TWO

MOONDYNE JOE

THE GOLD MINE OF THE VASSE

BOOK THIRD

II.-CONTINUED A FLOWER IN THE CELL

She did not sew any more that day, -and, strange to say the officers took no heed of her idleness. There vas a change in her face, a look of unrest, of strangeness, of timidity.

When first she looked upon the flower, a well had burst up in her heart, and she could not stop its flood. In one hour it had swept away all her barriers, had swamped her repression, had driven out the hopeless and defiant second self, and had carried into her cell the wronged, but human and loving unhappy, heart of the true Alice Walmsley.

She was herself. She feared to think it,-but she knew it must be When the warder spoke to her now, she shrank from the tone. Yesterday, it would have passed her like the harsh wind, unheeded.

That night, unlike all the nights of her imprisonment, she did not lie down and sleep as soon as the lights were extinguished. With the little flower in her hand, she sat on her This thought came clearly mind as she looked at Sister Cecilia's low bedside in the still darkness, face, and saw the unselfishness and feeling through all her nature the returning rush of her young life's sympathy with the world. devotion of her life in her pure

The touch of the rosebud in her hand thrilled her with tenderness. She made no attempt to shut out the crowding memories. They flooded her heart, and she drank them in as a parched field drinks the drenching rain.

Toward midnight the moon rose above thecity, silver-white in a blackwords. hued sky, lovelier than ever she had een it, Alice thought, as she looked through the bars of her window She stood upon her low bed, opened the window, and looked up. At that come to bring you comfort." ment her heart was touched with a loving thought of her dead mother. Her arms rested on the windowledge, and her hands were raised before her, holding between them the little flower, as she might have held a peace-offering to a king. breaking.

Softly as the manna falls upon the desert, or the dew upon the wild flower, descended on the afflicted heart the grace of God's love and mercy. The Eye that looked from on that white face upturned amid the gloom of the prison, beheld the eyes brimmed with tears, the lips quivering with profound emotion, and the whole face radiant with faith

and sorrow and prayer. "O, thank God !" she whispered, her weeping eyes resting on the beautiful deep sky; "thank God for this little flower! O, mother, hear me in heaven, and pray for me, that God may forgive me for doubting and denying His love!"

With streaming eyes she sank upon her knees by the bedside, and poured her full heart in passionate prayer. And, as she prayed, kneeling on the stones of her cell, with bowed head, the beautiful moon had risen high in strength. The words that sank the vault of night, and its radiance flooded the cell, as if God's blessing were made manifest in the lovely light, that was only broken by the dark reflection of the window bars, falling upon the mourner in the form the best, but they were. cross. It was long past mid-

night when she lay down to rest. But next day Alice began her monotonous toil as on all previous our faces, and go on with our sewing, She was restless, unhappy; her face was stained with weeping in the long vigil of the night. But her heart had changed with the brief rest she had taken. She began day without prayer. Her mind had moved too long in one deep grove to allow its direction to be changed without laborious effort. The little flower that had touched her heart so deeply the day before lay on the low shelf of her cell. Alice took it up with a movement of the lips that would have been a sad smile but for the emptiness of her poor heart. "It grew in its garden, and loved its sweet life," she thought; "and when the sun was brightest, the selfish hand approached and tore it from its stem, to throw it next day into the street, perhaps."

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

Number Four was not to be disturbed or the flower taken away.

name called in a low voice,-

was kneeling beside her.

like a face in a picture.

"Alice !"

Alice, in amazement. "Certainly," said Sister Cecilia, with a smile of mock surprise. "Why, those poor children couldn't get along without me—fifty of them. Now, I'm very glad I shall have you to help me, Alice. We'll have plenty to de. never faar " The door closed again, and Alice raised the flower to her lips and kissed it. Some one had pitied her, had thought of her. She was not alone in the world. This reflection she could not drive away. to do, never fear " down to her work ; but she could not She was leaving the cell-the see the cloth-her eyes were blurred warder had opened the door-when Alice timidly touched her dress, and with tears, her hands trembled. At last she rose, and pressed her open drew her aside, out of the warder's hands to her streaming eyes,

then sank on her knees beside her sight. I am not a Catholic," said Alice bed, and sobbed convulsively. in a tremulous whisper. "No matter, child," said the little nun, taking her face between her How long she remained so she did not know, but she felt a hand laid softly on her head, and heard her

Alice, in amazement.

hands and kissing her eyes; "you are a woman. Good-by till toyou morrow; and say your prayers, like A woman had entered the cell, and

my own good girl. Alice stood gazing at the spot where she had stood, long after the door had closed. Then she turned and looked Alice raised her head, and let her eyes rest on a face as beautiful as an angel's, a face as white as if it were a prisoner's, but calm and sweet and through the window at the bright sky with her hands clasped at full length before her. As she looked, a sparrow sympathetic in every feature; and round the lovely face Alice saw a

perched on her window-sill, and she strange, white band, that made it look smiled, almost laughed at the little It was a Sister of Mercy she had seen before when she worked in the cautious fellow. She took some crumbs from her shelf and threw them to him; and as she did so she hospital; she remembered she had seen her once sit up all night bathing thought that she might have done it every day for five years had she been the brow of a sick girl dying of fever. as happy as she was then. to her

III. FOLLOWING A DARK SPIRIT

Alice," said Sister Cecilia, "why About a week after the incident of do you grieve so deeply ? tell me why the flower, Mr. Wyville, accompanied by his black servant, Ngarra-jil, left you are so unhappy—tell me, dear, and I will try to make you happier or London on the Northern train. I will grieve with you." Alice felt her whole self-command The black man was clad from throat to feet in a wrap or mantle of thick deserting her, and her heart melting at the kindness of the voice and the cloth, though the summer day bland and warm. He settled silent-ly into a corner of the railway car-Turn to me, and trust me, dear,' riage, watching his master with a said Sister Cecilia; "tell me why you weep so bitterly. I know you are innocent of crime, Alice; I never believed you guilty. And now, I have and constant look. Wyville, sitting beside the window, seemed to observe the richly culti

vated fields and picturesque villages through which the mail train flew Sister Cecilia had put one arm without pausing ; abut in truth he around Alice, and, as she spoke, with the other hand she raised the neither saw nor thought of outward things. tearful face and kissed it. Then the There is a power in some minds of flood-gates of Alice's affliction burst, utterly shutting out externals-of and she wept as if her heart were withdrawing the common functions from the organs of sense to assist the concentration of the introverted

From this closet of the

Sister Cecilia waited till the storm of sorrow had exhausted itself, only mind. At such a time, the open eye murmuring little soothing words all is blind, it has become a mere lens, the time, and patting the sufferer's eflecting but not perceiving; hand and cheek softly. tympanum of the ear vibrates to the outward wave, but has ceased to Now, dear," she said at length,

'as we are kneeling, let us pray for a little strength and grace, and then The you shall tell me why you grieve. Sister Cecilia, taking Alice's hands

between her own, raised them a little, and then she raised her eyes, with a sweet smile on her face, as she were carrying a lost soul to the angels, and in a voice as simple as a child's, and as trustful, said the Lord's Prayer, Alice repeating the words after her.

Never before had the meaning of the wonderful prayer of prayers entered Alice's soul. Every sentence was full of warmth and comfort and deepest were these, she repeated them afterwards with the same mysterious effect,—"Thy will be done "Now, Alice," said Sister Cecilia,

rising cheerfully, when the prayer was done, "we are going to bathe earth, thoughts of God. And have a long talk." Alice obeyed, or rather she followed which lay within the cell of this traveller's soul, to be investigated and have a long talk.'

the example. Sister Cecilia's un- and solved. Villages, and fields, and affected manner had won her so streams passed the outward eye, that completely that she felt a return of was, for the time, the window of a her girlish companionship. All closed and darkened room. other teachers of religion whom Alice had seen in the prison had come to her with unsympathetic formality and professional airs of sanctity which repelled her. Half an hour later, Alice was quietly sewing, while Sister Cecilia sat on the pallet and talked, and body drew Alice into a chat. She made no reference to the grief of the and mysterious aspect. The knife morning. The cases in the hospital, he knew not where to begin the the penitence of poor sick prisoners, the impenitence of others, the incision. The hideous thing to be gratitude and the selfishness and the examined was inorganic as a whole, incision. The hideous thing to be and yet every atom of its intertex-ture was a perfect organ. many other phases of character that came under her daily observation— To his unceasing vision, the misthese were the topics of the little created form became luminous and Sister's conversation. transparent; and he saw "Why, I might as well be a prisoner throughout its entire being, beat one too," she said, smiling, and making Alice smile; "I have been in the maleficent pulsation, accordant with the rhythm of some unseen and intermittent sea. He saw that the parts and the whole were one, yet many—that every atom had within hospital seven years. I was there two years before you came. You see,

"Are you going to Australia?" asked London. That night, though the comes back periodical, and gets into fatigue of the journey would have quod overpowered an ordinary man, he jail. quod-parding me, sir, I mean into 'What does she do ?" asked Mr.

> 'Well, she's a bad 'un. We don't know where she comes from, nor where she goes to. She drinks 'eavy, and then she goes down there near Draper's 'ouse, and the other 'an she kicks up a muss of crying and shouting. She does it periodical;

and we has to lock her up 'When was she here last ?" asked Mr. Wyville.

Officer Lodge pulled out a leather covered pass-book, and examined it. "She's out of her reg'lar horder this time," he said, "she 'aven't been 'ere for a year. But I heerd of her later than that in the penitentiary at Liverpool."

Wyville asked no more ques-Mr. tions. He wrote an address on a card, and handed it to Officer Lodge. "If this woman return here," "or if you find out where she said. write to that address, and you shall be well rewarded."

"Head Office of Police, Scotland Yard, London," read Officer Lodge from the card. "Yessir, I'll do it. O, no, none of that," he said, firmly, tting back some offering in Wyville's hand ; "I'm in your debt, sir; I was a'most going to make a fool of myself with that bar'l. I'm obliged to you, sir; and I'll do this all the better for remembering of your kindness.

Mr. Wyville took a friendly leave point of being deaf to any remark or of good natured Officer Lodge, and request that was not prefaced by this returned to Liverpool by the next title. He resented even "Mr." title. He resented even "Mr." train. Arrived there, he did not pro-Lodge; but he was excited to an ceed straight to his hotel, but drove to the city penitentiary, where he repeated his inquiries about Harriet Draper; but he only learned that she had been discharged eight months before.

Neither police nor prison-books could give him further information. Disappointed and saddened, next day he returned to London.

TO BE CONTINUED

DR. MORROW

But even while she thus urged him he moved restlessly and fidgeted to be gone, and, the tears falling unrestrained down her cheeks, the Duchess moved to the door and opened it. Nor was the doctor him self much less distressed.

"Not ten but a hundred miles would I travel were it at any time but this," he said in a choked voice "but no, believe me, I dare not; can not tear myself away."

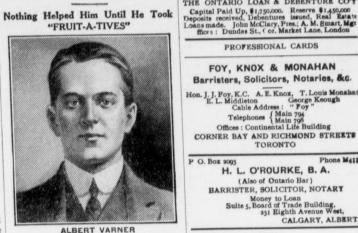
The street door was already opened when upon the threshold stood Father St. John. He had heard in stood the town of the steaming horses that had dashed along with the Duchess of Lille's carriage to Doctor Morrow's house, and, wondering what it might portend, had come along himself to inquire; and now the door opened and he saw the duchess in tears and the doctor beside her. The tale told itself-he knew without asking that she had come to seek his aid, and guessed that he had refused.

The arrival of Father St. John just green paint corrodes it." The arrival of Father St. John just Officer Lodge wiped his brush on at that moment was God's answer to those repeated prayers on the head

long ten-mile journey. "You know things, you do," he before the duchess goes," he said, "But suppose you hadn't no and, not really needing permission went softly but quickly upstairs. In a moment or two he returned, and the duchess, guessing his meaning, -and then give the hoops a smart waited his verdict with a piteous

coat of black. That would make a look of expectation. "How long did the journey here

"Scarcely more than an hour," she road answered. The priest calculated, and mur-"Three or four hours" exactly the duchess' own calculation. "It will do," he said, and then. turn "could you direct me to the office of the police inspector of this village ?" if your own health permits of the Officer Lodge was taken aback. He was in shirt-sleeves, like a common laborer, and here was a answerable to you for his being no worse on your return, and you may search of the police inspector; he go with an easy mind to cure where was gratified at the important title.



TORTURE

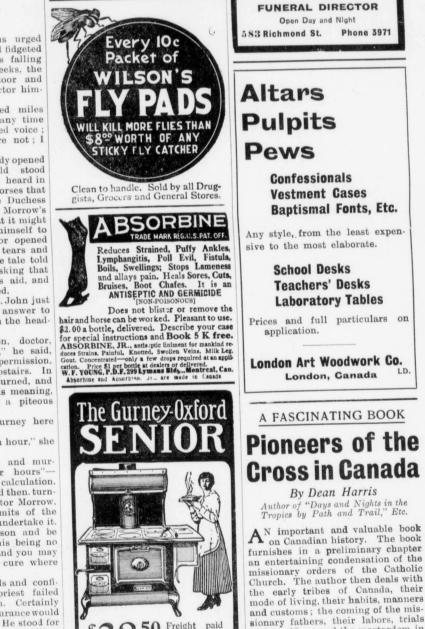
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"I should think so ! By jewkins ! occupy ?" he asked her.

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took a further journey, to the little village of Walton-le-Dale, — the native village of Alice Walmsley.

first visit, having for his

He walked up the weed grown pathway to the deserted house, and find porch ing the outer door of the unlocked, as it had been left five years before, he entered, and sat

short time. Then he retraced his steps, and inquired his way to the police station.

The solitary policeman of Waltonde-Dale was just at that time occupied in painting a water-barrel, which stood on its donkey-cart in

There was only one well of sweet water in Walton, the village lying on very low land; and the villagers paid each week a halfpenny a family to their policeman, in return for which he left in their houses every day two large pails of water.

and though he was a modest and unassuming old fellow, he made a

indignant glance at the offensive

gentle and feminine disposition ; but he had "served his time" on a manof war, and had been pensioned for some active service in certain vague

fellow relate wild stories of carnage, with a woman's voice and a timid maiden air.

mind.

"Raise it on its end," said Mr. the Wyville, who had reached the spot unseen by the aquarian policeman. Officer Lodge looked at him in distranslate its message to the brain. trust, fearing sarcasm in the remark; soul within has separated itself from the moving world, and has retired to its cell like an but he met the grave impressive look, and was mollified. Besides, the anchorite, taking with it some high advice struck him as being practical. Without a word he easily heaved the subject for contemplation, or some profound problem for solution. cask into an upright position, and found that he could paint its whole emerge the lightning thoughts that startle, elevate, and deify mankind,

'If that were my barrel, I should sweeping away old systems like an overflow of the ocean. Within this paint the hoops red instead of green," cell the Christ-mind reflected for said Mr. Wyville.

thirty-three years, before the Word was uttered. Within this cell the "Why ?" asked Officer Lodge, dipping his brush in the green paint. Because red lead preserves iron, soul of Dante penetrated the horreswhile the verdigris used to color cent gloom of the infernal spheres.

and beheld the radiant form of Beatrice. Within this cell the spirit the rim of the paint-pot, and looked that was Shakespeare bisected the human heart, and read every at Mr. Wyville timidly, but pleasant-1y.

impulse of its mysterious network. Here, the blind Milton forgot the and lived an awful aon said. beyond the worlds, amid the warring red paint ? should paint the whole barrel

Great and sombre was the Thought white-white lead preserves iron-

handsome barrel." said Officer Lodge.

did not retire to rest till early morning, and then he slept scarcely three Wyville. hours. In the forenoon of that day, leaving Ngarra-jil at the hotel, he

It was clear that Mr. Wyville had come to Lancashire on some pur-pose connected with this unhappy

girl. inquired at the inn, was to the quiet street where stood her old home.

there on the decaying bench for a

the street.

Officer Lodge, they called him;

familiarity of plain "Lodge." He was a small old man, of a

Mr

Chinese bombardments. It was queerly inconsistent to hear the old

As Mr. Wyville approached Officer Lodge, that guardian of the peace was laboriously trying to turn the the barrel in its bed so that he might paint the underside. The weight was too great for the old man, and he was puzzled. He stood looking at the ponderous cask with a divided

circumference. This put him' in good humor.

Then flashed, for the first time, into her mind the question-Who had placed the flower in her cell? Had she been unjust—and had the hand that pulled this flower been moved by kindness, and kindness to

The thought troubled her, and she became timid and impressionable Who had brought her this I am as white as a prisoner." again. flower? Whoever had done so was a friend, and pitied her. Else why— but perhaps every prisoner in the ward had also received a flower. Her heart closed, and her lips became firm at the thought. A few moments later, she pulled

the signal wire of her cell, which moved a red board outside the door, so that it stood at right angles from This brought the warder, the wall. to know what was wanted. The door was opened, and the warder, a woman with a severe face but a kind stood in the entrance. Alice had the flower in her hand.

'Have all the prisoners received with a steady voice. "No," said the warder.

In five years, this was the first question Number Four had ever asked.

"Why was this given to me ?" she asked, her voice losing its firmness, and her eyes filling with tears.

"I don't know," said the warder. This was true : the hand that had dropped the flower into the watchgrate had done so unseen. The warder only knew that orders had been received from the governor that together all the day.

itself the seminal part and the latent "Yes," said Alice, looking sadly at "it is not right. Why do you pulse of the ocean of Sin. her: not grieve as they do?"

Why?" answered Sister Cecilia because I am not a criminal gayly. perhaps. I am like you Alice; I ave less reason to grieve than the prayed for light and knowledge. other poor things."

Alice had never seen it in this light before, and she could not help thinker. The light faded and the smiling at the philosophy of the little Sister. But she was affected by it darkness fell, but he knew it not. ry deeply. "If you had remained in the and he would have groaned within, very deeply.

sorrow at what he saw, were it not hospital, Alice," said the nun, "you would have been as much a Sister of flowers like this?" she inquired, with a steady voice. Mercy as I am. Do you know, I was very sorry when you left the hos-doubt with a splendid arch. pital.

arrived in Liverpool. The black man, Ngarra jil, who had watched so Every word she said, somehow, touched Alice in a tender place. long and tirelessly the marvellous Was the wise little nun choosing her face of his master, rose from his words? At any rate it was well and kindly done.

corner, purposely arousing Mr. Wyville's attention. He smiled kindly at Ngarra-jil, and spoke to When she kissed Alice, and pulled the signal-wire to go out, her smile him in his own language, continuing filled the cell and Alice's heart with to do so as they were driven through brightness. She promised to come and see her every day till the ship sailed; and then they would be

couldn't it so a Mr. Wyville stood on the

talking with the old man, until that As the pale corpse lies upon the personage had quite decided to paint mured. dissecting table, before the solitary midnight student, so lay upon the the barrel white. 'Now, my friend," said Mr. Wyville, table within this man's soul, a living body for dissection - the hideous of Crime. For years it lain there, and the brooding soul had often withdrawn from the outer world to contemplate its repulsive gentleman, evidently a foreigner, in was in the hand of the student, but

He took his coat from the cart, and

careless pomp; "but I'm the police, that, at your service, sir."

occurred in this village some years ago. Can you assist me ?"

'There was only one such a case, sir," said Officer Lodge, the kindliness of his feminine heart speaking

in his saddened tone; "I know all about it. It was me as arrested her; For years he had looked upon this for years he had looked upon this fearful body, wonderful, observant, speculative. For years, when the contemplation had ceased, he had knelt beside the evil thing and and it was unwilling work on my But a hofficer must do his side. duty, sir.'

"Can we not sit down somewhere, Day and night were as an out-ward breath to the soul of the Wyville. and talk it over ?" asked Mr.

"At the hinn, sir, certingly," replied Officer Lodge; "and a glass a' hale you can 'ave, too, sir." They were soon seated in a quiet

little room, and each had his "glass 'hale" before him. Officer Hodge told the story like a

man who had often told it before : all the angles were rounded, and the much note of the passage of time, It was midnight when the train dramatic points were brought out with melodramatic emphasis. Mr. shortness when the panting horses Wyville let him run on till he had at last turned into the avenue and Q 12.12 no more to say.

"And this strange woman who before the open castle door. And this strange woman who came to the village on the morning of the murder," he said, when he had heard all; "this woman who was Draper's first wife—has she ever her lips; "but once or twice, lately been heard of since ?"

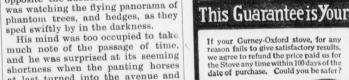
the streets to a notel. Something of unusual importance had brought Mr. Wyville from yessir," said Officer Lodge; "she coming !" she said, and together

Even the hearty words and confi slipped it on, obtruding its brass dent manner of the priest failed altogether to move him. Certainly "There ain't exac'ly a hinspector in Walton," he said, with an air of a moment undecided and unwilling. but at last he pulled himself together

at your service, sir." "I am very glad," said Mr. Wyville, gravely; "I wish to make some inquiries about a case of murder that occurred in this village some years hands of God. I will not go up again now. Tell him where I have gone. Duchess, I am ready."

To describe her almost hysterical relief at these words should be diffi cult. So glad was the look on her face that she might already have been told that her daughter was better and would live.

She hurried out to instruct the footman that no pains were to be spared as far as humanity allowed in urging the horses forward at their fastest, and in less than three minutes Doctor Morrow, seated opposite the duchess and her maid,



soon afterwards drew up with a jerk Protection (CELECANOXIUE

her lips ; "but once or twice, lately Miss Helene has asked for you."

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