PURGATORY

CHARLES DICKENS

"She knows," was Barnaby's timid answer, pointing to his mother- "I -always. I believe.

"From his birth," said the widow. "I don't believe it," cried the gentleman, "not a bit of it. It's an excuse not to work. There's nothing like flogging to cure that disorder. I'd make a difference in him in ten minutes, I'll be bound."

'Heaven has made none in more than twice ten years, sir," said the widow mildly.

Then why don't you shut him up? we pay enough for county institutions, damn 'em, But thou'd rather drag him about to excite charity of course. Ay, I know thee.

Now this gentleman had various endearing appellations among his intimate friends. By some he was called "a country gentleman of the true school," by some "a fine old country gentleman," by some "a sporting gentleman," by some "a thorough bred Englishman," by some "a genuine John Bull'; but they all agreed in one respect, and that was that it was a pity there were not more like him, and that because there were not, the country was going to rack and ruin every day. He was in the commission of the peace, and could write his name almost legibly; but his greatest qualifications were that he was more severe with poachers, was a better shot, a harder rider, had better horses, kept better dogs, could eat more solid food, drink more strong wine, go to bed every night more drunk and get up every morning more sober, than any man in the country. In knowledge of horse-flesh he was almost equal to a farrier, in stable learning he surpassed his own head groom, and in gluttony not a pig on his estate was a match for him. He had no seat in Parliament himself, but he was extremely patriotic, and usually drove his voters up to the poll with his own hands He was warmly attached to church and state, and never appointed to the living in his gift any but a threebottle man and a first-rate fox-hunter. He mistrusted the honesty of all poor people who could read and write and had a secret jealousy of his own wife (a young lady whom he had married for what is friends called "the good old English reason," that her father's property adjoined his own) for possessing those accomplishments in a greater degree than himself. In short, Barnaby being an idiot, and Grip a creature of mere brute instinct, it would be very hard to say what this gentleman was.

He rode up to the door of a handsome house approached by a great flight of steps, where a man was waiting to take his horse, and led the way into a large hall, which, spacious as it was, was tainted with the fumes of last year's stale de-Great-coats, riding-whips, bridles, top-boots, spurs, and such gear, were strewn about on all sides, and formed, with some huge stags' antlers, and a few portraits of dogs and horses, its principal embellish-

Throwing himself into a great chair (in which, by-the-by, he often snored away the night, when he had been, according to his admirers, finer country gentleman than usual) about gold, which is a rare thing, he bade the man tell his mistress to and say what you will, a thing you come down; and presently there ap- would like to have, I know. And peared, a little flurried, as it seemed, much younger than himself, who had men come sometimes to my bed's the appearance of being in delicate health, and not too happy.

"Here! Thou'st no delight in following the hounds as an Englishwo- I wonder why he broke his word!" man should have," said the gentleplease thee perhaps.

The lady smiled, sat down at a litde distance from him, and glanced at Barnaby with a look of pity.

'He's an idiot, the woman says, observed the gentleman, shaking his head; "I don't believe it.

"Are you his mother?" asked the

She answered yes. 'What's the use of asking her ?" said the gentleman, thrusting his. it, and indeed his words, had taken ands into his breeches pockets. strong possession of his mind. Wheth-'She'll tell thee so, of course. Most er the idea of wealth had occurred likely he's hired, at so much a day. to him for the first time on looking There. Get on. Make him do some- at the golden clouds that evening -

naby's solicitation, to repeat his their poor and humble way of life side called to the driver to stop. various phrases of speech, and to go had suggested it, by contrast, long through the whole of his performan- ago; or whether the accident (as he ces with the utmost success. corks, and the never say die, afforded pursuing the current of his own rethe gentleman so much delight that marks, had done so at the moment; he demanded the repetition of this or he had been impressed by the mere blue cockade. part of the entertainment, until Grip circumstance of the man being blind, "In Heaven's name, no. Pray do got into his basket, and positively re- and therefore, unlike any one with not give it him!" exclaimed the wipart of the entertainment, until Grip circumstance of the man being blind, fused to say another word, good or whom he had talked before, it was ed with him: and the closing point of means to discover, but in vain, and his obstinacy so delighted her hus- the probability is that Barnaby himband that he burst into a roar of self was equally in the dark.

laughter, and demanded his price. understand his meaning. Probably he

His price," said the gentleman, rattling the money in his pockets, what dost want for him?

nuch? "He's not to be sold," replied Barnaby, shutting up the basket in a great hurry, and throwing the strap over his shoulder. Mother, come away."

Thou seest how much of an idiot is, book-learner." said the gentlelooking scornfully at his wife. "He can make a bargain. What dost want for him, old woman?"

"He is my son's constant companion," said the widow. "He is not to be sold, sir, indeed.

"Not to be sold!" cried the gentleman, growing ten times redder. hoarser, and louder than before. "Not

"Indeed, nol" she answered. "We have never thought of parting with him, sir, I do assure you."

very passionate retort, when a few

We can hardly expect them to sell bird, against their own desire," faltered. "If they prefer to keep

'Prefer to keep him!" he echoed. These people, who go tramping about the country, a pilfering and vagaboraing on a. hands, prefer to keep a bird, when a landed proprietor and a justice asks his price! That woman's been to school. I know she has. Don't tell me no," he roar-

ed to the widow, "I say, yes." Barnaby's mother pleaded guilty to the accusation, and hoped there was no harm in it.

"No harm!" said the gentleman "No. No harm. No harm, ye old rebel, not a bit of harm. If my clerk was here, I'd set ye in the stocks, I would, or lay ye in jail for ever, was natural enough, considering

sal, but fled precipitately, leaving the more than looks, and very often not gentleman to storm away by himself even those, with such of the passers-(for the poor lady had already re- by as were not of their number. treated), and making a great many servant, emerging from the shrub- was sometimes at a stand for five or bery, feigned to be very active in ten minuted together. ordering them off, but this man put thrust them gently from the gate.

thorough-bred Englishman, or a gen-uine John Bull; and that possibly crowd, the widow had for the first the terms were sometimes misapprostance so slight would ever influence assemblage. their future fortunes, but time and

'Mother," said Barnaby, as they which was to take them to within lies, God bless him!" ten miles of the capital, "we're going to London first, you said. Shall with that?" she asked. we see that blind man there.

She was about to answer "Heaven forbid!" but checked herself, and told him, No, she thought not; why did he ask?

wish that we may meet with him again. What was it that he said of a crowd for you!" growds? That gold was to be found where people crowded, and not among the trees and in such quiet places ' He spoke as if he loved it; London is a crowded place; I think we shall meet there.

"But why do you desire to see him, love?" she asked.

"Because," said Barnaby, looking wistfully at her, "he talked to me because he came and went away so by the unwonted summons, a lady strangely-just as white-headed old can't remember when the bright day returns. He told me be'd come back.

"But you never thought of being man. "See to this here. That'll rich or gay, before, dear Barnaby, You have always been contented." He laughed and bade her say that again, then cried, "Ay, ay-oh, yes," and laughed once more. Then something passed that caught his fancy. and the topic wandered from his mind ing is. Dear Barnaby, for my sake' and was succeeded by another just as

fleeting. But it was plain from what he had said, and from his returning to the point more than once that day, and on the next that the blind man's vis-The would deem it) of the blind man's ing up. The lady, too, was much amus- impossible to tell. She tried every

Barnaby looked as though he didn't him harping on this string, but all without your telling, whether he that she could do was to lead him wears the sign of a royal English- Bridge-road, where the shops were quickly to some other subject, and to man or not.' dismiss it from his brain. To caution him against their visitor, to cried "Yes! yes, yes, I do," as he their return had alarmed the trades ners began to grow faint and weary; show any fear or suspicion in refer- had cried a dozen times already ence to him, would only be, she fear- The man threw him a cockade, and and where, in the upper stories, all ed, to increase that interest with crying "Make haste to Saint the inhabitants were congregated, which Barnaby regarded him, and to George's Field's," ordered the coach- looking down into the street be- en; and some, towards the centre, strengthen his desire to meet him man to drive on fast, and left them. once again. She hoped, by plunging into the crowd, to rid herself of her increased caution, if that were pos-

crecy and peace. They reached, in course of time, their halting place within ten miles occupied, they stopped, whispered to and presently arrived before Saint pore, went on with Gashford, London, and lay there for the gether for an instant, turned back, George's Fields. night, after bargaining to be carried and came over to them. on for a trifle next day, in a light van which was returning empty, and one of them, who was dressed in a was to start at five o'clock in the morning. The driver was punctual, the road good-save for the dust, the weather being very hot and dryand at seven in the forenoon of Fri-He was evidently about to make a day the second of June, one thousand seven hundred and eighty, they pening to catch his ear, he turned Bridge, hade their conductor farewell, round, and said, "Eh? and stood alone, together, on the scorching pavement. For the freshness which night sheds upon such busy thoroughfares had already departed, and the sun was shining with

Uncertain where to go next, and bewildered by the crowd of people who were already astir, they sat down in one of the recesses on the bridge. te rest. They soon became aware that the stream of life was at pouring one way, and that a vast throng of persons were crossing the river from the Middlesex to the Surrey shore, in unusual haste and evident excitement. They were, for the most part, in knots of two or three, or sometimes half a dozen; they spoke little together-many of them were quite silent, and hurried on as if they had one absorbing object in view, which was common to them all.

They were surprised to see that nearly every man in this great concourse, which still came pouring past, without slackening in the least, wore in his hat a blue cockade, and that the chance passengers who were not so decorated, appeared tites

ious to escape observation or attack and gave them the wall as if they would conciliate them. This, howprowling up and down, on the look- their interiority in point of numbers, out for petty larcenies, ye limb of a for the proportion of those who wore cypsy. Here, Simon, put these pil- blue cockades, to those who were ferers out, shove 'em into the road, dressed as usual, was at least forty out with 'em! Ye don't want to sell or fifty to one. There was no quarthe bird, ye that come here to beg, relling, however, the blue cockades If they ain't out in dou- went swarming on, passing each othble-quick time, set the dogs upon er when they could, and making all the speed that was possible in such a They waited for no further dismis- multitude, and exchanged nothing

At first, the current of people had vain attempts to silence Grip, who, been confined to the two pathways, excited by the noise, drew corks en- and but a few eager stragglers kept ough for a city feast as they hur- the road. But after half an hour or ried down the avenue, and appear- so, the passage was completely blocked to congratulate himself beyond ed up by the great press, which, bemeasure on having been the cause of ing now closely wedged together, and the disturbance. When they had impeded by the carts and coaches, it nearly reached the lodge, another encountered, moved but slowly, and

After the lapse of nearly two hours a crown into the widow's hand, and the numbers began to diminish visibwhispering that his lady sent it, ly, and gradually dwindling away, by This incident only suggested to the clear, save that, now and then, some little and little, left the bridge quite widow's mind, when they halted at hot and dusty man with the cockade an alehouse some miles further on, in his hat, and his coat thrown over and heard the justice's character as his shoulder, went panting by, fearful given by his friends, that perhaps of being too late, or stopped to ask omething more than capacity of which way his friends had taken, and stomach and tastes for the kennel being directed, hastened on again and the stable, were required to form like one refreshed. In this comeither a perfect country gentleman, a parative solitude, which seemed quite time an opportunity of inquiring of polated, not to say disgraced. She an old man who came and sat beside little thought then, that a circum- them, what the meaning of that great

'Why, where have you come from,' experience enlightened her in this re- he returned, "that you haven't heard of Lord George Gordon's great association? This is the day that he prewere sitting next day in a wagon sents the petition against the Catho-

'What have all these men to do

'What have they to do with it!" the old man replied. "Why, how you me!" talk! Don't you know his lordship has declared he won't present it to the house at all, unless it is attend-"He's a wise man," said Barnaby, with a thoughtful countenance. "I do to the door by forty thousand

"A crowd indeed!" 'Do you hear that, mother!" I am told," resumed the old man-mot, indeed!" 'nigh upon a

hundred thousand Ah! Let Lord George alore. of these times," He knows his power. There'll be a good many faces inside them three windows over there," and he pointed to where the House of Commons overlooked the river, "that'll turn pale when good Lord George gets up this afternoon, and with reason too! Ay, ay. Let his lordship alone. Let him alone. He knows!" And so. with much mumbling and chuckling, foot in the night and say what I and shaking of his forefinger, he rose, with the assistance of his stick, and tottered off

"Mother!" said Barnete "that's a brave crowd he talks of. Come!' Not to join it!" cried his mother. 'Yes, yes," he answered, plucking at her sleeve. "Why not? Come!" You don't know," she urged, "what mischief they may do, where they may lead you, what their meao-

'For your sake!" he cried, patting "Well! It is for your her hand. sake, mother. You remember what the blind man said, about the gold. Here's a brave crowd! Come! wait till I come back-yes, yes, wait

here. She tried with all the earnestness her fears engendered, to turn him from his purpose, but in vain. and images were often presented to was stooping down to buckle on his Grip having by this time recovered his thoughts by outward objects quite shoe, when a hackney-coach passed his urbanity, condescended, at Bar- as remote and distant; or whether them rather quickly, and a voice in-Young man," said a voice within.

"Who's that?" cried Barnaby, look-"Do you wear this ornament?" re-

turned the stranger, holding out a

Speak for yourself, woman," the man within the coach, coldly. Leave the young man to his choice; he's old enough to make it, and to It filled her with uneasiness to find snap your apron strings. He knows, would be hard to tell.

eagerness to fix the bauble in his hat, indignation. Some of these applaudterrible pursuer, and then, by jour- Barnaby was adjusting it as he best ed and hissed, but regardless of these around them, lay down on the neying to a distance and observing could, and hurriedly replying to the interruptions-for the noise of a grass and offered all they had about tears and entreaties of his mother, vast congregation of people at a them for a drink of water. Still, no when two gentlemen passed on the little distance, sounded in his ears sible, to live again unknown in se- when two gentlemen passed on the little distance, sounded in his cars opposite side of the way. Observing like the roaring of a sea-Lord those who were so distressed; still, them, and seeing how Barnaby was George Gordon quickened his pace. Lord George, streaming from every

have you not gone with the rest?"

hat on with an air of pride. shall be there directly." speaking to you," said the second hymns or psalms. With whomsoever on the shoulders with his heavy hand, gentleman, mildly. "If you don't this originated, it was well done; for "How now!" he cried. "Farnahy "If you don't this originated, it was well done; for gentleman, mildly. know Lord George Gordon when you the sound of so many thousand Rudge! Why, where have you been see him, it's high time you should "voices in the air must have stirred hiding for these hundred years!"
"Nay, Gashford," said Lord George the heart of any man within him, and as Barnaby pulled off his hat again could not fail to have a wonderful ef-

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and made him a low bow, "it's no great matter on a day like this, which every Englishman will remember with delight and pride. Put on your hat, friend, and follow us, for you lag behind and are late. It's past ten now. Didn't you know that the hour of assembling was ten o'-

Barnaby shook his head and looked vacantly from one to the other. You might have known it, friend" said Gashford, "it was perfectly understood. How came you to be so

ill informed? 'He cannot tell you, sir," the widow interposed. "It's of no use to ask him. We are but this morning come from a long distance in the country, and know nothing of these

natters. The cause has taken a deep root, and has spread its branches far and wide," said Lord George to his se-"This is a pleasing hear-I thank Heaven for it. Amen!" cried Gashford, with

olemn face. You do not understand me, said the widow. "Pardon We know nothing of these taken We have no desire or right to join in what you are about to do. of the great body, to give notice by this sudden and boisterous ad-This is my son, my poor afflicted son, of their leader's coming. These fall-dress, he stared in a bewildered mandearer to me than my own life. In ing back, the word was quickly pass- ner at the man, and could scarcely mercy's name, my lord, go your way ed through the whole host, and for say, "What! Hugh!"

'how can you!-Dear me!-What do quiet, that the fluttering of a banyou mean by tempting, and by dan- ner caught the eye, and became a cirger? Do you think his lordship is a cumstance of note. They burst into done! Ha, ha, ha!' roaring lion, going about and seeking a tremendous shout, into another, whom he may devour? God bless and another, and the air seemed rent

'No, no, my lord, forgive me," im- cannon. plored the widow, laying both her knowing what she did, or said, in the within his awn, and speaking with as earnestness of her supplication, "but much emotion in his voice as in his said Barnaby. there are reasons why you should altered face, "I am called indeed, now ther!" I feel and know it. I am the leader and leave my son with me. Oh do. of a host. If they summoned me "And they're mustering yonder, as. He is not in his right senses, he is at this moment with one voice to

"It is a bad sign of the wickedness said Lord George, evading her touch, and coloring deeply, "that those who cling to the truth and support the right cause, are set down as mad. Have you the heart to say this of your own son, unnatural mother!"

"I am astonished at you!" said Gashford with a kind of meek sev-"This is a very sad picture of female depravity. "He has surely no appearance,

said Lord George, glancing at Barnaby, and whispering in his secretary's ear, "of being deranged? And even if he had, we must not construe any trifling peculiarity into madness. Which of us'-and here he turned red again-"would be safe, if that were made the law!'

"Not one," replied the secretary "in that case, the greater the zeal, the truth, and talent, the more direct the call from above; the clearer would be the madness. With regard to this young man, my lord," he added, with a lip that slightly curled as he looked at Barnaby, who stood twirling his hat, and stealthily beckoning them to come away, "he is as sensible and self-possessed as any one I ever saw.

"And you desire to make one of this great body?" said Lord George, addressing him; "and intended to make one, did you?"

told her so myself.'

a reproachful glance at the unhappy mother. "I thought so. Follow me and this gentleman, and you shall have your wish.

Barnaby kissed his mother tenderly on the cheek, and bidding her be of good cheer, for their fortunes were both made now, did as he was desir--with how much fear and grief it

all shut up (for the passage of the ing down his fiercest rays upon the Barnaby, trembling with impatience great crowd and the expectation of men for their goods and windows), low, with faces variously expressive quite overpowered by the excessive With hands that trembled with his of alarm, of interest, expectancy, and

They were really fields at that time ed close behind them. "Why are you sitting here!" said and of considerable extent. Here an immense multitude was collected, long line of some eight hundred men plain suit of black, wore long lank bearing flags of various kinds and in single file, and Lord George had hair, and carried a great cane. "Why sizes, but all of the same color - turned his head to look back. when blue, like the cockades-some sections a loud cry of recognition-in that pe-"I am going, sir," replied Barnaby, marching to and fro in military array culiar and half-stifled tone which a finishing his task, and putting his and others drawn up in circle, squares voice has, when it is raised in the "I and lines. A large portion, both of open air and in the midst of a great the bodies which which paraded the concourse of persons-was heard, and "Say 'my lord,' young man, when ground, and of those which remained a man stepped with a shout of laughhis lordship does you the honor of stationary, were occupied in singing ter from the rank and smote Barnaby

ELEVENTH MONTH

> ₽ 1905 ₽ All Saints, Holy Day of Obligation All Souls. Of the Octave. S. . Charles Borromeo Twenty-First Sunday After Pentecost Twenty Frst Sunday After Pentecost. M. Of the Octave, w. Of the Octave, W. Octave of All Saints. Dedication of S. John Lateran. F. W. S. Andrew Avellino. S. S. Martin of Tours. Twenty-Second Sunday After Pentecost Patronage of B. V. Mary. Su. M. S. Nicholas I., Pope. S. Deusdedit, Pope. W. S. Gertrude. S. Josaphate. Gregory the Wonderworker. Dedication of SS. Peter and Paul, Twenty-Third Sunday After Pentecost

> > S. Pontianus, Pope. S. Felix of Valois. Presentation of B. V. Mary. S. Cecilia. S. Clement. Pope. S. John of the Cross. S. Catharine.

> > Twenty-Fourth Sunday After Pentocost S. Sylvester. S. Elizabeth of Hungary. S. Gregory III., Pope. S. Gelasius, Pope.

S. Andrew, Apostle.

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22

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but you cruelly mistake my fect upon enthusiasts, however mis- grass brought back his old days at

alone and do not tempt him into dan- a short interval there ensued a profound and death-like silence, during Hugh-Maypole Hugh! You remem-'My good woman,' said Gashford, which the mass was so still and and shaken, as if by the discharge of

"Gashford!" cried Lord George, hands upon his breast, and scarcely pressing his secretary's arm tight lead them on to death, I'd do it-Yes and fall first myself.'

"It is a proud sight," said the se-"It is a noble day for England, and for the great cause throughout the world. Such my lord, as I, an humble but devoted

man, can render"-"What are you doing!" cried his master, catching him by both hands, for he had made a show of kneeling at his feet; "Do not unfit me, Gashford, for the solemn duty of this glorious day"-the tears stood in the eyes of the poor gentleman as he said the words-"Let us go among them, we have to find a place in some division for this new recruit-give me

your hand." palm into his master's grasp, and so, hand in hand, and followed still by Barnaby and by his mother too, they mingled with the concourse.

They had by this time taken to their singing again, and as their leader passed between their ranks, whole power of his lungs. "Form they raised their voices to their ut- M. rch!" Many of those who were most. psalm in all their lives. But these no more. fellows having for the most part strong lungs, and being naturally fond of singing, chanted any ribaldry or nonsense that occurred to them, feeling pretty certain that it would with his usual stiff and solemn defollowers.

She, poor woman, followed too this circle, and on cred there were hollow square, and still there were this circle, and on every side of that ment of bilious headache. lines, and squares, and circles out of They passed quickly through the number to review. The day being now intensely hot, and the sun strikfield, those who carried heavy banmost of the number assembled were fain to pull off their neckcloths, and throw their coats and waistcoats opheat, which was of course rendered more unendurable by the multitude still Barnaby and his mother follow-

They had arrived at the top of a

aken. cricket, when he was a young boy and Scouts had been posted in advance played on Chigwell Green. Confused "Hugh!" echoed the other; "ay,

ber my dog? He's alive now, and will know you. I warrant. What, you wear the color, do you? Well

"You know this young man, I see, said Lord George.

'Know him, my lord! as well as I know my own right hand. My captain knows him. We all know nim. 'Will you take him into your di-

"It hasn't in it a better, nor a than Barnaby Rudge," said Hugh "Show me the man who says it has! Fall in, Barnaby. He shall march, my lord, between me and Dennis, and he shall carry," he added, taking a flag from the hand of a tired man who tendered it, "the gayest silken streamer in this valiant army.

"In the name of God, no!" shrieked the widow, darting forward. "Barnaby-my lord-see-he'll come back-Barnaby-Barnaby!"

'Women in the field!" cried Hugh, stepping between them, and holding her off. "Halloa! My captain there!"

'What's the matter here?'' cried Simon Tappertit, bustling up in a great heat. "Do you call this or-

'Nothing like it, captain," answer-Gashford slid his cold residious ed Hugh, still holding her back with his outstretched hand. "It's against all orders. Ladies are carrying off our gallant soldiers from their duty. The word of command, captain They're filing off the ground. Quick!" "Close!" cried Simon, with the

She was thrown to the ground; the banded together to support the reli- whole field was in motion; Barnaby gion of their country, even unto was whirled away into the heart of a death, had never heard a hymn or dense mass of men, and she saw him

(To be Continued.)

An End to Bilious Headache.-Biliousness, which is caused by excessive 'Yes-yes,' said Barnaby, with not be detected in the general chorus, bile in the stomach, has a marked efsparkling eyes. "To be sure I did! I were Mark of these relations of the sparkling eyes. "To be sure I did! I were Mark of these relations of the sparkling eyes." were. Many of these voluntaries fests itself by severe headache. This were sung under the very nose of is the most distressing headache one "I see," replied Lord George, with Lord George Gordon, who, quite un- can have. There are headaches from conscious of their burden, passed on cold, from fever, and from other causes, but the most excruciating of all is portment, very much edified and de- the bilious headache. Parmelee's lighted by the pious conduct of his Vegetable Pills will cure it-cure it almost immediately. It will disap-So they went on and on, up this pear as soon as the Pills operate. line, down that, round the exterior of There is nothing so sure in the treat-

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