## MOONDYNE JOE

BOOK FIFTH

THE VALLEY OF THE VASSE

VI.—CONTINUED They passed cottages bowered in flowers, and ringed by tall hedgerows composed wholly of gorgeous gera-The strangers who looked on these changing revelations of loveliness sat silent, and almost

at the beauty of the valley. Mr Wyville and Mr. Sheridan had ridden rapidly on before the others, and stood uncovered and host-like on the verandah of the house where the

tearful. Kven those long accustomed

to Australian scenery were amazed

drive ended. Alice Walmsley sat in the foremost carriage, and was the first to alight, with Sheridan's hand holding hers. Their eyes met as she stepped to his His lips formed one short word, of which only her eye and ear were conscious,-

Home! Exclamations of wonder came from all the party at the peerless beauty of their surroundings. The house was wholly built of bright red mahogany beams, perfectly fitted, with rich woodcarving of sandalwood and jamwood on angle, cornice, and capital. It was very low, only one story high for the most part, though there were a number of sleepingrooms raised to a second story. From the verandah looking seaward, every part of the wooded valley was visible, and the winding silver of the rivers glanced deliciously through the trees. Beyond, lay the level blue water of the Indian Ocean, stretching away to the cream-colored horizon.

The house within doors was a wonder of richness, taste and fort. Everything was of wood highly finished with polish and carving, and the colors were combined of various woods. Soft rugs from India and Persia lay on halls and rooms. Books, pictures, statuary, rare bric à brac, everything that vast wealth and cultivated taste could command or desire, was to be found in this splendid residence.

Almost in silence, the strangers passed through the countless rooms. each differing from the others, and each complete. Mr. Wyville led the larger party of guests through the He had not before seen it place. He had not belove seen himself; but he was wholly familiar with the plans, which, indeed were

largely his own. But it will have an owner now,' he said, "who will better enjoy its restfulness, and take closer interest in its people.'

But you should rest, too, Mr. Wyville," said Mrs. Little; the Colony is now settled with your excellent law."

There is much to be done yet," he said, shaking his head, with the old grave smile. "I have not even old grave smile. time to wait one day."

There was a general look of

astonishment.

Why, Mr. Wyville, surely you will not leave this lovely place "I must leave to-night," he said;

"I am very sorry, but it is impera-Then, not waiting for further com-

ment, he took them out to the stables and village-like out - houses. There was no regular garden: the valley itself was garden and farm and forest in one.

Alice Walmsley had lingered behind the others, in a quiet and dim little room, looking away out to sea. Contentment filled her soul like low music. She wished to be alone. She had sat only a few minutes when she heard a step beside her. She did not look up; she knew whose hand was round her cheek and standing over her. They did not say a word; but remained still for a long, long time. Then he bent over her, turning her face to his. She raised her arms, and he took her to his breast and lips in the fulness of happiness and love.

hen they left the dim little room, which was ever after to be the dearest to them in their rich home, they saw the sombre robes of Sister Cecilia as she sat alone on the verandah. Where shall the school be,

Sister?" asked Sheridan; 'have you selected your site ?

She shall build it on the choicest spot that can be found," said Alice, seating herself beside Sister Cecilia. Dictation already!" laughed Sheridan, at which Alice blushed,

and sent him away. Toward evening, there stood on the verandah, having quietly with-drawn from the guests, Mr. Wyville, and Hamerton.

Wyville meant quietly to leave, without disturbing the party. "I am sorry beyond expression," said Sheridan, holding his hand; your presence was our chief pleas-

Can you not even stay with us It is impossible!" answered Mr. Wyvi'le, with a look of affectionate response; "the work yet before me spoke.

will not bear delay. Good-bye. God bless you-and yours !" He walked rapidly away, his horse having been led by Ben Lodge before

him to the entrance. Good-bye, Sheridan!" said Ham-

erton, suddenly seizing his friend's I'm going, too." What? You-

Stop! Don't try to prevent me. I can't let him go alone. Go in to your people, and say nothing till "O n to-morrow. Good-bye, my dear fel-

That night the steamer returned to Fremantle, having on board Mr. Wyville and Hamerton.

VII. THE CONVICT'S PASS

On Mr. Wyville's return from the Vasse, he set himself with tireless will to the complete organization of the Penal Law. Not content with writing copious rules for the guidance of warders, he proposed to visit all the districts in the Colony, and personally instruct the chief officers of depots, from whom the system would pass directly to their subordinates.

For many days Mr. Hamerton saw little of him, and the time was heavy on his hands. He intended to pur chase land in the Colony, and bring some of his old farmers from England to settle on it.

One day, he went to the prison at Fremantle, and waited for Mr. Wyville in his office. As he sat there, by a window that looked over a wide stretch of sandy scrub, he noticed that though the sky clear and the heat intense, a heavy cloud like dense vapor hung over all the lowland. He remembered that for a few days past he had observed the smoky sultriness of the atmosphere, but had concluded that it was the natural oppression of the season.

"That vapor looks like smoke," he said to the convict clerk in the office; 'wh atis it ?'

"It is smoke, sir," said the man. "This is the year for the bush fires." Just then Mr. Wyville entered, and their meeting was cordial. Mr. Wyville, who looked tired, said he had only an hour's writing to do, after which he would ride to Perth. He asked Hamerton to wait, and handed him some late English papers to pass the time.

Hamerton soon tired of his reading and having laid aside the paper, his eyes rested on Mr. Wyville, who was ntently occupied, bending over his desk. Hamerton almost started with surprise at the change he observed in his appearance—a change that easily apparent when the face was animated in conversation. When they sailed from England, Mr. Wyville's hair was as black as a raven; but now, even across room, Hamerton could see that it streaked with white. The was features, too had grown thin, like those of a person who had suffered in sickness.

But, when the hour had passe and he raised his head and looked smilingly at Hamerton, it was the same striking face, and the same grand presence as of old. Still, Hamerton could not forget the change he had observed.

'Come," he said, unable to conceal an unusual affectionate earnestness. let us ride to Perth and rest there-

you need rest." Why, I never felt better," answered Mr. Wyville, lightly; "and rest is rust to me. I never rest unless Is

You will soon be ill if this continue. Do you think so?" and as he

strange light in his eye. vourself lately. You are in danger of breaking down-so you ought to

rest. Hamerton was puzzled to see him

Death passes some people down. you know; and I am one of the-fortunate."

Hamerton did not like the tone nor the mood. He had never seen him so before. He determined to hurry their departure. He walked out of the office and waited in the prison few moments.

district; a native runner from there says the bush is burning for a hundred miles in that direction. "Are lives lost in these fires? A hundred miles of flame is hard to

picture in the mind." Yes, some unlucky travellers and wood cutters are surrounded at times; and the destruction of lower

beyond computation.

behind?" "For a season only; but it also leaves the earth clear for a new growth. The roots are not destroyed; and when the rain comes they burst forth with increased beauty for the

fertilizing passage of the flame." By this time they were riding slowly toward Perth. The road was with tall mahoganies, and the coolness was refreshing. Hamerton seized the opportunity of bringing up a subject that lay upon his

"You gave me, sir," he said, "some documents in London which you wished me to keep until our arrival here. Shall I not return them

to-morrow?" Mr. Wyville rode on without answering. He had heard; but the question had come unexpectedly. Hamerton remained silent until he

'Do not return them yet," he said at length; "when we get back from our ride to the Vasse, then give

'When shall we start ?" "In ten days. By that time my work will be fairly done; and the

rest you spoke of may not come 'Shall we ride to Sheridan's settle-

"O no; we go inland, to the head the papers, by the way, in case anything should happen to me—the sickness alone, on our return from the you fear, for instance—belong to one Vasse." whom we may see before our return.

In such a case, on breaking the outer envelope, you would find his name But I may say now else you might be surprised hereafter, that he is a native bushman."

'A native! Would he understand?" "Yes; he would understand per-ctly. He is my heir—heirs gener fectly. ally understand."

He was smiling as he spoke, evidently enjoying Hamerton's astonish-

ment. "Seriously, the package you hold contains my will. It is registered in London, and it bequeaths a certain section of land in the Vasse Mountains to the native chief Temana-roa, and his heirs for ever, as the lawyers say. We may see the chief on our ride."

package ?' "Because he is a bushman, and might be wronged. With two influential persons, like you and Sheri-dan, to support his title, there would be no question raised. You see I compel you to be my executor."

"Is he not the grandfather of Koro, of whom she often spoke to me."
"Yes," said Mr. Wyville, smiling, and also of Tepairu. This property will descend to them.'

'Are they with the chief now?" "No: by this time they have reached Mr. Sheridan's happy valley, where it is probable they remain. You see, it is possible to step from the bush into civilization; but it is not quite so pleasant to step back into the bush-especially girls. Ngarra-jil, you observed, had no second thought on the subject; he was a spearman again the moment he landed. The ride to Perth was pleasantly

passed in conversation; and, on their arrival, they ordered dinner to be served on the cool verandah. While waiting there, a roughlooking man approached and touched

his hat to Mr. Wyville. "Be you the Comptroller General?"

'Yes.' Well, sir, here, you see my ticket, and here's my full discharge. I want to leave the colony; and I want to pass to King George's Sound, where I can find a ship going to Melbourne.'

Mr. Wyville examined the papers they were all right. The man had a right to the pass. He rose to enter the hotel to write it, holding the documents in his hand. 'You're not going to keep them

papers, sir, be you?" asked the man, in evident alarm.
"No," said Mr. Wyville, looking closely at him; "but if I give you a

pass you do not need them." "Well, I'd rather keep them, sir: I'd rather keep them, even if I don't get the pass."

Well, you shall have them," said Mr. Wyville, rather surprised at the fellow's manner. He entered the than they credited him with, he apprehotel and wrote the pass.
"But, as the hand wrote, the mind

turned over the man's words, dwellasked the question, Hamerton saw a ing on the last expression, that he would rather have his ticket-of-leave I think you have overtaxed than take a pass from the colony without it; yet, in any other country, it was a proof of shame, not a safeguard. The man did not look stupid, though his words were so. shake his head sadly.

"No, no, I am too strong to break

As Mr. Wyville finished writing, he raised his head and saw Ngarra jil watching him as usual. He raised his finger slightly-Ngarra-jil was beside him.

A few words in the native tongue spoken in a low tone, sent Ngarra-jil back to his bench, where he sat like an ebony figure till he saw Mr. Wyville return to the verandah. He yard. Mr. Wyville joined him in a then rose and went out by another

words to him, and gave him his papers and the pass. The man and west. clumsily thanked him and went off.

Hamerton. "I suppose you know it from his papers. He was strangely tion, for he was one of the unthinkrestless while you were writing his

Mr. Wyville did not answer, but he took hold of Hamerton's arm, and life, birds, animals, and reptiles, is pointed to a corner of the street where at the moment the man was Does not the fire leave the desert passing under a lamp, walking hurriedly. Following him closely and silently strode a tall native with

Ngarra-jil ?" said Hamerton. Mr. Wyville smiled and nodded. "I thought it just as well to know where the man passed the night," he

said. A few minutes later, Ngarra-jil came to the verandah, and spoke in his own language to Mr. Wyville, who was much disturbed by the message. He wrote a letter, and

sent it instantly to the post-office. "The callous wretch!" he said, unusually moved. He had just earned that the man had straight to Draper, by whom he had been hired to get the pass. Draper's purpose was plain. He intended to eave the colony, and desert again his most unfortunate wife, with whose money he could return comfortably to England.

'What will you do with the miscreant ?" asked Hamerton. "Nothing, but take the pass from

"But he is a free man. Can you interfere with his movements?'

"No man is allowed to desert his wife, stealing her property. He can have a pass by asking; but he dare not come here for it. And yet, I fear we go inland, to the head mountain range Those If no change for the better appear, I shall hasten his departure,

TO BE CONTINUED

THE WATERS OF CONTRADICTION

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE Author of "Cardome," "Borrowed From the Night' CHAPTER I

One of Lucy's earliest recollections was of the old log house in the hollow where fat Aunt Jenny and her tall, thin spouse, Uncle Major, lived. thin spouse, Uncle Major, lived. Through the green vale a brook, coming she knew not whence, going she dreamed not whither, flowed sometimes with mimic haste as if creation depended upon its reaching its destination at a certian hour, but oftener with such a leisure that. Then why not give him the bending over it, Lucy wondered if it moved at all.

" Pet de chip basket I give yoh dis mawnin' on it, Lil'l Miss, an' find out foh yohse'f if de wattah ain't a run said Uncle Major, who stood nin,' by her side, tall and gaunt in his blue military cloak; and she wondered why, when she refused to trust her wonderful gift to the brook, the old man should chuckle as if highly

I suppose it pleased him to think I am fond of the little basket he made for me. Negroes are certainly strange people," she communed, as she climbed the hill, beyond the crest

of which was her own new home.

It was these low hills that had determined James Frazier in his choice of —— County as his future home, for a Scotchman's love for the land he had never seen burned fervently in his breast. He had profited scmewhat, with many another dweller in the North, by the war between the States in which he had taken no part; and hearing that good farms in Kentucky were being thrown upon the market, he had bade a glad farewell to the uncongenial life in a manufacturing town and hastened south-

Fate, in the person of an Irish peddler, directed him to Stanton Hall, as the Kentucky descendant of an English gentleman had named his estate; and when his eyes were lifted to the hills, he knew he had reached the land of the heart's desire. had not the means, even if he had the wish, to purchase the entire plantation, but the sad survivor of the enough to accommodate him with an acreage suited to his purse.

She took the precaution, however, the money of the stranger was sorely needed, his presence was wholly undesired. The new land owner appeared to divine the feeling existing against him, which was shared, more or less, by the remnant of the old families in the neighborhood, and forebore thrusting himself upon their his affiliation with the enemy of his Possessed of a finer feeling ciated the cause of their sentiment, and owning a larger philosophy, he left it to time to adjust their new relationship. He had what he longed for, a home among the hills, and he

could afford to wait for other things. On the tract which they had sold to him stood the foundation of Stanton Hall, a lowly log house built by the first adventurous bearer of the keered foh me eval sense she cum to rected her mother, who had been name, who had penetrated the frontier fast on the heels of Boone and me yit, ef it warn't foh dem Yanks. become Mr. Frazier's wife. his hardy companions. True to the trait of brute and human to take the dat done foh us dis time, foh she way offering the least resistance to doan come hyah no mo' since denature, he had planted his stakes in since Mistah Frazier bought de place. this spot of cleared land in the forest 'Tain't huh'rn no mo', an' ole Mis' and the canebrakes, watered by the nevah was one to go prowlin' silvery stream. Greener than any grass his eyes had seen, familiar as ain't stractin' from Mis Frazier's old woman, and as such you owe her they were with the fertile pastures goodness, when I hole up foh ole the respect of appearing before her loor.

Mr. Wyville called the ex convict

of Virginia, was that which covered this narrow strip of land, the long, mong de Yanks, an' I air't gwian besides all this, my child, she loves 'If thought this smoke was only a sultry air," Hamerton said; "where does it come from?"

Mr. Wyville called the ex convict this narrow strip of land, the long, slender feet of a hill toward the north stretched out to separate her sister like some folks dat I could name's stretched out.

Mr. Wyville called the ex convict this narrow strip of land, the long, back on my own people foh 'ceptions, stretched out to separate her sister like some folks dat I could name's done."

Why here there grew no cane, why "That's an ugly customer," said here no towering oak tree reared its ing men; but the few Indians who made friends . with the pale-face intruders rather than leave the land they loved, seeing the new house shook their heads and muttered strange words, which the negro serv ants whom the white man had dragged with him from their peaceful home in Virginia, hearing and not understanding, had interpreted as a warning or a curse.

On the green feet of the hill the first Kentucky Stanton built his log house and reared his family of manly sons and lovely daughters. If more misfortune and greater befell him than he was accustomed to seeing meted out to others in the country he had abandoned, he attributed it to the changed conditions of his life and would have scoffed at the idea that any occult powers were directing natural calamities toward him in increased measure. ever, on coming into the paternal heritage, sought another location for the brick house he built at an expend iture that held him half his life in debt, and the old house was left in charge of the negro who had helped his master to hew the logs and set them in their places. When he, too, started on the Lone Trail, one of his numerous descendants was assigned the house, and the custom had obtained throughout the years, until the surrender of General Lee annihilated all the usages of the people.

But around their ruins sentiment lingered, and in the bitter years that followed none of the dwellers in Stanton Hall dreamed of ejecting Aunt Jenny, the lineal descendants of the Virginia negroes, from the old home, even though her husband had proven a traitor to his own by joining the Federal army.

With the sale of that portion of the plantation which included the log house between the hills, naturally both its tenants and hereditary owners expected changes to follow, and Mrs Stanton, no less than Aunt Jenny, felt a pang as she anticipated the edestruction of the home of the pioneers. But Mr. Frazier set the fears of the black woman at rest by assuring her that the home was hers while she should live. As soon as his back was turned she hobbled down the long white path which for generations had united the log house with the Hall, to convey the glad

intelligence to her mistress. be disturbed, Aunt Jenny," said Mrs. Stanton, concealing her surprise under the iciness that had stood her good service in these tragic days. It is more than we had reason to expect from a Yankee."

Aunt Jenny has shared the general contempt, not to say hatred, entertained for the stranger, but one day, as Mr. Frazier was crossing the hollow on his way from the field beyond, he heard moans as of pain coming from the log house. To stop and inquire the cause was a natural prompting, and finding the old man sick with a severe cold, and Aunt-Jenny in throes of rheumatism, his next impulse was to hasten home and acquaint his wife with her condition.

His tale of human suffering sent that good lady on a mission of relief. It was the first time she had met the negroes, for, following the example of their former mistress, they had avoided her. She was well enough pleased that they had done so, since having a horror of war and regard-ing the negro as the cause of the terrible conflict.which had staggered the civilized world, her antipathy toward the race was intense. her humanity was far deeper, and, as she entered the low door and beheld the aged pair alone and suffering, her eyes overflowed with tears and her voice throbbed with sympathy.

exclaimed, as she hastily put down replenish the slowly dying fire. Every day, for the weeks they remained ill, Mrs. Frazier visited used to do; and when they were again well, it was difficult to say whether their gratitude to Mrs.

-Uncle Major professed there was mind to be answered, and the great house under the cherry tree : kindness of the Yankee became powerful weapon, henceforth, with down to Aunt Jenny's for the which to combat his wife's bitter things." reproaches against him, because of

'She's shore a mighty good woman, Mis' Frazier is," admitted Aunt Jenny, as she hobbled around the floor, no longer bare and cold, for friend had their generous new covered it with a rag-carpet. "An' I ain't gwian to say nothin' gainst huh, though she is a lata, mo' while I lib. But I ain't gwian day. "She is only a nigger.

"A negro you mean, Lucy," corde Hall, an' she'd be'n a-kerrin 'foh 'Tain't huh fault dat it warn't she

Naturally she closed the argument, for Uncle Major firmly subscribed to black, shall you despise the gift the truth expressed by the poet, that a man, and more especially a woman, convinced against his or her will, is older than you, and the years have of the same opinion still. When, however, through the untiring effort of Mr. Frazier, who, with his wife, had grown attached to the old couple, Uncle Major was granted a pension from the Government, you; and that thing, Lucy, is this which he had served by adding to its | we never can tell where payroll if not to its defense, Aunt need the friendship which, in our Jenny was effectually and forever silenced. The blue military cloak carded. Life is all before you, dear which she had only tolerated on her and it may be that that old man and husband because she had nothing so woman, poor though they be and of warm with which to replace it, no an inferior race, may one day prove longer aroused her ire; and she the only friends who could serve you herself listening, without at that particular time indignation, to the stories of wartimes, with which he was wont to so solemnly, and she opened her entertain the colored children who blue eyes in astonishment. It gave

occasionally visited them. yoh own people an' fite foh de Yanks, I'se mighty glad dey's got honah 'nough to mek it up to yoh somehow." was all she said, for however greatly she might change in her mind, she was too shrewd a woman to admit it to him. opinion of his infidelity to his people had given her the whip-hand since he had rejoined her at the close of the war, a position that, hitherto, had not been hers. Now that he had acquired the fortune of that it was more important than ever maintained.

be less harsh with the old man. good people err this way occ think he's done anything wondahful ception, it may be. Perhaps watches an' rings an' sech like artless way, "and make all the foolishness. Now he gibs me evah people—all the good people nice."

cent of de money when it comes tryin' to mek up foh de feelin' I have in me dat he done bring disgrace on de fambly by fi'tin wif de Yanks. An' he did, chile, he did!

"Lor! if ole Marse wer libin' he'd a-shot Majoh de fust sight hed k'otched of him. I lubed my ole Marse nex' best to my ole Mis' I lub my ole man bettaher'n bofe of 'em. So you ondahstan' sence I knowed how he'd took de disgrace Majoh brung on de fambly, I war mighty glad ole Marse war dead, foh de war broke out. Lor', chile ! many a long night I lay awake, thinkin' 'ud a-be-come of my ole mar "I am pleased to hear you will not if Marse war a-libin' when he jined wif de Lincum men.

"Marse always seemed to have s'picion 'gainst Majoh dat he warn't quite right, an' when I tole Marse war gwian to git married, he said I'd done bettah an' took some of de othah boys dan him. But Lor'! I idy what Marse meant tell Majoh lit off wif de bluecoats an lef' me hyah, all by myse'f. An' yit, honey I don't know if he war to blame so much, as de Injuns. Mebbe if we hadn't be'n a-libin' in dis house, it wouldn't a-happened.

"What's de house got to do wif Uncle Majoh turnin' Yank, Aunt Jenny?" asked the girl; but Aunt Jenny's mouth closed like a steel trap, and her curious relative saw that the secret, if secret there were, was safe behind those set lips.

Next to the money which they had been the means of securing for the old negro couple, the greatest blessing the coming of the Frazier's had brought them, was the occasional presence of Lucy, their daughter and only child. "Lil'l Miss" they called her, and a love, surpassing even that they had bestowed upon the children of their mistress, they lavished upon her. Like a ray of sunshine in an old forest, she flitted into the log house many times during the week. for Mrs. Frazier had come to look upon the negroes as her special charge. Too old to be of any assist-"Oh, you poor creatures!" she ance to her in the house, Aunt Jenny still retained her ability to her basket of food and medicine to turn out fine laundry work, and having noticed the desire for inde pendence in the old woman, Mrs. Trazier regularly sent her such them and ministered to them, as in articles of wearing apparel and fortunes of Stanton Hall was glad former times their own mistress household linen as required especial pains in making up. And Lucy's work it was to fetch these home every Saturday evening. Often in to locate him on a tract farthest removed from her dwelling, for, while was greater.

Tracket their love for Mrs. Stanton the after years, when the low voice was stilled by the dust of death. was stilled by the dust of death. Lucy seemed again to hear her no question of this nature in his mother calling to her in the play

"Come, Lucy! It is time to go

Not a very willing little girl always responded to the command. for it meant, besides leaving the unfinished play, the washing of hands and face, the combing of hair and the donning of a white apron of which she must take care "I don't see, mother, why I must

dress up just to go down to Aunt Jenny's," she complained, as she sub-

taken from the But she calls herself a nigger mother," persisted the child.

"But that is no reason why you should do likewise, and only impolite little children call people names, said the mother. "And though she is a negro, as you say, she is a nice God is love. Say that the hand that offers you this priceless treasure is because of the color of the giver Do not do that ever, Lucy! taught her much that you have yet to learn, that you must learn for yourself. There is one thing she yourself. knows that you can take from her without waiting for time to teach

Lucy's mother rarely spoke to her such a preternaturally wise look to "Well, since yoh had to go 'gainst ho wn people an' fite foh de laughed, the while she set a kiss on each suddenly drooped eyelid. TO BE CONTINUED

> It is not God's way that great blessings should descend without the sacrifice first of great sufferings.-

No one knows just how heavy is

the burden that another may be bearing-ill health, silently endured, \$8 a month pension, she recognized mental depression, home troubles uncongenial employment, that that position should be sacredly | breaking discouragements and disappointments - the list is endless. "Yoh's got to tek 'em down a peg Do not add to it the heartless jest or or two," she confided to a young niece, who repeatedly urged her to unwelcome attention. Even very "Lor, chile! ef I war to let on dat I ally, through lack of tact and perby gittin' dat money, dah'd be no remember the prayer of the child standin' dat ole nigger. Fust thing who asked God to make all the bad you'd know he'd be buyin' hisse'f people good, and then added in her watches an' rings an' sech like artless way, "and make all the good

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