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**************** They Would Fight

A Daughter Objects to Her Mother's Second Marriage

By ELLEN OGILVIE *******

I was twelve years old when paw dled-old enough to know that his death was a double calamity to me. 1 had lost him, and I stood in danger of a stepfather. I could not recall him, but I vowed that if any man came into the house to take his place he would have to walk in over my dead body. I drew mental pictures of puttin' a fork into his vitals, scaldin' him or servin' bim as Jack served the giantby diggin' a pit for him.

When the danger really came I was seventeen years old. Josiah Shadwell, owner of the adjoinin' farm, lost his wife. He and maw had always been very friendly, and I no sooner heard that Mrs. Shadwell was dead than i began to tremble. Maw, she just took charge of the Shodwell home till after the funeral. The Shadwells bad only one child, a son, Jim, twenty years old, and be wasn't home when his mother died. When he came his father per suaded bim to stay and relieve him of some of the responsibility of working the farm.

Jim consented, partly because I per snaded him to stay, for we had played together as children, and I liked Jim first rate. But as to assumin the responsibility of the farm, my experience is that when an elderly man talks about throwin' off his responsibilities it means he's bent on takin' a tighter grip on 'em; just as a woman in house keepin'-the older she grows the less willin' she is to let any one else do any thing.

It wasn't three months after Mrs Shadwell's death that I began to ob serve indications that the widower had intentions on maw. Nobody but me noticed any change in his bearin' to



"MANDY 'D BETTER MOVE IT BACK AGAIN. ward her, and there didn't seem to be. But there was-that is, I knew it by that womanly intuition that knows

things that ain't so which nevertheless are so. Not very long after this Jim and his paw got to comin' over even-in's to sit by the open fireplace with

me and maw.

Then I knew somep'n else that Jim didn't see at all. How could be, bein' a man with a man's stupidity about such things? Mr. Shadwell saw through me as I saw through him. But it wasn't any credit for him to see through me, for I made it as plain as a barn with the doors wide open. He knew that in his designs on maw he had to down me and I wouldn't be easy to down. Well, do you know the old teller went

about to circumvent me. To think of a man's tryin' to circumvent a woman! I guess not! And he didn't suspect that I'd see through his designs. What he was after was to come over to our house with Jim, intendin' Jim to distract my attention from him and maw. When we was settin' around the fire. eatin' doughnuts and drinkin' cider, after we was through with the eatin' and drinkin' Mr. Shadwell would make some excuse to git maw into the settin' room, lookin' at Jim and me as much as to say: "Young folks haven't any use for old folks. Let's give 'em

If I hadn't been so riled I'd 'a' taughed, and if I hadn't been as bent on circumventin' him as he was on cir-

Cured Himself With GIN PILLS

No greater compliment could be paid GIN PILLS than to have a druggist use them. Mr. Rogers being in the business, tried all the ordinary remedies, but it was not until he used GIN PILLS that he was cured of a severe pain in the back.

Winnipeg, May 19th. 1912. Winnipeg, May 19th. 1912.

"In the autumn of 1911, I suffered with a continual pain in the back. As a druggist, I tried various remedies without any apparent results. Having sold GIN PILLS for a number of years, I thought there must be good in them otherwise the sales would not increase so fast. I gave them a fair trial and the results I found to be good".

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GIN PILLS must cure you or your money will be refunded. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50. Sample free if you write National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada. Limited, Toronto.

cumventin' me I'd said: "You old fool! You're speakin' one word for me to two for yourself."

One Sunday evenin' Jim he come over alone. Maw got out some nuts and things for him and me and left us, sayin' she'd got a headache and was goin' to bed early. Jim wasn't long doin' somep'n he had never done before. He sidled up to me and put his "What you doin' that for, Jim?" I

"Because I like you."

"That's not the only reason, Jim." "What's the other one?" he asked. "Your paw is angiln for my maw. He sent you overshere to make up to me, hopin' to put me where I wouldn't have any objection. Jim just drew off a bit and looked

at me kind o' surprised. "How did you know that?" he asked. "'Cause it's as plain as a yellar pumpkin," I answered.

"I didn't know it myself till you told

"What do you mean by that?" "Why, dad, t'other day he said to me, 'Jim, Mandy Barnes is a nice girl, isn't she?" 'You bet, I says. 'Why don't you try to git ber?' says he. 'I been thinkin' that for some time, says L That was a week ago Monday. evenin' dad said he thort he'd stay home and read his farmer's journals. I wonder if he didn't do it to give me a chance to do some sparkin'?'

"That's plain enough," said I. "And I wonder whether maw and he understand each other? I can see through a man, but when one woman sets herself to hoodwink another it's a different matter.

I give Jim just enough encouragement to keep him where I wanted him, for a busband without his paw for a stepfather I wouldn't have either of 'em. Before I listened to Jim I had a-mind to settle matters between Mr. Shadwell and maw We kept a few pigs just to ent up the leavin's from our table and to sell when they got big enough. First thing I did was to complain to mother that the sty was too near our house. It smelt bad. And I kept dingin' at her to let me move it till she give in. Then one day when she went to the county fair I stayed home and had the sty moved close up

Nobody made any objection till one night I got out of bed, went to the sty, let out the pigs, scraped a hole under the fence between our yard and the Shadwells' potato patch big enough for the pigs to git through and put 'em all in the patch.

to Mr. Shadwell's fence.

The next mornin' I looked out of my window and saw Mr. Shadwell stand in' over his potatoes—those that the pigs hadn't eaten—swearin' like a pirate. Maw, she happened to take the swill to the sty at that time, which was mighty lucky for me and unlucky for them.

"What's the matter, Mr. Shadwell?" she asked, kind o' soothin'.

"Matter. ma'am! Why. the movin'.



o' your sty up here has cost me most o' my potatoes!"

"What did you move it for?"
"Mandy did it."
"All I've got to say is Mandy better move it back again. Mandy seems to be boss in your house anyway!"
This made maw mad, and without answerin' she dumped the swill into the trough and come back into the

Jim come over that night and told me his father was mighty sorry he'd lost his temper. I said to Jim that his father better come the next Sunday night and not say anything about any smooth again. He said he'd give his unpleasantness and all father my recommend and went away early to make the old man feel more comfortable.

I'd been lookin' for a weak spot in the fence between the two farms and had one in mind. That night I pulled away enough of it to let our cows into the Shadwell cornfield. You ought to seen that cornfield the next morning I almost felt ashamed of myself. When maw saw the damage that had been done she went over to pacify Mr. Shadwell, and it ended in their gittin' into a regular fight. He said some one must 'a' done it a-purpose. This riled maw a little, but she kept steady. said she'd been wonderin' for some time why he didn't mend the weak spots in his fence, and he said there wasn't any weak spots, except what had been made a-purpose. Maw ask-ed if he was referrin' to her, but she wouldn't give him time to answer. She

just let out on him. Mr. Shadwell he didn't come over the next Sunday night; no more did Jim. I thought mebbe Jim had begun to see through a milestone, and he had. The next day, after the cow destroyed the corn, he and his father was hammerin at the fence all day. I didn't go near 'em. I just waited. Next day when I was goin' to the store I met Jim in the road. He hardly spoke to me. asked him what was the matter, and he said I'd spoiled everything between His father had taken a great dislike to me and had forbid his comin' over to our house evenin's any more. "What's he got against me?" I asked

in a voice smooth, like peaches and "He'd have more against you than he has," said Jim, "if he'd seen you

the other night, as I did, turnin' the cow into our cornfield." I knew his paw and my maw had done too much fightin' to be liltely to make it up, so I said to Jim: "There's nothin' mean about me. If the old folks love each other as we do I wouldn't stand in their way to bein' happy." Jim said that was just like always givin' way for other people's benefit.

When the trouble had blown over Jim and I was married, his paw makin' no objections after Jim told him my "noble words," as Jim called 'em, about not standin' in the old folks' way. But as if they'd been younger, and it was broke clean through. Mr. Shadwell treats me fairly well, but he hasn't the confidence in me Jim has or had when we was married. I expect the father's nearer right than the son. I do think a man in love can make the biggest fool of himself. He always seems to me to have taken leave of his senses.

Maw and Mr. Shadwell are pretty good friends; but, laws, they don't want to get hitched! They'd fight

SURES FROM ELBOW

TO FINGERS

ZAM-BUK WORKED A

MIRACLE OF HEALING

Reverend Gentleman

Fully Corroborates

Miss Kate L. Dolliver, of Caledonia, Queen's Co., N.S. says: "I must add my testimony to the value of Zam-Bnk.

Queen's Co., N.S. says: "I must add my testimony to the value of Zam-Buk, Ulcers and sores broke out on my arm, and although I tried to heal them by using various preparations, nothing seemed to do me any good. The sores, spread until from fingers to elbow was one mass of ulceration.

"I had five different doctors, and faithfully carried out their instructions. I drank pint after pint of blood medicines, tried salve after salve, and lotion after lotion; but it was of no avail.

"My father then took me thirty miles to see a well-known dector. He photographed the arm and hand. This photographed was sent to a New York hospital to the specialist; but they sent word they could do nothing further for me, and I was in despair

"One day a friend asked me if I had tried Zam Buk. I said I had not, but I got a nox right away. That first box did me more good them all the medicine. I had tried up to that time, so I continued that treatment. Every box healed the sores more and more until, to make a long story short. Zam-Buk healed all the sores completely. Everybody in this place knows of my case, and that it is Zam Buk alone, nich cured me."

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have known ber for a year and a half, and her cure effected by Zam-Buk is remarkable."

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burns, bruises, or any skin injury or disease, there Zam-Buk should be applied. All druggists and stores sell at 50c. a box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Refuse cheap and harmful imitations and substitutes.

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