TWO

MOONDYNE JOE

THE GOLD MINE OF THE VASSE

BOOK FOURTH

THE CONVICT SHIP XVI.

A PRISONER AT LARGE The disembarkation of the convicts as a novel scene to them, and to the officers directing their move ments. The absence of shouting and violence made it quite unprecedented to the warders. The convicts reached the wharf on barges, and marched in single file up the little street leading to the great gate of the prison of

Inside the gate, in the centre of an immense yard or walled sand plain, the governor and comptroller-general and as the long line of convicts filed by, each saluted in military fashion, and passed on to the prison. It was late in the afternoon when

the lost convict passed. The governor was about to leave the ground, when his attention was called to one more stranger from the ship, appproached. It was Captain Draper. He walked slowly, as if still feeble from his illness; but he was care-fully dressed, and was really much more vigorous than he pretended. He raised his hat to the governor as he approached, and received a curt return of the salute, followed by a The governor had looked cold stare. into Captain Draper's case that foresightly mansion. noon.

Shall I retain the crew, your Excellency ?" said Draper, with an obsequious smile; " or is the ship to go out of commission for the sent?

I don't know, sir," said the stiff old governor, not hiding his dislike and contempt; "and I don't care, sir. The ship belongs to the convict department." He turned on his heel as he spoke. Captain Draper," said Mr. Wyville,

were educated.

There is no rest for-'

she said to Alice.

Wyville's home in the Vasse.'

school.

growing girls from the convent

her hand in a caressing manner.

victs," she said, bending to smile in

It was evident that the loving

in an official tone, "you are relieved of your command. The ship goes out of commission."

Draper's face was a study of disappointment at the news. The crew will remain - " he

began The crew will be taken to Adelaide

on my yacht, which will arrive this week

my yacht, which will arrive this ek." Shall I have quarters on board?" the school girls, the daughter of a free settler. "Neither should there be. Why do you always pity the convicts so? One would think you asked Draper, with an alarmed look.

No, sir," said Mr. Wyville shortly. ought to hate them." "You must seek some other means of transport.

But," said Draper, imploringly, "there are no ships in the colony, nor are any expected. I shall have

Alice's face. to remain here." "True," said the governor, who nature was fully alive, and sending enjoyed the scene. "There will be no visitors here for twelve months to out already its tendrils to draw toward it everything within its reach. come, nor any means of leaving." Sister Cecilia smiled kindly as she

Draper looked from one to the other of the men before him ; but he heard the girls, and saw their expressions of love for Alice. She, how-ever, changed the subject. drew no gleam of satisfaction from He began to feel a sinking of the heart, such as all cowards "Mr. Wyville's yacht, with Mr. feel in the presence of danger. He Hamerton and Mr. Sheridan, will instinctively knew that his cunning return from Adelaide next week, had been over-reached, and was use less. He knew not where to look for report in the Fremantle Herald.' the hand that had played against him : but through every nerve the knowledge rushed on him that he had continued reading. been overmastered by a superior intelligence — that he was beaten, discovered, and impotent.

This knowledge came suddenly, but it came over-whelmingly. At from the newspaper in her friend's one glance he saw that he had been hand, and settled far away on the led into a trap, and that the door dream-and a dream that was not had just closed. He turned to Mr. content. Wyville, crestfallen. "If you refuse to let me go on the

er, I might as

A few weeks later she received a there was one link missing in the letter from him, written in Adelaide, telling her of the voyage, and stating chains at night, and there was little stir made and few questions asked. Not one swimmer in a thousand the time of their probable return to Fremantle. Alice could not help the could cross a mile of water with 50ths

ecurring thought that he was thinkof iron chained to his ankles. For 10 miles above Fremantle, ing of her. One day, at dinner, Mr. Little the Swan winds in and out among spoke to her about the voyage. the low hills and the wooded valleys You brought us back a man we Its course is like a dream of peace this colony, There is never a stone in its bed wanted in Walmsley." he said; "the man who great enough to break the surface has made the country worth living into a whirl or ripple. Its water turns no busy wheels. Along its

'Mr. Wyville-yes," said Alice conbanks are seen no thriving home fidently ; "he could ill be spared from steads. Here and there, in the shallows, a black man, with upraised any country.' No, I don't mean Wyville ; I mean spear, stand still as an ebony statue,

Sheridan-Agent Sheridan, we while his wives and children sit Mr. upon the shaded rocks on the shore, call him." "Yes, sir," said Alice, her eyes

Miss

and silently watch his skilful fishing. lowered to the table. "He's the cleverest man that ever Presently, without a quiver of warning, the statue moves its arm, the came to this colony," said the well-meaning farmer; "I hope he'll get long spear is driven under water like a flash, and is raised to bear married and settle down here for ashore its prize of a wide backed plaice. Along the wooded banks, the life.

"O, Sam, who could he marry in the West? There is no one here," kangaroo nibbles the fresh grass, and the bright-skinned carpet-snake said the farmer's wife. dives into the pleasant water, that Little:

Nonsense," said Mr. has become almost his second home. 'there's the governor's daughter for On a lovely bend of the river, 10 one, and there are plenty more. And miles from its mouth, stands the little city of Perth, the capital of the don't you know, the governor is "Th going to give Mr. Sheridan a grand ing?" Penal Colony, and the residence of dinner, in the name of the Colony, the governor. It is a pretty town when he comes back from Adelaide? today, of four or five thousand people ; it was much smaller at the

date of our story. The main build ing, as in all West Australian towns, and did not eat much herself. Mr. Wyville is coming here is, the prison ; the second is the to-morrow," said Mr. Little, present-

official residence, a very spacious and ly. "He wants to buy that meadow below the convent, to put up another Just outside the town, on a slope school. He's a good man that, too, Miss Walmsley; but the other man of exquisite lawn, running down to Miss Walmsley; the river, stood a long, low building, knows the needs of this colony, and within a high enclosure. This was

has taught them to us." the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, 'Mr. Wyville is a man whose whole where the children of the colony life seems given to benefit others," said Alice, quite heartily ; and she In the porch of the convent one joined the conversation in his praise, evening, some two weeks after the telling many incidents of his care for arrival of the Houguemont, sat Alice Walmsley, Sister Cecilia, and two

the prisoners on the journey. But, though Farmer Little again and again returned to the praise of Sheridan, who was his man of men

"Yes," said Alice, in answer to some remark of the nun, "this is, Alice sat silent at these times, and earnesily attended to the wants of indeed, a scene of utter rest. But," the children. she added, sadly, "it is not so for TO BE CONTINUED most of those who see what we see.

"The wicked, Alice," said one of THE TURNING

Barbara Lawton entered the Corner Bookstore, nodded pleasantly The other girl stood beside Alice's to an affable salesman of chair, touching her soft hair with acquaintance, then began a leisurely survey of the shelves. One particu-"Alice couldn't hate even the conlar title arrested her attention, and

she seized the book for a critical glance at its pages. Two young girls came to examine the books on the shelves close by.

'What did you return today ?" asked one. 'Those of His Own Household' and 'Hugh : Memoirs of a Brother,' '

came the reply. "Oh, I must get a book for Elsie, and I don't know what kind she

' the girl murmured softly. likes ! Although Barbara Lawton's eyes "Here is the were riveted upon the open page, the fresh clear voices had attracted Alice turned her head as if interher, and she listened not stealthily ested in the news. Sister Cecilia but curiously-the result of a habit formed long ago ; for from scraps of "And then they will start for Mr. conversation, as well as the faces of the passer-by, she had gathered stray

Alice silently sank back in her material for many a story. "Helen, did you ever read this ?" chair. Her eyes slowly withdrew "Oh, what is it ? 'A Gleaning' is the title." "No, I don't think so. Who wrote other side of the Swan, in a waking

it ? 'Lawton-Barbara Lawton.'

"Yes, I read-or rather skimmed and sat down again. over it. I remember now.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

Reaching her apartment, Barbara mixture of bitterness and sadness. paused and threw a glance around. Everything spoke of smartness, comfort, even elegance. It was not always thus; for Barbara could look and then mother followed him so It was not made a good start, but death came, back, not remotely, to the days when soon!

she had worked on the Sentinel. Then long, short and hard labor had bored. brought no such recompense as she enjoyed. Left alone in the now world an orphan, with unconqueringly able courage and no small amount of talent, this woman had climbed the

steep way of literary success. Well, Annette," Barbara asked when a trim, deft maid appeared in novels of the year," he returned, with a whimsical smile.

"Mr. Sherwood !" Surely !" Barbara flushed and him would bring a flush of pleasure nodded.

A minute later Sherwood entered Barbara arose and extended her hand tormented her. in friendly greeting.

He rose from his chair.

"Have you met him ?

woman

"I just dropped in as I was going " he said genially.

"Where have you been ?" "Out on the links ; and I met old a party. Fernald, a deucedly queer old chap." He sat down and rested his dark "No: my previous engagement still binds," she laughed. He laughed, too, but unpleasantly. head against the dull, leathern chair. Very well. I can't stay to coax, Barbara watched his face and move he rejoined, as he took his departure. ments admiringly, unaware that they

were both distinctly effeminate. 'Then you found Fernald interestwoman. Barbara mused as watched her—an "ivy wom She sank again into her

"I'd like to have you meet him. Throughout the dinner Alice was particularly attentive to the children paused, then asked suddenly : "Did and every line of it told of energy paused, then asked suddenly : "Did and determination : his black hair, you work today ?" She shook her head negatively.

and strong; his mouth firm; and 'Neither did I. He smiled, while her face assumed an answering glow. The man was tall, dark, handsome-suggesting an clasped in his arms. actor playing his role. picture !" thought Barbara. One half,

wood was the axis around which her expected at any moment to see the world revolved, and she often in her mask fall from his countenance, and mind's eve placed him in strange curiously one wondered how he positions; yet too well she knew would look unmasked. him to venture to picture him in

The woman went over to her desk this guise. She turned to Madeleine. and drew out a package of neat, typewritten pages. 'Here comes our best-seller !"

Sherwood exclaimed. Barbara smiled again.

"You know, the world is dying of ennui !" he went on. "It hates the old themes. This nervous craving for novelty—the world is eager for tic sanctuary-a home. it. Surely this one ought to satisfy bed for the plot is swift, keen andhe ones away. The conversation broke off Barbara ran her fingers through

the pages. "I have been thinking," she hesitated, "that I might cut out some of

this,"-she indicated a few pages. He looked up quickly. 'What ! Entirely ?'

> Yes. It's too strong." She made no attempt to analyze

the feelings that she knew were leading her into a conflict tonight. 'Sheer nonsense ! You'd destroy theirs. the flavor.

"But I could substitute,"

'No, no ! Absurd !' His tone of finality grated upon uncommunicative. her.

think so ?" she asked. 'But I think I could," she persisted.

"Of course, as you wish." enigmatic comment. He assumed an air of nonchalance o conceal his irritation ; yet mean- ing Barbara !" Madeleine laughingly while thinking how extremely to her chair. awkward it would be should this woman develop any perverse tactics just when he had decided that it fancy he favors the serpentine form would be useful for him to crop her budding genius and graft it into his own.

Barbara noted with concern the challenged Mr. Brandon. shade of annoyance on the other's face, her pulsations quickened and until they met the speakers ; then he she asked herself : said slowly : 'Oh, what am I doing for a school

girl's words of folly ?' She throw aside the printed pages ing, coiling.

she said :

thoughtful.

"What did Sherwood lose ?"

But Barbara was speechless and "I suppose it might have been differ-ent if mother had lived. Father motionless, for the thrusts were coming home Quite a dear bargain, on which

the world sets an eternal price, Brandon murmured half aloud aloud "Well, I suppose he ran aground with his career, had to lighten the He was silent, and appeared a trifle and faith weighed Reminiscences, like religion, craft, the weary you, I fear," she said knowheaviest."

'Why so serious tonight, John ? Then I am absolutely destitute of Madeleine glanced apprehensively at faith and sentiment? No: hardly sentiment, or we would not be Barbara, who sat with downcast eyes and face aflame.

"I don't know ; perhaps meeting Father Kent. "Tis apparent he walks collaborating on one of the greatest with men ; yet, priest-like, sees only Another time such words from souls.

Barbara's heart was rent with a to her cheeks; but tonight a silly schoolgirl's words recurred and struggle waging there. Sherwood a renegade ! Why had he hidden it from her ? She had been so open and frank with him ! She knew that her

"Cancel that angagement and dine with me tomorrow evening," he said in a conciliating tone. "We'll make idol was falling and crumbling into an inert, shapeless, mass. But then came the bitter discovery that, after

all, it was made of clay. "Seems to me that the stern Baptist ancestors of Kent would not restin their graves could they behold him in his monastic enclosure !" Brandon

exclaimed. "But doesn't the new monastery Madeleine was of the old type of rise superbly from the morning mists she heights above the city ?"-

clinging, strong, constant. She looked again at the husband's face, Madeleine addressed Barbara. constant. She Barbara nodded silently. A little later she arose, and, in a subdued,

thoughtful frame of mind, quitted the house which she had entered a touched with white; his clear eyes self-sufficient woman. "A likable girl !" John Brandon bright and alert; his chin square

remarked when Barbara had gone. his lips-gently caressing the soft, gold hair of the little child whom he Then thoughtfully "Yes, yes." Then thoughtfully Madeleine added : "But she doesn't "What a pretty

seem quite happy, dear !' Sher "I fancy that she knows more of Sherwood than she pretended," he

suggested. "Then why did you rail at him so?" "Then why did you ran as the the woman demanded uneasily. the woman demanded uneasily." Sher-

wood has worked havoc with more and again her glance fell as it rested than one woman's heart. Perhaps again, upon that sweet, confiding it was due her-and coming to him. woman and the little lad who stood up so straight by his mother's knee. Brandon finished a trifle vindictively. Urged by a sudden impulse, Bar-bara alighted from the car at the With a swift onrush of feeling, Barbara realized that here was a domes small, stucco church on the avenue "Time is up, and toddlers go off to The night was starry and silent. No gleaming cross sent out its sacred signal tonight; instead the pale Madeleine arose and bore the little crescent of a moon floated above slackened. head and soft shadows enveloped her as she moved swiftly up Brandon spoke of her work, and Barsteps. She grasped the handle of the bara replied, remarking on it lightly. door, pulled, and it would not turn. Then, since she had achieved the listener's art, she drew him on to "Locked !" she murmured breath lessly. She could not enter. Jesus speak of his. She was eager to study

this man of the world of affairs Christ had waited long for her comfor she was about to marry an ing. Only last night she hastened by. Was, then, the Heart of God closed against her? And it was she "idealist," and she had often declared to Sherwood that only the trials of herself who had put up the bars differing temperaments could Ah, she had forgotten that earth can

not content the heart forever ! Now Finally, Sherwood's name was menher heart cried out for God, and she tioned. It was she who spoke it. dare not stifle the cry; for the cry of the human soul for God is an "Yes." The tone was incisive and

awful cry. She turned away, and endeavored "He is very clever, do you not to stem this flood of agonizing thoughts, but in vain. Reaching her 'So is the devil," was the laconic, abode, she sank down and for once acknowledged that her home was Why, John, I fear you're shockempty her life a farce, and the days

remonstrated, returning noiselessly she had dreamed of as golden had ecome hideous. "Madame," Annette began, "Mr. 'But the devil isn't a man. I Sherwood has been here ; he waited,

in which our father Adam met him.' then left the note there upon the There was a smile on Barbara's lips, as she said this, but her eyes desk Barbara stood up. "Thank you,

Annette !" she said, as the girl dis-He raised his eyes unflinchingly appeared. Finally, Barbara brought herself to

break open the note and to read. It "Strange, now that you speak of it. dropped from her fingers, and sh pondered upon its contents. He had but I have always thought of Sherurged her to reconsider her decision concerning the changes she had in-

wood as a reptile-cool, lean, glitter-She longed to cry out, to crush this tended to make in their story ; he

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er here. Precisely," said Mr. Wyville.

Except that you will be a prisoner at large," said the governor. "There at large," said the governor. "There is a saying in this colony," he added our monotonous convent life." "It is true, though. It was Miss laughingly to Mr. Wyville, "that our monotonous convent life there are only two classes here—the who are in prison, and the people people who ought to be. Come, now, among the children. It reminds me the horses are waiting; we have a ride of 10 miles to Perth before we land." get dinner.

The governor, Mr. Wyville, and the gentlemen of the staff moved off, leaving Captain Draper alone in the centre of the prison yard. Heregarded them with baleful eves till they went through the gate and disappeared. with Alice." Then he followed, emerged from the gate, and was directed by one of the prison guards to an inn or public house for ticket-of-leave men, where

he took up his residence.

BOOK FIFTH

THE VALLEY OF THE VASSE

ALICE WALMSLEY'S NEW HOME

The little town of Fremantle, with its imposing centre, the great stone prison, is built on the shore, within She knew it was from him; but she River as it flows calmly into the calm sea. At its mouth, the Swan is about two miles wide. The water is convent, which was only half a mile shallow, and as clear as crystal, show-ing, from the high banks, the brown rocks beside the river, where she was ing, from the high banks, the brown stones and the patches of white sand utterly alone, she opened and read on the bottom. The only ripple ever her letter. seen on its face, except in the rainy season, is the graceful curve that follows the stately motion of the black swams, which have made the given it its name.

One mile above the mouth of the river, where the gloomy cliff hangs and between each reading her eyes ing gaze roved over the landscape over the stream, are situated the terrible-stone-quarries of Fremantle, terrible-stone-quarties of Freinaard, where the chain gang works. Many a time from the edge of the over-hanging cliff, a dark mass had been and repeated the one sentence that hanging cliff, a dark mass had been and repeated the one sentence that hanging cliff, a dark mass had been and repeated the one sentence that hanging cliff, a dark mass had been and repeated the one sentence that hanging cliff, a dark mass had been and repeated the one sentence that hanging cliff, a dark mass had been and repeated the one sentence that hanging cliff, a dark mass had been and repeated the one sentence that hanging cliff, a dark mass had been and repeated the one sentence that hanging cliff, a dark mass had been and repeated the one sentence that hanging cliff, a dark mass had been and repeated the one sentence that hanging cliff, a dark mass had been and repeated the one sentence that hanging cliff, a dark mass had been and repeated the one sentence that hanging cliff, a dark mass had been and repeated the one sentence that hanging cliff, a dark mass had been at the sentence that hanging cliff, a dark mass had been at the sentence that hanging cliff, a dark mass had been at the sentence that hanging cliff, a dark mass had been at the sentence that hanging cliff, a dark mass had been at the sentence that hanging cliff, a dark mass had been at the sentence that hanging cliff, a dark mass had been at the sentence that hanging cliff, a dark mass had been at the sentence that hanging cliff, a dark mass had been at the sentence that hanging cliff, a dark mass had been at the sentence the sentence that hanging cliff, a dark mass had been at the sentence that hanging cliff, a dark mass had been at the sentence that hanging cliff, a dark mass had been at the sentence that hanging cliff, a dark mass had been at the sentence that hanging cliff, a dark mass had been at the sentence that hanging cliff, a dark mass had been at the sentence the sentence that hanging cliff, a dark mass had been at the sentence that hanging cliff, a dark m is very deep at this point. After this, old time's sake."

A few moments later she

"They are very kind," said Alice : "and I love to work in the dairy and her at the old convent down on

"Well, I suppose it is so. But I should think that she would find it hard to reconcile some of the things in that hock with hoce with hoce with Chester Square." She said the words without pain,

though her eyes filled with tears. "My good Alice !" said Sister Cecilia, taking her face between her hands in the old way; "I am so in that book with her religion. Barbara Lawton heard but never stirred.

happy to hear you say that. Come, girls, let us walk to Mr. Little's farm "Let's look down there at those books, Helen. I don't see anything here. The girls moved along. Barbara

With characteristic wisdom and turned quickly to catch a glimpse of kindness, Sister Cecilia had obtained for Alice, shortly after their arrival, the retreating figures ; a short, plump girl in her teens, and a pale, spectahome in a rich settler's family Her mind, so recently freed from the cled girl. "My critic, no doubt," Barbara

filled with new interests, and her soliloquized softly under her breath, life at once took root in the new as her glance rested on the second girl. "Well, the old adage concerncountry.

When she had been settled so for ing the listeners did not carry false about a fortnight, and was becoming this time." The woman's mouth formed into a sneering line. "If my young lady only knewit," she thought, 'the popular, successful novel calls the angle formed by the broad Swan did not open it among the children. for religion, inoffensive, unobtrusive, When her duties for the day were or preferably none at all ; and Catholicism is used only for a poetic veneering." The woman turned disgustedly away from her own thoughts, and replaced the book, which she was still holding, rather forcibly upon

It was a simple and direct note, saying "Good by for a time," that he After th After the purchase of a magazine, she left the shop. It was growing late in the afternoon ; and, revelling

avenue. Her restless eye and shift-Alice read the letter many times. rested on the placid river. Once finally it fell upon a quaint, low stucco edifice, whose gilded cross unbowed head, and eyes averted.

rer it. I remember now." "Do you know the firm of Free-"Helen, did you know that this man, Brandon?" It was she who man; but with excellent self-control ing to detain her, though the girls did. "I thought it would be pleas-anter and more natural to work the site of the source of "Yes. I did a little business there

'I am dining with the Brandons

tomorrow evening. I met Mrs. Brandon recently—I had not seen her for years. I had no reasonable to offer, so I accepted her excuse invitation.'

half-closed eyes, and they sought the a touch of irony.

woman's face questioningly 'In fact I'm rather glad to go; for Madeleine promised me it would be just a family party-her husband dise. and the babies," she continued. "I'm rather curious to see her husband; for people thought that Madeleine married a little beneath

her. Brandon was only a struggling lawyer a few years ago." Sherwood's lips parted, but moved

soundlessly. Still Barbara talked on "I remember Madeleine as a fragile.

flower-like girl. She is still pretty her. and seems so happy. We were once very fond of each other in true,

schoolgirl fashion." "But aren't you picking up the store harmony.

threads of a ravelled friendship?" Sherwood asked dryly. She was quick to perceive and

"resent the frony in the tone. "I had no engagement." Her eyes darkened. "I couldn't lie out of it,

"I met another old acquaintance today—Horace Kent," Brandon turned towards his wife. "You've for I hate deceit." If the man in the chair opposite

winced a little at the last phrase, it passed unnoticed by the woman in her sudden burst of feeling. "But I say," Sherwood asked easily,

Kent and I were boys together." He paused. "It's the old story of gain "at what school did you meet Mrs. and loss: what is one's gain is another's loss." Brandon ?" Barbara found voice to ask

"We were both day pupils at the old convent school at Chester Square. It's not there now : they've moved to the Drive.'

He appeared interested. "You never go there now ?"

"No; I'm quite sorry to say I've outgrown it—those people and that circle—although I've joined no better circle." Her voice was a Madeleine agreed.

"Yes. It always ends that way,"

threatened the jarring of their pleas ant relations, and clearly insinuated "I heartily disagree with you in that hers was the blame, and he the

offended. She hesitated. your portrayal of Mr. Sherwood." Making no reply and betraying no an instant the future assumed a happy embarrassment, Brandon regarded haze : money could smooth her path the woman with eyes distended and way, and love smile away her fears.

"I didn't know that lawyers were "I didn't know that lawyers were addicted to such a thing as character individuality would always be free Sherwood lifted the lids over his sketching," Barbara continued, with to assert itself; but now she saw herself enchained and enslaved ; for

too well she knew that the victim of 'Sometimes, in our branch of law love is slavery. It was clear now especially," he replied, "I might say that either he would drag her down men and women are our merchanor she would raise him up. But was

she strong enough to do this? She Barbara thought, "Tis plain this sank on her knees and groaned. He man knows more of Sherwood than I, had defied the living God and made his promised wife. Oh, what was the business of which he spoke last unto himself another called self. Ah, had he not tried to rob her, too. night? It was evident that he did not wish me to visit here. But why? of her priceless gift ? She shuddered thinking of the door that would not Does Sherwood fear this man, or open. what he knows concerning him

"Is this the last flicker of a dying And I, who have trusted him, know faith ?" She shivered as she faced nothing." The humiliation stung her own question.

Her thoughts went back again to "Mr. Sherwood came from John's Sherwood ; and stripped of his mask, home town, back in New England," she saw him-a deceiver, a renegade, Madeleine ventured, hoping to rea reptile. She sprang to her feet and seized her pen. Very few were the lines that she wrote. Then with extreme deliberation she rang for "Indeed !" Barbara made an effort

to appear unconcerned, though mentally commenting that Sherwood had Annette. not mentioned this fact last night.

"Kindly mail this letter, Annette. It is important that it should go at once.

"Certainly I'll attend to it." Annette took the letter and went out heard me speak of him. He is a priest, Miss Lawton. Sherwood, of the room.

Left alone, Barbara drew from her desk a pile of typewritten matter.

"The only copy of the best-seller, she murmured half bitterly. "Ti "Tis mine, however, to do with as I please-my work, my sin !" she "His faith," said Brandon, shortly. whispered.

Kent found it, and Sherwood lost She went over to the fireplace, his, or rather gave it up. He sold struck a match and a blue flame out cheap for the shouts of the crowd —for the shouts that turn to jeers leaped up. Cautiously she fed it with the papers in her hand. When the deed was accomplished, her



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weakness had disappeared. It was