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FULL DESCRIPTION.

Boot No. 1051.—Splendid quality selected Box Calf Derby pattern, unbreakable backstrap, straight toe cap as illustrated, leather lined throughout, specially selected hard-wearing solid leather soles, 3/4 inch in thickness, sewn and stitched. Best make and finish throughout.

The "Barratt" System of Sizes and Widths.

"Footshape" Boots are made in eight different sizes: 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 (size 12 25c. extra). Each size in four different widths. No. 3 width (for slender feet); No. 4 (medium); No. 5 (wide); No. 6 (extra wide).

HOW TO ORDER.—Fill in the attached Order Form, stating size (length), usual worn, then the width according to the shape of your foot. If narrow, order No. 3 width; if medium, No. 4 width; if wide, No. 5 width; if extra wide, No. 6 width.

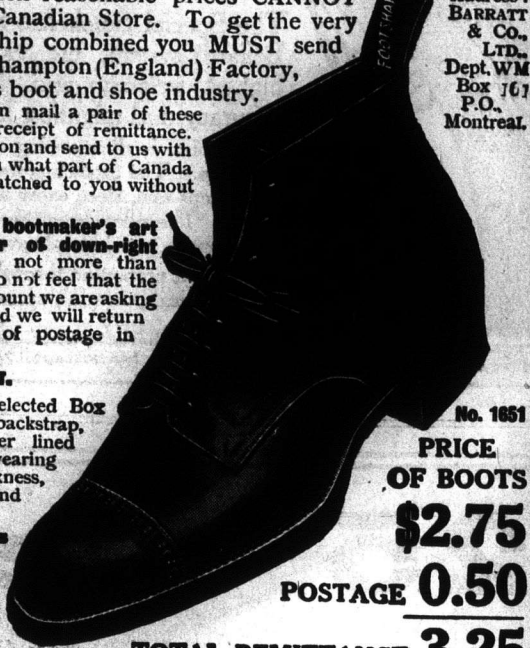
SPECIAL NOTE.—Applications for Catalogues (which by the way will save pounds in your Boot Bill) should be sent to W. Barratt and Co., Ltd., Dept. WM Box, 101 P.O., Montreal, but all orders and remittances must be sent to—

W. BARRATT & CO., LTD.

Boot Manufacturers,

(Dept. WM), Footshape Works, NORTHAMPTON, ENGLAND.

Our 144 page Boot Catalogue will be sent free. Address: BARRATT & CO., LTD., Dept. WM Box 101 P.O., Montreal.



PRICE OF BOOTS **\$2.75**
POSTAGE **0.50**
TOTAL REMITTANCE **3.25**

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Please forward one pair of All-Leather "Footshape" Boots. No. Size Width
for which I enclose Postal Order value
Name
Address
Box Calf, \$ 3.25.

ceive his degree, they felt well repaid for all their self-denial. The calls upon the slender purse did not, however, cease yet, but continued several years longer ere the youthful practitioner could work his way into the enjoyment of a modest income.

It was during this latter period that the mortgage had been placed upon their humble home—an expedient which they mutually agreed must never be revealed to Fred. Once placed, it had never been removed, the payment of the interest demanding all their ingenuity, until now it appeared impossible for them to longer provide even that; and the dread of foreclosure had become a veritable waking nightmare.

The evening shadows were beginning to close in.

"Guess I'll put up for the night at Turner's," mused the old man, as he approached a large farmhouse of considerable pretensions, glistening in all the glory of a recent coat of paint. "There's no use travelling farther today, and I can make town by to-morrow night all right."

"Who's that?" queried a feminine voice from the dusky interior, as he pushed open the kitchen door after rapping upon it with the butt of his whip.

"Peddler Gibson," called back the fourteen-year-old boy who confronted him.

"Tell him we don't want anything," the hidden voice responded. "Nothing at all," with added emphasis.

frightfully ugly, and which once purchased she had been compelled to wear despite all protests.

A jog of two or three miles further down the road would bring him to the Walker's, who, he knew, would be glad to see him; so, although both he and his old mare were ready to rest, he gathered up the reins and continued his journey in the gathering dusk.

A few hundred yards east of the Walker place the road ran through a thickly wooded hollow, where the overhanging trees effectively shut out what little daylight remained, and shrouded the highway in deep gloom. When about half-way through this copse his steady-going mare suddenly shied, then stood trembling uneasily, and Henry became conscious that someone was holding her head.

"Hello! What d'you want?" he demanded somewhat shakily, peering into the darkness.

"We want a lift," came the reply. "Sorry I can't accommodate you; but I'm putting up for the night at the next house."

"Oh, I guess you can strain a point, and keep right on. We've a pressing engagement on the other side of the line, and must make the river by morning."

This was a different voice, and the peddler could now make out two shadowy figures looming up bulkily upon the right of the roadway.



Catching the Lining up Cable.

"But I thought of stopping over night, Miss Phoebe," expostulated Henry, thinking it about time he asserted himself.

"We can't put you up, Mr. Gibson," came the decided reply. "We had more company than we wanted last night; and they carried off what they didn't bring. Peddlers and thieves—birds of a feather flock together," was added in a lower key, but evidently intended for his ears.

Gibson winced.

"Where's your pa, Jamie?" he queried of the boy.

"He and Jack and Joe are all out hunting for the burglars. We don't know when they'll be back."

"What burglars?"

"Didn't you hear?—a couple of fellows came here last night, and asked to stop. Dad took them in, but this morning they were gone with over a hundred dollars he got for a horse yesterday, and all the old silverware. That's what's up with Sis," he added confidentially. "She's awful mad about the silver, 'cause she was counting big on showing it off at her wedding next week."

"Stop your talking and shut that door, Jim," commanded the inner voice in threatening tones, as Gibson turned wearily away.

If he waited for Mr. Turner he knew that he could be sure of a cordial welcome; but he had no desire to remain after the daughter's gratuitous insult. He had offended Miss Phoebe when she was yet but a half-grown girl, by persuading her mother to buy her a piece of dress goods, which she had declared

"I really couldn't think of it, gentlemen," he protested. "Neither the mare nor I have had a bite since noon, and we're about played out."

"We're not asking you to make record time," returned the first voice, "but we've got to have a lift," and something in his hand clicked ominously as he drew closer. "Yes; and we're quite willing to return the compliment by 'lifting' something for you," chimed in the second voice in mocking accents.

"Climb in then," retorted Gibson ungraciously enough.

"Thank you! and we've a parcel here we'll just drop into your waggon," and as what looked like a good-sized clothes-basket struck the floor of the cart it gave forth an unmistakable metallic jingle.

"Guess we'll just crawl in here alongside ourselves. This top'll keep off the night air—and, by-the-way, friend, you needn't stop to introduce us to anyone you meet," quoth he of the mocking voice.

For several hours they jogged along in silence. Gibson's teeth were chattering with the cold, and he shook as though an ague had come upon him; but withal, his chief concern was for his old mare, who was being called upon for such heavy work upon short rations. Twice they met other vehicles, and each time the old man felt something cold and hard pressed against his back, and again heard that ominous click. The hint was sufficient, and he continued steadily on his way with a terse "How do?" in passing.

Just before dawn they encountered several mounted men, whose leader peremptorily called upon Gibson to stop.



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