

a flood of gaslight came the summons of an official, who stood in the light, with a big book under his arm :

"Come along, four-thirty. Your clothes are waiting."

A strange feeling thrilled through the convict's body, and his step became buoyant as he trod the corridor and heard the clang of his cage-door which would not open for him again. The warder on duty gave him a kindly nod as he passed on behind the man with the book of evil deeds. A few tired faces watched with dull eyes, in speechless envy, from their iron-bound wickets. The long, cold passage, smelling of gas and disinfectants, seemed to the convict then as pleasant as the grass-path through a flower garden.

"Your clothes are in there," said the official, indicating an open door. "When you are dressed, come into the office and take your discharge. Want to see the chaplain before you go out?"

The prisoner very decidedly stated that he would not see the chaplain.

"You can stay in till morning if you like."

"I'd sooner sleep on the stones outside," replied the ticket-of-leave man, glowing at the restored privilege of free speech.

A very few minutes had elapsed before there entered the office a tall, dark-haired young man, clothed in a shabby suit of tweed, with a white scarf around his neck to conceal the lack of a collar.

"Take your watch and ring," said the official, without looking up. "Here are five dollars allowed by Government to give you a start, and here is your discharge certificate. Don't lose it. You will report yourself to the police monthly during the next year,