

THE EYES OF FATE

By Alfred Plowman. in People's Magazine.

The rain fell in a persistent, maddening drizzle. Although it was not yet eight o'clock in the evening, the streets were deserted. The dank night air hung over the city like a pall, muffling the thousand noises, and blurring the lights in the store windows.

A policeman in glistening rubber coat squashed along the wet pavement. As he came opposite a darkened store, he peered into its doorway. The awning was down, and water dripped from its scalloped edge like a veil. Finally he called out: "Hey, you—come out of there!"

At his command, a miserable figure started up from the gloom and stepped out. It was a man, small and frail, whose white face stood out against the dark background with startling distinctness. He stood before the policeman, boring one hand nervously into the other. The water dripped down between them with dreadful monotony.

"What in thunder are you hanging around here for?" demanded the policeman.

"I—I just stepped in out of the wet."

"You've been loafing around this corner all evening. Now you move along."

"Where shall I go?" I can't walk around in the rain all night."

"How the devil should I know where you're to go?" snarled the officer, "You just move off my beat, that's all," and shifting his stick to the other hand, he took up his plodding in the wet night again.

The little man looked after the retreating figure for a moment; then, with a shiver, stepped out into the rain and started down

the street. In the middle of the next block, he paused before the lighted windows of a pawnbroker's shop. The show windows were backed in with frosted glass, and he could not see into the interior of the store. The door also had a panel of frosted glass.

He hesitated, and then, as the rain began to come down faster, opened the door and entered.

For an instant he thought no one was in the room. He stood in a little square, formed by the show cases which ran around three sides of the store. Behind these were the great iron safes, with wide-spen doors. A gas light illumined the place, and its rays were flashed back by the tarnished silver pieces in the cases, from the shining musical instruments which hung on the walls, and a hundred and one other objects gathered here in a strange, incongruous medley.

"Well, what can I do for you?" At the sound of the voice, he turned sharply to his left, and saw a head a young man's head, visible over the show case. He almost smiled, it looked so funny—this head without a body. Then it rose up, and he saw that the young man had been sitting behind the case.

The little man stepped forward, and took an old silver watch from his pocket. It was the only thing he had. They had given it back to him when he left the penitentiary. The watch, a suit of clothes, a railroad ticket to the city, and five dollars—these they had given him to start life over again with. The watch was his, and had been taken from him on entering the penitentiary. It had been locked up in the warden's safe for six years, and had for-

gotten how to run. He laid it down upon the case.

The clerk pushed it contemptuously aside. "Absolutely nothing doing at all. I've got a barrel full of these things."

"Please give me something for it. It ought to be worth a dollar. I haven't had anything to eat all day. I want to get a bed for to-night."

The clerk looked him over, then reached to the safe and pulled out a money drawer. It was well filled with bills and silver. He picked out a half dollar, and span it across the glass top to the little man, who pounced upon it.

"Wait a minute—if this is any good at all I'll make it a dollar. God knows you look like you need the money." He walked to a watchmaker's bench at the end of the counter, and fitting a jeweler's glass into his eye, opened the back of the watch.

His back was to the little man. The money drawer was still open. The crisp bills seemed to curl of themselves. It was only a short reach. Should he dare? He stretched out his arm, farther—a little farther. Of a sudden the case against which he leaned cracked loudly. The clerk dropped the glass from his eye and wheeled around. "Oh! that's the game, is it?" and he snatched up a revolver from the bench.

The little man drew back his hand and nervously rubbed his unshaven chin.

"Take your infernal watch and get out of here—no—wait a second—I'd be hanged if I don't have you pinched. There are too many of your kind running around loose." He came from behind the case into the square.

The little man seemed to shrink up. "Please, please don't do that. I haven't taken anything."

"No, but you would have, and knocked me on the head in the

bargain, I suppose." And he moved to a telephone instrument which stood on the show case.

The little man stepped eagerly toward him. "Please—"

"Keep back." and the pistol was brought to a level

The little man stopped, and waved his hand. "Please listen to me. Don't have me run in. I've just done six years for forgery. Six years—God!—you don't know how long that is. If they get me so soon again they'll be harder on me than ever. Give me a chance. I haven't touched anything of yours."

The clerk looked at him with increased suspicion. "If you have just served six years, and are up to these tricks already, a penitentiary is the best place for you." He turned to the telephone and then quickly faced around. "Have you got a gun?—I guess I'd better look," and stepping toward him he ran his hands over the little man's pockets.

As he stopped, the little man leaped upon him, and seized his arm. There was a scuffle. "I won't go back—I won't go back!" gasped the little man. Then of a sudden a shot rang out. They staggered apart, the little man holding his hands over his eyes.

There was a crash of something falling heavily; and when the little man took down his hands, he saw the body of the clerk stretched at his feet, still—so very still, with wide-flung arms and ashen, up-turned face. The smoking pistol lay on the floor between them. In the dreadful silence, the incessant drip, drip of the rain sounded deafeningly loud.

The little man felt weak and faint. He brushed the sweat from his forehead, with his wet coat sleeve, and then, stepping over the body, he rifled the money drawer of every bill and piece of silver it held, stuffing the money heedlessly into his pockets.

When he had taken it all, he glanced quickly around, and then softly, as though he feared to disturb the man lying so still upon the floor, he tip-toed from

You Breathe It

By the simple act of breathing, we breathe life and death. You breathe air crowded with disease germs. These lodge in the membrane and at once commence their deadly work. In a night you develop a cold and before long you are in the grip of Canada's deadliest enemy—Catarrh.

You also breathe Hyomei (pronounced High-o-me) and by so doing breathe in life—Hyomei is medicated and vaporized air. In its journey through the breathing organs it arrests and kills catarrh and cold germs, soothes the inflamed membrane and commences the work of healing. Ask druggist E. W. Mair what he knows about Hyomei. You will find that he not only sells it but guarantees it. A complete outfit will cost you \$1.00 from your druggist or postpaid from the R. T. Booth Co., Limited, Fort Erie, Ont. You will find it invaluable for coughs, colds, catarrh and all kindred diseases. Money here under bills.

the shop, gently closing the door behind him.

As he stepped to the sidewalk, and the cold rain blew into his face, he drew a long breath. He did not feel in any way responsible for what had happened. His mind was numbed by excitement and exhaustion, his body wasted by long fasting and exposure to the weather.

He walked on for a few blocks, and entered a restaurant. A waiter halted him with: "Say, you bums have got a lot of nerve! Go around to the kitchen door in the alley if you want a handout." "I have money to pay for what I eat," he said simply, and was shown to table in a far corner. He ate reverently, filling his poor starved body with such fuel as it had not known for a long time.

When he had finished, he felt much revived. His mind began to busy itself with the consequences of the night's work, but he put the thought from him. He must get some sleep first. With so much money about him, he was afraid to go back to the hovels in which he had been sleeping, and he knew he would not be received in the better hotels in his present condition. Besides, it would be safer if he could rid himself of the wet rags he now wore.

He bought a suit of clothes in a furnishing store—a dark suit of good material. He had it wrapped up, and took it with him to another store, where he bought a shirt and underwear, going thus from one store to another to avoid suspicion until he had a complete outfit.

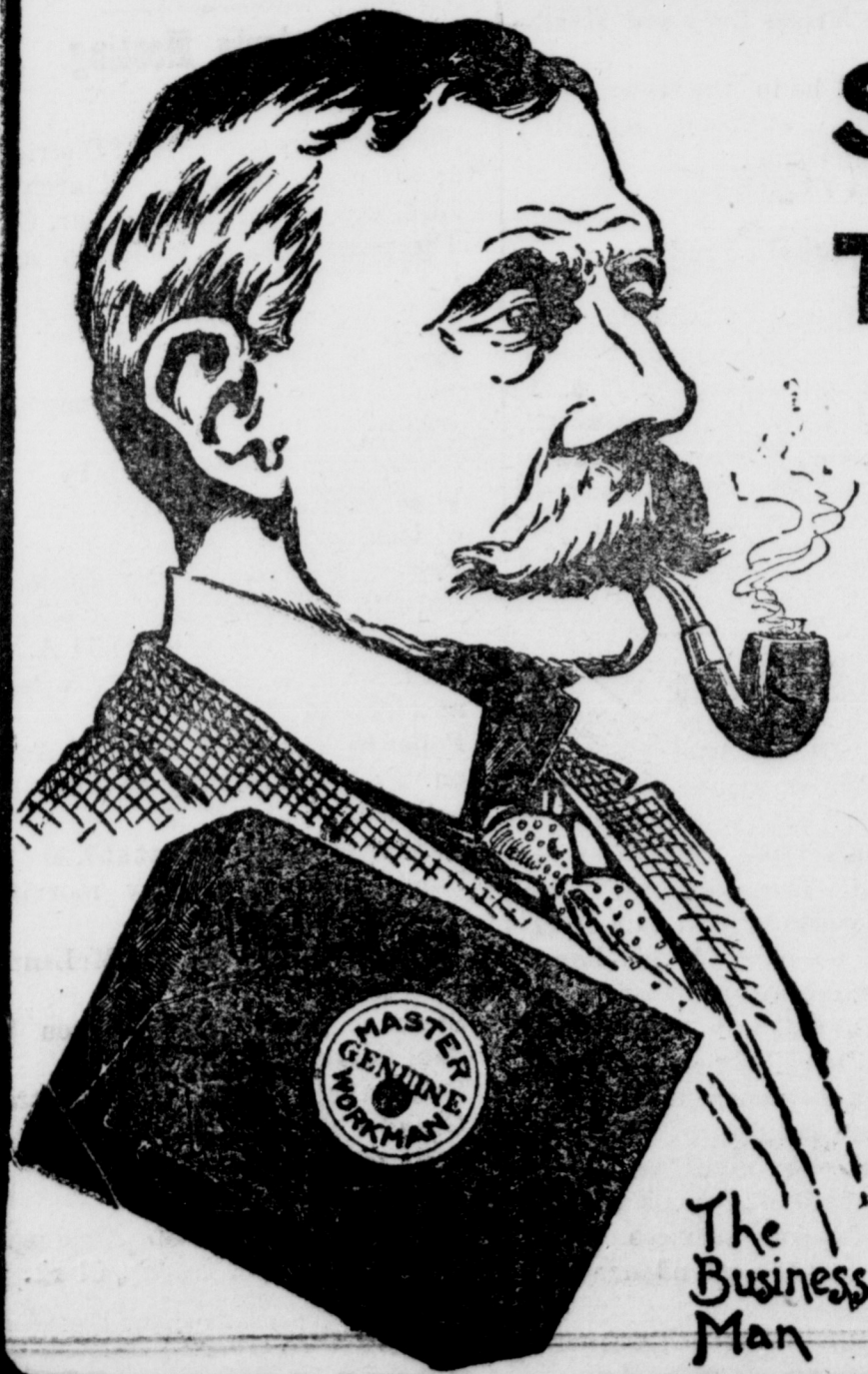
When he had all that he needed, he entered a bathhouse, and after the bath changed to his new clothes, giving the old ones to the porter to burn. He had himself shaved, and when he stepped from the barber's chair he looked and felt a different man.

It was now nearly midnight. He ate another meal at a restaurant, and then, feeling dreadfully tired, sought out a hotel for the night. Before going to bed he counted the money he had, and found that it amounted to five hundred and ninety dollars; then, locking his door, he crept into bed, and in a few moments was wrapped in the sleep of utter exhaustion.

Continued on page 3

MASTER WORKMAN

SMOKING TOBACCO



The Business Man says:

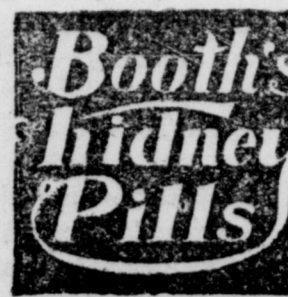
It's Good Business to Smoke

"Master Workman" TOBACCO

This world-famous Brand can now be obtained for 15c. a cut at all the best Stores.

Bearing Down Pains

What woman at sometime or other does not experience these dreadful bearing down pains. Mrs. E. Griffith, of Main street, Hepworth, Ont., says: "A heavy bearing-down pain had settled across my back and sides. I was often unable to stoop or straighten myself up. Many times each night I would have to leave my bed with the irregular and frequent secretions of the kidneys and just as done out in the morning on retiring. I was languid and would have to let my house-work stand. Nothing I had tried would benefit me. I learned of Booth's Kidney Pills and concluded I would try them, which I did and soon found the long sought relief. My back strengthened and I began to feel better and stronger. I now enjoy my sleep without being disturbed and feel grateful to Booth's Kidney Pills for what they did for me."



Booth's Kidney Pills are a boon to women. She would know less of backaches if she took more of these wonderful pills. They are nature's greatest specific for all diseases of the kidneys and bladder. All druggists, 50c. box or postpaid from The R. T. Booth Co. Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont. Sold and guaranteed by E. W. Mair.

Hair Goods

OUR SPECIALTY.

"Consider the postage stamps say's Josh Billings, it makes its Mark by sticking to one thing till it arrives. So do we. Our sole Business is the Manufacturing and importing of the latest fashionable Hair Goods at lowest possible prices. We carry all the latest novelties in Fancy Bands, Nets, Barettes, Combs, Etc. Give us a trial order to prove the satisfaction we can give you.

Mrs. A. F. Winslow

The Reliable Hairdresser