MOONDYNE JOE

THE GOLD MINE OF THE VASSE

BOOK FOURTH

THE CONVICT SHIP VIII.

FACE TO FACE The convict ship, with all sail set, before a strong quarter breeze, ploughed heavily round the South of England, and then spread her arms a sea-spirit as she majestically toward the deep southern

weird contrast between the tall ship, nobly and beautifully breasting the waves, and the hideous secret she bears within,-

"Who, as she smiles in the silvery light,

Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,

Alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky, A phantom of beauty, could deem

with a sigh, That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin, And that souls that are smitten lie

bursting within ! watches her silently

gliding,

Remembers that wave after wave is dividing Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could

not sever, Hearts that are broken and parted

for ever? Or deems that he watches, afloat on the wave.

The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's grave?

The first few days of the voyage are inexpressibly horrible. hundreds of pent up wretches are unused to the darkness of the ship, strange to their crowded quarters and to each other, depressed in spirits at their endless separation from home, sickened to death with the merciless pitch and roll of the vessel, alarmed at the dreadful thunder of the waves against their prison walls, and fearful of sudden engulfment, with the hatches barred. The scene is too hideous for a picture-too dreadful to be described in

Only those who have stood within the bars, and heard the din of devils and the appalling sounds of despair, in a diapason that made every hatch-mouth a vent of hell, can imagine the horrors of the hold of a convict ship.

About a week out from England, the Houguemont went bowling down the Atlantic, and across the Bay of Biscay. The night was cold dark, and the strong breeze held the ship steady, with every sail drawing.

Mr. Wyville and Sheridan, the latter of whom had come on deck for the first time since the vessel sailed, in warm great-coats, walked the lee side of the poop; while the captain, also heavily wrapped, paced the weather side, glancing now and again at the sails, and taking an occasional look at the course.

"You have got over your sea-sick-ness?" asked Mr. Wyville.

Sheridan laughed. You forget that I am a sailor, Mr. Wyville," he said. "I had another reason for keeping my room."

Will Sheridan, for months past, had often been on the point of telling Mr. Wyville the whole story of his life, his love for Alice Walmsley, and her terrible suffering for another's crime; but the moment still had gone by, and he had never broached the subject. speak his warm gratitude to the wise friend who had preserved Alice's reason and life in Millbank.

Mr. Wyville never dreamt that Sheridan and Alice Walmsley had known each other. He did not know that on the deck at that moment stood Sheridan's deadliest enemy, within five yards of the ne hated, and who mortally hated him.

"I will tell him all now," were the words in Sheridan's mind; and he turned to Mr. Wyville, and took hold of his arm. They paused in their walk, and stood at the foot of the mizzen-mast.

At that moment, the captain went toward the wheel, and bent his head to look at the compass. The strong binnacle light fell full upon his face, just as Will Sheridan stooped and laid his hand on Mr. Wyville's arm.

The face in the binnacle glare was straight before Sheridan. His eyes were arrested by it as by a spectre; his hand closed like a vise on the

arm of his friend. Almighty!" The words rushed from his heart in a hissing whisper.

Wyville was astounded, but he could not even surmise the cause of Sheridan's tremendous excitement. He had seen the face of the captain as it remained for a moment in the strong light; but he did not connect this with his friend's emotion. He waited for Sheridan to speak.

Instead of speaking, Sheridan watched the dark figure of the captain as he passed from the wheel to the weather side of the poop, and paced slowly up and down. Then he paced slowly up and down. drew a deep breath, tremulous with aroused passion.

Who is that man?" he asked, in a low voice, after a long look.

"That is the captain," answered "Let me introduce you. Mr. Wyville. Captain Draper!"

The captain walked toward them. Sheridan remained just as he had

been standing. "Captain Draper, let me intro-

"Stay!" said Sheridan, laying his hand on Mr. Wyville's breast, "one

moment. He strode to the binnacle, seized the lamp, and returned with it in his hand. When he was within feet of Draper, he threw the light full on his own face, sternly turned toward his enemy.
"Now!" he said, "now, introduce

The sight of the terrible face struck Draper like a physical blow. His breath came in a short gasp, and he staggered back till he leaned against the mast. He never said a

word Sheridan turned the glare of the No need to moralize afresh on the lamp upon him for an instant, then snatched it rapidly away from the repulsive sight. At that moment, with the veil of darkness suddenly torn back, Draper's face was ghastly, and his attitude full of terror.

Will Sheridan replaced the lamp in the binnacle, and walked straight

to his own room. Wyville was Mr. astonished and puzzled at this scene. He remained on deck for an hour or more after Sheridan's abrupt departbut he did not speak to Captain Draper, who paced his side of

the poop in gloomy silence.

It was an hour of fearful torture Draper, for, like most scoundrels who are cowards, he suffered over and over again the agonies of shame and exposure which he knew he had But, like this class, too, he always planned his conduct, even his beforehand. As soon as the appalling interview had passed, and began weaving the warp and woof of a devil's plot that should make him the winner in this context.

"The donkey and water-cart is mine, though the village gave 'em to me. That's all the proport."

the winner in this contest now begun. He looked at Wyville, who stood gazing out on the sea, and asked him-"Does he know?" And he self. speedily ran over the signs, and concluded that Mr. Wyville knew nothing of his relations to Sheridan. He re membered that Wyville had called him to be introduced to Sheridan, and he had noticed the surprised exclamation with which Wyville had observed Sheridan's extraordinary conduct.

The midnight eight bells sounded. and the mate came to relieve the captain from his watch; but Drapey said he could not sleep, and would

remain on deck an hour longer.

In that hour, he was alone on the poop; Mr. Wyville had gone below. Draper, looking down through the glass roof of the dining-room, saw that a bright light was burning in Sheridan's room. As he looked at the light, secretly and alone, a like poison. The years of his guilt were melted down into that hour, and they took the form of a blighting curse. Could malediction have murdered Sheridan, he would have been withered to death by the baneful light of Draper's eyes.

But the hatred of a man so naturally evil as Draper is apt to turn into malign his enemy with foul words in secret, or he will dig a pit for his It is only manly men who can hate and hold their tongues.

As Draper paced the deck, towards the end of the hour, his tread actually became stealthy and fearful, as if he dreaded lest the nature of his thoughts might be read in the sound of his steps. Slowly and carefully he turned the circumstances over in his mind. Wyville certainly did not know of his relations with Sheridan. Sheridan himself had evidently been surprised at the meeting. Only one knew: none else had any interest in knowing. That one must be silenced, or-he, Draper, must face disgrace Once before, Sheridan had eluded his design; but this time-and, as he concluded his walk and plot together. he glared at the light in Sheridan's room, like a serpent in the outer darkness, this time there would be no mistake or hesitation on his part.

IX.

HOW A PRISONER MIGHT BREAK A BAR the great commercial highway of the Atlantic. The mild airs of the warmer latitudes surprised and delighted those who had only known the moist climate of Britain. As the vessel sailed close to the island of Pico, one of the Azores, the deck was crowded with gazers on the unknown

It was the forenoon of a lovely day. The sun shone with radiant splendor on the soaring peak and purple cliffs of Pico. The island seemed to most of those on the ship like some legendary land of fairy lore. They had never seen any country but England, and they had never before heard even the name of this impor-

tant-looking place.
On the bow of the convict ship, standing on the raised deck, which was the roof of the punishment cell compartment, stood three men, looking up at Pico. These three, from the day of the ship's sailing, had been drawn together by inherent attrac tion; and now, among all the queer new friendships of the voyage, there was none stronger than theirs. And yet they were very dissimilar, in

wardly and outwardly. One was a tall man, solemn-faced and severe, dressed in sombre garments; the next was a small man, mild of face and manner, clad in oldfashioned sailor's blue; the third was a very black man, whose hair stood upright on his head when he removed his immense fur cap, and whose body from throat to feet was

discordant trio, Mr. Haggett, Officer Lodge, and Ngarra-jil, had developed a mutual attraction, each for the other; and, after a few weeks at sea, "you can't help yourselves. We'll with a united effort. had spent almost their whole waking

time in each other's company. They did not converse much, if any. Ben Lodge did not quite understand Mr. Haggett's solemn scriptural illustrations and heavy comments; Mr. Haggett did not pay much heed to Ben Lodge's dreadful tale of carnage in the Chinese bombardment; and neither of them understood

Ngarra-jil, nor did he comprehend a word they said. Yet they passed day after day in each other's company, leaning over the vessel's side or sitting on the sunny forecastle.

The presence of Officer Lodge on board needs explanation. Two days before the convict ship sailed, Mr. Wyville walked into the lock-up at Walton-le-Dale, followed by Ngarra-

Officer Lodge met him with a mild, every day air, and, pointing with a backward motion of the hand toward the cell, informed him that it was up the ready material with fearful seized.

"Have you any relatives or others depending on you?" asked Mr. Wyville, falling into the matter-of-fact simplicity of the little policeman. 'No, sir; no one as can't get along without me. I 'ave lived here alone for fifteen year. I don't know a man, though, in Walton to take my place. There's a deal of trust in this hoffice, sir; a deal of trust.

"What property do you own here?" asked Mr. Wyville.

settlement," said Mr. Wyville. he will have to go to Australia. He will be comfortably placed, much more so than you are here; and his engagement will be permanent. I

came to offer the place to you-can you come?"
"Yessir," said Officer Lodge, as quietly as if he were asked to walk down the street. "Do you want me

to start now.' 'It is now noon; I will return to London on the 2 o'clock train. Meanwhile, I will walk through the village." Turning to Ngarra-jil, Mr. Wyville said in his own language. You can remain here.'

Mr. Wyville walked straight to the old home of Alice Walmsley, and lingered a long time in and around the deserted and decaying cottage. There was a warm feeling in his heart, a new and happy growth, which was thrilled and strengthened desperate hatred burned in his heart as his eye fell on objects that might once have been familiar to Alice Walmsley

As he left the place, to return for Officer Lodge, it seemed as dear to him as if he had known and loved it all his life. He turned toward it, as he walked down the road, and there

practical injury. The coward who hates is never at rest; he will either picture of its wretchedness in her

He passed to the courthouse. Officer Lodge and Ngarra-jil were sitting in the office, silently looking minutes more, no earthly power at each other. At first, Officer Lodge had spoken to his companion; but "Shall we open the h gruff and unintelligible monosyllable. silence.

Are you ready?" asked Mr. Wyville.

"Come."

They went to the railway station, bars with amazing force. and took their seats for London. their acquaintance in the same silent He rushed forward again; ning in the station-house. board the convict ship, they

had attracted the lonely Mr. Haggett, who, in a patronizing manner at first, joined their company.

As these three stood near the bow of the Hougemont, looking up at the purple cliffs of lofty Pico, there rose an extraordinary commotion on the deck, among the convicts.

That morning two men, the worst The days slipped into weeks as the Houguemont sailed southward down the ship, had been locked up in the punishment-crib. They had first been sentenced to work at oakumbars idle, staring out at the crowd of shouting. For this they had been again reported, and the officers had now come to take them out for further punishment.

The officers stood waiting for him windows. who had the key of the barred door; and he was searching vainly in his pockets. After a while, it was evident that the key had been it was mislaid or lost. The officers could not open the barred door.

The two culprits within were the first to understand this, and they set up a howl of derision. They danced about in their den, cursing the officers and snapping their fingers at them through the bars.

At length a dreadful idea struck one of the desperate wretches. His eye had fallen on the heap of loosely picked oakum inside the bars. yell he seized an armful of the inflammable material and threw it far within the cage, against a heap of tarred rope ready for picking.

The officers stood outside, watching fellow's action with alarm. When he had gathered all the oakum into a pile, he drew from his pocket a lucifer match, and flourished it before the officers' eyes with a grin of triumph and devilish meaning. His brutal associate within the bars upon whom the meaning of the

Strange it was, that this seemingly sight of the match, gave a wild shout

of delight and defiance. Damn you!" he cried, shaking

"you can't help yourselves. We'll set fire to the ship before your eyes! The dreadful threat struck terror into the convicts on deck, who began

to huddle together like sheep. The officers looked into other's pale faces, dumb and helpless. One of them caught hold of the massive bars of the door, and shook them with all his force. as well have tried to shake down the

Yelling with delight at their power the two miscreants within piled the pyre. Then, he who held the match selected a dry place on deck to strike it. He bent down on his knees, and covered his action from

the eyes of the officers.

In another instant he sprang to his feet, holding a blazing rope of loosely-twisted oakum. that rang through the ship, applied the torch to the pile he today. oakum, and the yellow flame licked

At sight of the flame, a alarm rose from the huddled convicts drowning the reports of the officers pistols, who were shooting down the incendiaries.

was too late. Had they used their pistols before the match was at him with the same strange expresstruck, they would have acted in time. To slaughter the wretches now was to insure the continuation of the

fire. Were the prisoners let alone they might have become terrified at their own danger, and have quenched the blaze before it had seized the ship.
One of the officers placed the

muzzle of his pistol to the ponderous lock of the cage, and fired. let destroyed the lock, but did not to his room by the other side of the force it. At the moment with a cry of success, an officer dashed through the crowd and seized the lock. He had found the key!
But it would not turn in the shat-

tered wards. The bullet had wedged everything together, and the bolt had become a rivet.

By this time the flames had swept

fastened on the beams overhead. The pitch bubbled up between the seams of the deck, and dense volumes of smoke poured through the

The alarm had spread to the convicts below, and an awful sound of affiright arose from the hundreds of horrified hearts. The officers dashed wildly to and

fro. Some of the ship's crew had begun to work with axes on the roof of the cage, which was a heavily-timbered deck. The fire began to roar with the dreadful sound that denotes the untamable power of approaching conflagration.
At this moment, Mr. Wyville came

forward, and with one glance took in was a quiet gladness in his face.

"She will leave it all behind," he murmured. "There shall be no cage. The convicts prayed him, murmured its wretchedness in her "save us!" the ultimate appeal of "save us!" the ultimate appeal of He stood an instant looking at the

Shall we open the hatches and Ngarra jil had answered only by a let the convicts come on deck?"

asked the pallid chief warder, the They then had subsided into perfect key in his hand.
"No!" shouted Wyville with such sudden force that the man staggered | the sea.

Mr. Wyville looked at the lock, and saw its condition. He shook the

A gust of flame and smoke now Officer Lodge and Ngarra-jil sat rushed through the bars, and drove opposite each other, and continued every one back, even Mr. Wyville. fashion which had marked its begin- turned to the officers, who had retreated to the foremast, and called them to him. Net one moved-they were cowed.

Another instant, and a tall man pushed through the crowd, and stood beside Wyville. It was Mr. Haggett. Their eyes met for an They understood one instant.

What do you want ?" asked Haggett, in a low, steady voice. 'The silk curtains from the dining room—quick!" answered Mr. Wyville

in the same tone. Next moment, Haggett was clearpicking; but they sat within the ing a lane for himself through and over the crowd. He disappeared convicts on deck, and singing and toward the cabin. They knew he would return, and they kept the way open for him. In half a minute he flew back, in each hand a long red lic silk curtain, torn from the cabin

Mr Wyville stood waiting for him. from the rail. He took one of the curtains, twisted it into a rope, and pushed one end through the bars. This end he brought out four bars off, and around these four bars he wound both curtains, one after the

other. When the curtains were entirely wound in this way, he inserted the heavy iron rod between the folds, at two central bars, and began to turn it over end after end like lever. The first turn made the silken rope rigid; the second strained it; the third called out all the muscular power of the man. But there was nothing gained.

Mr. Wyville turned, and looked toward Haggett, who approached. Both men seized the iron lever, and pulled it down with all their force. This is the convict's trick," said

Haggett, as the paused for breath. Mr. Wyville made no reply; but continued the tremendous leverage. gain. There was a cry from the convicts : preparations broke suddenly at they saw the massive bars yielding-

the two outer bars bending toward published in The Survey, set to the the centre under the terrific strain. Once again the upper end of the ever was seized by both men, and with a united effort of strength pulled and pressed down. The next turn was easily made; the mighty bars had bent like lead in the centre and then broken, leaving two gaps wide enough to allow the entrance of

When this was done, Mr. Wyville and Mr. Haggett fell back, while the officers and sailors rushed into the burning cage, smothering the flames with wet sails, beneath which they

trampled out the fire. The vessel was saved, and not one minute could have been spared. In the wild uproar that followed, each one giving vent to the pent-up excitement of the moment. Mr. Wyville, turning in the crowd, met the eyes of Haggett, earnestly fixed on his face. He had often observed his watchfulness before; but there was another meaning in his eyes

Without a word, Mr. Wyville put out his hand, which Haggett grimly

Thank you," said Mr. Wyville.

"That's not right," said Haggett; you have saved all our lives." Mr. Wyville negatively shook his head, with his usual grave smile, and was about to pass on. Mr. Haggett slowly let go his hand, still looking sion. They had parted a few paces, Haggett strode after Mr. Wyville with a new impulse, seized his hand once more in a grip of iron, and met his eve with a face working in strong emotion, every possible reef in his immense lips quivering with suppressed feeling.

Forgive me!" he said; and without another word he dropped Mr. Wyville's hand, turned, and strode off

That night, when the excitement had died, and the usual quiet had been restored, Mr. Wyville and Sheridan walked the poop for hours. Mr. Wyville made no mention of Haggett's strange conduct.

Toward midnight they went to By this time the flames had swept over the pile of tarred rope, and had events of the day had kept them from talking about Captain Draper, though the subject had been for days uppermost in both minds.

When Mr. Wyville entered his room, his eyes fell on a letter, fixed endwise on his table to attract his attention. It was addressed to him. He opened it, and took out a photograph—the portrait of a convict in chains. There was no other enclos-

writing, dated four years before:

the man known as Moondyne. It was taken in Western Australia just before his last escape from Fremantle Prison. All other photographs of this prisoner have unaccountably disappeared from the prison books.

Mr. Wyville gazed a long time at the strange present. Then he laid it on the table, locked his door, and walked meditatively to and fro his narrow room. At times he would stop and take the picture from the look at it with deep attention, while his lips moved as if he were

At last he took the portrait, tore it to pieces, and, opening the windo w of his room threw the pieces into

TO BE CONTINUED

AMERICAN SENTIMENT AND AMERICAN APATHY

By Agnes Repplier in The New York Times Magazine Sentiment! There is enough of it in the United States to fill all our own orders, to stock Europe, and to leave a surplus for Asia and Africa. have choice varieties for every State in the Union; something warranted to please the genial South, the sensitive North, the complacent Middle West; and we have a mixed orange pekoe blend which the whole country absorbs with gratification. Candi dates, Congressmen, political bosses, orators upon every subject under heaven deal with sentiment to the exclusion of realities, and with fantasies to the exclusion of facts. There is one most popular watch-

word, good every day in the week,

and in every township of the Repub lic "We are at peace." "We are at peace with the whole world." The more we think about it the more selfcongratulatory we become, the nobler holding in his hand a heavy iron belaying pin, which he had taken eyes. We talk about our ocean boundaries as if we had wisely and with forethought created them, as if they were dikes which we had built to protect the sacred soil of freedom. We ask no paltry questions, such as With whom should we be at war? Who wants to be at war with us? What should we be at war about ? We refrain for obvious reasons from dwelling too closely upon our relations with Mexico. If there are moments when the ingratitude of the nobler Mexican freebooters (whom ve armed) wounds our souls, and if there are other moments when the ingratitude of the arid Mexican academist (whom we placed in power) vexes our understandings, we stifle our scruples and appease our humiliation with the comfortable reflection, We are at peace." It has been an uneasy and expensive peace, embracing many of the disadvantages of war but we can, if we try, wax sentimental over it, and that is an inestimable

Consider the frame of mind which

soothing music of "Auld Lang Syne," and called "The Land Where Hatred

War-racked and torn from sea to sea The Old World bleeding lies ; God called America to be The land where hatred dies

No tangled web of ancient wars Her prayer for peace denies Great seas protect her fertile shores, The land where hatred dies.

Unswayed amid a world insane With wild alarms and cries, Now may she calm in strength remain,

The land where hatred dies.

So France, fighting with her back to the wall for her homes and her freedom, is insane. Belgium, who held her work and her honor more sacred than safety is insane. England, defending the principles of democracy to which—in theory—we stand committed, is insane. America, coining her millions out of the war, giving little and much, building up her trade, and speculating dispassionately upon the art treasures which will be yielded up to her by impoverished Europe— America is the land selected by a partial Providence to play her safe

and congenial rôle. The assumption that the Almighty eans us to do what we mean to do that He is a silent partner in our game of life, is a base form of self-delusion. The New York State German Catholic Central Verein said in its report before the Central Verein convention in August :

While we most deeply regret that the hand of God rests so heavily upon mankind, we cannot deny to ourselves pleasure and satisfaction at the success of the German people.

This is being too much at home in Zion. That Germans should rejoice over the success of German arms is reasonable and right. No one expects them, or desires them, to feel otherwise. But their polite regret at the pressure exercised by Omnipotence seems somewhat out of place. was not the hand of God which burned the churches of France and Belgium, which desecrated the altars unutterably sacred to all Catholics, which shot the priests, and carried shame to convents. Something fell heavily upon roofless church and ravaged home. Something falls heavily to-day upon the starving children of Poland and the deported women of Lille. But in the of all that is holy, let us not call it the hand of God!

If the United States is a land where On the back of it were written these words, in Mr. Haggett's hand-disputes settled by strikes to the accompaniment of violence? This is the only photograph of the soldiers who fire from trenches inspired by hatred, and the rioters who fire from curbstones inspired by brotherly love? How much blood has been spilled, how many war" crimes have been committed, how many workmen have been maimed, how much property has been destroyed in fifty years of strife between employers and employed! Is acquisitiveness a nobler spur than patriotism? Is caste astronger bond than country?

When in August a body of 400,000 " a nation of 100,000, men " held up 000: when the safety and prosperity of the country were put beyond the control of arbitration, and when a panic-stricken Congress, at the instance of a panic stricken Administration, and with the consent of a panic-stricken Senate, threw the railroads' purse to the highwaymen, The Times headed a column with these lines:

"Strike Would Hit City Babies First Railway Workers to be Appealed to in Name of Humanity to Run Milk

Trains." "Appealed to!" "In Name of Humanity!" Last winter the United States was appealed to by Germans who asked that we should persuade England to lift the embargo on milk est German children should suffer. But England and Germany are at war. They make no pretense of fra-ternity. If American men are to be appealed to " to permit American children to live, it is in justice rather than hatred which dies in "God's own land.'

We are also moderately discouraged to note that the "tangled web" of European war enmeshes us more than it has any right to do. A list of the outrages committed in American plants, on American docks, and on boats carrying American cargoe would stagger our belief in neutrality. The intricate plotting of foreign conspirators has kept our Secret Service on the jump, beguiled and baffled our detectives, and given our newspapers a new and animated field of action. "Bomb Plots" have long of action. been a familiar feature of our morn ing news; and now that Robert Fay former Lieutenant in the German Army has escaped from our feeble attempts to detain him they are likely to be more numerous than ever Satan's proverbial facility in providing mischief for idle hands to do has been exemplified by the unholy activ ities of the North German Lloyd and Hamburg-American employes. hundred bombs, destined for thirty ships sailing from American ports, is a large order and might suggest to pessimistic minds that something in the nature of hatred had survived our enervating climate. The explosives placed under the Youngstown plant, the incendiary fire in the sugar ship Inchmoor, the incendiary fire on the cotton steamer Bankdale, the explosion of dynamite at Seattle-these are merely individual features of vast conspiracy as insolvent as it is finds expression in six smug verses, infamous. Every deed of violence

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