

other. She looked about her, flurried at the noise and bustle. Several of the boys and men on the look-out for an odd job came forward, offering to carry the parcels, but she declined their assistance. She stopped to ask a hurrying passenger the way to Darcy-street, Pentonville, and he pointed a forefinger down the King's-cross Road.

Mr Brady slowly moved off. The young girl had got to the bottom of the hill before he caught her up. He allowed her to mount it, following closely behind until half-way through one of the quiet streets leading from square to square, and through which there is little or no traffic. Then, glancing round hurriedly, he approached her.

He assumed his most engaging manner.

'Pore folks should help one another,' said he; 'let me lend you a hand, my dear.'

The girl, who was evidently a servant going to her place, looked at him doubtfully for a moment. Mr Brady's appearance was so much against him that even her inexperience made her doubtful of his good intentions. The hill was very long, however, and she was very tired, so, with a grateful 'Thank you,' she resigned the parcels into his hands.

He walked by her side for a few moments, talking in his ingratiating way. He hoped she'd have a nice missis, that he did, and, if he might be so bold, where did she come from? He thought she favoured his part of the country, which was down Kent way. The girl told him, in her simple way, a few particulars about herself.

The conversation languished. They passed through another square in silence. He set down the parcels on the pavement.

'Hot work, miss!' said he, and wiped some purely imaginary perspiration from his brow. 'Not much further, is it?—if I may take the liberty of asking.'

She started at his change of front; she was not so simple that she could not see his meaning.

'And how much shall we say for the job?' he said, wheedlingly.

'But—I thought you offered to carry them for me,' she said, timidly. He gave another furtive look round.

'What!' he said—with an oath—'do you think as a pore man like me can afford to carry young ladies' parcels about for nothing. And me a-losing 'old a day's work over the job. Why I'd work to go to when I met you.'

I'd not a-come an inch out o' my way if you 'adn't ask me.'

She had not asked him, as she knew; but she was fast growing alarmed.

Her hand went reluctantly to her pocket and she drew out a tiny leather purse. It contained two shillings and a sixpence. Mr Brady took careful account of the contents.

The girl tendered him a sixpence.

'What,' he said, cuttingly, 'I'm to lose 'alf a day's work, am I, for a steever? Oh, come, you know, that ain't good enough. I ain't such a fool as 'all that.'

He glared at her vindictively.

The girl protested and looked round for assistance. But there was no one near. She tendered a shilling besides and began to cry.

'Go away,' she said.

Mr Brady promptly demanded another shilling. By this time the girl was frightened out of her wits, and he got that also. She gathered up her parcels and went slowly up the hill, sobbing all the while. It was all she had until her month's wages were due.

Mr Brady watched her retreating figure for a moment, then he hurriedly made off through a tangle of small streets, threading his way with many twists and turns, in case of accidents, till he reached the Angel at Islington. He was filled with honest pride; he had done an excellent morning's work.

It would be impossible to follow Mr Brady's well-intentioned efforts throughout that day. He was not, however, successful in further increasing his capital. In fact, it was visibly diminishing under the strain put upon it by a heavy dinner and successive pints of beer.

Even the desire for wealth palls after a while, especially when difficulties are continually being put in your way. He was warned away from Euston Station; at Charing Cross an official actually threatened to have him run in there and then for loitering.

So he determined to give up business for the day and have fourpenn'orth at the Mo'. He would be sure to meet a pal or two there. He called at a lodging-house on the Dials and paid fourpence in advance to ensure a bed. If they got on the booze there was no knowing where the money for his 'kip' was to come from.

He was right in his anticipations: he met not one pal but several. There was Black Alice, Polly Muv, Sam Davey, Snidey Dickson, and half a dozen others. Snidey had had a bit of luck, it seemed, and was spending money very freely. They all knew when he was pinched the next morning what the luck was. Snidey was breaking the First Commandment—'Thou shalt not be found out.'

But that's neither here nor there. Mr Brady entered into the festivities with a whole heart. They had a real beauo. They chivied people in other parts of the house and jostled those who were near them. The climax of their joy was reached when a popular favourite brought on to the stage a full-length portrait of a highly-typical policeman, with an extremely prominent nose and big feet, and proceeded to dissect him physically and morally. They were so vociferous in their applause that their near neighbours began to complain. Finally Snidey was chucked. The rest of the party soon joined him outside, determined to stick to him while he had a penny left.

Snidey was too far gone to be suspicious; he was so deeply touched at their fidelity that he forthwith suggested an adjournment to the pork butcher's. He would stand suppers round. They went straightway to the shop, and came out a happy laughing party, each carrying his or her supper wrapped in a piece of newspaper—hot roast pork, hot boiled pork, pease pudding, and potatoes, according to taste. They discussed it as they walked. Then there were drinks round again; after that a stroll, each girl with her man, but four abreast down the pavement. Mr Brady had found a young lady to his taste, an old acquaintance, at the last public-house they had visited.

He retired to bed about three in the morning; it had been a perfect evening, though rather dull, perhaps, towards the close. A trifling squabble between two of the young ladies had redeemed it from utter monotony. Black Alice had drawn her hatpin—

favourite weapon with the ladies of the Lane—and threatened to stab Polly with it. Nothing had come of it, however. Black Alice was a girl of spirit, but her frequent potations had proved too much for her. Her lover half dragged, half carried her home, giving her a little correction on the way with 'a clout in the mouth' at parting, just to teach her to hold her jaw when it was not wanted. For though he was really attached to Alice that gave her no right to interfere should another girl evince a liking for him.

Mr Brady pursued his usual courses with varying success for nearly a month. He was as determined as ever—when had he not been similarly determined?—to keep out of the hands of the police. So he steered a middle course, he was honest within the letter of the law as he construed it. Certainly some of his methods bore a colourable resemblance to blackmail, but then the law is susceptible to so many interpretations. It would have been difficult to prove him in the wrong at any rate, and in affairs like these a man's motives may be easily misunderstood. It takes at least two lawyers and a judge to make them plain to a jury, and then sometimes the twelve good men and true have been known to disagree.

Mr Brady's efforts towards honesty seemed to be less and less appreciated as the days went by. Alas! that virtue should so often be its own reward. He began to find that he was not getting his fair share of the beer that was going, let alone the skittles. One evening, after a frustrated day, he was actually compelled against his wishes to go out again to seek his lodging money. It came to him in the form of a shilling literally thrown at him by a tipsy clerk aping wealthier blockheads in the dissipations of the West End.

Mr Brady pondered deeply. This sort of thing could not last. Why, if he were not careful he'd be hungry—a most unpleasant feeling, which he had not experienced since he was a young un.

He took himself down to the Lane next morning and waited. His hopes were rewarded at last by the sight of Miss Poll Brady, his sister, with a basket of washing, on her way to the public laundry. She stopped when she saw her brother, and set her load down.

'Ave you heard as faver's dying?' she said, excitedly. 'That's what 'e is. The doctor 'e sez as 'e can't las' mor'n a day.'

Mr Brady made no comment, good or bad.

'Mother in?' he said at last.

She was, and having seen Poll out of sight, he walked leisurely down one of the streets off Drury Lane, where the family lodged. There were six of them—three small children, two the mother, and father—in all the small rooms.

He could hear the sick man's voice as he waited in the passage, till his mother should come out. When she did so, and saw him, she raised a finger to enjoin silence.

'Ed go ravin' if 'e wuz to know as you wuz 'ere,' she said.

Mr Brady did not resent this marked objection to himself. He was contented to announce briefly that he was stone broke and should be coming home to sleep that night. And could she let him have a bob?

His mother, poor soul, between her dread of her husband hearing what was going on and her joy at the return of her lost lamb, was only too glad to part with a shilling of the dying man's allowance from his club. She enjoined him to be very quiet when he returned at night, and went in again.

Mr Brady senior, died, and died hard, early in the next day. There was a friendly lead at a neighbouring tavern, and the sum of £7 8/ odd was handed over to the widow by the members of the lodge. The funeral was one of the grandest that had been seen in the Lane for many a month. The daughters had their mourning, the widow was in crape, and Mr Brady, no longer Mr Brady, junior, was provided with a second-hand suit of proper hue.

You can't bury the head of the family decently without making a

Weak and Languid

Little Appetite and no Energy.

These are symptoms that effect a large number of people. Below we give the testimonial of Mrs. A. Morgan, of East Brisbane, Queensland, who does not hesitate to tell you of just the remedy that cured her.



"The past season I had a severe attack of dengue fever which left me feeling very weak and languid with little appetite and no energy. But I am pleased to say

DR. AYER'S Sarsaparilla

cured me. As a blood purifier and tonic, or those who are affected by the intense heat of the Queensland summer it is unequalled. I am pleased to recommend it to all those who need a reliable remedy."

For constipation take Dr. Ayer's Pills. They promptly relieve and surely cure. Take them with Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla: one aids the other.

Globia Gold & Globia Jewels

ARE PERFECT IN EVERY RESPECT, IMITATING IN APPEARANCE 18CT. GOLD AND GERMS OF THE FIRST WATER. HAVING BEEN TESTED WE ARE CONFIDENT OF THEIR WEAR.

The Stones are set by experienced setters, the lustre rendering them equal to the most expensive gems. This Jewellery is manufactured in the most fashionable and costly patterns, to suit ladies and gentlemen, and may be worn without the slightest fear of detection.



Ladies' Globia Gold Brooches and Bangles, in all the Latest Artistic Designs, set with Globia Jewels: post paid, 4s 6d each. Each Article of Jewellery is in a Very Handsome Plain and Velvet Case. Ladies' Globia Gold Long Hair Chains: post paid, 4s 6d. Massive Highly-Finished Plain Globia Gold Curb Bangles, in Velvet Case: post paid, 4s 6d. Globia Gold Alberts, Gents', Single 4s 6d, double 6s 6d; Ladies', 3s 6d. Money can be sent in P.O.O., Postal Notes or Stamps of any Colony. ADDRESS—THE MANAGER THE GLOBE WATCH AND JEWELLERY CO., Ltd., 108 FITT-ST., SYDNEY

RED FACES

Rashes, pimples, blackheads, yellow, greasy, mothy skin, are the result of imperfect action of the pores of the skin.

The only preventive of bad complexion is CUTICURA SOAP, because the only preventive of inflammation and clogging of the pores, the cause of most complexional disfigurements.

CUTICURA SOAP is sold throughout the world. British depot: F. ROWLAND & SONS, 1, King Edward-st., London. FOREIGN DEPOTS: DR. J. C. COOK, Sole Proprietor, Boston, U.S.A. See "How to Produce a Clear Complexion," post free.

SALT RHEUM

ROWLAND'S ODONTO

Is the most perfect and reliable dentifrice. It imparts a brilliant polish to the teeth, prevents and arrests decay, preserves the enamel, whitens the teeth, and thoroughly cleanses them from all impurities.

ROWLAND'S ESSENCE OF TYRE

Is the most reliable preparation for dyeing red or grey hair a permanent brown and black.

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

Preserves, strengthens, beautifies the hair, and is the only remedy for baldness: Ask Store and Chemists for ROWLAND'S articles, of Station Gardens, London.