

BARNABY RUDGE

By CHARLES DICKENS

She still walked wildly to and fro. At length, stopping abruptly before him, she said, "Is he near here?"

"Any way! A hundred ways." "Ay, ay?" he returned. "Do you say so? What are they? Nay, no more, it's for your sake I ask; not mine—for yours, indeed. What are they?"

The blind man turned his face, on which there was a smile of triumph, to where the widow stood in great distress, and answered: "..., they are not to be found out by stay-at-homes, my good friend."

"By stay-at-homes!" cried Barnaby plucking up his sleeve. "But I am not one. Now, there you mistake. I am often out before the sun, and travel home when he has gone down to rest. I am away in the woods before the day has reached the shady places, and am often there when the bright moon is peeping through the boughs, and looking down upon the other that lives in water."

The blind man snapped his fingers as he entered— "Beside the question, ma'am, beside the question, I have the softest heart in the world, but I can't live upon it. Many a gentleman lives well upon a soft head, who would find a heart of the same quality a very great drawback. Listen to me. This is a matter of sentiment, with which sympathies and sentiments have nothing to do. As a mutual friend, I wish to arrange it in a satisfactory manner, if possible; and thus the case stands—If you are very poor now, it's your own choice. You have friends who, in case of need, are always ready to help you. My friend is in a more destitute and desolate situation than most men, and you and he being linked together in a common cause, he naturally looks to you to assist him. He has boarded and lodged with me a long time (for as I said just now, I am very soft-hearted), and I quite approve of his entertaining this opinion. You have always had a roof over your head; he has always been an outcast. You have your son to comfort and assist you; he has nobody at all. The advantages must not be all one side. You are in the same boat, and we must divide the ballast a little more equally."

"The kind of places," said the blind man, "that a young fellow likes, and in which a good son may do more for his mother, and himself to boot, in a month, than he could here in all his life—that is, if he had a friend, you know, and some one to advise with."

"The only way of doing this is by making up a little purse now and then for my friend; and that's what I advise. He bears you no malice that I know of ma'am; so little, that although you have treated him harshly more than once, and driven him, I may say, out of doors, he has that regard for you that I believe, even if you disappointed him now, he would consent to take charge of your son, and to make a man of him."

"You hear this, mother?" cried Barnaby, turning to her with delight. "Never tell me we shouldn't heed it, if it lay shining at our feet. Why do we heed it so much now? Why do you toil from morning until night?"

"You are a fit agent," she said, in a half breathless manner, "and will represent the man who sent you here."

"I'll tell him that you said so," Stagg retorted. "He has a regard for you, and will respect me the more (if possible) for your praise. We must have our rights, widow. 'Rights!' Do you know?" she said, "that a word from me?"

When Barnaby returned with the bread, the sight of the pious old pilgrim smoking his pipe and making himself so thoroughly at home, appeared to surprise even him; the more so, as that worthy person, instead of putting up the loaf in his wallet as a scarce and precious article, tossed it carelessly on the table, and producing his bottle, bade him sit down and drink.

"First answer me one question," she replied. "You say he is close at hand. Has he left London?" "Being close at hand, returned it would seem he has," returned the blind man. "I mean for good. You know that."

Fruit-a-tives OR "FRUIT LIVER TABLETS" made from ripe fruit with the finest tonics added. Recommended by physicians all over the world for constipation, biliousness, headaches, &c.

"These have been scraped together and laid by, just sickness or death should separate my son and me. They have been purchased at the price of much hunger, hard labor, and want of rest. If you can take them—do—on condition that you leave this place upon the instant, and enter no more into that room, where he sits now, expecting your return."

the earth, and flings on it yet, in pity. I saw often, on their journey, did the widow remember with a grateful heart that out of his deprivation Barnaby's cheerfulness and affection sprang! How often did she call to mind that but for that, he might have been sullen, morose, unkind, far removed from her—vicious, perhaps, and cruel! How often had she cause for comfort, in his strength, and hope and in his simple nature. Those feeble powers of mind which rendered him so soon forgetful of the past, save in brief gleams and flashes—

"Of course," said the blind man, with a crafty look, "I shall find you there?" "Where else can I take refuge? Is it not enough that you have made a beggar of me, and that I have sacrificed my whole store, so hardly earned, to preserve this home?"

Their stock of money was low, but from the hoard she had told into the blind man's hand, the widow had withheld one guinea. This, with the few pence she possessed besides, was to two persons of their frugal habits, a goodly sum in bank. Moreover they had Grip in company, and when they would otherwise have changed the guinea, it was but to make him exhibit outside an alehouse door, or in a village street, or in the grounds or gardens of a mansion of the better sort, and scores, who would have given nothing in charity, were ready to bargain for more amusement from the talking bird.

"Mother!" said Barnaby, "What is the matter? Where is the blind man?" "He is gone."

One day—for they moved slowly, and although they had many rides in carts and wagons, were on the road a week—Barnaby with Grip upon his shoulder and his mother following, begged permission at a trim lodge to go up to the great house, at the other end of the avenue, and show his raven. The man within was inclined to give them admittance, and was indeed about to do so, when a stout gentleman with a long whip in his hand, and a flushed face which seemed to indicate that he had had his morning's draught, rode up to the gate, and called in a loud voice and with more oaths than the occasion seemed to warrant to have it opened directly.

"You are a fit agent," she said, in a half breathless manner, "and will represent the man who sent you here."

"Wha hast thou got here?" said the gentleman angrily, as the man threw the gate wide open, and pulled off his hat, "who are these? Eh? art a beggar woman?"

"You are a fit agent," she said, in a half breathless manner, "and will represent the man who sent you here."

"You are a fit agent," she said, in a half breathless manner, "and will represent the man who sent you here."

"You are a fit agent," she said, in a half breathless manner, "and will represent the man who sent you here."

"You are a fit agent," she said, in a half breathless manner, "and will represent the man who sent you here."

gentleman angrily, as the man threw the gate wide open, and pulled off his hat, "who are these? Eh? art a beggar woman?"

The widow answered with a courtesy that they were poor travelers. "Vagrants," said the gentleman, "vagrants and vagabonds. These wishes to be made acquainted with the cage, dost thee—the cage, the stocks, and the whipping-post! Where dost come from?"

"She told him in a timid manner,—for he was very loud, hoarse, and red-faced,—and besought him not to be angry, for they meant no harm and would go upon their way that moment."

"Don't be too sure of that," replied the gentleman, "we don't allow vagrants to roam about this place. I know what thou wast—stray wren, drying on hedges, and stray poultry, eh? What hast thou got in that basket, lazy hood?"

"Grip, Grip, Grip—Grip the riever, Grip the wicked, Grip the knowing—Grip, Grip, Grip," cried the raven whom Barnaby had shut up on the approach of this stern personage. "I'm a devil, I'm a devil, I'm a devil, Never say die, Hurrah, Bow wow wow, Polly put the kettle on we'll all have tea."

"Take the virgin out, scoundrel," said the gentleman, "and let me see him."

Barnaby, thus condescendingly addressed, produced his bird, but not without much fear, and trembling, and set him down upon the ground, which he had no sooner done that Grip drew fifty corks at least, and then began to dance, at the same time eyeing the gentleman with surprising insolence of manner, and screwing his head so much on one side that it appeared desirous of screwing it off upon the spot.

Unrivalled By Rivals COSGRAVE'S ALE Peerless Beverage

COSGRAVE'S XXX PORTER Health and Strength

COSGRAVE'S HALF and HALF Once Tried Always Taken

ALL REPUTABLE DEALERS Cosgrave Brewery Co. Tel. Park 140. TORONTO, ONT.

BELLS The C. S. BELL Co. Hillsboro, O.

FARM LABORERS

Farmers Desiring Help for the coming season should apply at once to the Government Free Farm Labor Bureau.

Write for application form to THOS. SOUTHWORTH Director of Colonization TORONTO

"An idiot, eh?" said the gentleman, looking at Barnaby as he spoke. "And how long has he been an idiot?" (To be Continued.)

YOU ARE TO BE THE JUDGE

YOU are to be the one to say whether it is or it isn't; whether you will or you won't; whether we are right or wrong. We leave it to you entirely, for you to decide. The only evidence we want to submit is a dollar package of VITAE-ORE, which package we want you to use, and at our risk. All we ask is a fair verdict. We say, if you are sick, that VITAE-ORE will cure you! We say that one package will prove to you that it is the remedy for your case and condition. If it does not, you to be the judge, we want nothing from you.



READ THIS SPECIAL OFFER A COMPLETE BREAKDOWN Had No Strength, Heart Was Weak, Could Not Rest.

Vitae-Ore Restores to Perfect Health.

For years I was troubled with a complete breaking down of the system. My strength left me entirely and I was weak as a child. In fact so weak that I could hardly lift a cup of tea to pass across the table, and often fell as though I had no strength to breathe. My heart was so weak that it would seem as though it would stop beating, and my family was afraid I would die of heart failure. I took a great deal of medicine, but none of it did me any good. I was always so tired and could not rest and



MRS. JOHN E. DAVIS, Box 273, Parry Sound, Ont.

Cure For Rheumatism, Bright's Disease and Dropsy, La Grippe, Blood Poisoning, Piles, Sores, Ulcers, Malaria Fever, Nervous Prostration, Liver, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Catarrh of Any Part, Female Complaints, Stomach and Bowel Disorders, General Debility.

GOOD EXTERNALLY ALSO. Although Vitae-Ore is intended primarily to be taken into the system the blood, the vehicle which conveys its curative properties to all parts of the body, it possesses qualities characteristic of its exclusion, which render it wonderfully effective as an external application, direct to the seat of affliction, in certain disorders. In Throat troubles, when it is used externally as a spray, gargle or wash, according to the printed directions which accompany the Ore, the Elixir, comes into direct contact with the diseased and inflamed membrane, right to the base of the throat, and is thus assimilated with the blood, as is the case in organic disorders. It is this peculiar property which has made it such a powerful specific for Diphtheria, that worst of all throat troubles, and explains how a remedy which cures Rheumatism can also vanquish this dread disorder, as has been frequently asked. In cases of Elix, the V.O. Elixir, applied full strength to the affected parts, exerts a natural astringent effect, which in co-operation with the remedial action secured by its internal use at the same time, brings about a cure in short order and we have no hesitation in matching it against any remedy or combination of remedies advertised exclusively for the cure of this trouble.

NOT A PENNY UNLESS BENEFITED! This offer will challenge the attention and consideration, and afterward the gratitude of every living person who desires better health or who suffers from any ill and diseased condition which hinders and grows worse with age. We care not for your skepticism, but ask only your investigation, and at our expense, regardless of what ill you have, by sending to us for a package. Address THEO. NOEL CO. LIMITED REGISTER DEPT. TORONTO ONT. YONGE ST.