

## The Bishop's Shadow

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### CHAPTER XIII. (Continued.)

#### Nan's Departure.

The train was not all ready, but two of the parlor cars were there, and into one of these the girls climbed, and then they found the seats

belonging to Mrs. Rawson and Nan, and put the extra wraps up in the rack for them and pushed up the window, and did everything else that they could think of for the comfort of the travellers.

Then one of them pinned a great bunch of deliciously fragrant violets to Nan's dress, and another fastened a tiny silver cross above the violets, as she whispered.

"We've made you a member of our circle, Nan, dear, and this is our badge."

And then Nan noticed that every one of the girls wore the tiny, silver cross somewhere about her dress. She wondered what it meant and determined to ask Mrs. Rawson later,

but she could not talk much just then—she was too happy with all those dear girls about her, chattering to her and counting her in with themselves.

At last there was a rumble and a jar, and people began to fill up the seats in the car and one of the girls looked at her watch and exclaimed, "We must say 'good-bye' girls, or we shall be carried off."

"Wouldn't it be fun if we could all go too, and stay for the week with Mrs. Rawson?" cried another.

"Yes, indeed. If it weren't for school we might have done it."

"Now remember, Nan, we're all going to write to you because you belong to our circle," whispered an-

other, and then, some with a kiss, and some with a warm handshake, they said, "good-bye," and hastened out of the car and stood on the platform outside the car windows, calling out more farewells and last words, and waving hands and handkerchiefs, until the train drew out of the station.

Then Nan settled back in her comfortable seat with a happy light in her dark eyes.

"I didn't suppose there were any such girls in all the world, Mrs. Rawson," she said; "girls who would be so dearly kind to a stranger like me."

"They certainly are dear girls. I think myself that there are not many like them," Mrs. Rawson answered. "Some of them have been in my Sunday-school class ever since they were nine years old."

"Perhaps that accounts for it," Nan answered shyly, with one of her quick, bright smiles. Then she turned to look out of the window and her face changed, for there on a fence, close beside the track, stood Theodore, eagerly scanning the windows as the train went by. Nan snatched up Little Brother and held him to the window, and a smile broke over the boy's face as he waved his hat in response. Then the train gathered speed and flew on, and the boy went slowly back to his work.

It was nearly sunset when the station where the travellers were to stop, was reached. Nan's heart began to beat fast and she glanced around somewhat anxiously as she stepped on to the platform, but the next moment she found herself looking into Mrs. Hyde's face, and from that instant all her fears and anxieties vanished.

Mrs. Hyde had no children of her own, but the very spirit of motherliness seemed to look out of her eyes, and she took the two strangers into her heart at sight. The baby, wearied with the long journey had been fretting for the last hour, but no sooner did he find himself in Mrs. Hyde's arms, than he settled down comfortably and went to sleep and slept soundly through the three mile drive from the station.

Mrs. Hyde did not say much to Nan during the drive, only by an occasional word or smile, showing her that she was not forgotten, while the two ladies talked together, but at last she laid her firm, strong hand lightly on the girl's fingers, saying,

"Look, dear—you are almost home." And Nan looked with happy eyes at a big, rambling, white house, shaded by tall elms, and with wide piazzas on three sides. An old-fashioned flower garden, with high box-bordered beds was at the back, and broad, rolling acres, spread out on every side but one, where there was a grove of grand old trees.

The late afternoon sunlight was throwing long, level beams across the green lawn, touching everything with a golden light as they drove up to the side door, and Nan said to herself,

"I don't see how anybody could help being well and happy here."

### CHAPTER XIV.

#### Theodore Gives Carrots a Chance.

THEODORE dreaded to go home that night. After his work was done he went to a restaurant for supper and then strolled on to the Common. It was cool and pleasant there under the wide-spreading trees, and he sat down on one of the benches and wondered what Nan was doing then and how Little Brother had borne the long hours of travel.

When it was quite dark he went slowly homeward. Mrs. Hunt's door stood open and he stopped to get the key which Nan was to leave there for him. Jimmy sprang up and brought it to him, and Mrs. Hunt gave him a kind word or two and asked him to come in and sit awhile, but he said he was tired, and taking

# Actual Experience

## The Ontario Temperance Act is Emptying Ontario's Jails

### Jail Commitments Before and After Passage of the Act.

ALL CRIMES	DRUNKENNESS
1915—20,337	1915—6,235
1918—13,242	1918—2,595

From Annual Reports of Inspectors of Prisons 1915 and 1918, and Schedule H. Report of the Board of License Commissioners for Ontario for the year 1918.

ONTARIO'S experience with prohibition under the Ontario Temperance Act since September 16, 1916, has been all the argument any fair-minded man or woman wants, to prove that the Act should neither be repealed nor weakened by Amendments.

Jail Commitments for crimes and offences of all kinds have decreased more than one-third since 1915.

Jail Commitments for drunkenness alone decreased from 6,235 in 1915, the year preceding the Act, to 2,595 in 1918.

Jail Commitments for drunkenness decreased despite the fact that the Act makes drunkenness in public places a "prima facie" offence, punishable by fine or imprisonment, whether accompanied by "disorderliness" or not. A drunken man on the street has become a rare sight.

The number of commitments for drunkenness in Ontario in 1918 was the lowest in seventeen years, although the population of the Province increased by over 500,000.

Some jails received no drunkards in 1918 at all. Others show well nigh unbelievable decreases, notably in the cities and larger towns.

Do you want to see the taste for alcoholic beverages revived, and the population of Ontario's prisons, jails and lock-ups restored?

If you are convinced that drunkenness is undesirable in this Province mark X in the "No" column after each question.

## "No!"—Four Times—"No!"

Each and every one of the four questions on the ballot paper in this Referendum must be answered or your ballot is "spoiled." And unless you mark X after each question in the "No" column, the Ontario Temperance Act will be spoiled, and years of Temperance progress lost.

## Ontario Referendum Committee

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