before."

"And yet," replied Crawford, "you have been the envy of half the titled young fellows in London, because of that very interest which Lord Heathcote has always taken in you. You have told me repeatedly that you owe everything to him."

"I do; the claims of no common gratitude bind me to him. Of my birth and early history I know nothing save that I have been told how both my parents died before I was well ushered into the world, and that happening to reside on his lordship's estate, and having been brought to his notice by some servant rendered to him by my father, he took singular compassion upon me, an unclaimed orphan, found a nurse for me, caused me to be educated, and I know that he has procured for me all the appointments I have ever held. Thus you see how much his interests ought to be mine; and they are. I have striven to show by my conduct in every particular that his kindness was not misplaced, that the boy for whom he so nobly provided was not an entirely unworthy recipient of his bounty; but his demeanor to me when we meet proves that he thinks otherwise. His coldness chills me, his taunts at my ill success sting me, and I have often felt like flinging my commission at his feet, thanking him for the past, and betaking myself to some far distant scene."

"No, no, Walter," said Captain Crawford, "do nothing so rash. Wait; things are becoming brighter; you have achieved success now in the capture of this Australian convict, and his lordship must at least in that recognize your ability."

"But that which harrows my soul most," resumed Captain Dennier, "is a singular overmastering impulse to love this cold, stern man; it springs up at every sight of him; it haunts me in my dreams, and this is why I am such a puzzle to myself." He leaned his head upon his hand, and yielded again to gloomy and abstracted thought.

Tighe, still brushing vigorously at boots that had been polished and repolished, was as vigorously thinking and planning.

"I must find a way for depriving" said Crawford of that paper, "an I'll have to be motherin' quick about it. The first thing'll be to find out where the old wretch keeps himself. I haven't seen tail nor hide o' him since I ken here; a' thin there's Father Meagher, an' the young ladies distracted wid grief in Dhrommacol, an' waitin' for me to go back an give them news; an' there's the master himself that I haven't found the manes o' communicatin' wid yet. Maybe the saints deliver us, but it's the power o' business I have on hand, well, whin the paper is got from old Carter I'll attend to the rest."

TO BE CONTINUED

SMILES

By Florence Jones Hadley

There are smiles that make us h-a-p-p-y, there are smiles that make us b-l-i-s-s-e-d, and Tom Burlingame, marching to the house in time to the words and music of the popular song, wore the smile that always made those around him happy. Marcia Burlingame, his wife, frowned as she caught the sound of the refrain, and there was no answering smile as she dropped her work of sewing on several missing buttons on Tom Junior's coat to put the finishing touches to the table, for Tom was always in a hurry to get back to the office, and she must see that his meals were promptly on time.

"Why must Tom always be singing that song?" She felt her lips tighten as she hurried about her work, not turning to answer her cheerful greeting as he entered the door, with the always sure question at that hour, "Dinner ready?"

Somehow that song irritated her, antagonized her, made her feel as

if it were sung for her especial benefit. Well, he could smile, for he had no such worries as she had to contend with. She used to smile, and very easily, but now there were not many causes for smiles. And she guessed if the one who wrote that foolish song had her troubles, he wouldn't find it so easy to take his own medicine.

Tom turned, after giving his hair a quick brush, and reaching out a long arm, enveloped his wife fondly in his arms.

"Well, little lady, how goes everything today? Busy as a bee, as usual, taking care of her good-for-nothing family," smiling. Then, "Why what's the matter?" as he noted the sober face pressed against his arm. "Anything wrong, honey?"

With a sigh she slipped out to place a forgotten dish on the table, answering moodily: "Oh, no, nothing. That is, nothing new, but annoying the places at the children came noisily in from school. Tom watched her, his own merry smile vanishing as he did so, giving place to a sigh as he seated himself at the table.

"There are smiles that make us h-a-p-p-y," and Thelma, the oldest daughter, aged sixteen, her cheeks flushed from walking an extra block out of her way just to be with her chum, Vivian Morris, a little longer. There it was again—that song that grated on the nerves of the worn and weary woman!

Quickly finding her place, the girl began chatting of the morning's activities, only to be interrupted by the entrance of Bud, a young man of fourteen, with the usual good opinion of himself belonging to that age. "Bud" was Tom Burlingame Junior.

"There are s-m-i-l-e-s that make us h-a-p-p-y," and he tossed his cap with accurate aim to it's hook as he hurried to find his place with the rest, his voice filling the small room, and causing Thelma to cover her ears with her hands, much to the delight of the singer, while his mother set her teeth together to keep back a sharp rebuke for his method of making good cheer.

"Never was so hungry in my life," and he began hastily attacking the food before him, grinning mischievously at his sister, who had relapsed into dignified silence, at his outburst.

"Had the worst old time ever in mathematics this morning. By the way, we finished the old book today, and that calls for a new book tomorrow. How's that, Dad?" smiling triumphantly. Mother dropped a dish nervously, while her lips again set themselves in the straight line of despair.

Books, again, and the bills this month already so large!

"That reminds me, Mother," and Thelma spoke casually, as of any ordinary matter, "I spilled ink all over the front of my dress this morning, and I had to wear it that way all forenoon. Maybe I wasn't mortified to death! So, now, I shall have to wear my best dress to school and get a new one to take its place. I am tired of this old thing, anyway, so I should worry! Just look!" spreading out the skirt as she spoke. Her mother gasped.

"Oh, Thelma, why can't you be more careful? I don't see how we possibly can get you a new dress now, with so many bills to meet. It is something all the time," her voice eloquent with despair. "We ought to have more money—then she stopped as she caught the expression of pain and embarrassment on her husband's face. Well, he ought to be in some business where he could make more money. Other men—well, she couldn't help her thoughts, if she did have to keep them to herself, and the sigh that spoke volumes relieved her somewhat for not telling her husband that he was, somehow, to blame for things. Tom plainly read her thoughts.

"It is too bad, honey, that you must be worried so all the time. I know I ought to be making more money, but times are very dull just straight through here. They surely will be better, before long." Oh, Tom was the original optimist, and she had heard that for so long!

"But we shall pull through all right, in time," smiling bravely, "so let daughter have her dress. I guess I can stand the extra burden," laying his hand fondly on hers.

Dinner over, Tom hurried back to the daily grind that he went through with so uncomplainingly that his wife never dreamed how it wore on her. For was there not borne to her, as he passed on the street, the sound of his voice singing, "There smiles that make us h-a-p-p-y, there smiles that make us b-l-i-s-s-e-d." As she stopped involuntarily, her face flushed and a tender look crept into her eyes. Poor old Tom, so cheerful, so brave, and his burdens were the same as hers, even heavier. He had to see that the daily food was forthcoming, he had to meet the bills, to provide everything that was theirs. Poor dear fellow—and she had thought that hers was the grievance alone!

Little Rita, who had been chattering like a magpie as she ate her dinner, rose and, dancing around the table, began, "There are smiles that make us blue," her childish treble making havoc with the time. Turning to her mother, as she thrust her hat on her sunny curls, she asked: "Mamma, what are smiles that make us blue? I think smiles should be happy, just as the song says. I don't see how folks

can smile 'less they are happy and make folks happy, do you, Mamma?"

Mother was puzzled for an answer, when Bud rose to the occasion. "Why, Sis, I guess the smiles that are blue are those that come when folks hear their biddie sing. It makes them smile, and it makes him blue when she catches them at it. At least that is what the fellows at school say when they hear me warble. Yep, I guess those are the deep, dark, navy-blue kind of smiles," and jamming his cap on his head sidewise, away he ran singing, followed by Thelma and little Rita.

But the little girl suddenly turned back for the good-by kiss which she had almost forgotten, and seeing the worried look on her mother's face, she threw her arms around her neck, declaring: "Mamma, I think the blue smile is the one you give Papa sometimes when you talk 'bout spenses and things. But Papa's smile is the happy kind, isn't it, Mamma?—the kind that makes us all happy, too," and away she ran, leaving a sting in the mother's heart.

The burdened woman's face showed a mixture of feelings. What a sermon from such a tiny, wise preacher! Then, overcome, she dropped down on a chair, sobbing out her remorse and penitence. Poor Tom how she had added to his burdens instead of being the help-mate she had promised to be! And he could smile in spite of all!

Then she too smiled, as she thought of his fondness for that song. "And he never could carry a tune," she criticized fondly, "not even 'Yankee Doodle.' But I don't know as that matters as long as the words satisfy. I know I would rather him sing, without a tune, than to hear the finest opera. So, now!" and she sprang up and began to clear away the dishes.

As she passed the mirror, she stopped, horrified. "Why, I never knew my face was so solemn, so sad, as if I had nothing but trouble. And I have so much to be glad about—the dearest husband in the world, the best children, if they do make lots of expense, and a good home. As Bud says, I should worry! Maybe other men do make more money than Tom does, but I know how he makes his, and I should rather be poor forever than to have my husband gain riches in questionable ways." She flew about her work, the tired lines in her face vanishing as she communed with herself.

"Why, I guess I am pretty well off, after all, and from now on I am going to make a pleasanter place for Tom and the children. I shall show my appreciation by matching smiles with him when he comes home tonight—and every day hereafter. I do love his tuneless songs, after all, better than Mendelssohn's 'Song Without Words,'" laughing. And as she placed the last dish in its place, she was singing, unaware of it as she worked, "There are smiles that make us happy."—Rosary Magazine.

THE LITTLE SWALLOW SISTERS

FRENCH CABINET COULD NOT EXPEL

By Francois Veulliot

The diocesan Curia of Paris has opened preliminary hearings for the beatification of the founders of an order known locally as the "Little Swallow Sisters." Outside of Paris and in many parts of the world, they are known as the "Little Sisters of the Assumption, Nurses of the Poor."

YOU NEED THESE ROYAL ATTACHMENTS

THEY are simply and easily connected. You merely slip off the nozzle and attach the suction hose and cleaner-tool you wish to use. The various tools clean your hangings, upholstered furniture, mattresses, pillows, etc., as thoroughly as the Royal itself cleans rugs and floor-surfaces. And—as you move around the room your faithful Royal remains upright and rolls after you!

There's no doubt about it—you need these attachments if you wish to get maximum service from your machine. If you haven't a set, we'll be glad to demonstrate just how they are used and what they will do.

WRITE US TODAY and we'll be glad to have the nearest "Royal" man in your district demonstrate the Royal's superior cleaning ability—without obligating you in any way. The particulars of the Royal Dealers to their customers may also interest you.

The Royal is Made in Canada by Continental Electric Co., Ltd., Dept. R., Toronto, Ont.

ROYAL ELECTRIC CLEANER Cleans by Air-Action

In 1860 she was thirty-six years old. The Lady Tertiaris of Saint Dominic, revived by Lacordaire—another of the religious revivals of the nineteenth century—having observed her virtue and prudence, asked her to direct an orphanage which they had just founded. Antoinette Fage accepted, believing that she would find in this work an outlet for her devotion. But God was saving her for an apostolate still more vast and more penetrating.

A few years later a religious of the Assumption met her. He was Father Pernet. The Assumptionists are another of the creations of

Protect Your Wife and Children

By suitable provisions in your Will, safeguarding the principal sum of your estate. We will be glad to confer or to correspond with you in regard to your Will free of charge.

The Capital Trust Corporation

10 METCALFE ST./OTTAWA 174 BAY STREET TORONTO

Correspondence Invited

Secrets

of wonderfully dainty, appetizing dishes are brought to light in our new cheese recipe book. Request yours to-day.



Spreads Like Butter

FIVE YEARS' AGONY ENDED

When He Took "Fruit-a-tives" For Rheumatism

The Medicine Made From Fruit There can be no doubt that "Fruit-a-tives" is the long sought remedy for Rheumatism and Lumbago. From all over Canada come letters testifying to this fact.

Mr. John E. Guilderson of Parrboro, N.S. writes: "I suffered badly with Rheumatism for five years—tried different medicines—wastreated by doctors in Amherst—and here at home—but the Rheumatism came back."

In 1916, I saw an advertisement for "Fruit-a-tives" and took a box and got relief, so I took them for about six months and the Rheumatism was all gone and I have never felt it since! 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

THE MEDICINE MADE FROM FRUIT

There can be no doubt that "Fruit-a-tives" is the long sought remedy for Rheumatism and Lumbago. From all over Canada come letters testifying to this fact.

Mr. John E. Guilderson of Parrboro, N.S. writes: "I suffered badly with Rheumatism for five years—tried different medicines—wastreated by doctors in Amherst—and here at home—but the Rheumatism came back."

In 1916, I saw an advertisement for "Fruit-a-tives" and took a box and got relief, so I took them for about six months and the Rheumatism was all gone and I have never felt it since! 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

THE MEDICINE MADE FROM FRUIT

There can be no doubt that "Fruit-a-tives" is the long sought remedy for Rheumatism and Lumbago. From all over Canada come letters testifying to this fact.

Mr. John E. Guilderson of Parrboro, N.S. writes: "I suffered badly with Rheumatism for five years—tried different medicines—wastreated by doctors in Amherst—and here at home—but the Rheumatism came back."

In 1916, I saw an advertisement for "Fruit-a-tives" and took a box and got relief, so I took them for about six months and the Rheumatism was all gone and I have never felt it since! 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

THE MEDICINE MADE FROM FRUIT

There can be no doubt that "Fruit-a-tives" is the long sought remedy for Rheumatism and Lumbago. From all over Canada come letters testifying to this fact.

Mr. John E. Guilderson of Parrboro, N.S. writes: "I suffered badly with Rheumatism for five years—tried different medicines—wastreated by doctors in Amherst—and here at home—but the Rheumatism came back."

In 1916, I saw an advertisement for "Fruit-a-tives" and took a box and got relief, so I took them for about six months and the Rheumatism was all gone and I have never felt it since! 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS

MURPHY, GUNN & MURPHY BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES Solicitors for The Home Bank of Canada Solicitors for the Roman Catholic Episcopal Corporation Suite 33, Bank of Toronto Chambers LONDON, CANADA Phone 170

FOY, KNOX & MONAHAN BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC. A. E. Knox T. Louis Monahan E. L. Middleton George Keogh Cable Address: "Foy" Telephone: Main 481 Offices: Continental Life Building CORNER BAY AND RICHMOND ST. REETS TORONTO

DAY, FERGUSON & CO. BARRISTERS James E. Day 28 Adelaide St. West John M. Ferguson 28 Adelaide St. West 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.

Real Estate Park 1000, Cable Address "London," 2206W Hillcrest 1097 Main 1883

Lee, O'Donoghue & Harkins BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC. W. T. Lee, B.C.L. J. G. O'Donoghue, K.C. Hugh Harkins R. C. O'Donoghue Offices 241-242 Confederation Life Chambers 8, 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 ARCHITECTS Sixth Floor, Bank of Toronto Chambers LONDON ONT.

Members Ontario Association of Architects Millson, Burgess & Hazelgrove REGISTERED ARCHITECTS 319 Sparks St. OTTAWA, ONT

Specialists in Ecclesiastical and Institutional Construction. EDUCATIONAL

St. Jerome's College Founded 1864 KITCHENER, ONT.

Business College Department, High School of Academic Department, College and Philosophical Department, Address: REV. W. A. BENINGER, O. 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. 586 BANK STREET, OTTAWA, ONT.

ECZEMA You are not experimenting with it, which you use Dr. Chase's Ointment. It relieves at once and gradually heals the skin. Sample Dr. Chase's Ointment free if you mention this paper and send 2c. stamp for postage. 60c. a box, all dealers or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Newfoundland Representative: Gerald S. Doyle, St. Johns.