HER IRISH HERITAGE

BY ANNIE M. P. SMITHSON

AUTHOR OF "BY STRANGE PATHS"

CHAPTER VI-CONTINUED

lady's asseverations that she "didn't know the taste of it!" Mary accompanied Clare up the filth.

relief.

"Oh! Miss Carmichael! I am so glad to be out of that place! What awful people! And so dirty. But I suppose they are very poor?"

"Not so poor as you think," said Mary quietly, "they are of the large of th

Mary quietly, "they are of the class that will always manage to live from hand to mouth someway or other. There is, probably, not of any denomination which they she was nursing on her district—and don't know and of which they don't incidentally to have a talk with him don't know and of which they don't make use from time to time. The man too, can earn good wages on the quays when he likes, but he drinks it nearly all. The old woman has the old age pension, the boy sells papers, and the girl—well, Is am afraid she is not all she ought to be. But here we are at my next. case—and I think you will like this

They entered the "top front" of It was an untidy but not dirty room, the walls of which, in the usual tenement style, were pasted over with all sorts of pictures. The table was littered with the remains descend from sedan chairs with link of some meal-probably breakfast; the two windows were open, and on an improvised bed drawn up close to one of them was a little deformed boy of about seven years. Two bright intelligent eyes shone out from the pale wizened face— and how that face lit up as Mary entered the room.
"Well, Jimmy," she said, with a

' and how are you today?' I'm grand, Nurse, thank you. mother is at the market, she left the kettle on, and the basin the light is shining through the and the cold water are there drawn blinds. the cold water are there

A bad tubercular abscess of the hip had to be dressed here, and as she went about her work Mary gave Clare an outline of the case. mother was a widow with five other children, all of school age. She was a fish dealer and generally had to out at the markets very early; the other children gave Jimmy his breakfast, and settled him for the day as well as they could before went off to school, but after that he was alone till their return, for the ministrations of the kind neighbor who lived on the same landing-in the "top back. Even as she spoke the door opened quietly, and an old woman came slowly into the room.

she asked, and Clare looking closely at her, noticed that she was looking before her with the unseeing eyes

Yes, Mrs. Keogh, ma'am, she is, and another lady with her."
"I was thinkin' I heard another footstep," said the blind woman,

"have you all you want Nurse?"
"Yes, everything, thank you,
Mrs. Keogh," said Mary, and after
a few minutes the old woman went
out as quietly as she had come in.
"She is living on the Old Age her bandage with skiful fingers, on life and things in general.
"and is very good to Jimmy here when he is all alone. Isn't she lady now enquired turning to her, "There you are now," he

She is, Miss," with a soft shy smile—a smile which grew bigger and brighter as Mary produced an apple and some chocolate from one

of her many pockets. As they went downstairs she said softly to Clare, "That is one of my child martyrs; I have several others as well.

Clare's eyes were full of tears and for the moment she could not speak, but many a v sit she paid to Jimmy that winter, and many a toy and more substantial comforts also found their way into the poor

fish hawker's room.

They saw several other cases, and then it was time to meet Bride for the promised cup of tea. A short walk brought them all into the more prosperous streets, and seated in the pretty tea-room, the two workers were soon enjoying their tea and cakes and chatting away to their heart's content.

But Clare was silent and very

quiet. She was totally unused to such sights as those to which she had been brought that morning. They had made a deep impression on her, and she found herself quite unable to shake off a feeling of

gloom and depression.

To Mary Carmichael and Bride Blake of course it was simply part of their day's work, and they were too thoroughly used to such scenes and too well accustomed to slum life—both good and bad—to be in anyway affected by it.

"We did not even show you the worst phases of it," said Bride, as she poured herself out another cup of tea. "the real vice and degradation of some of the people is just as awful in its way as the real unselfish goodness of others is wonderful!"

Mary Carmichael nodded.

"Yes, I know what you mean," she said quietly, "I remember someone once asking me what conditions of life I really found in the slums; and I answered that I found there the very worst and the very two—how's the world using you, two—how's the world using you, man see that she cared for him

CHAPTER VII " THE LIGHT THAT NEVER WAS ON

SEA OR LAND!" Mary Carmichael was buttoning er tweed coat and settling her little fur cap becomingly on her wavy hair. Supper at St. Columba's

know the taste of it! Mary accompanied Clare up the filthy stairs and out into the street once more. The latter drew in a breath of the cold air, as she said in accents of relief.

It was the last week of Adventure and frosty, and from her window high up at the top of the great house, Mary could see the street lamps shining on the frosty pavements. She threw her fur over her shoulder, which were shoulder, and the last week of Adventure and the nights were clear and frosty, and from her window high up at the top of the great house, and the last week of Adventure.

or other. There is, probably, not city to report to the doctor there a charitable organization in the city about a rather bad case of his which to be. But here we are at my next and into the broad streets beyond. These were presently left behind and in a very short time they were standing at the corner of a slum house overlooking Patrick's Park.
t was an untidy but not dirty —one of those streets of large houses with great entrance halls and wide staircases, where in descend from sedan chairs with link boys in attendance. There are drawingrooms in these houses—and often a fine carved mantalpiece may be found there still intact-which were the scenes of many a dance and many a gay party in days long gone by. In those same rooms now are whole families living together as best they can-some in cleanliness and decency, others again sunk in drink and degradation.

St. Paul's Dispensary " is at the corner of one such street, and

Their ring was answered by a tall female in rusty black and smelling of snuff. This was Miss Becket who leaned the surgery and generally looked after" the place during Head's absence.

'Oh, good evening, Miss Becket," Nurse Seeley, said doctor in ? He is, Miss-come in please.

benches round the wall.

"Well, now, I can't say that I am well Miss—for I am not. I do get a terrible pain in me back and chest-but, of course, I mustn't complain. We have been very busy lately." Miss Becket always spoke late at night before we got finished sometimes. Still, as I said before, its no use complaining."

"Not a bit, Miss Becket," said

"She is living on the Old Age pension," said Mary, as she fastened always enjoyed Miss Becket's views

"'you have not been to see us lately
—I hope you have been well?"

"Oh, quite, thank you, Miss
Becket," replied Mary, "but like
yourself I have been very busy."

"Ah, well, don't overdo it now—take care of yourself in time and I said those same words to me poor brother, — taking a good pinch of snuff — "but dear me, he never snuff — "but dear me. he never minded what I said—not till it was would try anyone's patience. As too late!

The two girls said nothing. They that theme, there was no turning her as they knew to their cost.

he, 'You've been a good sister to me, and if I had only minded half of what you said to me, I—'"

At this juncture, to the great with the words, relief of her hearers, the surgery advice, now! Goo door opened, there were voices in the hall as the last patient was shown out, and the next moment

cosy little surgery. Maurice Head was about forty years of age, short, clean-shaven and decidedly inclined to embon-point. He liked the creature comforts of life and enjoyed a good dinner, or a good joke almost equally

one of the bright spots in his life He wheeled two chairs up to the gas fire now, and fussed round his visitors, making them comfortable.

Her, happiness so great, so incomparable, that she was afraid even to let her thoughts dwell on it. visitors, making them comfortable. He was delighted they had called

" said Nurse Seeley, "What would you laughing. expect? I would have been here sooner only for Miss Carmichael here—I had to wait for her to put on her best bib and tucker!"

Dr. Head leaned back, and surweyed Mary with a critical eye.
"Well I must say the result is displyery becoming," he announced, any becoming," he announced, g, "I'm only sorry Delaney

won't be here tonight."

Mary Carmichael said nothing. but the red flag mounted to her cheeks, and Nurse Seeley laughed. 'Don't tease her, Doctor,' sk d, "she pretends to be so shyshe said.

she and Dr. Delaney are just friends, you know—nothing more." "Gad! I never met such a pair I never met such a pair e," said the doctor, and in my life, giving his shoulders a characteristic shrug, he suddenly turned and looked at Mary squarely in the

"Look here, my lady," he asked then—"do you, or do you not care for Delaney?"

The girl was taken by surprise

that she could not answer—she simply sat and looked at him.
"You know," he went on, "I look upon Delaney as my best friend—there is no man on this earth for whom I have a greater regard. He is a man in a thousand—aye in a million—and you know it! now do you care for him

Oh, Dr. Head!" was all she could breathe; then as he still little font of holy water beside her looked steadily at her she murmured, "of course as a friend redemption with a sigh of relief, there is no one I think more of, but I am sure—quite sure that he regards me in no other light."

And indeed so she had been thinking lately. Matters had progressed no further between herself and Dr. Delaney. They went everywhere together, they talked as intimately and as confidentially as ever, they were in fact as chummy as they had ever been—but beyond that he never went. And so Mary was beginning to think that it was only friendship after all that he felt for

talking?" exclaimed Dr. Head. "Friendship!—queer friendship "He's not away yet, anyhow," "Friendship!—queer friendship said Nurse Seeley, "we will ring when a man can talk of nothing but one girl all the time—enjoy nothing if she is not with him—yarns by the hour about her manifold perfections

Friendship where are you-now do you care for him or not?"
Mary flushed again, but this time Becket," she raised her eyes, and looked her questioner straight in the face.

And if I did, why should I tell ?" she asked proudly. But Dr. The last patient has just gone in and so he will be disengaged now hand on hers. "Because I want to see him happy—that's why," he "And how are you, Miss Becket?" said quietly, and the bantering asked Mary Carmichael, as they tones left his voice and he went on, entered the small waiting room with he's a man that could be happy its gas stove, couple of chairs, and with a good woman—and I know you are that-and he wants someone to liven him up, for you know how often he gets melancholy and downhearted—all about nothing. His digs are comfortable enough the doctor and herself as e''—" and it has been terribly at night before we got failed. you help him? Don't you ever give him a bit of encouragement at all Mary said nothing, but Nurse eeley interposed. "Encourage-Nurse Seeley, smiling, while Mary listened in quiet amusement—she ment, indeed she doesn't, Doctor. Why she often snubs the poor fellow for nothing, and is as cold

There you are now," he cried "and you should just put your

arms around his neck and tell him that you love him!"
"Oh! Dr. Head," Mary cried, aghast, and Nurse Seeley broke into a peal of laughter at the sight care of yourself in time and your own health. How often now," said Maurice Head, "I've given you good sound advice, and I know what I'm talking about. But love with each other as The two girls said nothing. They both knew the whole history of her brother's life, illness, and death, but once Miss Becket got started on the brother was no turning there was no turning another characteristic shrug of his shoulders the doctor turned two mortals can be, and vet neither plump shoulders the doctor turned the conversation. However, later "As he said to me the very night before he was taken—'Martha,' sez on when he was parting with them at the corner of the square in which was St. Columba's Home, he gave Mary's hand an extra pressure,

with the words, "Sleep on my advice, now! Good night!"
But there was little sleep for Mary Carmichael that night. Dr. Head's words had sunk deeply into Dr. Head was shaking hands with her mind and she could not forget them, and ushering them into his them. Not indeed that she wanted to forget them—far from it. The very thoughts and hopes which they conjured before her were inexpressibly sweet to her. Could Theodore Delaney really care for her? Dr. Head should know—the pair were inseparable chums and Mary knew that Dr. Delaney must many. He was married, and knew what trouble was, but he was devoted to his children and the Could life hold such happiness for

If only she knew his feelings round, for he enjoyed an evening like this—free pro tem, from "the wife's" supervision—as keenly as a schoolboy on holiday.

"You may go, Miss Becket," he called out, "I'll put out the lights hofers I leave Now then—you intensely proud—nroul to a fault—self-under the wife were sitting on their veranda when towards her—knew them for certains. But she realized that for her towards her—knew them for certains were sitting on their veranda when towards her—knew them for certains. But she realized that for her towards her—knew them for certains were sitting on their veranda when towards her—knew them for certains. But she realized that for her towards her—knew them for certains were sitting on their veranda when towards her—knew them for certains. But she realized that for her to encourage him in any way or to make the slightest advance would be impossible. She simply could not do such a thing. Mary was and the bare idea of letting any man see that she cared for him yesterday and tea today. I'm tired able to get.

"Oh, just the same old six and without first knowing for certain ghtpence," said Nurse Seeley, that he loved her was simply out of the question and yet-if cared and was only holding back after all through reserve or uncertainty as to her feeling—in that case should she not encourage him a little? He was as proud as herself and very reticent, and disliked to display much emotion or feeling at any time—an intensely sensitive man in every way. She knew all this, but still she shrank involuntary at the very thought of letting him get a glimpse of her feelings. Let him but speak and tell her that which she was hungering to hear and she was ready to pour forth the love of her heart to him without shame or reserve. But that she should make the first advance—no,

the thing was simply not possible to her.
"But I wish I knew—oh! I wish I knew!" she said over and over again as she tossed about in useless efforts to settle to sleep.

Then a sudden thought struck er. She would start a Novena for the Feast of the Immaculate Conception on December 8th, and leave everything in Our Lady's hands.

"It's all I can do!" she thought Our Lady will help me-she never failed me yet! I will not bother one bit more myself, but start the Novena in the morning—it's the 29th, and then I will leave every-

thing to her.'
And so, feeling more at peace, Mary dipped her finger into redemption with a sigh of relief, she composed herself at last to

A few evenings after this she was visiting the Blakes. Mary Blake met her in the hall and took her upstairs to her own special sanctum for a little chat before they joined the others. The "two Marys" were inseparable friends and really

attached to each other.
"Well, dearie, and how is the world using you? And are you working away, thinking of everyone except yourself, as usual?" asked Mary Carmichael, as she drew out her hatpins, and stood for a moment arranging her hair before the mirror.
Miss Blake laughed.

"Yes, I'm just as usual," she said, "it's all very well to talk my dear, but if I didn't look after the house and the inhabitants thereof, I wonder who would?

"All the same," replied the other you spoil them Mary-however, I don't suppose you would be happy if you hadn't them to spoil! And how is the English cousin getting on?" "Oh, grand," was the reply, and do you know, Mary, I certain that Anthony Farrell is really in love with her, and I believe she likes him, too is so cold and quiet, it's hard to tell how she feels. "Really!" cried the other, turn-

ing round with quick interest, "how charming! Anthony is such a good fellow and I took a great fancy to your cousin from the first moment I saw her.'

TO BE CONTINUED

AND THE GREATEST IS CHARITY

In its day Benton place was the most fashionable part of Springfield, but as the city spread westward new and finer avenues were laid out, where the newly rich and the smartest of the old set built more eleganthomes. little, Benton place lost prestige. The homes which the rich deserted were rented for boarding houses, and soon looked so shabby that the people on either side of them felt compelled to move away. However, White, the banker, remained where he was. Benton place was good enough for him, he said; and his wife was certain that a new house would never seem homelike to her. Mr. and Mrs. Beck did not move because they could ill afford a change for the better, and Miss Allen, whose father had built the first house in Benton place, had no desire to go elsewhere. Mrs. Delany was the only other representative of Springfield's old families who still lived there. She was a widow, an aristocrat to her finger tips, who for several years had given music lessons, but when people spoke of her none of these facts was ever mentioned. It was as an inveterate borrower that she was known among her neighbors. Whether she would have been willing to lend, in her turn, no one knew, for the only woman who had ever gone to her to borrow anything had somehow come away without mentioning her own need, but having promised to lend Mrs. Delany a new dress pattern and a few postage stamps. Mrs. Delany borrowed tea and coffee and sugar and flour; umbrellas and gloves; cooking utensils and thread and yarn and needles. She borrowed, not from time to time, but almost daily and the worst of it was that she never returned anything to wellto-do neighbors, and but tardily to poor ones.

It happened, one summer evening, that Mrs. White and her daughter were sitting on their veranda when Miss Allen joined them. Mrs. Delany's house was directly across the street, and as they chatted she

lending to her. There's no excuse for anyone being as shiftless as she is. She wasn't always that way. The next time she asks to borrow something from me I am going to refuse her—at least, I think now get some of it if I can that will."

Like Mary White

"Mary and I were talking of her before you came." Mrs. White said. "We were complaining that her borrowing has come to be an annoyance. For a time it was a joke be tween us, but when a joke is repeated day after day, and week after week, it begins to lose its freshness." It was not often that Mrs. White spoke so sharply, but she had been annoyed that day, because Mrs. Delany had borrowed the last of her teacher. last of her tea, and she and her daughter had none with their luncheon.

Miss Allen was about to endorse what Mrs. White had said when Mrs. Beck opened the gate. As soon as the first greetings had been exchanged Miss Allen told her how persistently Mrs. Delany was borrowing at her home, and declared that she would refuse the next time she seld for anything that she would result she asked for anything. "You won't

refuse her. You won't have the heart, unless you are made of sterner stuff than I. Again and again I have determined to say no to her; but when she came and asked in her timid, apologetic little way, although I longed to say, your own tea or coffee,' what I did reply was 'Why, certainly, Mrs. Delany! How much do you you

Mary White had been listening in silence, but at this point she laughed gleefully in a way which her mother knew to mean that some mischief was brewing in her pretty head. "I have a plan!" she cried. "There's only one way to break Mrs. Delany of the habit of borrowing, and that is to borrow from her. Let's do it is to borrow from her. Let's do it -every one of us! I'll go to her door early tomorrow morning to borrow something; and you, Mrs. Beck, could go about ten o'clock and get—anything at all; and in afternoon, Miss Allen could the need sugar for jelly and feel quite unable to telephone to the grocer for it; and mother, you could close the day by borrowing back a pound or two of the coffee that we have loaned her."
"Now, Mary, that wouldn't be

kind," her mother objected. "It would be as kind as it is for her to borrow from us nearly every Mary saucily defended her-

think so, too, Mary," Allen said quickly. "I'll do my part if the others agree to do theirs. Sooner or later we must teach Mrs. Delany a lesson In my opinion we have already waited too long. What

do you say, Mrs. Beck?"
"Well, I—I'll do it if Mrs. White does," she replied hesitatingly, feelthat the plan was cruel, willing, in her admiration for Mrs. White to follow her lead in anything

Now, mother dear, please don't spoil the whole lovely scheme," Mary pleaded. "You know you are tired of lending to Mrs. Delany. Because we're just across the stree she comes here oftener than to Miss Allen's or to Mrs. Beck's and they're willing. If we give her a taste being borrowed from—well, imagine that a taste will be enough for her. Besides, it would be so much fun.

"I suppose there's no harm in our doing it," Mrs. White said doubt-fully; and at once Mary began to mature her plan as enthusiastically So, little by as if it had received whole-hearted approval.

So it happened that at half past eight o'clock the next morning, Mary rang Mrs. Delany's bell, and when she answered it a thin, wist ful little woman, in a faded gingham dress-Mary said politely:

"Pardon me for troubling you so but could you lend us your preserving kettle? Mother bought peaches from a farmer, and—"

Mrs. Delany, her way home stopped to talk to Mrs. Beck and Miss Allen; everywhere telling the same story, and making the

Mrs. Delany's face flushed, as she interrupted, 'I am very sorry, Mary, but I have no big kettle. I never use one, so I got rid of mine long ago." "Thank you just the same. We'll

comment was that she hoped Mary had been polite. At eleven o'clock Mrs. Beck took

her turn. She went into the scrupulously neat parlor, and after talking of the weather and the news regarding a sick neighbor, rose to go, before she asked to borrow a little tea. "If you are certain that you tea. can spare it," she said. "It will save me a trip to the grocery." Again Mrs. Delany's face flushed.

She hesitated for a moment before she answered. "Certainly, Mrs. She answered. Certainly, Mrs. Beck. I'll get it at once."

She returned, after a few minutes, with a very little tea at the bottom of a tin tea-box. "I wish there were more. This is all that I have in the house," she

apologized.

Mrs. Beck took it, but it was with a guilty conscience that she hurried homeward. Mary White was waiting for her, and soon the two were laughing together over their trick, but her remorse had returned by the time Miss Allen stopped in to came out and passed down the street, Miss Allen watched her until from Mrs. Delany. Miss Allen was she turned the corner, and then said indignantly:

the time Mrss Allen stayed a see her on her way to borrow sugar from Mrs. Delany. Miss Allen was eager to know how Mrs. Beck had fared, and laughed heartily when she saw how little tea she had been

"Don't laugh. I am sorry that I went. I wouldn't go, if I were you. Miss Allen," Mrs. Beck said. "Indeed I'll go! Mrs. Delany owes me sugar, and I am going to

Like Mary White, Miss Allen made no pretense of calling, but at the door said crisply, "Mrs. Delany, I am out of sugar; will you lend me a little! One pound would do or even a half a pound."

"I have no sugar in the house, Miss Allen. I used the last I had in my coffee this morning, and I have not gone to the grocery today Her sensitive face once more, but this time in anger, rather than in shyness or embarrassment.

At three o'clock it was Mrs. White's turn. She went reluctantly, feeling ashamed of the part she was to play, but not brave enough to refuse to do as the others. She was weary of lending to Mrs. Delany, but liked her, and would not have hurt her feelings for the world. Like Mrs. Beck she went into the little parlor, where she and Mrs. Delany chatted so pleasantly that she was in danger of forgetting her errand lt would have escaped her mind if she had not chanced to glance from the window and see Mary seated on the veranda, awaiting her return.

"Oh, Mrs. Delany, will you lend me a spool of darning cotton? I meant to buy some yesterday when I was down town, but forgot it."

Mrs Delany did not reply at once, and the silence was making Mrs White uncomfortable before she White uncomfortable turned to her, and said, very quietly: "I understand. I did not suspect anything until Miss Allen came. I—had not thought that you are one of them. I suppose I deserve this from all of you, but I could never have believed that any of you could be so cruel." She paused; then rose, and in a dignified way said: "Come with me, You shall see for yourself."

Feeling like a murderer, Mrs. White meekly followed Mrs. Delany into the room behind the parlor, which she found to be bare of fur niture, through a bedroom in which there was nothing more than a narrow bed, and one shabby chair; into the kitchen, where there was a stove, a very old table, and two older chairs. "I have sold everyolder chairs. "I have sold every-thing else," Mrs. Delany ex-

Mrs. White was forced to glance into a closet where one dress and one coat hung, and into a cupboard whose shelves were empty of every thing except a loaf of bread, about half pound of coffee and a can of condensed milk. "I had a little condensed milk. "I had a little tea, too, but I gave it to Mrs. Beck," Mrs. Delany said.

She led the way back to the parlor, where she faced Mrs. White and said, with pathetic dignity; "I thought you all understood You have known how the younger teachers have won my pupils from me, one after another. You all know that I have none left. You know, too that my small means was 'lost in the Perkin's failure. I thought you understood that when I borrowed I was-begging. I am to old to undertake new work, and can't get music pupils. I haven't ten dollars in the world. I will go to the poorhouse tomorrow. It would have been better if I had given up the struggle long ago

Mrs. White's eyes were full of ears. "You'll do nothing of the tears. "You'll do nothing of the kind!" she said emphatically; and having kissed Mrs. Delany's cheek she hurried away without another word First, she went home and scolde

Mary, as that pampered young lady had never been scolded before, and afterward ordered her carriage and went to the bank to speak to her husband, and to the Mercantile Realty Company to see Mr. Beck. She called on a number of friends in the fine new West End, and on

It was half past seven o'clock in the evening before she reached Mrs. Delany's house, weary and dishev eled, her carriage followed by an

old wagon.

She told the man who drove the manage somehow," Mary said quickly, and hurried away, convulsed with laughter to report to Miss Allen, and Mrs. Beck, and lastly to her mother, whose only inside, and putting both hands on processing the state of inside, and putting both hands on her thin shoulders, said hurriedly: Listen, and don't say a word until I give you permission. I went to see some friends of mine, and I secured ten pupils for you. I have their names on a piece of paper. Mr. Beck says that he positively refuses to accept any rent for this old house for six months; he says that you were wonderfully kind to his old mother. And my husband said: 'Has Mrs. Delany forgotten that there is a hundred dollars to her credit in this bank?' A drayman whom I ran across down town has some things for you in wagon—jelly from Mrs. Hardesty, and a box of oranges from Mrs. Beck, and some canned things from Miss Allen—and I've forgotten what else. One thing more, Mrs. Delany, never again treat your friends like strangers. Don't you know that we all love you? Now I am done; you make speak if you like. But Mrs. Delany was weeping for

joy and could not say a word.— By Florence Gilmour in The Magnificat.

It is necessary to raise one's self again towards heaven, when stricken down upon the earth.—

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