

## A FAIR EMIGRANT

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND

AUTHOR OF MARCELLA GRACE: "A NOVEL."  
CHAPTER XXXVIII—CONTINUED

She had hoped for some light on the subject from these miserable Adares. With her firm will and her high spirit she had thought to be able to make black white. And yet could it not be done? There was some mystery to which she had the clue, else why this fury of Luke Adare at her appearance? After all, he had jumped to a conclusion. He would not sleep, at all events, till he had ascertained from Bawn herself whether or not she was Desmond's daughter.

He walked to the place where he had left his horse in shelter, and rode straight through wind and rain to Shanganagh.

Bawn's little cart had reached home only a short time before his arrival, and Bawn was feeling an anguish and utter forlornness so new to her in its intensity that she did not know how to deal with it. The admission she had made to-day seemed to have altered her very nature. She had confessed what hitherto it had been her strength to deny. It was right and fit that the crushing of her own happiness should be involved in the total ruin that had destroyed her father's life, but that was she to do with this new want that had sprung up in her life, where was she to carry it, how was she to rid herself of it? Her romantic devotion to her dead father had carried her across the sea and urged her through an army of difficulties; but when her final defeat was consummated—and it was near now, very near—what was she to do with the burden of living love which a broken heart must carry with it over land and sea through an incalculable number of years, perhaps to the end of a long life-time?

Her women were out milking, and she was alone in the house and was kneeling on the tiles of her little kitchen before the hearth, the blaze from which illumined the place fitfully as the dusk began to fall. The door, which had not been quite fastened, was pushed open, and Somerled's foot before her.

Her heart leaped up for a moment with dangerous gladness, then failed within her. The next moment she had perceived his dripping condition, and, woman-like, was only concerned for his present comfort.

"Mr. Fingall, you are shockingly wet. Take off that drenched ulster."

"There!" he said, and, flinging the garment on the back of a wooden chair, advanced to her with outstretched hands.

"Bawn, you will think I have done a wild thing. I have come here out of all seasons and in the storm, but it is to ask you a question which you will not refuse to answer me. Is this woman who has denied me so long, who has spoken to me of a secret sorrow and a stained name—is she Arthur Desmond's daughter?"

Bawn's eyes, which had widened with startled amazement, remained fixed on his, answering him sorrowfully out of their grey depths. She drew a long breath, said "yes" simply and then moved away a step and put her hands behind her back—involuntary movements expressive of separation and departure.

"I would have kept the secret a little longer," she said quietly, with pale lips. "Who has told you? It must have come from Luke Adare. He is the only person who guessed me. I have been very rash and daring, and I am punished. I thought to overcome Luke Adare, but he has overcome me."

"What did you expect from him?"

"Confession. Reparation of the wrong he did to my father."

"Do you mean that he, Luke Adare, did that thing for which your father suffered the blame?"

"No, I do not mean that. I know how the thing happened. If he would speak he could clear my father's name. He will not speak. He will die without speaking. How the wind roars!"

"Did your father accuse him?"

"He accused no one. He only suffered and made no complaint."

"How, then, do you imagine that you know?"

"Know what? My father's innocence? You would have known it, too, if you had known him, his spotless life, his tender heart, his honourable nature. You would have felt him to be incapable of the motives you ascribed to him the other day when you spoke of him."

"Few are incapable of sudden passion."

"He was incapable of that. I do not expect you to believe it. You gave credit to the whispered calumnies that destroyed his good name; you drove him out from among you."

"Stay, Bawn, stay! I did not do it. I am guiltless of what my people did in that day, as you are of your father's actions."

"I take them all on my head."

"That you must not do. Now listen to me, my dearest, dearest love. You have dreamed a wild dream in imagining that Luke Adare would assist you in this touching, this noble enterprise. I am the only other person in possession of your secret, and it shall be as if I did not know it. I am willing to believe that Arthur Desmond is all you describe him to be, and that a passionate quarrel (my uncle I know was a hot-headed man) had fatal and unpremeditated consequences. More it is not necessary for me to ascertain. It is a tragedy long past and almost forgotten. Marry me, Bawn, and danger to which he was exposing his own life, and groped in the semi-

ever know that Arthur Desmond was your father?"

Bawn's lips and eye-lids trembled, but she kept her attitude of aloofness and shook her head.

"You do not trust me?"

"I cannot trust either you or myself so far. I dare not put either of us in such an unnatural position. I fear there would come a day when I should see something in your eyes—should see you ask yourself, 'Why is the daughter of a murderer sitting at my fireside?' and I do not so trust myself as to feel sure that I should not get up and fly from you in despair which even now I can realize. When I go away from you, as I shall go soon, I shall at least take with me a sweet memory to live with all my life, and the knowledge that I have not destroyed your happiness. I shall not leave you bound to a horror from which you cannot escape."

"You have no knowledge of what you may leave me bound to. If you can imagine a despair you could not brave, why so can I. As for the change in me you fear might come with the future, that is nothing but a foolish scare. You should never see anything in my eyes but what you see now—love, tenderness, worship of yourself, admiration of your brave efforts, pity for what you have suffered. Bawn—"

—She breathed a long sigh, and let her hand remain in his grasp for a few moments while she looked in his eyes with a wistful, far seeing gaze, and then drew it slowly away and again retreated a step or two.

"Could I, for my own selfish happiness, consent to live ignoring my father's memory, sinking my own knowledge of his goodness, and the innocence and the testimony I could bear to them? Could I hear his story alluded to, hear him spoken of as a guilty man and never cry out? It could not be. You must let me go."

"I will not let you go." His eyes flashed, and he advanced towards her; but she suddenly threw out both her hands and pushed him away, then turned and disappeared into her little parlour, closing the door behind her.

Rory, not venturing to follow her, walked up and down the kitchen, trying to calm his agitation, and with a faint hope that she might return. But she made no sign. Then he threw on his wet ulster again, and went out of the house into the storm.

He rode against the storm towards the Rath, where he had intended to spend the night, but soon had to dismount and lead his horse, which was terrified at the uproar of the elements. Peals of thunder now resounded from mountain to mountain, and in the glare of the lightning he saw the troubled valley below him and the dark rack of clouds trailing over the pass leading to Shane's Hollow. He thought of Luke Adare and Bawn's abandoned hope perishing together in the ruin, and for a time urged on his horse towards the pass with the intention of making a desperate effort to reach the Hollow, to drag the wretched solitary out of the jaws of death; for must not a night like this be his certain doom? Baffled in this attempt, he was forced at last to rouse the inmates of a cabin on the roadside, and to ask for shelter for the remaining hours of the night. The good people of the cabin, amazed to see Mr. Rory from Tor in such a plight, did their best to make him comfortable on some straw by the fireside, and here he remained till daylight brought a lull in the tempest, and he was able to proceed towards the Hollow.

Approaching the uncanny spot, he soon began to see signs of the night's ravages. Fallen trees lay across the beaten track leading to the house, and a wreck of broken branches strewed the wilderness. Making his way through these in the grey mist of the morning, Somerled arrived at the ruin, and saw at a glance that the long-threatened end had at last arrived; that the portion of the building which yesterday was standing had fallen in, and that the home of the Adares was now a pile of shapeless rubbish.

The catastrophe which Bawn had foreseen and sought to avert had come to pass, and with it had probably perished her hope, and his, Somerled's prospect of happiness. Confronted by this fact, yet unwilling to acknowledge it, he walked round the melancholy pile, seeking for the window through which only yesterday the voice of Luke Adare had reached him with its extraordinary revelation. Was that voice now silenced for evermore? It was at least possible that the creature might be still alive, though buried in his den, still capable of uttering a truth, of answering a question.

If he, Rory, could find him now alive, and take his dying deposition, receive his confession—if, indeed, he had such to make—all might yet be well. For the moment Fingall had adopted Bawn's belief, and all the happiness of the future seemed to hang on a chance—the chance that this miserable soul might not yet have been summoned before judgment.

He found the window now almost blocked up from within by fallen rubbish, and wrenching away the rusted bars, climbed in through the aperture that remained. Having carefully observed the interior as far as was possible, he ventured to enter further, and made his way into a small space which, from the smoke-blackened wreck of a fireplace visible, he judged to be the remnant of a room lately inhabited. Sure that he had penetrated to the unfortunate Luke's retreat, he forgot the danger to which he was exposing his own life, and groped in the semi-

darkness, calling loudly, in the hope that a living voice might respond to his cry; but in vain. Exploring on every side as far as was possible, he was about to give up his search and return to the light of day when he stumbled over something less resistant than the stones and wreckage through which he had been moving.

The spot was so dark that he could not see what he had touched till he struck a match, which only made a faint, evanescent gleam of light, but sufficient to show him a human arm outstretched and clothed in rags, a clenched hand rigid in death, protruding from a mound of stones and rubbish, and which, evidently, a corpse lay buried.

Sickening with the sight, and satisfied that he had seen all that remained of Luke Adare, he groped his way to the window again and stood once more under the heavens in the wind-swept wilderness.

Men were soon at work digging away the rubbish, and the crushed and disfigured body was laid on a bier on the grass, while the excavators proceeded to make search for Edmund Adare, the only other person who had lately inhabited the ruin. Their search was in vain, and after some days it was given up, the conclusion having been arrived at that Edmund, too, had perished in the catastrophe which had closed the last chapter in the history of the Adares. An inquest was held upon the body of Luke, and he was buried with his fathers at Toome.

TO BE CONTINUED

## MOONDYNE JOE

## THE GOLD MINE OF THE VASSE

## CHAPTER I

## THE LAND OF THE RED LINE

Western Australia is a vast and unknown country, almost mysterious in its solitude and unlikeliness to any other part of the earth. It is the greatest of the Australias in extent, and in many features the richest and loveliest.

But the sister colonies of Victoria, New South Wales and Queensland are famous for their treasure of gold. Men from all lands have flocked thither to gather riches. They care not for the slow labor of the farmer or grazier. Let the weak and the old, the coward and the dreamer, prune the vine and dry the figs, and wait for the wheat to ripen. Strong men must go to the trial—must set muscle against muscle, and brain against brain in the mine and the market.

Men's lives are short; and unless they gather gold in the mass, how shall they wipe out the primal curse of poverty before the hand loses its skill and the heart its strong desire?

Western Australia is the Cinderella of the South. She has no gold like her sisters. To her was given the servile and unhappy portion. The dreams of British society were poured upon her soil. The robber and the manslayer were sent thither. Her territory was marked off with a Red Line. She has no markets for honest men, and no ports for honest ships. Her laws are not the laws of other countries, but the terrible rules of the menagerie. Her citizens have no rights; they toil their lives out at heavy tasks, but earn no wages nor own a vestige of right in the soil they till. It is a land of slaves and bondmen—the great Penal Colony of Great Britain.

"There is no gold in the Western Colony," said the miners contemptuously; "let the convicts keep the land—but let them observe our Red Line."

So the convicts took the defamed country, and lived and died there, and others were transported there from England to replace those who died, and every year the seething masses gave up their addition to the terrible population.

In time the Western Colony came to be regarded as a plague-spot, where no man thought of going, and no man did go unless sent in irons.

If the miners from Victoria and New South Wales, however, had visited the penal land some years after its establishment, they would have heard whispers of strange import—rumors and questions of a great golden secret possessed by the Western Colony. No one could tell where the rumor began or on what it was based, except perhaps the certainty that gold was not uncommon among the natives of the colony, who had little or no intercourse with the aborigines of the gold-yielding countries of the South and East.

The belief seemed to hover in the air; and it settled with dazzling conviction on the crude and abnormal minds of the criminal population. At their daily toil in the quarries or on the road-parties, no rock was blasted nor tree uprooted that eager eyes did not hungrily scan the upturned earth. At night, when the tired wretches gathered round the camp-fire outside their prison hut, the dense mahogany forest closing weirdly round the white-clad group, still the undiscovered gold was the topic earnestly discussed. And even the government officers and the few free settlers became after a time filled with the prevailing expectancy and disquiet.

But years passed, and not an ounce of gold was discovered in the colony. The Government had offered reward to settlers or ticket-of-leave men who would find the first nugget or gold-bearing rock; but no claimant came forward.

Still, there remained the tantalizing fact,—for, in the course of years, fact it had grown to be,—that gold

was to be found in the colony, and in abundance. The native bushmen were masters of the secret, but neither bribe nor torture could wring it from them. Terrible stories were whispered among the convicts, of attempts that had been made to force the natives to give up the precious secret. Gold was common amongst these bushmen, Armllets and anklets had been seen on men and women; and some of their chief men, it was said, wore breast-plates and enormous chains of hammered gold.

At last, the feeling in the West grew to fever heat; and in 1848, the Governor of the Penal Colony issued a proclamation, copies of which were sent by native messengers to every settler and ticket-of-leave man, and were even surreptitiously distributed amongst the miners on the other side of the Red Line.

This proclamation intensified the excitement. It seemed to bring the mine nearer to every man in the colony. It was a formal admission that there really was a mine; it dispelled the vague uncertainty, and left an immediate hunger or greed in the minds of the population.

The proclamation read as follows: £5,000 REWARD!

The above Reward will be paid for the discovery of the Mine from which the Natives of the Vasse obtain their Gold.

A Free Pardon will be granted to the Discoverer, should he be of the Best Class.

No Reward will be given nor terms made with Absconders from the Prisons or Road-Parties.

By Order,  
F. R. HAMPTON,  
Governor.

Official Residence,  
Perth, 28th June, 1848.

But nothing came of it. Not an ounce of gold was ever taken from the earth. At last men began to avoid the subject. They could not bear to be tantalized nor tortured by the splendid delusion. Some said there was no mine in the Vasse, and others that, if there were a mine, it was known only to a few of the native chiefs, who dealt out the raw gold to their people.

For eight years this magnificent reward had remained unclaimed, and now its terms were only recalled at the fires of the road-making convicts, or in the lonely slab-huts of the mahogany sawyers, who were all ticket-of-leave men.

## CHAPTER II

THE CONVICT ROAD-PARTY

It was a scorching day in mid-summer—a few days before Christmas.

Had there been any moisture in the bush it would have steamed in the heavy heat. During the mid-day hours not a bird stirred among the mahogany and gum trees. On the flat tops of the low banks the round heads of the white cockatoos could be seen in thousands, motionless as the trees themselves. Not a parrot had the vim to scream. The chirping insects were silent. Not a snake had courage to rustle his hard skin against the hot and dead bush-grass. The bright-eyed iguanas were in their holes. The mahogany sawyers had left their logs and were sleeping in the cool sand of their pits. Even the travelling ants had halted on their wonderful roads and sought the shade of a bramble.

All free things were at rest; but the penetrating click of the axe, heard far through the bush, and now and again a harsh word of command, told that it was a land of bondmen.

From daylight to dark, through the hot noon as steadily as in the cool evening, the convicts were at work on the roads—the weary work that has no wages, no promotion, no incentive, no variation for good or bad, except stripes for the laggard.

Along the verge of the Koagulp Swamp—one of the greatest and dispiriting of the wooded lakes of the country, its black water deep enough to float a man-of-war—a party of convicts were making a government road. They were cutting their patient way into a forest only traversed before by the aborigine and the absconder.

Before them in the bush, as in their lives, all was dark and unknown—tangled underbrush, gloomy shadows, and noxious things. Behind them, clear and open lay the straight road they had made—leading to and from the prison.

Their camp, composed of rough slab-huts, was some two hundred miles from the main prison of the colony on the Swan River, at Fremantle, from which radiate all the roads made by the bondmen.

The primitive history of the colony is written forever in its roads. There is in this penal labor a secret of value to be utilized more fully by a wiser civilization. England sends her criminals to take the brunt of the new land's hardship and danger—to prepare the way for honest life and labor. In every community there is either dangerous or degrading work to be done; and who so fit to do it as those who have forfeited their liberty by breaking the law?

The convicts were dressed in white trousers, blue woollen shirt, and white hat,—every article stamped with England's private mark—the Broad Arrow. They were young men, healthy and strong, their faces and bare arms burnt to the color of mahogany. Burglars, murderers, gamblers, thieves,—double-dyed law-breakers every one—but, for all that, kind-hearted and manly fellows enough were among them.

"I tell you, mates," said one, resting on his spade, "this is going to be the end of Moondyne Joe. That firing in the swamp last night was his last light."

"I don't think it was Moondyne," said another; "he's at work in the chain-gang at Fremantle; and there's no chance of escape there—"

"Shh!" interrupted the first speaker, a powerful, low-browed fellow, named Dave Terrell, who acted as a sort of foreman to the gang. The warden in charge of the party was slowly walking past. When he was out of hearing Dave continued, in a low but deeply earnest voice: "I know it was Moondyne, mates. I saw him last night when I went to get the turtle's eggs. I met him face to face in the moonlight, beside the swamp."

Every man held his hand and breath with intense interest in the story. Some looked incredulous—heads were shaken in doubt.

"Did you speak to him?" asked one.

"Ay," said Terrell, turning on him; "why shouldn't I? Moondyne knew he had nothing to fear from him, and I had nothing to fear from him."

"What did you say to him?" asked another.

"Say?—I stood an' looked at him for a minute, for his face had a white look in the moonlight, and then I walked up close to him, and I says—'Be you Moondyne Joe, or his ghost?'"

"Ay?" said the gang with one breath.

"Ay, I said that, never fearing, for Moondyne Joe, dead or alive, would never harm a prisoner."

"But what did he answer?" asked the eager crowd.

"He never said a word; but he laid his finger on his lips, like this, and waved his hand as if he warned me to go back to the camp. I turned to go; then I looked back once, and he was standing just as I left him, but he was looking up at the sky, as if there was some'at in the moon that pleased him."

The convicts worked silently, each thinking on what he had heard.

"He mightn't ha' been afraid, though," said low-browed Dave; "I'd let them cut my tongue out before I'd sell the Moondyne."

"That's true," said several of the gang, and many kind looks were given to Terrell. A strong bond of sympathy, it was evident, existed between these men and the person of whom they spoke.

A sound from the thick bush interrupted the conversation. The convicts looked up from their work, and beheld a strange procession approaching from the direction of the swamp. It consisted of about a dozen or fifteen persons, most of whom were savages. In front rode two officers of the Convict Service, a sergeant, and a private trooper, side by side, with drawn swords; and between their horses, maned by the wrists to their stirrup-irons, walked a white man.

"Here they come," hissed Terrell, with a bitter malediction, his low brow wholly disappearing into a terrible ridge above his eyes. "They haven't killed him, after all. O, mates, what a pity it is to see a man like Moondyne in that plight."

"He's done for two or three of 'em," muttered another; "it's a tone of grim gratification." "Look at the loads behind. I know he wouldn't be taken this time like a cornered cur."

Following the prisoner came a troop of "natives," as the aboriginal Lushmen are called, bearing three spear-wood litters with the bodies of wounded men. A villainous-looking savage, mounted on a troop-horse, brought up the rear. His dress was like that of his pedestrian fellows, upon whom, however, he looked in disdain—a short tunic, or cloak of kangaroo-skin, and a belt of twisted fur cords round his naked body. In addition, he had a police trooper's old cap, and a heavy "regulation" revolver stuck in his belt.

This was the tracker, the human bloodhound, used by the troopers to follow the trail of absconding prisoners.

When the troopers neared the convict-party, the sergeant, a man whose natural expression, whatever it might have been, was wholly obliterated by a frightful grimace, his face, asked for water. The natives halted, and squatted silently in a group. The wounded men moaned as the litters were lowered.

Dave Terrell brought the water. He handed a pannikin to the sergeant, and another to the private trooper, and filled a third.

"Who's that for?" harshly demanded the sergeant.

"For Moondyne," said the convict, approaching the chained man, whose neck was stretched toward the brimming cup.

"Stand back, curse you!" said the sergeant, bringing his sword flat on the convict's back. "That scoundrel needs no water. He drinks blood."

There was a taunt in the tone, even beneath the brutality of the words.

"Carry your pail to those litters," growled the sinister-looking sergeant, and keep your mouth closed if you value your hide. There!" he said in a suppressed voice, flinging the few drops he had left in the face of the manacled man, "that's water enough for you, till you reach Bunbury prison to-morrow."

The face of the prisoner hardly changed. He gave one straight look into the sergeant's eyes, then turned away, and seemed to look far away through the bush. He was a remarkable being, as he stood there. In strength and proportion of body the man was magnificent—a model for the auditor. He was of middle height, young, but so stern and massively featured, and so browned and beaten by exposure, it was hard to determine

his age. His clothing was only a few torn and bloody rags; but he looked as if his natural garb were utter nakedness or the bushman's cloak, so loosely and carelessly hung the shreds of cloth on his bronzed body. A large, finely shaped head, with crisp, black hair and beard, a broad, square forehead, and an air of power and self-command—this was the prisoner, this was Moondyne Joe.

Who or what was the man? An escaped convict. What had he been? Perhaps a robber or a murderer, or maybe he had killed a man in the white heat of passion; no one knew—no one cared to know.

That question is never asked in the penal colony. No caste there. They have found the bottom where all stand equal. No envy there, no rivalry, no greed, nor ambition, and no escape from companionship. They constitute the purest democracy on earth. The only distinction to be won—that of being trustworthy, or selfish and false. The good man is he who is kind and true; the bad man is he who is capable of betraying a confederate.

It may be the absence of the competitive elements of social life that accounts for the number of manly characters to be met among these outcasts.

It is by no means in the superior strata of society that about the strong, true natures, the men that may be depended upon, the primitive rocks of humanity. The complexities of social life beget cunning and artificiality. Among penal convicts there is no ground for envy, ambition, or emulation; nothing to be gained by falsehood in any shape.

But at this time the prisoner stands looking away into the bush, with the drops of insult trickling from his strong face. His self-command evidently irritated the brutal officer, who, perhaps, expected to hear him whine for better treatment.

The sergeant dismounted to examine the handcuffs, and while doing so, looked into the man's face with a leer of cruel exultation. He drew no expression from the steady eyes of the prisoner.

There was an old score to be settled between those men, and it was plain that each knew the metal of the other.

"I'll break that lock," said the sergeant between his teeth, but loud enough for the prisoner's ear; "curse you, I'll break it before we reach Fremantle." Soon after he turned away, to look to the wounded men.

While so engaged, the private trooper made a furtive sign to the convict with the pail; and he, keeping in shade of the horses, crept up and gave Moondyne a deep drink of the precious water.

The steersman withdrew from the prisoner's mouth and forehead; and as he gave the kindly trooper a glance of gratitude, there was something strangely gentle and winning in the face.

The sergeant returned and mounted. The litters were raised by the natives, and the party resumed their march, striking in on the new road that led to the prison.

"May the lightning split him," hissed black-browed Dave, after the sergeant. "There's not an officer in the colony will strike a prisoner without cause, except that coward, and he was a convict himself."

"May the Lord help Moondyne Joe this day," said another, "for he's chained to a stirrup of the only man living that hates him."

The sympathizing gang looked after the party till they were hidden by a bend in the road; but they were silent under the eye of their warden.

## IN THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOWS

## A TRUE STORY

In the chapel of a monastery a priest prays alone before the altar where burns the fitful flame of the sanctuary lamp. It is the dark hour before the dawn. The whole house is buried in sleep, and the hum of the great city is silenced for a little while. He has been awakened from his slumbers by a light touch as of an angel's hand upon his shoulder and a strong impression that he must rise and pray. For whom? What matter? Are there not always souls in danger in the darkness of the night, and how few are there to pray when Satan, alas, is busy! The priest is chill and cold. It is the hour when vitality is lowest—2 o'clock. He prays silently and earnestly for an hour, then rises. But no! Once more comes that light touch, and he kneels to pray again. For the moment his mind wanders to the visit he received a few days ago. Yesterday, was it? No, the day before. Some friends he knew had come to say good-bye, among them that young Dominican Father who loved music and had such a sweet voice. He had heard his confession and sent him away, with a blessing, to sail next day for Europe. He had loved to think of the dear young fellow, so ardent and zealous and pure.

Another hour passes. The priest kneels on, praying still. His whole soul seems concentrated in agonized supplication for souls, so it would seem, in their agony. He has not noticed that the dawn has come long since, fair and clear over the sleeping city. The sound of the bells breaks harshly upon his meditation and he rises, calm and peaceful, though weary, to face a busy day. The clock in the corridor is striking 5; he has prayed for three hours!

The heaving bosom of the wide ocean, calm, wonderful, shadowed by

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