## MOONDYNE JOE

BOOK FIFTH

THE VALLEY OF THE VASSE

V.-CONTINUED One flash of passion only did the tempest strike from him. On the great parade-ground of the prison at Francostle one day a thousand at Fremantle, one day, a thousand at Fremantle, one day, a thousand convicts stood in line, charged with grossly breaking the new law. On their flank was unlimbered a battery of artillery; and in their rear was a line of soldiers with fixed bayonets and loaded rifles. Scattered in front years the convict officers, and front were the convict officers, and in the centre of the line, within hearing of the convicts, the malcon-tents had gathered, and were openly denouncing the law as a failure. and declaring that the Colony was in danger. Among them, loud in his dissent, stood an officer with a broad gold band on his cap,-the deputy

superintendent of the prison. Mr. Wyville had ridden hard from whence he had been sum-Perth. moned by a courier with a highly colored report. His face was deeply lined and care worn, for he scarcely slept an hour a day for But he knew that the ing point had come. Six months of the new system had passed. During that time there had only been a moral restraint on the convicts, henceforth, there would be a personal and selfish one.

From this day the convicts would begin to receive reward for good conduct, as well as reproach for

A hundred yards behind Mr. Wyville, rode silently the two men who loved him best,—Hamerton and Sheridan. They had seen him start, had questioned the courier, and dis-covered the cause. Thrusting their revolvers into their holsters, they had followed him in silence.

Mr. Wyville checked his steaming horse as he drew near the prison. He rode up to the gate, and entered the yard calmly, but with such a bearing, even imparted to the horse, as made every man feel that he was

full of power. As he approached, there was deep silence for half a minute. Then, his ear caught the sound of a murmur in the central group of officers. He reined his horse stiffly, and regarded them with flaming eyes.

There was no sound for a moment; then there was a whisper; and then the deputy with the gold band walked to the front, and, without salute or preface, spoke :

"The warders cannot control the men by your new rules The Colony is in a state of mutiny. There ran a sound, like a terrible

growl, along the line of a thousand convicts. Wyville dismounted. Mr. horse stood unattended. Sheridan and Hamerton closed up, their hands

quietly on their holster-pipes. It was a moment of awful respon sibility; the lives of thousands were in the balance. One weak or false step, and the yell of blind revolt would split the air, to be followed by the crash of artillery, and the shrieks

of a wild tumult. Two revolts stood in Mr. Wyville's presence-the warders' and the convicts'. Toward which side lay the

dangerous step? There was no indecision-not a moment of delay in his action. With a few rapid strides he was close to the mutinous deputy, had plucked the conspicious cap from his head, rent off its broad gold band, flung it on the earth, and put his foot on it.

There w board, too. the insignia of rank from his collar, unbuckled his belt, and thrown his sword on the ground. Then, with a

men, with irons.

The leader of the warders had

The leader of the warders had

The leader of the warders had been leant over the rail, watching the never moved—but he had grown pale. He had expected a parley, at least, perhaps, a surrender of the Comptroller's plan. But he was that invariably turned, as if by dealing with one who was more than a man, who was at that moment an

embodied principle.

In a few moments the degraded and dumbfounded deputy, was in irons, with a soldier at each shoulder. 'Take him to the cells !" said Mr.

Wyville. His stern order reached in two days. every ear in the yard. Then he addressed the military commander. "Limber up those guns, and march

your riflemen to their quarters !" In two minutes there was not a soldier nor a gun in sight.

"The warders will bring their prisoners into square, to listen to thanks of the whole Colony had the first half-yearly report of the poured in on the Comptroller-General. Penal Law."

uncertainty, the movement was performed, and the thousand convicts stood in solid mass before the down on them, holding in his hand the report. There was a profound

Mr. Wyville read from the paper, in a rapid but clear voice the names to converse on abstract or specula of twelve men, and ordered them to step to the front, if present. Seven men walked from the convict square, and stood before him; the other five were on the road-parties throughout the Colony. Mr. Wyville's reserve we discussed on the poop.

addressed the seven. "Men, by your good conduct as recorded under the old law, and your attention to the rules of the present penal code, you have become entitled to a remission of the unexpired term of your sentences. To day's misconduct shall not stop your reward. You are free. Guard, allow these men to pass through the gate !"

The seven men, wide-eyed, unable to realize the news, almost tottered the barrier. The eyes of toward their fellows in the square followed them in a daze till they disappeared through the outer gate.

There was a sound from quare, like a deep breath, followed by a slight shuffling of feet. Then again there was absolute stillness, every eye intently fixed on the face of the Comptroller General.

Again he read a list of names, and a number of men came quickly to the front and stood in line. The new law had awarded to these a certain considerable remission, which sounded to their ears like the very promise

of freedom Still the lists were read, and still the remissions were conferred. When the report was ended, seven men had been released, and sixty-seven out of thousand present, all of whom had that morning threatened mutiny, had received rewards striking away years of their punishment. Men! we have heard the last

sound of mutiny in the Colony.' Mr. Wyville's voice thrilled the convicts like deep-sounded music : they looked at him with awe-struck faces. Every heart was filled with the conviction that he was their friend; that it was well to listen to

him and obey him.

"From this day, every man is earning freedom, and an interest in this Colony. Your rights are written down, and you shall know them. You must regard the rights of others as yours shall be regarded. This law trusts to your manhood, and offers you a reward for your labor; let every man be heedful that it disgraced nor weakened by is not unmanly conduct. See to it, each for himself, and each helping his you may to the freedom and independence which this Colony offers

you. Turning to the warders, he gave a brief order to march the men to their work; and, turning his horse, rode

slowly from the prison. From that hour, as sometimes a tempest dies after one tremendous whole of it. They might have lived blast, the uproar against the new law was silent. As swiftly as couriers but each family preferred to keep to could carry the news, the scene in themselves, neither feeling pride nor the prison yard was described to

every road-party in the Colony. Among the warders, opposition disappeared the moment the gold band of the deputy's cap was seen under the Comptroller's foot. Among the convicts, disorder hid its wild head as soon as they realized that the blind system of work without reward had been replaced by one that made every day count for a hope not only of liberty, but independence.

In a word, from that day the Colony

VI.

THE VALLEY OF THE VASSE

There was a large and pleasant party on the deck of Mr. Wyville's his reply came. steamer as she slowly swung from her moorings and headed seaward through the islands of Fremantle Harbor. It was evidently more than a coast excursion, for the vessel had been weeks in preparation, and the passengers had made arrangements

for a long absence. Beneath the poop awning, waving their handkerchiefs, to friends on shore, stood Mrs. Little and several other ladies. Standing with them, but waving no adieu, was Alice Walmsley; and quietly sitting near her, enjoying the excitement and pleasure of the others, was Sister its own will that it preferred this

Cecilia. governor of the Colony, and several of his staff. Mr. Wyville stood with the governor, pointing out, as they voice that rang like a trumpet passed, something of interest on the through the prison yard, he called native prison-isle of Rottenest; Mr. through the prison yard, he called to the military officer for a file of to the military officer for a file of smoking, and with him the artillery dan leant over the rail, watching the looking sternwards, seeking the eyes

instinct, to meet his glance. It was a party of pleasure and inspection, going to the Vasse, to visit the new settlement purchased from Mr. Wyville by Mr. Sheridan. They proposed to steam slowly along the coast, and reach their destination

The excursion was a relief to Mr. Wyville, after the severe strain he had borne for months. From the day of the threatened mutiny, which he had quelled by the report, the new law had become an assured success, and the congratulations and

It appeared to those who knew Rapidly and silently, with faces of him best, that, during the period of more from social life, and had increased his silence and reserve. austere Comptroller General, who had mounted his horse, and looked anxiety he felt for the reform of the penal law. In his conversation, too, even Hamerton admitted that he had ecome almost irritable on personal or local topics, and was only willing

tive ideas. The individual withers, and the world is more and more," quoted Hamerton one day, as the subject of Mr. Wyville's reserve was quietly know what he will do for a cause now that his penal law has succeeded."

"He will turn his attention politics, I think," said one of the gentlemen of the staff; "every patri-

otic man has a field there." There was a pause, as if all were considering the proposition. At length Hamerton spoke.

"Can you call Mr. Wyville a patriot ?

Every Englishman is a patriot," answered the first speaker; of course he is one." Again there was a lapse; and again

erton was the first to speak 'I don't like the word—applied to n. I don't think it fits, some-Surely, it is a noble word, only

to be given to a noble character," said one of the ladies. Well," drawled Hamerton, assenting, but still dissatisfied.

"Mr. Wyville has the two highest characteristics of an Englishman," said the old governor, sententiously. Which are?" queried Hamerton.
'Patriotism, and love of Law." There was an expression of approval from almost every one but

governor was highly pleased with nimself for his prompt reply. "Are these not the noblest principles for an Englishman, or any

The

Hamerton, who still grumbled.

man?" he asked exultingly.
"Let us leave it to Mr. Wyville himself," said Hamerton; "here he

'We have been discussing public virtues," said the governor to Mr. Wyville, who now joined the group; and we appeal to you for a decis Are not Patriotism and love of Law two great English virtues?"

'English virtues—yes, I think so ;' and Mr. Wyville smiled as he gave the answer.

But are they virtues in the abstract ?" asked Hamerton. 'No ; I think not-I am sure they

are not. There was a movement of surprise in the company. The answer, given in a grave voice, was utterly unexpected. The old governor coughed fellow, that you return as speedily as once or twice, as if preparing to make a reply; but he did not.

"Patriotism not a virtue!" at length exclaimed one of the ladies. 'Pray Mr. Wyville, what is it, then ?' Mr. Wyville paused a moment, then

told a story. There were ten families living on a beautiful island, and owning the together in fraternal peace and love; pleasure in the good of their neighpors, nor caring about the general welfare of the whole number. They watched their own interest with greedy care; and when they were strong enough they robbed their fellows, and boasted of the deed. Every person of each family proud of its doings though many of these were disgraceful. The spirit

which filled these people was, I think, patriotism-on a small scale. "Good!" said Hamerton, looking at ceased to be stagnant, and began to the governor; 'I thought that word didn't fit, somehow."

Well, if patriotism is to be condemned, shall we not still reverence Law?" asked some one. "Have you another allegory, Mr. Wyville?" Again he thoughta moment, before

There was a lake, from which two streams flowed to the sea. One river wound itself around the feet of the hills, taking a long course, but watering the fields as it ran, and smiling back at the sun. Its flood was filled with darting fish, and its banks fringed with rich grass and frequently for the poor souls in bright flowers. The other stream purgatory. ran into a great earthen pipe, and the sea first, but it had no fish in its of me when you're praying for the water, except blind ones, and no rest.' flowers on its banks. This stream

blind way.' "The earthen pipe is Law, I supmeans, as you will see, of snatching pose," said Mr. Little, "that men him from the way of ruin and dis-

come in time to love."

Mr. Wyville, who had smiled at the ladies all through his allegory, did not answer.

But do you apply the allegory to sea, but often raising his head and all law?" asked a gentleman of the staff.

abstract justice, which provides for nan's right to the planet. Sooner or later, human laws, from the least act and make all speed for home. to the greatest, shall be brought into

out? What shall we have

instead ? "Mankind and Liberty—instead of Patriotism and Law. Surely, the

exchange is generously in our favor.' Then followed a general discussion, in which everyone had a hasty Mr. Wyville said no more; but drew off the governor and Hamerton to his cabin to settle some geographical inaccuracy in a chart of

the coast. So the hours passed on the steamer as she slowly rounded headlands and cut across bays. The air was laden with the breath of the interminable forest. On shore, when the great fires swept over miles of sandalwood and jamwood bush, the heavy perfume from the burning lingered on the calm air, and extended far over land and sea.

On the afternoon of the second day, they saw before them the mountains of the Vasse, running sheer down to the sea, in two parallel ridges about six miles apart.

The land between these high ridges was cut off, some four or five miles back, by a line of mountain which joined the ridges, thus forming the valley which Mr. Sheridan had bought

from Mr. Wyville. As the steamer drew close to the land, the valley assumed the perfect shape of a horse-shoe. From the sea at a distance, it seemed a retreat of

mountains were wooded high up their sides, and the tops were so steep they seemed to overhang the valley. Two broad and bright shallow streams. which tumbled from the hills at the head of the valley, wound through

the ocean. Exclamations of wonder and delight were on every lip as the surpassing beauties of the scene came one

the rich plain and calmly merged in

after another into view. The end of the ridge on the south here, under Mr. Wyville's directions years before, a strong mahogany pier nad been erected, which made a safe landing-place for even great ships A railed platform ran round the foot of the hills, and brought the passen gers to a road shaded by majestic trees that swept toward the farther end of the valley.

Awaiting their arrival, were easy open carriages, evidently of Europea build, in which the astonished party seated themselves. The were some black, some white, but they were all at home in their places.

The scene was like a field from fairy-land. No eye accustomed only Northern vegetation and climate can conceive unaided the glory of a well-watered Australian vale. carriages rolled under trees of splendid fern from fifteen to twenty feet in height; the earth was variegated with rich color in flower and herbage spreading palms of every variety illed the eye with beauty of form the green and crimson and yellow parrots and paroquets rose in flocks s the carriages passed; and high over all the beauteous life of the underwood rose the grand mahogany and tuad and gum trees of the forest.

TO BE CONTINUED

## A MOTHER'S DEVOTION

By Brian O'Higgins, in the Irish Messenger Margaret Malone brought up her children as every Irish mother and every mother in the world should— found that the big throng had vanwith love of God and of His commandments in their hearts, with praise for God and for His mother on their lips its finger pointing to an open doorand with pure and high ideas in their minds; but there was one special devotion she never tired of inculcating, and that was her devotion to the caught a glimpse of a sorrowful face

poor souls. Pray for the poor souls, always from his vision seven years before regret it. They can not pray for themselves or help themselves in any way now, but some day they'll be up near God in heaven and they'll remember every single prayer that was offered for them in their hour of and fro. He came forward as Dick

And her children, no matter where neglected in after years, never forgot their mother's words, so often and so solemnly spoken. The prayers for the poor souls were offered up the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night. And when Margaret Malone lay on her death bed the words she said again and again to her weeping children words of earnest appeal not to forget till the hour of their death to pray

"I'll be one of them soon myself rolled along in the dark. It reached now," she added, "and you'll think

Even Dick-"the wild fellow"-Cecilia.

There were many gentlemen on oard, too, including the stiff old overnor of the Colony, and several that held it together and there in the society of bad companions, who taught him many of the devil's tricks and wiles, remained true to his mother's together and there in the society of bad companions, who taught him many of the devil's tricks and wiles, remained true to his respect at least, and it was the means, as you will see, of snatching grace in after years.

It was a wiid, wet, winter night, and the streets of Dublin, as the midnight hour advanced, became almost completely deserted. Dark clouds loomed overhead. There was wail of despair in the cold wind "To all law not founded on God's that swept around the corners and caused belated wayfarers to their coats more tightly about them was a night for closed shutters, a cozy room, a cheerful fire, and a book. "Will you give us substitutes for those poor virtues that you have the flickering light of the nearby scantily clad, shivered under each fresh gust of wind, cursed the cold that seemed to grow more intense every moment, and made no effort to get away from its icy embrace into warmth of some cheery room, but just stood there, shivering watch-

ing and waiting. The man was none other than Dick Malone, "a wild fellow," for whom gentle, saintly Margaret Malone had a specially warm corner in her heart in the old days in kindly Killeenbawn. On that November night, seven years after he had stood by her deathbed to receive her last blessing on earth, he was waiting there in that gloomy archway for three accomplices, with whom he was about to commit his first act of

robbery. He had gone away from the quiet of the old home, when his father and mother died, had wandered here, there, and everywhere, keeping his hands free from the stain of crime, until at last, after a bout of sickness, he drifted into the city of Dublin and fell in with those who never did an honest day's work, but managed to live very well, when they were not in jail, on the proceeds of thefts and has always taught: Christianity is, loving and gentle mother, except for acteristic of Christianity. that on wee prayer, said each day for the poor souls, was about to make teacher whose first pupils happened

Alas for the old golden days in far-off | teenth century, the advocates

Killeenbawn! It was near the time when his external companions should arrive and the cold had got right into his bones, when a strange thing happened. The deserted street was suddenly crowded with a silent throng of people, old and young, who passed like a huge procession in one direction, unspeaking, with faces veiled man. and heads bowed as if in sorrow. They passed quite close to him, and ern side ran far into the sea; and he drew back further into the dark ness, fearful of being seen, and wondered what was the meaning of that silent concourse, passing along without a single word, and seeming to draw no sound from the hard and stony street.

Then one among them saw him, and he made as if to rush from the session of his soul. A figure that he seemed to recognize parted from the throng, came close to the archway, beckoned to him, then turned and went on as before. He tried to stay there, but his efforts were of no avail. In spite of himself he moved out from the shadows and soon found a place in the mysterious procession.

From street to street they passed noiselessly, and in perfect order, heedless of the wind and rain and cold, and the strangest thing of all to Dick's bewildered mind was that they seemed to attract nobody else's attention as they had attracted his. He felt glad, somehow, that he had joined them, and as he walked along thoughts came to him that had been at arms length for years thoughts of the old days at Killeen. bawn, of his boyish pranks and troubles and joys, of the Rosary at night and the Sunday Benediction in the little church on the hill, and over all the sunshine of his gentle mother's smile. Yes, he was glad he nad come.

Then, in the midst of his reflections, he was suddenly brought back to the present by hearing his name earth." ished, and that only the one figure that had beckoned to him remained way through which came a faint glimmer of light. For a fleeting second the veil was lifted and Dick that he thought had passed forever

and ever," she said to them a thousand times over, "and you will never step forward. But the figure had vanished, and he found himself standing alone in the wind and rain

at the open door. Close to a confessional near the

entered. "I had nearly given you up in went or what duty they despair," he said gently, "but I'm glad you've come. Your mother met me as I returned from a sick call, Your mother met told me you wished to go to confession to-night—All Souls' Night—and asked me to wait for you here. She

" Father!" Dick broke in. mother died seven years ago - but I saw her to-night — out there in the street." And then he told the whole story, while the young priest listened attentively, and in his heart thanked God that he had been chosen for such a glorious task. And it was with a thrill of joy in his voice he told Dick, after he had heard his confession, that the one little prayer that he had been in the habit of say ing for the Holy Souls had been the means of bringing him back to the feet of God.

## FROM LUTHER TO MARX

The famous Pan-American Con gress imbued Protestants with the idea that the scattered sections of Christendom could be brought and kept together by a common enter-prise. The thought, however, proved prise. nore flattering than substantial. The great convention indeed brought many sects together; but when all had had their little, and more or less noisy, say, they quietly fell apart as before and returned to the North

went down. Why was this? Unwilling to relinquish the belief that common interest alone can produce unity in Christianity, and thrice unwilling to accept the Roman idea that the ecclesiastical body never be one until its members are united in faith under one head, sectarian thinkers have taken pains to indicate that the failure of their theory at Panama was not due to its falsity, but to the pernicious hold which the archaic idea of organization still exercises on the churches. ly spiritual, not a whit material; it quod in se est Deus non as free as the air to all, not in the Herein is the cause of disunity; it must be removed before the remedy, is really as much democracy viz., common enterprise, can be profitably applied. So long as sects liffer as to what their Church really is-a ritual, a hierarchy, a code of beliefs, an art of life, or a spiritual the gentleman would have to consolation and direction-their Church must continue to be a quiver-

ing mass of mutilation. If so, it would certainly appear burglaries. To-night Dick Malone, not one, but all of the aforesaid fallen away from the teachings of his items; each of them is only a char-

But oblivious to the doctrine of a

delicious coolness and verdure. The his debut as a common criminal. to live in the first and not in the six unity rant against the supporters external Christianity, vehemently prescribe the purely internal brand, and consequently increase the con fusion which they would dispel They forget that every one has a visible body as well as an invisible soul, and that religion, worth the name, should embrace the whole

> Nolan R. Best, editor of the Con tinent, a Chicago Presbyterian paper, is a good representative. His rather remarkable editorial, "Jesus Not remarkable Tied to Bishops," is interestingly significant of one trend of present day Protestant thought. He informs us that ecclesiastical pride is not now the agent which keeps the torn ligaments of Christendom from etting together. Differences archway and escape, but he could doctrine no longer arouse much not stir, and a great fear took posinterest or heat; they simply have gone by the board and ceased to be discussed. Our practical minded century favors such a question as church organization far more keenly than transubstantiation. Not dogma but hierarchy, is the wedge which keeps the house of Christ divided. The Roman and Greek churches, the Protestant Episcopal Church and kindred communities, like the Church of England, defy the rest of Christendom with a dignified array of prelates, who are esteemed as religious rulers and ministers par excellence. God is presumed to be not satisfied with any administration of Sacraments in His Church unless the man administering them was ordained to his ministerial office by a bishop" But a large remnant of the Christian world doe not and cannot see affairs in this light. True, the Methodist Episcopal Church has its "bishops," but they are merely superintendents, and not episcopal in the technical sense These and other good Protestant anti-organizationists believe that they have "grace direct from God

Mr. Best, then, sees Christendom split in twain; episcopal and nonepiscopal. Naturally, as a Presby-terian, he defends the latter section against the former.

The non-episcopals, according to Mr. Best, believe that Christ was too much immersed in spiritual realities to have bothered about "choosing officers for an organization and drafting a constitution and such other formalism." Yet it is a matter of record that He selected twelve officers, minutely instructed them, charged them to teach all nations, which they in person manifestly could not do in their own limited lifetime, and promised to be with them "all days even to the consummation of the world." From this it is clear that the Apostles were to have successors who would carry on their mission, power and work, be approved in this great responsibility by the overshadowing presence of Christ himself. Such was the belief of the centuries that preceded Martin Luther. The non-episcopal churches ram themselves against a

bulwark of solid tradition. To Christ, they think, Christianity was a life, "a vital, self-perpetuating force which must scatter through the world spiritual seed to reproduce after its kind wherever it good ground." But seeds require sowers. Dropped haphazard, result only in wild, profitless growth or no growth at all. Carefully planted and cultivated, they yield a harvest pleasing to the Lord. Again, that Christ considered His religion a life is no evidence that He wished it to be unruled. Law and life are not incompossible; on the contrary, the latter without the former drifts as helplessly and hopelessly the most noble ship without the

rudder. But, say they, Christ did not care how His Church grew, "if only the life was still the life that truly came from Him. Housed in one form of church or other—what could that signify, provided only men were being made new creatures in Him self?" Yet this is to accuse Saviour of having less concern for His Church than the farmer has for his vegetables. The latter does not merely throw seed into the ground in spring and let it take care of itself until autumn. He hires men to oversee the field, eliminate all denominational as when they obstacles to growth, and apply aids. Could Christ do less for what is infinitely greater? "Yes" is a gross insult to His wisdom, providence and beneficence.

But, objects Mr. Best, He ought not to be assumed to have material limits to spiritual forces He did not inaugurate on earth "a His grace was monopoly of grace." for all men without slight.

The contentious editor does not The best Christianity, they aver, knows no hierarchies; it is intenseratiam, or that the Church of Rome least tied to bishops; some churches recognize this; others are blind. is really as much democracy in the Catholic Church's doctrine de gratia as even Mr. Best could reasonably want.

As for bishops monoplizing grace long to find such a teaching in St. Thomas or any other Catholic theologian. The bishops are indeed the ordinary ministers of the sacraments that the best opinion to adopt is that which the Catholic Church and priests, ordained by bishops, the ordinary ministers of the remainder of the seven, matrimony excepted, in which, of course, the parties to the contract are the ministers, the priest being only the necessary and official witness. But it is the sacrament,

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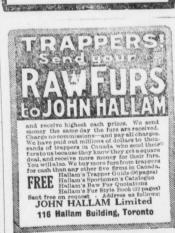
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