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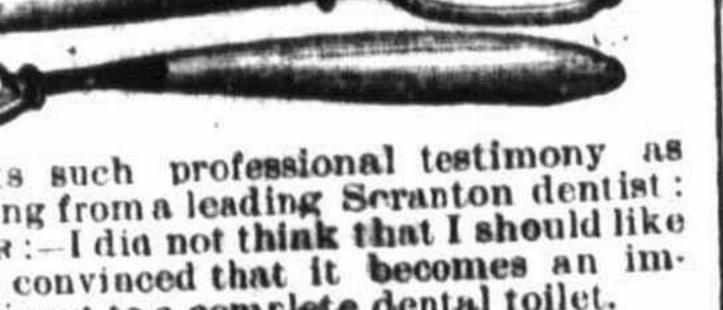
A-IT-II-S-ES AND SOLE MANUFACTURERS

TORONTO. YLOR.

CHESLEY, Ont., June 12th, 1888.
J. TAYLOR, Toronto. a No. 8 Safe which I purchased ew years ago came out Al. not even inside door being blistered: I have ence in them as being absolutely may add the door has the non-conge on it, and also an air Chamber I am convinced adds much to its quality. D. MONTGOMERY.

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By J. T. M'KAY.

that glittering jewel out of his head, the tormenting idea his fancy had bound up with it. Kate had been so gracious of late; he said he could name the day of the change-the day he had first this cursed money to spende he blamed her, or thought of her As soon would be It was surely no blame that she pleasant things. And besides he had changed himself, he ought to know. But whenever and whatever, it came to the same thing. It was the money that had made the change. And Bren broke out into language that I am not going to

He could not keep away from Kate; and somehow her grace, her goodness, her favor to himself, while they charmed him, were the keenest possible pang. The flash of the brilliant seemed to burn and blind him. He said it was his morbid imagination that fancied something evil in the gleam of the cursed stone. Oh, he only had the glittering bauble back! And he went, getting more nervous and troubled every day. Kate wore the ring Constantly; naturally she thought it would please bren. She has have sadly perplexed by Bren's behavior. Naturally, too, Bren brooded over the thing until it acquired the power upon him of a magician's spell; and he came to hate and fear it with a kind and degree of horror

that I shall not make you understand. Then Kate became cold as Bren grew strange and began to avoid her, while he could not keep away from the company where she was. Bern caught her once or twice regarding him covertly, with wondering glance, as he sat apart uneasily, and tried to talk with this one and that. But the end came. One night it must have come to her dimly that Bren's strange conduct had something to do with the ring. She tried it. Watching him askance, she kept the stone turned so as to flash upon him wherever he moved. Bren grew plainly more uneasy under her hand; moved about, shifted his chair, changed color and bit his lip, as he caught the gleam again and again. Presently Bren knew that the ring was gone.

Putting on his hat to come away, feeling wretched and almost desperate, Kate glided out and stood suddenly before him, erect and proud, an angry flush glowing in her face, her lips a little apart and her breath coming quick. She did not speak, but she put out her hand with a little white box. Bren put up his hand irresolutely, half guessing what it was. The box slipped through his fingers, and opened as it fell. The diamond flashed in Bren's eyes, and the ring relled round and lay on the floor at his feet. A sudden impulse of fury seized him. He lifted his foot and stamped upon the ring, ground it under his heel as if it had been a venomous thing that was stinging him to death. Then he turned away and rushe i out into the night. That moment his mind was made up.

He did not see how he could make it; but he would if it killed him! He sat at his desk next day when

Traveler came in. "Bren," he said (he noticed how haggard Bren was and wondered, but said nothing), "Bren, we'll have to get another man. The business is growing, and I'm tied up more than I can be and do the outside work.

Bren turned round with an eager face. "You want a fellow to sell?"

"What will you pay?" "I can get one for \$12."

"Charley," Bren said, "will you give it to me? I'll do it for ten."

Traveler faced square round, sitting on a packing box in front of Bren's desk. "Hang it, Bren, you're crazy. Do you want to give up the books? What do you mean?"

"No," Bren answered, "I can do both. There are spells through the day when I can work at the books-I'll do the rest nights. I tell you, Charley, I've get to save money some way. If you won't let me have this, I'll have to get something else. I'm in a hard place, Chartey," and Bren bent over the ledger, and Traveler thought he did not see it very plainly just then-"I'm in a hard place, and if you'll let me have this you'll help me more than you know."

"Well, well; have it your own way, Bren." Traveler answered, "you can try it if you like."

So Bren went to work. He made up a bed in a storage loft and gave up his lodging. Week in and out he did his double work, day after day, night after night. He ate the plainest fare. He wore his clothes till they were threadbare and thoroughly shabby, and patched them with his own hands. Only he laid by one suit against a day he hoped for. He was hardly out of the building day or night; he got up early and tramped out half a mile to keep up his health, then he was a hard at work till it was high time and he was glad enough to get to bed. And, in a grim way, he was happy again. The pain about Kate was bitter enough, and ever present. But he was on the way back to the straight track. It was happiness to look before and think of being clear to go ahead once more. And the satisfaction was none the less keen that the way was hard and long; he felt he was doing manly, honest work. Traveler saw it was doing him good, and let him alone. He did not go near Kate; he could not. He did not dare tell her the truth. He said that he had no right to go and let her think he was worthy of an honest girl's regard, when he knew he was not. Or, at least, not yet; when he was out of this, he trusted he would be then. He feared what might happen meanwhile, feared that more than anything now. He prayed God she might not

The summer heats came on. Bren grew thin and white, but he kept his health yet. But Traveler grew afraid. He came in one August day, hot and tired, and out of sorts. Something had fretted him. Bred was plodding away at his books, having an interval of a few minutes between sales. His pale face fired Traveler. "Curse it, Bren!" he broke out. "How long are you going to keep up this infernal grind? I say it's got to stop. won't have it in my place, I swear

Bren looked up with a whiter face. "Let me be. Charley," he answered, doggedly. "I'm all right, I tell you. you let me alone, I'll be done with this

two weeks from Saturday night." And Traveler turned away and found fault with everything, stormed at the men, slammed things right and left; and pulled Bren , ordered him out of

excite his friend's stormy went off and caught a boat bound up the river; landed and lay down under an oak on the river bank, and slept on the grass all the hot afternoon, like a tired child. Traveler sat down at the deak when Bren was gone, and worked away till he had the books square to date, never speaking a word the whole afternoon, and no one daring to speak to him. Then he got up and closed the ledger and went home to tea, whistling "Listen to the Mocking

Those last weeks of that summer were hot and dry. Bren got little sleep nights, the baked brick walls never cooled, night or day. One's ordinary round became a Bren's double stint grew day by day a load heavier and harder to carry Toward the last he staggered under it But he bore up stoutly. Often he would have to lie back and shut his eyes, for a blindness and dizziness that came swarming into his eyes and brain. But be would shake his head clear, like a half drowned diver, and go at it again, game as a terrier. It was not over wise of Bren; but he never could bear to wait. There was a kind of grim joy in the very ardor of the fight. He felt that the end was worth it all, worth anything, if he satisfaction of victory would be keen in the pluck and patience him, day by day, and steadily pulled him If it had not been for Sundays I believe he would have pulled I am afraid our young friend was not over regular that summer in his

enough to an end. The end of August was now within two days and nights. was Saturday evening, the 29th, was writing weakly at his desk, his face and hands thin and tired looking enough. Traveler came in and sat down by him there was no one else in the place. He waited a little while; then he got up, took the pen out of Bren's hand, laid the blot ter between the leaves and closed the

"Bren," he said quietly, "it's 'two weeks from Saturday night. "I know it, Charley."

Traveler counted out Bren's double pay and laid it on the desk. "It's the last time, Bren."

Bren stood up at that, his thin face all flushed. "Shake hands on that," he says. "The last time, Charley; the last time while I live, so help me God!"

He took a roll of money from an inside pocket. He apread it out and added part of what lay on the desk. He ran quickly over the bills: \$188.08-principal and interest of the uncharged bill, for four months, at 7 per cent. per annum. He took up what was left and held it up to Traveler.

"Charley," he said, "I've been through the fire and come out scorched. There's all the money I own in the world-nine | have their tickets read by Richlieau & Ontario dollars and thirty cents."

He told him the whole story; he showed him the bill and the balance account, and the lying entry on the cash. His cheek flushed hot as he pointed out the lying figures, and a bitter dimness came into his | GRAND TRUNK CITY PASSGERSTATION eyes. Traveler looked over Bren's shoulder, silent and stern. Bren drew his hand furtively across his eyes and looked K.&P. and C.P.RR. round at his friend with a deprecating "Don't be hard on me, Charley. It was

a --- hard place. And it was me it hurt." "Bren," he answered, his face and voice all grave, "I wouldn't have believed it of you. I'm sorry it has happened. But never mind now. It must have been a tight place. And you got your pay; you found it a rough road to travel. It ain't for me to judge you. I might have done worse in your place."

Bren paid the money over to Traveler They arranged it between them. Monday morning he went down to Haffelfinger's, found old Gray and bought a small bill of goods for the store. "Gray," he said then, "five months ago you sold this bill of goods. I want you to look it

They were up stairs and there was no one by. The old man took the bill and looked at it and at Bren. putting up one hand to his head. Hesat down and turned over his book of sales. He found the date; there was no sale entered to Traveler that day nor the next. He fumbled the leaves nervously; then he looked up with a frightened face. "And this was what you meant?"

"That was what I meant." "You said I shouldn't be hurt," he

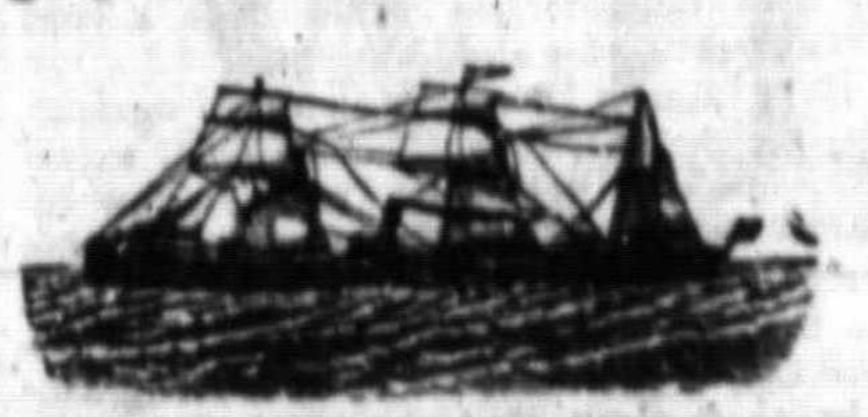
pleaded. "You need not. But it has got to be paid, and this is how: look here Have



"But it has got to be paid, and this is how." the things I've ordered sent. Charge the items of this old bill on the new one. Add four shovels for interest. Enter the whole in your book and say nothing, and you'll never hear of it again."

Bren came out into the streets. He was hardly the shadow of himself. His clothes were worn and patched, and hung loose about him. He was poor and alone. He was happier that last summer morning than any king on throne. His heart was light as air. He tramped with a strong new life; he wanted to throw up his cap and hurrah. It was done. was free; he was free! That was the thought of thoughts. All this while he had felt himself bound and walled in. He had not belonged to himself. He had been in jail, though nobody knew. He might go where he pleased; but unseen barriers went with him and shut him from honest folk. Something like this had been his feeling. And now it was as if the prison walls had suddenly rifted away, and the roof rolled off like a burning scroll. And all the free green earth was round about him once more, and the free blue cloud land wide as heaven over head. That one thought rang round and round in his brain-Free, free, free! (To be continued.)

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