## A FAIR EMIGRANT

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND AUTHOR OF MARCELLA GRACE: " A NOVEL. CHAPTER XL

THE KING'S MESSENGER When Somerled entered the library dister was standing on the fireplace holding a piece of paper in his hands, and with a disturbed look on his usually placid countenance, Adare sat at the table, Edmund drooping towards it, with his arms folded upon it and his chest supported on his arms. A glass of wine stood untasted before him, and a tray with other refreshments was

'I have asked you to come here to support me in my magisterial capacity," said Alister. "This gentleman, Mr. Adare, has brought me some curious information; has placed this document in my hands, which, though very interesting, would be rather enigmatical if not explained by his testimony. I wish you to hear his explanations. But, Mr. Adare, will you not oblige me by drinking that glass of wine before we go

"Thank you; I never eat or drink except at home," said the famished-looking visitor, shaking himself out of a sort of collapse which seemed to have fallen on him from the warmth and comfort of the room. abstemious man, Mr. Fingall, and if I were to partake of your refreshments I could not afterwards dine."

Alister and Rory exchanged glances as the wretched man uttered the above words with a gasping effort, and at the same time an attempt at flourish which was pitiful in the extreme, seeing the very low ebb to which his physical strength had sunk; and Alister hastened to get the business of the moment over.

This is a statement made by the late Mr. Luke Adare," he said-"a very singular statement. Mr. Edmund Adare tells me that he himself wrote it at his brother's dictation—some years ago, was it not, Mr. Adaré? Perhaps you will kindly tell my cousin how the statement came to be made.

Edmund Adare shook himself up again with another great effort, and lifted his pallid face, looking from one to the other of the two men standing before him.

"It was about four years ago," he "My brother Luke was suffering in body, and haunted by an idea hat he must make a confession, and the farm house he saw signs of prephe called on me to write it down for aration for departure and Bawn's

You consider that he was of sound mind at the time?"

"I am sure of that, or I should not dressed for travel. have come to you. Since then his mind has sometimes been a little astray, but not then—certainly it was well!"

"Unkind," he said, "trying to steal away from us without a word of farewell!" not so then.

Will you tell us what has occurred between you?" said Alister, while Rory glanced over the soiled and crumpled paper which he had taken from Alister's hand, and turned pale.

"He came one day to my apart-At that time we occupied rooms in different wings of the house, and had not met for a year. My brother Luke was always a peculiar person, but very clever, Mr. Fingall nd very clear headed. Had it not been for misfortune-such misfortune as often overtakes the best ancient families—my brother Luke would have made a figure in the He came to me that day and said: 'I have something on my mind which will not let me rest night or day. It is like a rat gnawing me. I cannot tell why it is,' he said, 'for I a feeling that if you were to down what I have to say I get better.'
said, 'What is it about?' He 'It is about Arthur Desmond.'

'It is about Arthur Desmond.'

'It is about Arthur Desmond.'

'It is about Arthur Desmond.' do not believe in conscience, but I have a feeling that if you were to write down what I have to say I

said, 'It is about Arthur Desmond.' 'The man who murdered

shall get better.

the cliff. That is what I want you to

Yes," said Rory. "Go on." Edmund Adare passed his heavy, colourless hand over his sunken eyes, and with another great demand upon

the remnant of vitality within him, spoke again : 'I said, 'Who is able to tell about

that now? 'He said, 'I am, because I saw how

the thing happened. I was on the mountain that evening by chance, and I saw the two men meet, and I heard their conversation. I saw how, having come to listen to reason dog,— half wolf, half greyhound,hands to Fingall, and Fingall draw end of folly? hands to Fingall, and Fingall attached back and fall headlong over the back and fall headlong over the precipice. It was an accident, and precipice. It was an accident, and consciousness that she was unable consciousness that she was unable that the grief in her eyes, that

"I said to Luke, 'Why did you not speak at the time?'

her face, her attitude, her very hands were treacherously making some purpose. I whispered in every confession that she was escaping body's ear that Roderick had been away from the scene of her wild murdered and that Desmond was the enterprise, vanquished and with a for it. I never did anything without now if he knew it, only he might fugitive flung himself upon them, for it. I never did anything without an excellent reason. I wanted the money that old Barbadoes was on the point of bestowing on Arthur Desmond, and I got it. It is all gone mond, and I got it. It is all gone now, like everything else, and noth- her had been so short and so easily ing matters except to stop this buz-zing in my brain whenever I think of And I can't get rid of thinking of had ever for one hour really cared Write it all down that I may for her? get rid of it.'

"I wrote it down as you see, gentlemen, and Luke was satisfied. I put say to you."

away the paper, and never should "Would it not be kinder to let me away the paper, and never should have troubled any more about it, for later than the have troubled any more about it, for later than the have troubled any more about it, for go?" she said, and she felt that her go?" she said, and she felt that her go?" she said, and she felt that her have been yery said it piteously. "I have been very said it piteously." showing it to any one now, only for said it piteously. ing the last year.

Rory, with eyes fixed intently on ought to be thankful; but say good-

"A young lady came visiting at them tightly, and tried to look in her eyes, which were turned steadily away from the gladness of his.

Shane's Hollow," continued Edmund,

with another faint attempt at his

failed

grandiose manner which failed pathetically as he went on, "and she

was an angel of goodness to my poor

sister, who was a great sufferer

owing to our reverses, and had not all those comforts which an invalid

requires. This girl, gentlemen, nursed her like a daughter, gave her

hospitality, and buried her in our

ancestral burial place as befitted an

Adare. I never saw the young lady's

face, but I have heard her voice as

there was a tone in it that reminded me of the ill-treated Arthur Des-

Desmond's daughter who had come

to persecute him. After coming to the conclusion that the girl must be

Desmond's daughter, I had some

struggle with myself as to whether I

should or should not come forward

now, gentlemen, is a difficult one to

ever since my poor brother'

rat gnawing me'; and so I have

He stopped abruptly and cast a

wild, wandering look around the room, as if, now that all was said,

and urgent need for effort was over,

he knew not how to pull body and

mind together any more; and before

Alister or Rory could reach him he

room, scarcely aware of the long-

unwonted comfort with which he

An hour before death he' had a

return of consciousness, and renewed

and others, the statement he had

led; but by midnight the last of the

Leaving Alister to tell Edmund

Adare's story to Gran and Flora,

ing to Shanganagh. Walking up to

little cart waiting at the open door,

self appeared on the threshold,

He was smiling jubilantly as he

Bawn, who had plotted to escape this

and in the future. He would easily

reconcile himself to the inevitable,

She looked pale, weary, beaten.

escape quietly in her weakness and

ordeal of spoken farewells. Caught

on the very threshold, she would

have to make one last, almost impos-

the ocean with you a second time.'

infinitely aggravated by the strange

delight in his eyes and in his voice.

to hide the grief in her eyes, that

How could he stand

"Bawn, take off your gloves and

your hat, for I have a great deal to

sible call on her courage.

Mr. Fingall of the Rath-

and at the same moment Bawn her

Somerled rode off early in the morn-

in presence of the doctor, clergyman

already made to Alister and Somer

state of unconsciousness.

was surrounded.

and forget.

Adares was no more.

and lay this statement before

brother

Luke fell to raving about

"Bawn, I swear to you solemnly that you must not, need not go."

She looked at him startled, uddenly struck with the fact that his manner seemed to imply a cer-tainty which could only come from a change in circumstances; but remembering that such change was impossible, she said sadly :

'Nothing could persuade me of that unless the clouds were to open she passed down our staircase, and and drop down the truth, or nessage were to come back from the mond. This I might not have dwelt upon, only that of late my

"My dearest, the clouds have opened; a message has come from the dead. I have been all night entertaining the king's messenger near. who brought us miraculous tidings. Luke Adare has spoken."

mazement, hope and incredulity succeeded each other swiftly

magistrate; for the step I am taking "Impossible!" she said faintly. The heavens were opened to cona person of my recluse-like habits, vert Saul, but that does not happen now. The dead do not come back. death I have felt a great anxiety to need you torture me?' make known his confession. I have 'Luke Adare has spoken." felt it, to use his own words, 'like a

"I saw him dead." So have I seen Edmund Adare, but only a few hours ago. He is the king's messenger I told you of, and here is the message he brought for you and me.'

He drew the paper containing Luke's confession from his breast and put it in her trembling hands, but, seeing her could neither hold had fallen forward on the table in a nor decipher it, he took it back and read it aloud to her. Hearing him, They did all in their power to she looked straight before her with revive him and sent in haste for a bewildered eyes, tried to take the doctor, but before the doctor could document to read it for herself, but arrive to tell them that he had only suddenly turned blind, and the next a few hours to live, the last denizen Bawn the strong-hearted of the ruined home of the Adares had fainted in her lover's arms. was lying in Lady Flora's best bed-

THE END

## MOONDYNE JOE

THE GOLD MINE OF THE VASSE

CHAPTER V

THE KOAGULUP SWAMP We arrive now at the opening scene of this story. Eight days after his escape from Fremantle, Moondyne was seen by the convict Dave Terrell, on the shores of the Koagulup Swamp. In those eight days he had travelled two hundred miles, suffering that which is only known to the hunted convict. When he met the prisoner in the moon-light and made the motion to silence, Dave Terrell saw the long barrel o a pistol in his belt. He meant to sell his life this time, for there was

took her half-reluctant hand, and no hope if retaken. His intention was to hide in the last trial,-felt herself turn sick and faint at seeing his unconcern. After of striking into the Vasse Mountains, all his urgency and insistance it was a spur of which was not more than

sixty miles distant. she who would have to suffer now But the way of the absconder is perilous; and swift as had been Moondyne's flight, the shadow of the pursuer was close behind. No tardy step was that of him who led the Knowing to what a pass things had come with her, feeling that she was pursuit-a man with a terribly maimed face-a new officer of the unable to struggle longer without crying out, she had been trying to penal system, but whose motive in the pursuit was deadlier and dearer without going through the than the love of public duty.

On the very day that Moondyne Joe reached the great swamp, the mounted pursuit tracked the fugitive to the water's edge. A few hours later, while he lay exhausted on an island in the densely-wooded morass, the long sedge was cautiously divided.

There was that in his voice and other times. On the last morning or the first week a young girl came on her way to the 9 o'clock Mass.

"It will be in full bloom by the smiled at Mr. Barrelli with a sixth," he told himself every hour of the first week a young girl came on her way to the former thanks and the sixth, in the last morning or the first week a young girl came on her way to the grand or the first of some cannot always the long sedge was cautiously divided. "I have been obliged to make my island in the densely-wooded morass, the long sedge was cautiously divided a few yards from his face, and the could spring to his feet the supple could spring to his feet the supple carried away. If you help me to be savage was upon him, sending out his bush-cry as he sprang. A short struggle, with the black hands on the struggle, with the black hands on the struggle with the black hands on the struggle. The sergeant looked at him in the serg Roderick Fingall long ago?

Mr. Fingall of the Rath

Mr. Fingall of the Rath

Mr. Fingall of the Rath

"Come in, Bawn; come in, and

"Come in, Bawn; come in, and

"Come in, Bawn; come in, and

give me one last half-hour of your

Luke. 'Roderick Fingall fell down

The populous can wait.

The sergeant looked at him in

white throat; then the great white

slince. He arose and walked stealth
slince white throat; then black body,

slince white lead you to the lather white throat; then black bands on the

slince white white throat; then black body,

slince white white slince white white slince white am not going to ask leave to cross half rose, to listen.

From every point he heard the She returned into the little parlor trackers closing on him. He sank chained man. back with a moan of despair. But which she had just quitted, as she had thought, for the last time, feel-ing the joy of seeing him again the next instant the blood rushed from his heart with a new vigor for embittered, the acute pain of parting

every muscle. It was the last breath of his freedom, and he would fight for it, as for Had he cruelly come here to punish his life. He sprang to his feet and her by showing how little he cared, met his first brutal assailant, a native the truth. If I do not lead Arthur Desmond stretch out his at last, he was rejoiced to make an which sprang at his throat, but sank its fangs in his shoulder.

A bullet through the animal's brain left him free again, with steadied nerves. Even in the excitement of the moment a thrill of gratitude that it was not a man that lay there passed through kim. He flung his pistol into the swamp, and dashed toward the log on which he had gained the island. Beside it stood two men, armed. Barehanded, the was vain, however; others came and struck him down and overpowered

He was put in irons, and found himself in charge of the most brutal officer in the penal service,-his old fellow-convict and employer, Isaac Bowman.

VI

THE BRIBE When the party had travelled a dozen miles from the convict camp, the evening closed, and the sergeant the evening closed, and the sergeant called a halt. A chain was passed pretend to sleep."

The sergeant had thought out his round a tree, and locked; and to this owing it to any one now, only for ratin matters which occurred durge the last year."

said it piteously. I have been very foolish, very daring, and I and my cause are shipwrecked. I have done no one harm but myself, for which I no one harm but myself, for which I no one harm but myself, for which I power of lying down. With a company to the power of lying down. With a company to the power of lying down. mon prisoner this would have been

meant to leave no loophole open. He and the private trooper would keep guard all night; and according to this order, after supper, the trooper entered on the first four hour's watch.

The natives and wounded men took their meal and were stretched on the soft sand beside another fire, about a hundred paces from the guard and prisoner. The tired men soon slept, all but

the sentry and the captive.

sergeant lay within arm's length of

the prisoner; and even from deep sleep awoke at the least movement of the chain. Toward midnight, the chained man turned his face toward the sentry, and motioned him to draw The rough, but kind-hearted fellow thought he asked for water,

and softly brought him a pannikin, which he held to his lips. At the Bawn's lips parted, and in her which he held to his lips. At the eyes, which were fixed on Somerled's, slight motion, the sergeant awoke, and harshly reprimanded the trooper, posting him at a distance from the fire, with orders not to move till his watch had expired. The sergeant returned to his sleep, and again all was still.

> After a time the face of the with silent lip but earnest expression he begged the sentry to come to him. But the man would not move. grew angry at the persistence of the prisoner, who ceased not to look ventured to speak in a low voice. face of the sergeant. At this, the fearful trooper grew alarmed, and sternly ordered him to The sergeant awoke at the rest. word, and shortly after relieved the trooper, seating himself by the fire watch the remainder of the

night. When the prisoner saw this, with a look of utter weariness, though not of resignation, he at last closed his eyes and sank to rest. Once having yielded to the fatigue which his strong will had hitherto mastered, he was unconscious. A deep and dreamless sleep fell on him. The sand was soft round his tired limbs, and for two or three hours bitterness of his captivity was forgotten.

He awoke suddenly, and, as if he had not slept, felt the iron on his wrists, and knew that he was chained to a

tree like a wild beast.

The sleep had given thim new strength. He raised his head, and met the eyes of the sergeant watch-

toward his prisoner. twenty-five years in this colony," said on which he daily congratulated have remained a convict. Would you that he should have been a Catholic go away to another country, and live

the Vasse Gold Mine. I can lead you opportunity to stop at Mr. Barrelli's weather to an old customer only less

"I know where that gold mine tating, as glittering eyes of a native tracker met his for an instant. Before he could spring to his feet the supple loads of solid gold are waiting to be greedy face, "where tons and shiploads of solid gold are waiting to be

Will you mend it at once so I can get was near, he even present the sermon? I want to his unaccustomed lips.

On the afternoon of the fifth want to be wear it this afternoon."

arms closed around the black body, ily toward the natives, who were 10 o'clock?" she asked, after a pause, company. The pony can wait. Your steamer does not sail for two days to come. Don't be afraid—I nerve and lay still, while Moondyne firelight, for nearly an hour, he time paced, revolving the startling pro At last he approached the

I have treated you badly, and you bother with it." he said. "How can I hate me :" ne that this is true?'

Moondyne met the suspicious eye eadily, "I have no proof," he said; "How long steadily, you must take my word. I tell you utes. straight to the mine, I will go back to Fremantle as your prisoner.

Still the sergeant pondered and paced. He was in doubt, and the consequences might be terrible. Have you ever known me to lie?" said Moondyne.

The sergeant looked at him, but did not answer.
At length he abruptly asked: "Is

it far away?" I toward a decision. We can reach the place in two days, if you give me a horse," said Moondyne.

sergeant. I will not; but if you doubt me, keep the chain on my wrist till I show the gold." And then ?" said the sergeant.

"Then we shall be equals. I will lead you to the mine. You must return, and escape from the country as best you can Do you agree?"

The sergeant's face was white, as he

then at the prisoner. I agree," he said; "lie down, and

on the matter. He cautiously waked he took his hat from a peg and put

the private trooper.
"Take those natives," he said, "all but the mounted tracker, and go on to Bunbury before me. The wounded men must be doctored at once.

Without a word, the disciplined him, saddled his horse, and mounted. In half an hour they were gone. Moondyne Joe and the

The tracker was curled up again the chain, and the powerful prisoner rose to his feet. In a whisper the sergeant told him he must secure the

native before he attempted to take the horse. Moondyne went softly to the side and laid one strong hand on the man's | falling into a deep reverie. throat, and another on his pistol.

In a few moments it was over. The bushman never even writhed when he saw the stern face above him, and felt that his weapon was gone. Moondyne left him tied hand and foot, and returned to the sergeant, who had the horses ready.

When the convict stood beside the prisoner was once more raised, and trooper he raised his hand suddenly, and held something toward him— the tracker's pistol, loaded and capped! He had played and won. His enemy stood defenceless before him-and the terror of death, as he oward him, and who at last even saw the position, was in the blanched

'Take this pistol," said Moondyne, quietly. "You may give it to me, if you will, when I have kept my

The sergeant took the weapon with a trembling hand, and his evil face had an awed look as he mounted.

"Call the dogs," said Moondyne, we shall need them to-morrow." In answer to a low whistle the wolf-like things bounded through the The men struck of at a gallop, bush. in the direction of the convicts the sergeant a little behind, with his The pistol ready in the holster.

TO BE CONTINUED

## A WHITE ROSE

Mr. Barrelli's tiny shop nestled in the shadow of the old church. It had a single large window, close to which he sat day after day, making such jewelry as no one else in Boston ing him. The look between them could, mending treasures too preciou was long and steady.

"Come here," said the prisoner, in a low tone, "I want to speak to you"
Had the gaunt dog beside him wore an habitual frown—it was not spoken, the sergeant could not have strange that customers lingered no en more amazed. longer than was necessary. He never spoke if he could help himself, "I have something important to say and then always disagreeably. was never obliging when ingenuity The sergeant drew his revolver, could devise a way of being disablig examined the caps, and then moved ing. He had no friends and wanted

none; no relatives with whom he I heard you say you had spent was on speaking terms: a happiness Moondyne and that you might as well self. There were those who said but they did not explain where they the rest of your life in wealth and had obtained their information, and those who frankly knew nothing

thought he had gone mad. The prisoner understood the look.

"Listen," he said impressively:

"Barly in May, two years ago, a mission was given in the old church, mission was given in the old church, shop which they seldom passed at taciturn than himself. There was that in his voice and other times. On the last morning of friendliness that he found very irri- the day; and counted the flowers,

Will you mend it at once so I can get was near, he even pressed them with

speaking a shade less pleasantly this

"Can't tell," he growled. "But I need it!" she pleaded.
"Perhaps I shan't have time to

hate me;" he said. How can trust you? How can you prove to mend it? Not long, surely. You mend it? Not long, surely. You see Mr. Barrelli, only three little links How long? Possibly 10 min-

utes."

"Only 10 minutes! And I shan't come back for an hour! Of course, the plant, broken in his hand; and

"Don't talk all day! My time is precious—and it's my own. Take your trinket or leave it. I'll not away, feeling strangely uncomfort-

You need it! You're the meanest "You might escape," said the man I ever saw!"

> For several minutes Mr. Barrelli stared after her, his mouth half open on the edge of the counter. Not for years had any one openly resented his studied rudeness. Her last words and his nervous fingers resting limply I, or anything I can give Him.'

The sergeant's face was white, as he glanced at the sleeping trooper and leaves the sullenly repeated to himself; and leaves the sullenly repeated to himsel after a time, he muttered:

her affair." plan. He would insure his own safety, no matter how the affair turned. Helping a convict to escape turned. Helping a convict to escape turned with lath his the reached for his turned. Helping a convict to escape to the following the followi was punished with death by the penal some valuables in his safe and locked even to move. He had tried; he

He had taken her hands and held security enough; but the sergeant law; but he would put another look it. More slowly and more hesitatingly it on his head. Then, with many pauses, he went to the door, stepped outside and secured it behind him. He waited until no one was in sight before he stole into the church and slipped, trembling and breathless, trooper shook the drowsiness from into a seat in the most shadowy corner. Mass was almost ended, b sermon followed—a sermon on God's love and His mercy. Had the old

Moonayne Joe and the seigenth istened till the last sound died away. missionary preached on judgment The tracker was curled up again and hell Mr. Barrelli would have scowled at him, but this was harder Sergeant Bowman then unlocked to bear. He moved about restlessly not once glancing at the speaker, and the minute the last word was uttered he hurried back to his shop, and went to work with feverish energy. But his hand shook. It had somehow lost its cunning. He made mistakes of the sleeping savage. There was a and more than once lost time by for-smile on his face as he knelt down getting the trinket in his fingers and

At last he locked the store a econd time and again crept stealthily into the church. After he had hidden behind a pillar for som minutes he slunk, shamefaced, into the nearest confessional. morning he received Holy munion at the earliest Mass. the first time in thirty-five years. He congratulated himself that had escaped observation, but She is everywhere. It became known in the parish that Mr. Barrelli had been converted at the mission and there was much gossip about the matter fortunately, however, none of it reached his ears.

After this he went almost daily to Mass but, though his soul had surely become beautiful, his face was as repellent as before, his manner as disagreeable, his every word as irritable. The narrowly devout were scandalized : the skeptical, delighted. The truth was that he was unhappy. His trouble had but changed. new held no bitterness and the old had been full of it; nevertheless, the pain was sharper now. For the missionary whose sermon he had heard had urged the people to give them-selves, heart and soul, to God. Each one of his gentle words had buried itself into Mr. Barrelli's mind. He could not forget, could not evade them. He had not obeyed; he had made no offering of himself.

"What would He want with me, old and ugly, with a twisted leg; so hateful that the dogs in the street bark at me and every boy in the neighborhood hoots after me as pass? My own children were glad to marry any one just to get away from home," he had said to himself while the priest talked, and over and over again afterward in the loneli ness of his shop.

But the thought would not be put by. It grew to be a longing that throbbed and ached, and made him, if possible, more churlish than before; until, one day, when he was handling the few plants which were his only companions, an inspiration came to him. At once he watered with special care the largest among them, a rosebush, covered just then with tiny buds. He crowded the He crowded the other flowers into the corner to give it all possible sunshine.

As the last sweet May days passed The sergeant stared at him as if he about the matter thought themselves the buds grew large; one or two of them even showed a little of their as wise as any. whiteness, and as they grew Mr. Barrelli brightened. More than once I am not mad. You know there is a reward offered for the discovery of exercises were many who took that a remark about the loveliness of the

> The first of June came and the but many times, exul "See, I have broken my bracelet! over each one. Certain that no one

sidewalk before his store, making grimaces at him, as they delighted in doing. This time he did not notice them, and in desperation they took to throwing stones through his open windows, hoping thereby to annoy other with it."

"Why, how long would it take to on the sill, and a stone, larger than the rest, struck it near the root. Frightened, the boys crouched down behind the church steps. When they peeped out a minute later

> his face was tragic. I'd a heap rather he'd got "Gee!

your trinket or leave it. In hot hurry for anyone. Perhaps I want to hurry for anyone. Perhaps I want to go to the mission myself. Why should I be the only one who works should I be the only one who works should I be the only one who works and saw only his plant. He got down on his knees to examine the down on his knees to examine the Angry at last the girl snatched her break more closely and finding that He was advancing bracelet from the counter and the bush was ruined his shaggy gray head sank on his arms, one hand "You know you're not going to the mission, but I wish you would! head sank on his arms, one hand still tightly clasping a sprig of the beautiful flowers.

ou need it! You're the means ing in his heart. "I'm not fit to give it. I had thought I'd give it. I h self in, so He'd hardly see me for the roses. But He doesn't want such as

not known the depth of his yearning to feel that God cared for him."

had driven the gloom from his hard "Yes, I do need it, though it's not old heart was dead now. Little as his arid life had known of aught For some minutes longer he stared save weariness and pain, it had

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Horse Book 9 K free. ABSORBINE, JR., antiseptic liniment for mankind. Reduces Painful Swellings, En-larged Glands, Goitre, Wens, Bruises, Vari-Will tell you more if you write. \$1 bottle at dealers or delivered. Book dence's free. Manufactured only by YOUNG, P.D.F. 299 Lymans Bidg., Montreal, Cantribute and Absorbine, Jr., are made in Canada.

## FOR THE MIDNEYS What They Do

DAVISVILLE, ONT.

"I had trouble with my Kidneys and Bladder so I got a sample of Gin Pills and followed directions. I felt better after the first dose and I kept taking them for a month. One day, Mr. Simpson, of this town, told me about the trouble he had with his kidneys, and I recommended him to try Gin Pill. S, and gave him one to take. The next day, he bought some for himself, and both he and his wife have derived great benefit from them."

Gin Pills are 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50 at all druggists. Sample sent free it requested. National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada Limited, Toronto.

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bye quickly and let me go."