



All these compliments Mr. Tappertit received as matters of course—flattery enough in their way, but entirely attributable to his vast superiority. His dignified self-possession only delighted Hugh the more, in a word, this giant and dwarf struck up a friendship which bade fair to be of long continuance, as the one held it to be his right to command, and the other considered it an exquisite pleasure to obey. Nor was Hugh by any means a passive follower, who scrupled to act without precise and definite orders, for when Mr. Tappertit mounted on an empty cask which stood by way of rostrum in the room, and volunteered a speech upon the alarming crisis then at hand, he placed himself beside the orator, and though he grinned from ear to ear at every word he said, threw out such expressive hints to scoffers in the management of his cudgel, that those who were at first the most disposed to interrupt, became remarkably attentive, and were the loudest in their approbation.

It was not all noise and jest, however, at The Boot, nor were the whole party listeners to the speech. There were some men at the other end of the room (which was a long, low-roofed chamber) in earnest conversation all the time, and when any of this group went out, fresh people were sure to come in soon afterwards and sit down in their places, as though the others had relieved them on some watch or duty, which it was pretty clear they did, for these changes took place by the clock at intervals of half an hour. These persons whispered very much among themselves, and kept aloof, and often looked round, as jealous of their speech being overheard; some two or three among them entered in books what seemed to be reports from the others, when they were not thus employed, one of them would turn to the newspapers which were strewn upon the table and from the St. James' Chronicle, the Herald, Chronicle or Public Advertiser, would read to the rest in a low voice some passage having reference to the topic in which they were all so deeply interested. But the great attraction was a pamphlet called the Thunderer, which espoused their own opinions, and was supposed at that time to emanate directly from the Association. This was always in request, and whether read aloud, to an eager knot of listeners, or by some solitary man, was certain to be followed by stormy talking and excited looks.

In the midst of all his merriment, and admiration of his captain, Hugh was made sensible by these and other tokens, of the presence of an air of mystery, akin to that which had so much impressed him out of doors. It was impossible to discard a sense that something was going on and that under the noisy revel of the public-house, there lurked unseen and dangerous matter. Little affected by this, however, he was perfectly satisfied with his quarters, and would have remained there till morning, but that his conductor rose soon after midnight, to go home. Mr. Tappertit following his example, gave him no excuse to stay. So they all three left the house together, roaring a No-Popery song until the fields resounded with the dismal noise.

"Cheer up, captain!" cried Hugh, when they had roared themselves out of breath. "Another stave!"

Mr. Tappertit, nothing loath, began again, and so the three went staggering on, arm in arm, shouting like madmen, and defying the watch with great valor. Indeed this did not require any unusual bravery or boldness, as the watchmen of that time, being selected for the office on account of excessive age and extraordinary infirmity, had a custom of shutting themselves up tight in their boxes on the first symptoms of disturbance, and remaining there until they disappeared. In these proceedings, Mr. Dennis, who had a gruff voice and lungs of considerable power, distinguished himself very much, and acquired great credit with his two companions.

"What a queer fellow you are!" said Mr. Tappertit. "You're so precious sly and close. Why don't you ever tell what trade you're of?"

"Answer the captain instantly," cried Hugh, beating his hat down on his head; "why don't you ever tell what trade you're of?"

"I'm of as gen-teel a calling brother, as any man in England—as light a business as any gentleman could desire."

"Was you pretence to it?" asked Mr. Tappertit.

"No. Natural genius," said Mr. Dennis. "No pretence. It came by natur'. Muster Gasford knows my calling. Look at that hand of mine—many and many a job that hand has done, with a neatness and dex-terity, never known afore. When I look at that hand," said Mr. Dennis, shaking it in the air, "and remember the elegant bits of work it has turned off, I feel quite meloncholy to think it should ever grow old and feeble. But such is life."

He heaved a deep sigh as he indulged in these reflections, and putting his fingers with an absent air on Hugh's throat, and particularly under the left ear, as if he were studying the anatomical development of that part of his frame, shook his head in a despondent manner and actually shed tears.

"You're a kind of artist, I suppose—eh?" said Mr. Tappertit.

"Yes," rejoined Dennis; "yes—I may call myself a artist—a fancy workman—art improves natur'—that is my motto."

"And what do you call this?" said Mr. Tappertit taking his stick out of his hand.

"That's my portrait atop," Denis replied. "I've think it's like."

"Why—it's a little too handsome," said Mr. Tappertit. "Who did it? You?"

"I," repeated Dennis, gazing fondly on his image. "I wish I had the talent. That was carved by a friend of mine as is now no more. The very day afore he died, he cut that with his pocket-knife from memory! 'I'll die game,' says my friend, 'and my last moments shall be devoted to making Dennis' picture.' That's it."

"That was a queer fancy, wasn't it?" said Mr. Tappertit.

"It was a queer fancy," rejoined the other, breathing on his fictitious nose, and polishing it with the cuff of his coat, "but he was a queer subject altogether—a kind of gypsy—some of the finest, stand-up men you ever see. Ah! He did me some things that would 've done you a bit, did that friend of mine, on the morning when he died."

"You were with him at the time, were you?" said Mr. Tappertit.

"Yes," he answered, with a curious look. "I was there. Oh! yes certainly, I was there. He wouldn't have gone on half as comfortable without me. I had been with him or four of his family under the same circumstances. They were all fine fellows."

"They must have been fond of you," remarked Mr. Tappertit, looking at him sideways.

"I don't know that they was exactly fond of me," said Dennis, with a little hesitation, "but they all had me near 'em when they departed. I come in for their wardrobe, too. This very handkerchief that you see round my neck, belonging to him that I've been speaking of—him as did that likeness."

Mr. Tappertit glanced at the article referred to, and appeared to think that the deceased's ideas of dress were of a peculiar and by no means an expensive kind. He made no remark upon the point, however, and suffered his mysterious companion to proceed without interruption.

"These smalls," said Dennis, rubbing his legs, "these very smalls—they belonged to a friend of mine that's left off such incumbrances forever; this coat, too—I've often walked behind this coat, in the streets, and wondered whether it would ever come to me; this pair of shoes have danced a hornpipe for another man, afore my eyes, full half a dozen times at least, and as to my hat," he said, taking it off, and whirling it round upon his fist—"Lord! I've seen this hat go up Holborn on the box of a hackney-coach—ah, many and many a day!"

"You don't mean to say their old wearers are all dead, I hope?" said Mr. Tappertit, falling a little distance from him, as he spoke.

"Every one of 'em," replied Dennis. "Every man Jack!"

There was something so very ghastly in this circumstance, and it appeared to account in such a very strange and dismal manner for his faded dress which, in this new aspect, seemed discolored by the earth from graves—that Mr. Tappertit abruptly found he was going another way, and, stopping short, bade him good-night with the utmost heartiness. As they happened to be near the Old Bailey, and Mr. Dennis knew there were turnkeys in the lodge with whom he could pass the night, and discuss professional subjects of common interest among them before a rousing fire, and over a social glass, he separated from his companions without any great regret, and warmly shaking hands with Hugh, and making an early appointment for their meeting at The Boot, left them to pursue their road.

"That's a strange sort of man," said Mr. Tappertit, watching the hackney-coachman's hat as it went bobbing down the street. "I don't know what to make of him. Why can't he have his smalls made to order, or wear live clothes at any rate?"

"He's a lucky man, captain," cried Hugh. "I should like to have such friends as his."

"I hope he don't get 'em to make their wills, and then knock them on the head," said Mr. Tappertit, musing. "But come. The United B's expect me. On!—What's the matter?"

"I quite forgot," said Hugh, who had started at the striking of a neighboring clock. "I have somebody to see to-night—I must turn back directly. The drinking and singing put it out of my head. It's well I remembered it!"

Mr. Tappertit looked at him as though he were about to give utterance to some very majestic sentiments in reference to this act of desertion, but as it was clear, from Hugh's hasty manner, that the engagement was one of a pressing nature, he graciously forbore, and gave him his permission to depart immediately, which Hugh acknowledged with a roar of laughter.

"Good-night, captain!" he cried. "I am yours to the death, remember!"

"Farewell!" said Mr. Tappertit, waving his hand. "Be bold and vigilant!"

"No Popery, captain!" roared Hugh.

"England in blood first!" cried his desperate leader, whereat Hugh cheered and laughed, and ran off like a greyhound.

"That man will prove a credit to my corps," said Simon, turning thoughtfully upon his heel. "And let me see. In an altered state of society—which must ensue if we break out and are victorious—when the locksmith's child is mine, Miggs must be got rid of somehow, or she'll poison the tea-bettle one evening when I'm out. He might marry Miggs, if he was drunk enough. It shall be done. I'll make a note of it."

CHAPTER XL.

Little thinking of the plan for his happy settlement in life which had suggested itself to the teeming brain of his provident commander, Hugh made no pause until Saint Dunstan's giants struck the hour above him, when he worked the handle of a pump which stood hard by, with great vigor, and thrusting his head under the spout, let the water gush upon him until a little stream ran down from every uncombed hair, and he was wet to the waist. Considerably refreshed by this ablution, both in mind and body, and almost sobered for the time, he dried himself as he best could, then crossed the road, and plied the knocker of the Middle Temple gate.

The night porter looked through a small grating in the portal with a surly eye, and cried "Halloo," which greeting Hugh returned in kind, and bade him open quickly.

"We don't sell beer here," cried the man, "what else do you want?"

"To come in," Hugh replied, with a kick at the door.

"Where to go to?"

"Paper-buildings."

"Whose chambers?"

"Sir John Chester's." Each of which answers he emphasized with another kick.

After a little growling on the other side, the gate was opened, and he passed in, undergoing a close inspection from the porter as he did so.

"You wanting Sir John, at this time of night?" said the man.

"Ay!" said Hugh. "I! What of that?"

"Why, I must go with you and see that you do, for I don't believe it."

"Come along then."

Eying him with suspicious looks, the man, with key and lantern, walked on at his side, and attended him to Sir John Chester's door, at which Hugh gave one knock, that echoed through the dark staircase and made the dull light tremble in the drowsy lamp.

"Do you think he wants me now?" said Hugh.

Before the man had time to answer a footstep was heard within, a light appeared and Sir John, in his dressing-gown and slippers, opened the door.

"I ask your pardon, Sir John," said the porter, pulling off his hat. "Here's a young man says he wants to speak to you. It's late for strangers, and I thought it best to see that all was right."

"Aha!" cried Sir John, raising his eyebrows. "It's you, messenger, is it? Go in. Quite right, friend, I commend your prudence highly. Thank you. God bless you. Good-night."

To be commended, thanked, God-blessed, and bade good-night by one who carried "Sir" before his name, and wrote himself M.P. to boot, was something for a porter. He withdrew with much humility and reverence. Sir John followed his late visitor into the dressing-room, and sitting in his easy-chair before the fire, and moving it so that he could see him as he stood, hat in hand, beside the door, looked at him from head to foot.

The old face, calm and pleasant as ever, the complexion, quite purple in its bloom and clearness, the same smile, the wonted precision and elegance of dress; the white, well-ordered teeth, the delicate hands, the composed and quiet manner, everything it used to be; no marks of age or passion, envy, hate, or discontent; all untrifled and serene and quite delightful to behold.

He wrote M.P.—but how? Why, thus. It was a proud family—more proud, indeed, than wealthy. He had stood in danger of arrest, of bailiffs and a jail—a vulgar jail, to which the common people with small incomes went. Gentlemen of ancient houses have no privilege of exemption from such cruel laws—unless they are of one great house, and then they have. A proud man of his stock and kindred had the means of sending him there. He offered—not indeed to pay his debts, but to let him sit for a close borough until his own son came of age, which, if he lived, would come to pass in twenty years. It was as good as an Insolvent Act, and infinitely more gentle. So Sir John Chester was a member of Parliament.

But how Sir John? Nothing so simple, or so easy. One touch with a sword of state, and she transformation is effected. John Chester, Esquire, M.P., attended court—went up with an address—headed a deputation. Such elegance of manner, so many graces of deportment, such powers of conversation, could never pass unnoticed. Mr. was too common for such merit. A man so gentlemanly should have been—but Fortune in capricious born a Duke; just as some ducks should have been laborers. He caught the fancy of the king, knelt down a grub, and rose a butterfly. John Chester, Esquire, was knighted and became Sir John.

"I thought when you left me this evening, my esteemed acquaintance," said Sir John after a pretty long silence, "that you intended to return with all despatch?"

"So I did, Master."

"And so you have?" he retorted, glancing at his watch. "Is that what you would say?"

Instead of replying, Hugh changed the leg on which he leaned, shuffled his cap from one hand to the other, looked at the ground, the wall, the ceiling, and finally at Sir John himself, before he gave pleasant face he lowered his eyes again, and fixed them on the floor.

"And how have you been employing yourself in the mean while?" quoth Sir John, lazily crossing his legs. "Where have you been? what harm have you been doing?"

"No harm at all, Master," growled Hugh, with humility. "I have only done as you ordered."

"As I what?" returned Sir John.

"Well, then," said Hugh uneasily, "as you advised, or said I ought, or said I might, or said that you would do, if you was me. Don't be so hard on me, Master."

Something like an expression of triumph in the perfect control he had established over this rough instrument, appeared in the knight's face for an instant; but it vanished directly, as he said—paring his nails while speaking—

"When you say I ordered you, my good fellow, you imply that I directed you to do something for me—something I wanted done—something for my own ends and purposes—you see? Now I am sure I needn't enlarge upon the extreme absurdity of such an idea, however unintentional, so please"—and here he turned his eyes upon him—"to be more guarded. Will you?"

"I meant to give you no offence," said Hugh. "I don't know what to

say. You catch me up so very short."

"You will be caught up much shorter, my good friend—infinite shorter—one of these days, depend upon it," replied his patron, calmly. "By-the-by, instead of wondering why you have been so long, my wonder should be why you came at all. Why did you?"

"You know, master," said Hugh, "that I couldn't read the bill I found and that supposing it to be something particular from the way it was wrapped up, I brought it here."

"And could you ask no one else to read it, Bruin?" said Sir John.

"No one that I could trust with secrets, master. Since Barnaby Rudge was lost sight of for good and all—and that's five year ago—I have not talked with any one but you."

"You have done me honor, I am sure."

"I have come to and fro, master, all that time, when there was anything to tell, because I knew that you'd be angry with me if I stayed away," said Hugh, blushing; "the words out, after an embarrassed silence, 'and because I wished to please you, if I could, and not to have you go against me. There, that's the true reason why I came to-night. You know that, master, I am sure.'"

"You are a specious fellow," returned Sir John, fixing his eyes upon him, "and carry two faces under your hood, as well as the best. Didn't you give me in this room, this evening, any other reason, no dislike of anybody who has sighted you, lately, on all occasions, abused you, treated you with rudeness, acted towards you more as if you were a mongrel dog than a man like myself?"

"To be sure I did!" cried Hugh, his passion rising, as the other meant it should; "and I say it all over now, again. I'll do anything to have some revenge on him—anything. And when you told me that he and all the Catholics would suffer from those who joined together under that handbill, I said 'I'd make one of 'em, if their master was to devil himself. I am one of 'em. See whether I am as good as my word and turn out to be among the foremost, or no. I mayn't have much head, master, but I've head enough to remember those that use me ill. You shall see, and so shall he, and so shall hundreds more, how my spirit harks me when the time comes. My bark is nothing to my bite. Some that I know, had better have a wild lion among 'em than me, when I am fairly loose—they had!"

The knight looked at him with a smile of disdain, meaning that ordinary and pointing to the old corner board, followed him with his eye while he filled and drank a glass of liquor, and smiled when his back was turned, with deeper meaning yet.

"You are in a blustering mood, my friend," he said, when Hugh confronted him again.

"Not I, master!" cried Hugh. "I don't say half I mean. I can't. I haven't got the gift. There are talkers enough among us; I'll be one of the doers."

"Oh! you have joined those fellows then?" said Sir John, with an air of profound indifference.

"Yes. I went up to the house you told me of, and got put down upon the muster. There was another man there named Dennis—"

"Dennis, eh?" cried Sir John, laughing. "Ay, ay! a pleasant fellow, I believe?"

"A roaring dog, master—one after my own heart—hot upon the matter, too—red hot."

"So I have heard," replied Sir John carelessly. "You don't happen to know his trade, do you?"

"He wouldn't say," cried Hugh. "He keeps it secret."

"Ha ha!" laughed Sir John. "A strange fancy—a weakness with some persons—you'll know it one day, I dare swear."

"We're intimate already," said Hugh.

"Quite natural! And have been drinking together, eh?" pursued Sir John. "Did you say what place you went to in company, when you left Lord George's?"

Hugh had not said or thought of saying, but he told him; and this inquiry being followed by a long train of questions, he related all that had passed both in and out of doors, the kind of people he had seen, their numbers, state of feeling, mode of conversation, apparent expectations and intentions. His questioning was so artfully contrived, that he seemed even in his own eyes to volunteer all this information rather than have it wrested from him, and he was brought to this state of feeling so naturally, that when Mr. Chester yawned at length and declared himself quite weary, he made a rough kind of excuse for having talked so much.

"There—get you gone," said Sir John, holding the door open in his hand. "You have made a pretty evening's work. I let you not to do this. You may get into trouble. You'll have an opportunity to revenging yourself on your proud friend Haredale, though, and for that you'd hazard anything, I suppose?"

"I would," retorted Hugh, stopping in his passage out and looking back, "but what do I risk! What do I stand a chance of losing, master? Friends, home? A fig for 'em all! I have none; they are nothing to me. Give me a good scuffle, let me pay off old scores in a bold riot where there are men to stand by me, and then use me as you like; it don't matter much to me what the end is!"

"What have you done with that paper?" said Sir John.

"I have it here, master."

"Drop it again as you go along, it's as well not to keep such things about you."

Hugh nodded, and touching his cap with an air of as much respect as he could summon up, departed.

Sir John, fastening the doors behind him, went back to his dressing-room, and sat down once again before the fire, at which he gazed for a long time, in earnest meditation.

"This happens fortunately," he said, breaking into a smile, "and promises well. Let me see. My relative and I, who are the most Protestant fellows in the world, give our worst wishes to the Roman Catholic cause, and to Saville, who introduces their bill, I have a personal objection besides, but as each of us has himself for the first article in his creed, we cannot commit ourselves by joining with a very extravagant man, such as this Gordon most undoubtedly is. Now, really, to foment his disturbances in secret, through the medium of such a very apt instru-

TENTH MONTH			October		THE ROSARY	
31 DAYS			1905		THE HOLY ANGELS	
DAY OF MONTH	DAY OF WEEK	COLOR OF VESTMENTS				
Sixteenth Sunday After Pentecost						
1	Su.	w.	Most Holy Rosary.			
2	M.	w.	Angels Guardian.			
3	T.	w.	S. Anselm.			
4	W.	w.	S. Francis of Assisi.			
5	T.	w.	S. Gallia.			
6	F.	w.	S. Bruno.			
7	S.	w.	S. Mark, Pope.			
Seventeenth Sunday After Pentecost						
8	Su.	w.	Maternity of B. V. Mary.			
9	M.	r.	S. Denis and Companions.			
10	T.	w.	S. Francis Borgia.			
11	W.	w.	B. John Leonardi.			
12	T.	w.	S. Basil the Great.			
13	F.	w.	S. Edward, King.			
14	S.	r.	S. Callistus, Pope.			
Eighteenth Sunday After Pentecost						
15	Su.	w.	Purity of B. V. Mary.			
16	M.	w.	B. Victor III., Pope.			
17	T.	w.	S. Hedwig.			
18	W.	r.	S. Luke, Evangelist.			
19	T.	w.	S. Peter of Alcantara.			
20	F.	w.	S. John Cantius.			
21	S.	w.	S. Bernard.			
Nineteenth Sunday After Pentecost						
22	Su.	r.	All the Holy Roman Pontiffs.			
23	M.	w.	Most Holy Redeemer.			
24	T.	w.	S. Raphael Archangel.			
25	W.	w.	S. Boniface I., Pope.			
26	T.	r.	S. Evaristus, Pope.			
27	F.	v.	Vigil of SS. Simon and Jude.			
28	S.	r.	SS. Simon and Jude, Apostles.			
Twentieth Sunday After Pentecost						
29	Su.	g.	Twentieth Sunday After Pentecost.			
30	M.	g.	Of the Peria.			
31	T.	w.	Vigil of All Saints. Fast. S. Siricius, Pope.			

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ment as my savage friend here, may further our real ends, and to express at all becoming seasons, in moderate and polite terms, a disapprobation of his proceedings, though we agree with him in principle, will certainly be to gain a character for honesty and uprightness of purpose, which cannot fail to do us infinite service, and to raise us into some importance. Good! So much for public grounds. As to private considerations, I confess that if these vagabonds would make some riotous demonstration (which does not appear impossible), and would inflict some little chastisement on Haredale as a not inactive man among his sect, it would be extremely agreeable to my feelings, and would amuse me beyond measure. Good again! Perhaps better!"

When he came to this point he took a pinch of snuff; then beginning slowly to undress, he resumed his meditations, by saying with a smile,— "I fear I do fear exceedingly, that my friend is following fast in the footsteps of his mother. His intimacy with Mr. Dennis is very ominous. But I have no doubt he must have come to that end any way. If I lend a helping hand, the only difference is, that he may, upon the whole, possibly drink a few gallons, or puncheons, or hogsheds, less in this life than he otherwise would. It is no business of mine. It's a matter of very small importance."

So he took another pinch of snuff and went to bed.

CHAPTER XL.

From the workshop of the Golden Key there issued forth a tinkling sound, so merry and good-humored, that it suggested the idea of some one working blithely, and made quite pleasant music. No man who hampered on at a dull monotonous duty, could have brought such cheerful notes from iron or steel; none but a chirping, healthy, honest-hearted fellow, who made the best of everything, and felt kindly towards everybody, could have done it for an instant. He might have been a coppersmith, and still been musical. If he had sat in a jolting wagon full of rods of iron, it seemed as if he would have brought some harmony out of it.

Tink, tink, tink—clear as a silver bell, and audible at every pause of the streets' harsher noises, as though it said, "I don't care, nothing puts me out, I am resolved to be happy." Women scolded, children squalled, heavy carts went rumbling by, horrible cries proceeded from the lungs of hawkers, still it struck in, again, no higher, no lower, no louder, no softer, not trusting itself on people's notice a bit the more for having been outdone by louder sounds—tink, tink, tink, tink.

It was a perfect embodiment of the still small voice, free from all cold, hoarseness, huskiness, or unhealthiness of any kind; foot-passengers slackened their pace, and were disposed to linger near it; neighbors who had got up splanetic that morning, felt good-humor stealing on them as they heard it, and by degrees became quite sprightly; nothing danced their babies to its ringing; still the same magical tink, tink, tink, came gayly from the workshop of the Golden Key.

Who but the locksmith could have made such music! A gleam of sun shining through the unshaded window, and checking the dark workshop with a broad patch of light, fell upon him, as though attracted by his sunny heart. There he stood working at his anvil, his face all radiant with exercise and gladness, his sleeves turned up, his wig pushed off his shining forehead—the easiest, freest, happiest man in all the world. Beside him sat a sleek cat, purring and winking in the light, and falling every now and then into an idle doze, as from excess of comfort. To be looked on from a tall bench hard by, one beaming smile, from his broad nut-brown face down to the slack-baked buckles in his shoes. The very locks that hung around had something jovial in their rust, and seemed like gaily gentlemen of hearty natures, disposed to joke on their infirmities. There was nothing surly or severe in the whole scene. It seemed impossible that any one of the innumerable keys could fit a

church's strong-box or a prison door, Cellars of beer and wine, rooms where there were fires, books, gossip and cheering laughter—these were their proper sphere of action. Places of distrust and cruelty, and restraint they would have left quadruple-locked forever.

Tink, tink, tink. The locksmith paused at last, and wiped his brow. The silence roused the cat, who, jumping softly down, crept to the door, and watched with tiger eyes a birdcage in an opposite window. Gabriel lifted Toby to his mouth, and took a hearty draught.

Then, as he stood upright, with his head flung back, and his portly chest thrown out, you would have seen that Gabriel's lower man was clothed in military gear. Glancing at the wall beyond, there might have been espied, hanging on their several pegs, a cap and feather, broadsword, sash and coat of scarlet, which any man learned in such matters would have known from their make and pattern to be the uniform of a sergeant in the Royal East-India Volunteers.

As the locksmith put his mug down, empty, on the bench, whence it had smiled on him before, he glanced at the door, and looking in, saw a little to one side, as though he would get them all into a focus, said, leaning on his hammer,

"Time was, now, I remember, when I was like to run mad with the desire to wear a coat of that color. If any one (except my father) had called me a fool for my pains, how I should have fired and fumed! But what a fool I must have been, surely!"

"Ah!" sighed Mrs. Varden, who had entered unobserved. "A fool indeed. A man at your time of life, Varden, should know better now."

"Why, what a ridiculous woman you are, Martha," said the locksmith, turning round with a smile.

"Certainly," replied Mrs. V., with great demureness. "Of course I am. I know that, Varden. Thank you."

"I mean"—began the locksmith.

"Yes," said his wife, "I know what you mean. You speak quite plain enough to be understood, Varden. It is very kind of you to adapt yourself to my capacity, I am sure."

"Tut, tut, Martha," rejoined the locksmith; "don't take offence at nothing. I mean, how strange it is of you to run down volunteering, when it's done to defend you and all the other women, and our own friends and everybody else's in case of need!"

(To be Continued.)

Cures at Lourdes

Many cures are reported at Lourdes. Amongst them the following are noted: An hospital nurse under treatment for consumption for a year, was cured during the passing of the Sacred Host, and a girl who had been crippled by paralysis for two years walks now without pain or difficulty.

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