

The Broad Highway

"Which We Call Life"

CHAPTER II.

I Get Out.

The clock of the square-towered Norman church, a mile and a half from the house of four as I let myself out into the morning. It was dark as yet, and chilly, but in the east was already a faint glimmer of dawn. Reaching the stables, I paused with my hand on the door-hoop, listening to the hiss hissing that told me Adam, the groom, was already at work with the saddle he was polishing and touching his forehead with a grimy forefinger.

"You be early abroad, Mr. Peter?" "Yes," said I. "I wish to be on Shooter's Hill at sunrise; but first I came to say good-by to 'Wings'."

"To be sure, sir," nodded Adam, picking up his lantern.

Upon the ensuing interview I will dwell; it was affecting both to her and to myself, for we were mutually attached.

"Sir," said Adam, when at last the stable door had closed behind us, "I'm broad high."

"That there mare knows as you're a leaving her."

"I think she does, Adam."

"Gesse he wonderful wise, sir?" "Yes, Adam."

"This is a bad day for Wings, sir—and all of us, for that matter."

"I hope not, Adam."

"We are going away, they tell me, sir."

"Yes, going away," I nodded.

"Wonder what'll become of the mare, sir?"

"Ah, yes, I wonder," said I.

"Everything to be sold under the will, I think, sir?"

"Everything, Adam."

"Excuse me, sir," said he, knocking his forehead, "you won't be wanting ever a groom, will you?"

"No, Adam," I answered, shaking my head, "I shan't be wanting a groom."

"Nor yet a body servant, sir?"

"No, Adam, nor yet a body servant."

Here there ensued a silence during which Adam knocked his right temple again and I tightened the buckle of my knapsack.

"I think, Adam," said I, "I think it is going to be a fine day."

"Yes, sir."

"Good-by, Adam!" said I and held out my hand.

"Good-by, sir." And having shaken my hand, he turned and went back into the stable.

So I set off, walking beneath an avenue of trees looming up gigantic on either hand. At the end was the lodge and, ere I could reach it, for John, the lodgekeeper, was not yet astride—ere I opened the gates, I said, I paused for one last look at the house that had been all the home I had ever known since I could remember. As I stood thus, with my eyes upon the indistinct mass, I presently distinguished a figure running towards me and as he came up, recognized Adam.

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Saying which, he turned about and ran off, leaving me standing there with his parting gift in my hand.

And having put the pipe into an inner pocket, I opened the gate and started off at a good pace along the broad highway.

It was a bleak, desolate world that lay about me, a world of shadows and a white, low-lying mist that filled every hollow and swathed hedge and tree, a lowering earth and a frowning heaven infinitely depressing. But the eastern sky was clear with an ever-glowing brightness; hope lay there, so, as I walked, I kept my eyes towards the east.

Being come at last to that eminence which is called Shooter's Hill, I sat down upon a bank beside the way and turned to look back upon the wondrous scene. And as I watched, the pearly east changed little by little, to a varying pink, which in turn gave place to reds and yellows, until up came the sun in all majesty, gliding vane and weathercock upon a hundred spires and steeples, and making a glory of the river. Far away upon the white riband of road that led across Blakenham, a chair was crawling, but save for that the world seemed deserted.

I sat thus a great while gazing upon the city and marvelling at the greatness of it.

"Truly," said I to myself, "nowhere in the whole world is there such another city as London!" And presently I sighed and, raising my head, I looked at the city and went on down the hill.

Yes—the sun was up at last and at his advent the mists rolled up and vanished, the birds awoke in brake and thicket and, lifting their voices, sang together, a song of universal praise. Bushes rustled, trees whispered, while from every leaf and twig, from every blade of grass, there hung a flashing jewel.

With the mists my doubts of the future vanished too, and I trode upon my way, a very god, king of my destiny, walking through a tribute world where feathered songsters caressed for me and blossoming flowers wafted sweet perfume upon my path. So I went on, I gaily rowed the hill, rejoicing that I was alive.

In the knapsack at my back I had stowed a few clothes, the strongest and plainest I possessed, together with a shirt, some half-dozens favorite books, and my translation of Brantome; Quintilian and Petronius I had left with Mr. Grainger, who had promised to send them to a publisher, a friend of his, and in my pocket was my uncle George's legacy—namely, ten guineas in gold. And, as I walked, I began to compute how long such a sum might be made to last a man. By

practicing the strictest economy, I thought I might manage well enough on two shillings a day, and this left me some hundred odd days in which to find some means of livelihood, and if a man could not suit himself in such time, then (thought I) he must be a fool indeed.

Thus, as thoughts caught some above and the smiling earth about me, as I strode along that "Broad Highway" which was to lead me, I knew not where, yet where disaster was already lying in wait for me—as you shall hear.

CHAPTER III.

Concerning Itself Mainly With a Hat.

As the day advanced, the sun beat down with an ever-increasing heat, and what with this and the dust I presently grew very thirsty; whereof I was aware, for the spouts of earthenware, and I began to look about me for some inn where these visions might be realized and my burning thirst nobly quenched (as such a thirst deserved to be). On I went, through this beautiful land of Kent, past tree and hedge and smiling meadow, by hill and dale and sloping upland, while over the sun grew hotter, the winding road the dustier, and my mighty thirst the mightier.

At length, reaching the brow of a hill, I espied a small inn or hedge tavern that stood back from the gate of the road, seeming to nestle in the shade of a great tree, and joyfully I hastened toward it.

As I approached I heard loud voices, raised in a cheerful, and, crossing the gate, I came hurrying through the open doorway, and bounding into the road, rolled over and over to my very feet.

And, looking down at it, I saw that it was a very ill-used and somewhat worn, dented of crown and broken of brim, yet beneath its sordid shabbiness there lurked the dim semblance of what it had once been, for, in the scratched and tarnished buckle, in the jaunty curl of the brim, it still preserved a certain pitiful air of rakishness; wherefore, I stooped, and, picking it up, began to brush the dust from it as well as I might.

I was thus engaged when there arose a sudden bull-like roar and, glancing up, I beheld a man who reeled backwards out of the inn and who, after staggering a yard or so, fell head down into the road and so lay, staring vacantly up at the sky. Before I could reach him, however, he got upon his legs, and, crossing the road steadily to the tree I had mentioned, leaned there, and I saw there was much blood upon his face which he essayed to wipe away with the cuff of his coat. No one who had seen him, from the crown of his unkempt head down to his broken, dusty boots, there yet clung that air of jaunty, devil-may-care rakishness which I had seen, and pitied in his hat.

Observing, as I came up, how heavily he leaned against the tree, and noting the extreme pallor of his face and the blank gaze of his sunken eyes, I touched him upon the shoulder.

"Sir, I trust you are not hurt?" said I.

"Thank you," he answered, his glance still wandering, "not in the least—assure you—merely tap on the nose, sir—unpleasant—damnable, but no more, no more."

"I think," I holding out the battered hat, "I think this is yours?"

His eye encountering it in due time, he reached out his hand somewhat fumblingly, and took it from me with a slight movement of the head, and shoulders that might have been a bow.

"Thank you—yes—should know it among a thousand," said he dreamily, "an old friend and a friend—a very much tried one—many thanks." With which words he clapped the much-tried friend upon his head, and with another movement, that might have been a bow, turned round and strode away. And as he went, despite the careless swing of his shoulder, his legs seemed to falter somewhat in their stride and once I thought he staggered; but as I watched, he minded to follow after him, he settled his hat more firmly with a light tap upon the crown and, thrusting his hands into the pockets of his threadbare coat, fell to whistling lustily.

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Many Cases of Rheumatism Now

Says We Must Keep Feet Dry, Avoid Exposure and Eat Less Meat

Stay off the damp ground, avoid exposure, keep feet dry, eat less meat, drink lots of water, and above all take a spoonful of salts occasionally to keep down uric acid.

Rheumatism is caused by poisonous toxin, called uric acid, which is generated in the bowels and absorbed into the blood. It is the function of the kidneys to filter this acid from the blood and cast it out in the urine. The pores of the skin are also a means of freeing the blood of this impurity. In damp and chilly, cold weather the skin pores are closed, thus forcing the kidneys to do double work, they become weak and sluggish and fail to eliminate this uric acid, which keeps accumulating and circulating through the system, eventually settling in the joints and muscles causing stiffness, soreness and pain called rheumatism.

At the first twinges of rheumatism get from a pharmacy about four ounces of Jad Salts; put a tablespoonful in a glass of water and drink before breakfast each morning for a week. This is said to eliminate uric acid by stimulating the kidneys to normal action, thus ridding the blood of these impurities.

Jad Salts is non-toxic, harmless and is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia and is used with excellent results by thousands of folks who are subject to rheumatism. Here you have a pleasant effervescent lithia-water drink which overcomes uric acid and is beneficial to your kidneys as well.

Here the red-faced man grew so to coughing, all together, and shuffling their feet and giving diverse other evidences of their embarrassment.

Seeing the occasion that now presented itself, I knocked loudly upon the floor with my stick, whereupon the red-faced man, removing his eyes slowly and by degrees from the uric acid, fixed them darkly upon me.

"Supposing," said I, "supposing you are so very obliging as to serve me a pint of ale?"

"Then supposing you show me the color of your money?" he growled, "come, money first; I aren't taking no more risks."

"For answer I laid the coins before him. And having pocketed the money, he filled and thrust a foaming tankard towards me, which I emptied forthwith and called upon my neighbor.

(Continued tomorrow)

Could Not Stand The Least Excitement.

Was So Weak and Run Down.

Many women become run down and worn out by their household cares and find themselves with shattered nerves and weak hearts.

When the heart becomes weak, and the nerves unsteady, it is impossible for a woman to look after her household or social duties. The least little exertion of excitement leaves her in an exhausted condition, and not fit to do anything.

On the first sign of any weakness of the heart or nerves, you will be wise if you start to take Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

This remedy will act directly on the disordered heart making it beat strong and regular, and will also invigorate and strengthen the nerves so as to make them steady and firm.

Mrs. J. A. Williams, Tillsonburg, Ont., writes: "I cannot speak too highly of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I suffered greatly with my nerves, I was so weak and run down, I could not stand the least excitement of any kind. I believe your Heart and Nerve Pills to be a valuable remedy for all sufferers from nervous trouble."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are the original remedy for all heart and nerve troubles. Price 50 cents per box, 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

HERRING

Fresh Frozen Herring by the Hundred. James Patterson, 19 and 20 NORTH MARKET WHARF, St. John, N. B.

Somebody Is Guilty Of Aiding the Enemy?

Yes, and it's going on right in this City. It is a matter that the authorities cannot very well deal with, but it is time that some action was taken.

Germany is getting financial assistance from St. John, and it comes out of the pockets of some of our most highly respected citizens.

Are YOU Guilty?

You surely are if you buy German Beer. Brewed by Germans, financed by Germans and used by the people of St. John.

You have absolutely no excuse. If READY'S BREWERIES, Ltd. were not in existence, it would be different but