

never saddened save when by the

"It is very bitter to me, Vane, to have to stoop to deceit; but it is a deep wound to my pride, that Stuart, my son, should so far forget his dignity as to think of such a girl for his wife. You are prompted by the best and no-blest feelings, Vane; but I can not bring myself to submit to this degradation even for a minutes. Stuart must know the truth—must know how I judge him in this." n this " Vone rose burriedly from her seat.

Vone rose hurriedly from her seat. "I know you are right, Aunt Con-stance," she responded quietly, though she was inwardly disturbed by Mrs. Croshie's words; "but consider. Stuart is impulsive, as strong-willed as yourself, if you cross him in this, who knows but that he may do something rash—per-haps marry the girl without delay, and be separated from you forever? Is it be separated from you forever? Is it net wiser to act cautiously, to be care-ful and politic? I do not advocate too tent in her humble life? nut and pointer 1 do not advocate too much warmth on your part; meet Stuart coldly, but at the same time throw no obstacle in the way. Believe me, dear atuitie, you will be relieved of all anxie-tuits for a while? if you do this."

But what do you propose?" asked Mrs. Croshie, resuming her seat, and Vane saw that her advice had taken

"We must let the separation come from her." she answered, quickly. "It will not do to send the girl away-that would be put a stimulus to Stuart's de-termination. No: he must be disillusion-ed; and that will not be a difficult matshould imagine."

Mrs. Crosbie was silent for a few mo ments: she was irritated and displease more than Stuart imagined she would be at the news of his attachment. To her it seemed incredible that a Crosbie looks she had given, the kisses he should stoop to humiliate himself in this way. Vane's words fell with good effect upon her ears. Had her niece not hands been at hand to smooth matters with tact, she would not have been gentle tact, she would not have been to restrain her anger. Something of the wisdom of the girl's advice came home wisdom of the girl's advice came home to her as she mused. She saw that Vane was urged by icalousy and pride to break off this terrible connection, but she was quite wrong in her conclusions

as to the source of that jealousy. She judged it to be solely the outcome of love for her son, and the thought came as soothing balm at such a moment. Once let them despatch that girl, and the marriage she had planned would take place. Vane watched her aunt intently.

You will consent?" she said softly. "Yes." Mrs. Crosbie answered abrupt

Deace

uestion.

ly. Vane made no immediate rcply, but her heart thrilled with satisfaction. Now her heart thrilled with satisfaction. Now she must conjure up all her power to de-feat Margery Daw. Plan after plan fol-lowed each other through her mind; but che could arrive at none better than trampling on this village rival's dignity and wounding her pride with darts the sting of which would linger longest. Be-fore she began the fray, however, she must see Stuart, breathe in his ear that she had succeeded with his mother, and thus allay any supplion he might enterthus allay any suspicion he might enter-tain in the future that it was through instrumentality that his love-dream

had been broken. "Yes," said Mrs. Crosbie again. will act as you suggest. I see plainly the wiedow of such a course. Were I to display the anger I feel, the consequences might be worse than the present state of things. At all hazards we must separate m from this girl!" Vane bent, and kissed her aunt.

Vane bent, and kissed her aunt. "I am glad you see the matter as I do. Aunt Constance, I feel I am right. Stu-art must be saved from this; and, if we work well, we shall do it. Now I must

Margery drew a quick breath. "I can not answer now," she said; "to norrow I will tell you, Mr. Robert." "Oh, there is no hurry," Robert re-turned, heartily. "Mother will welcome you gladly whenever you come." "Wait till to-morrow and she'll b with you," Reuben said in the young man's ear. and Margery turned indoors again; then he added, in a louder tone, I must go up to the Weald for an hour o see the men. Get thee some rest

a pretext for leaving her in her sorrow without word or sign. Her youth, her joy, her light of life was gone, and henceforth she was alone in the world. "I will stay here, if Margery will let ne," Robert Bright said, putting one ne." foot on the door-step and glancing into Here heart raised a cry against the man. Why had he sought her? Why had he so ruthlessly broken the charm of childhood, and givthe room. en her the forrows of a woman? Why not have left her in her innocence, con-

Reuben had moved away down the path, and the sight of the girl's pale, drawn face, and instess, drooping figure, stirred the heart of the younger farmer. for weeks past he had grown to watch or this girl. Her rare beauty and dain-During the last three months Margery had lived in an atmosphere of indescrib-able happiness. She did not stop to reatiness were as something heavenly in his very-day life. must not fret, Margery," he "You son with herself as to whether said, as kindly as he could; sympathy, always difficult to him, was almost im-Stuart

ently.

Crosble's comings and goings had not an unspeakable interest for her. She had welcomed him its her friend, the possible now. "You are looking very pale and ill." The girl raised her hands, and pressed

dearest in truth she possessed, until the day in Weald Wood, and then what joy filled her being! Stuart loved her. The truth was revealed to her; the key to her contentment—her joyous spirits them over her hot eyes; then she rose with a faint smile, and drew nearer to the door, leaning back against it with a weary little sigh. sick

"I am very tired," she said, wistfully, woman't couch —was grasped. And now all was at an end. An indescribable pain "and the heat tries me." "Come to my mother, and she will pierced her heart; she never realized till

murse you; you do not know what pierced her heart: she never realized till now how deeply her affections were cen-tred in him. Her shamed modesty re-sented the wound he had inflicted. She recalled the words she had spoken, the doctor she is. Come! Let m clever take you away with me-1 will borrow a cart from some one in the village. Do ome, Margery!" Margery shook her head. had

stolen from her lips, and at each though "I can not go," she answered slowly. "Do not think me unkind; I can not she grew fainter and pressed her smal against her heart to stav its

throbbings. She could think of nothing His face fell, and there was silence but the two figures standing in Weald between them for a few minutes. Wood, with the sunshine overhead: and the picture brought a flush of shame to heavily fringed lids drooped over her eves, and so he gazed, whilst the love eyes, and so he gazed, whilst the fove raging within his heart urged him to take his frail sad being from sorrow to her face, a weight of unspeakable grief

She reached the cottage gate at last, happiness. Suddenly it grew too much for him, and, putting out his hands, he and advanced wearily to the door. The grasped hers tenderly. "Margery," he said-"my darling!" reality of Mrs. Morris' death came to her then in all its bitter force. In all th Margery tremblingly withdrew her hands, and her eyes met his glowing ones, with horror and distress in their days of her childhood, whe ntrouble had

overtaken her, she had sought the gen-tlewoman whose couch now stood blank and empty, and had found solace in her soothing love. Now she had none to whom she could turn, none to bring her

She threw off her hat, and, suddenly finging herself upon the couch, gave way to a flood of passionate tears. A thousand thoughts coursed through her mind. Was this the cross of her life? horror-a sacrilege! Robert Bright saw her light shudder, and he tried once more to grasp her hands. Was all that was beautiful and happy "Forgive me, Margery," he said, hur gone forever from her? Was her lot henceforth to be but sorrow and tears? riedly. "I would not have spoken so soon, but something within me forced me to do so. I could not bear to see

Her spirit recoiled from the vision of grief. Some lines she had read a week before rose to her lips with an agony you looking so pale and ill. You want comfort now, and so I spoke. Margery, I love you! My darling, don't be fright-"O God, I am so young, so young! I am not used to tears at night ened. Perhaps I am rough; but I love truly-you can not know how truly,

astead of slumber, nor to pray'r With sobbing lips and hands outwrung" and, uttering a bitter cry, Margery bun fed her face in her hands till the parface buried in her hands, had sunk into her chair again. As she felt his touch xysm was passed.

on her shoulder, her hands dropped, but her head was still lowered. Fatigue and sorrow had told upon her, "You must not say such words," she said faintly. "Dear Mr. Robert, for-give me, but-but I can not hear them. I--" and she rose from her knees looking, with her white tear-stained face. the ghost of the lovely girl a week before. Her tears had relieved her, the dull pain t has been were goone, but the page

Her tears had relieved her, the dull pain at her heart was gone; but the pas-sion of her grief had weakened her, and for many minutes she lay back in a chair, the faint breeze stirring the curls on her forehead. Presently the sound of footsteps aroused her, and, looking up, she saw Reuben Morris enter the garden, accom-tear of the sound the tear of tear Reuben Morris enter the garden, accom-panied by a young man who, despite/hin handsome face, was certainly of a ple-beian stamp. The two men were talking earnestly; and Margery noticed with a ery ?" 'Yes," she answered, putting one hand to her heart to check its tumultuous throbbings. "Yes; I mean it. I like throbbings. "Yes; I mean it. I like you-you are so good; but love-" The sadness of her accent touched pang the stoop in the sturdy shoulders, the worn face of the bereaved man. She had always loved him, though the link "Then forget it all," he said, huskily that bound her to the dead woman was "Then forget it all," he said, huskily. "Love does not kill. I shall get over it. And yet-" He hesitated, looked once more at her drooping figure, and then went on hurriedly: "Don't let this stop you from going to my mother, if you care to do so. I have to run up to Lon-don to-night. We should not meet." Marguery near and held out her hard vanting in her affection for him; and she forgot her own sorrow for the mo-ment in thinking of his. She was leaning back in the shadow and neither perceived her; but her ears caught her own name; and, too weary to move, she remained in her seat. "Then you have not spoken to Mar-gery yet?" she heard the young man Margery rose and held out her hands him. In an instant he had them to him

"I retract my first opinion," she said to herself; "the girl is absolutely plain." Some vague instinct called Margery's pride to arms. This woman hated her, she feit, though their eyes had met but once before. She drew herself up, and, resting one hand on her chair, faced her unwelcome guest. What had brought her to the cottage? Margery felt her limbs trembling; but her face showed no sign of the agony in her heart. "Yes," she said, steadily, "I am Marg-ery Daw. Do you wish--" "First, let me express sympathy for you in your loss," commenced Vane, mod-ulating her voice to soft accents. She saw at once that Margery regarded her

THE ATHENS REPORTER, JULY 26, 1911.

ulating her voice to soft accents. She saw at once that Margery regarded her as an enemy; but she did not intend to allow that thought to become rooted. She must clothe her darts with kind-ness, and with her sweetest words thrust her dagger into this girl's heart. "None can know but those who have suffered what your grief must be," she finished

gently. Margery's head drooped. Had sorrow already destroyed all her good impuls-es? She was prepared for war, and she met with sympathy and tenderness! "You are very good," she faltered. Vane advanced into the room and pulled forward a chair.

pulled forward a chair. "May I sit with you for a while?"

she asked. "It is not good for you to be alone like this." "I like it," answered Margery, turn-ing her lustrous eyes upon her guest; and, as Vane saw their beauty, her

rows contracted, and she realized that her first judgment regarding this girl had been right, after all. Her mood changed. When she had considered Margery plain, a half-con-temptuous thought had passed through her mind to would yet retain her sweet ness. Now she felt she cared not how hard she struck to relieve the jealousy

and dislike that rankled in her bosom. (To be Continued.)

Slow, but Sure Poison Goes All Through the System When Catarrh Sets In.

It's the poisonous secretions of cat-

arch that undermine the strength and vitality. Now is the time to get cured. Catarrhozone cures thoroughly. Think He of it, a lasting cure, so complete that no trace of catarrh ever returns! Just inhale the soothing vapor of Catarrh ozone and freedom from colds, bronchitis and catarrh is assured. Mr. T. Y. MacVicar, of Yarmouth, suf-

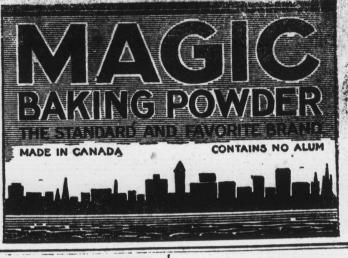
fered for many years from catarrh, and says: "In my long experience with this losthsome disease. I never used any remedy that relieved and cured so promptly edy that relieved and cured so prompty as Catarrhozone. When my nostrils were so stuffed up that I couldn't breathe I found a few inhalations of Cat-arrhozone sufficient to clear away the depths. She had never dicamed this. She had liked Robert, thinking She had never dieamed of him a cheery, good hearted man; but love-love from him, when every pulse in her beat only for Stuart! It was a mucous. I am perfectly cured by Cat-arrhozone and free from the disease entirely." Use only Catarrhozone. Com plete outfit gives two months' treat-ment, costs \$1, and guaraneed to cure; sample size 25c. Sold everywhere.

FISH. (By F. C. Langworthy, expert in charge

of nutrition experiments, U. S. de-partment of agriculture.) Meat and fish are both flesh foods and are so similar in chemical composition and in methods of preparation that there

is ample reason for the general feeling Margery!" But she had drawn back, and, with her that thy serve the same purpose in th

that thy serve the same purpose in the diet and may replace one another at the convenience of the housekeeper and the preference of the housekeeper and the preference of the housekeeper and the preference of the fundity. Th: ways of preparing fish are so well known that they do not need men-cion in detail, but it is perhaps worth while to direct attention pasticularly to the food value and palatability of sait and smoked fishes as reasonably inex-persive articles of diet. Owing to their many palatable dishes which contain on-ly small quantities of the fish, such as creamed smoked halbut, creamed cod-fish, or chowder made with sait fish. As flour, or other cereal, milk and the other materials used with the fish are usually cheaper than fish or meat, such a dish is manifestiy cheaper mbh tmht a dish is manifestiy much less expen-sive than a roast, and when rightly made is certainly palatable. If the sim-



SPOILED BY COMPOSITOR.

An editor was sitting in his office one lay when a man entered whose brow was clothed with thunder. Fiercely geizing a chair, he stammed his hat on the table, hurled his umbrella on the floor, and sat down. "Are you the editor?' he asked. "Yes." "Car you read writing?" "Of course." "Read that, then," he said, thrusting at the editor an envelope with an in-scription on it. "B"-- said the editor, trying to spell it. was clothed with thunder. Fiercely

"That's not a 'B,' it's an 'S,' " said

"That's not a 'B,' it's an 'S,' " said the man. Oh. yes, I see. Well it looks li'e 'Soles for Dhnner,' or 'Souls for Sinters." said the editor." "No, sir," rplied the man: 'nothing of the sort. That's my name-Esamble. Called to see about that poem of mine you printed the other: day entitled "The Surcease of Sorrow" it." said the editor. "I don't renember it." said the editor. "I don't renember the villainous title of 'Shearcase for-morrow." "A blunder of the compositor, I sup-ore?"

"A blunder of the compositor, I sup-"A blunder of the compositor, I sup-ore"? (a, sir, and that is what I am here to see you about. The way in which that poem was mutilated was simply scandalous, I haven't stept a night since. It exposed me to derision. People think me a fool. (The editor coughed). Let me show you. This first line, when I wrote it, read this way: 'Lying by a weeping willow, underneath a perite slope.' That is beautiful and poetic. Now, how did your vile sheet represent it to the public? 'Lying to a weeping widow, indiced her to elope.' "Weeping widow, 'mind you! A widow! Oh, thunder and lightning! This is too much"

oh, thunder and lightning! This is too much!" "It's hard, sir-very hard," said the editor. "Then take the fifth verse. In the or-iginal manuscript it said, plain as day-light, "Take away the jingling money, it is only glittering dross!" In its print-ed form you make me say, 'Take away the tingling honey: put some files in for the boss.' By George! I feel like at-tacking somebody with your fire shovel! But oh, look at the sixth verse. I wrote, 'I'm weary of the tossing of the ocean as it heaves.' When I opened your paper and saw the lines transformed into 'I'm wearing out my trousers till they'rd open at the knees,' I thought that was taking in an inch too far. I fancy I have a right to murder that: compositor. Where is he?" "He is out just now," said the editor. "Come in to-morrow."

"Come in to-morrow." "I will," said the poet; "and I will come armed."-Tit-Bits.

HOW TO OBTAIN A GOOD COLOR

Treatment to Restore the Blood Supply That Has Been Most Successful.

There is only this to tell people who a here is only this to term poly on are pale and weak because you haven't blodd enough and you won't be better until your blood supply is increased. You should not lose any time in increasing your blood supply, for people who ne-gleet anaemia, often slip into a deadly decline. When you have increased your blood supply you can reasonably expe to have good color, to have a good tired, breathless feeling, to have a good

The Hot Spell in South Carolina.

Governor Cole L. Blease yesterday ad-

dressed two immense and enthusiastic audiences of cotton mill workers in Spar-

tanburg county, at Cowpens in the morn-ing and at Drayton mills in the after-

ne nad sold pardons e if he should be impeac to the United States St cessor of Senator 1. P. anburg Herald

TANDHUMOR RISING PROFESSION

(Fliegende Blaetter.) "What's your friend's business "Oh, he's a discoverer of new Rem randts."

> EX.PENSIVE. (Philadelphia Record.)

Blobbs-Bjones always looks so pen-Slobbs-Well, if you knew the amount of alimony he has to pay I guess you'd think she was rather expensive.

HAPPY DAY!

(Life.) Mrs. Benham-I believe in the equal

ity of the sexes. Benham—So do I; I am looking for-ward to the day when your harem skirts are advertised like trousers, at '99 cents a leg."

> NOT UP TO HIM. (Puck.)

Teacher-Tell me! How do you prove he earth is round? Dull but Smart Pupil-I never said it

was! SHREWD PERSUASION.

(Washington Star.) "How did you convert young Mrs. "How did you convert young Mrs. Torkins to your votes for women idea?" asked one suffragette. "I designed a perfectly feteching cam-paign costume and showed it to her."

KNEW HOW TO SELL GOODS. Salesman—You'll find these good wearing socks, sir. Customer—Rather loud, aint' they? Salesman—Yes, sir. But that keeps the fect from going to sleep.—Tit-Bits.

METHOD IN HER TIGHTNESS.

(Exchange.) Nell-When she is so stout I wonder

why Ethel laces so tightly. Belle—The man she is engaged to has such a short arm.

> STRENUOUS ACTION. (Pittsburg Gazette.)

Tailor-Has Mr. Owens taken any action on that bill of his yet. Collector-Yes; he kicked me out the last time I called to collect it.

ESSENTIAL. (Washington Star.)

"Do you think the study of Greek has practical galue?" "Certainly, Every man should know enough Greek to be able to resumize the name of his college fraternity."

(Boston Transcript.)

AN EXTREME CASE.

start for the vialge. Remember, you will not let your anger be seen." "It will be difficult, perbaps," return-ed Mra. Crosbie; "but there is too much at stake, and I will control myself."

Vane moved away slowly, leaving the mother plunged in bitter thought, and mounted the stairs to her room. She put on her pretty hat, smiling triumph antly at her own image in the mirror and, drawing on her gloves, passed along the corridor till she reached Stuart's

She knocked softly, and whispered to the servant-

your master awake?" Yes. miss.

"Ask him to come to the door for one

minute, if he can." Vane fastened the last button of her glove, and then stood waiting, a picture of grace and beauty, as Stuart moved

"I am going now," she said, gently; "but, before I start, 1 wanted to let you know that I have succeeded with Aunt Constance. She

"She agrees?" interrupted Stuart, resting against the door for support. "Yes, but," continued Vane, "you mu

not be surprised if she is cold and hard. Of course she was totally unprepared for my news. I expect she will come and see directly Now will you trust me again, Stuart?"

"Trust!" he echoed, putting out his hand. "I have no words to thank you with, Vane. Margery and I owe all our happiness to you.'

thought I would tell you; and now I must go," Miss Charteris said hurried

I must go," Miss Charteris said hurried ly. "You look pale, Stuart." "My head aches confoundedly! I beg your pardon. Vane, but I am not used to pain, and I grow impatient. Tell Mar-gery---- But I leave it all to yod. Thank you again and again." Vane descended the stairs rapidly; and she felt as she seated herself in the smart pony carriage that she had fought

half her battle, and that, with a little care and discrimination, the victory would be easily and gracefully won.

CHAPTER XI.

talk it all over.' Along the hot road, and through the "Australio!" repeated Margery, draw where her strang, dazed look "Austrano: repeated Margery, draw-ing closer to him. "So soon!" "Yes, lass, I must go. I had an offer through Farmer Bright to go up coun-try to a man, who wants a stock-driver. while wonder in the women's minds, awoke wonder in the women's minds, and set their tongues wagging in pity, teiled Margery. She was filled with but one thought, one terrible thought, which che thought, one terrible thought, which chilled her heart, and roused her pride. Stuart Crosble had deceived her; he had It isn't money that takes me. Margery stuart Crosbie had deceived her; he had deliberately sought her, and -a blush But we must think of you, lass." Aved her checks it the romembrance -- "I shall be all right," Margery said, secret pleasure her worn, carstained "on her love, her pure, innocent love, quietly. "I have many friends; Sir face and dusty disburged appearance dyed her cheeks of the romembrance-

to him. In an instant he had tack pressed to his breast, his cycs fixed on her face; but there was no indication of what he sought in her pallid cheeks and trembling lips. He loosened his "No; but I shall do it afore nightime. I can not bear to think of quitting grasp. "Then," he said, slowly, "there is no

her, poor lamb! But there's many here as'll be good to her, and I can not stay in the place; it would kill me." hope, Margery ?" "None," she murmured, faintly. "You will be a loss, Morris," returned

the stranger. "Have you sent word Sir Hubert's steward about going?" Robert Bright pressed his lipe to her hands, and the next minute she heard his step grow fainter and fainter along "I've just come from him. He spoke very kindly, and tried to persuade me to stay on; but my mind is fixed, and I

the path, and then the click of the gate told her that he was gone. Margery sat on, dazed, almost stupito say on, Sir Hubert and my lady are not coming home, after all, he tells me, for which I am sorry, as Margery would fied. Then gradually memory came back to her, bringing, in all its bitter-ness, the old pain of the morning, with

Margery rose and moved into the a fresh pang of sorrow for the man who had just left her. She felt as though she had been cruel to him. He had door-way, holding out her hand to the speaker.

"I have heard what you have been been so earnest, so cager, and yet there was no hope. No hope! Her heart echoed the dismal words. Life that had saying, Dad Reussen '- calling him by the name she had given him when she was name sl a child.

cheen so bright and beautiful was now dark and drear as winter gloom. She sat on, heedless of time's flight, vaguely Reuben Morris drew her toward him. "My poor lass?" he said, gently. "How worn and tired you look! I meant to has spoken to you to night. Margery." "Tell me now," she urged, giving her hand to the young man. watching the sun touch the trees with its afternoon gold, and sadly musing the dark mysterious future that

stretched before her. At last she woke from her sad thoughts. The click of the gate had caught her ear. and she "1 am going away, Margery," Reuben rephed. "I can not stay here. The sight of all she-loyed would kill me: so i am just going to leave it all; and I start for Australia at the end of the week. I have been up to Farmer Bright's. and realized that the afternoon was nearly "It is Dad Reuben!" she murmured;

and, rising, she dragged herself from the chair and stood, looking pale and ill, as a shadow fell over the door way. Mr. Robert has walked back with he to

CHAPTER XIL "You are Margery Daw ?"

A cold voice fell on Margery's ear. She turned, and her eyes rested on Vane Charteris, looking inexpressibly lovely and graceful in her white toilet. She

looked steadily at Margery, noting with

a dish is manifestiy cheaper mbh tmht a dish is manifestiy cheaper mbh tmht a dish is manifestiy much less expen-sive than a roust, and when rightly made is certainly palatable. If the sim-ple creamed-fish dishes size not con-sidered suitable for dinner, they may be made more elaborate by combining the fish with cream sauce, covering with crumbs and baking, and there are too, of course, many other dishes which can be made of sait fish. Creamed fish is often served with bak-ed or bolled potatoes in place of meat. The savoriness of the sait of smoked fish makes it a favorite dish with many people, but its high nutritive value seems hardly to be appreciative. A quart of milk thickened with flour and mixed with one-half pound of dried fish (cod-fish or finnan haddle) makes a compound which contains more protein than a pound of round steak and as much as a pound of hard bolled egg, which is a common practice, still further increases the proteid value. Two eggs would bring the food value up to that of about 1 1-2 pounds of round steak of about 1 1-2 pounds of round steak of about 1 1-2 pounds of round steak of about 1 1-4 pounds of round steak of about 1 1-4 pounds of round steak of about 1 2-4 pounds of round steak of about 1 2-4 pounds serve more persons than the steak and cost less. ways the red blood is to take Dr. Wil-new rich red blood is to take Dr. Wil-iams' Pink Pills. Every dose helps to make new blood, and this new blood coursing through the veine, brings health and strength to every organ and every part of the body, making weak, stilling neonle bright, active and strong.

Where Asparagus Grows Wild.

every part of the body, making weak, ailing people bright, active and strong. This has been proved in thousands of cases, of which the case of Mrs. George Clark, Abbottsford, B. C., is a fair am-ple. Mrs. Clark says: "After spend-ing two years and six months in a hos-pital training for a nurse I began to fail in health, was very pale, and the least exertion would leave me out of breath. After graduating I came to British Columbia to take up my' pro-fession as a private nurse. The first case I took I found I was not able to go on with my work. Doctors' tonics case I took I found I was not able to go on with my work. Doctors' tonics failed me and acting on my own judg-ment I purchased a bottle of Dr. Wil-liams' Pink Pills. Before I had fin-ished them I was really surprised at the result. The color came back to my face. I gained in strength and by the Asparagus was not introduced into Britain by the Romans, who applied the term asparagus to tender shoots which, according to Juvenal, grew on mountains (Montani asparagi). The plant is certainly native with us and the result. The color came back to my face. I gained in strength and by the time I had used nine boxes I was back at my work as a nurse. I have since married, but still have my friendly feeling for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine (to Breakville Ont. southern coasts of England at Anglesey and Pembroke in Wales and around Wexford and Waterford in Ireland. It is no longer found on Asparagus Island, near the Lizard, as all text books of English botany assert, but still grows profusely on some neighboring cliffs of Kynance Cove.--From the Westminster Co., Brockville, Ont. Jazette.

Every packet of Wilson's Fly Pads will kill more flies than can possibly be caught on three hundred sheets of sticky paper.

UNITIES.

ncon. Both actrosses were said by those familiar with the Governor to be (Puck.) characteristic of the man. The Rhine Maidens ate potatoes and all manner of starchy foods. "In order to preserve the unities!" they explain-At Drayton he denounced the negroes At Drayton he denounced the negroes whom he called 'apes and baboons' and for whom he said the most effect-ive remedy was "a little gunpowder and a few buckshot," openly gave his ap-proval to lynching; sneered at prohib-ition; condoned manslaughter committed in the heat of passion; defended the par-foning of convicts and Mustified 9.1s other official acts which have evoked criticism; slurred Northeners; denoun-cred newspapers, especially the Columbia State and the Spartanburg Herald; space Carolina and Dr. S. C. Mitchell, president of the university; denied that he had sold pardons and declared that he had sold pardons and declared that he should be impresed as would so

then world, in great perplexity. "Yes. Only very stout songstresses will be able to do full justice to the trilogies and things which are destined to be written about us!" declared the Rhine Maidens, with prophetic discern-

Fat Lady Th Armines Wonder plays the viola with his feet. Skeleton -With shared to it Living He his

Jack-How very easily Kitty gets barrassed. Ever notice it? Tom-Oh, my yes. Why, she's blush appetite and get good nourishment from your food. Now the only quick and alcrimson if she saw a pile of undressed ways effective way to get a supply of new rich red blood is to take Dr. Willumber.

THE VOICE OF DISCONTENT. (Washington Star.)

"Had much rain around here lately?" "No," replied Farmer Corntossel. "Jes' mough to keep the summer boarders ickin' an' not enough to help crops."

SOME SAY IT'S CROOKED. (Baltimore American.)

'Pop, is the world round?"

"That, my son, depends on who gives the answer. The extreme optimists say it is sometimes square, and the major-ity of pleasure-seekers declare it is very flat.

UNUSUAL.

(Pathfinder.)

Jorkins-How did you ever come into ssession of such a cheap-looking un rella as that?

Dorkins-Why, I got this umbrella in a very peculiar way-1 bought it."

OUICK, WATSON, THE NEEDLE! (Philadelphia Regord.)

Hoax-Here's an article written by a scientist who says that insects have emotions. He claims he has frequently Joax-Well, I've often seen a moth

ball.

HE HAD ONLY HEARD.

(Buffalo Express.) "Are your neighbors gossipy?" asked

Billings. "Some of them must be," answered Gittings, "judging by the abiount of in-formation about them that my wife reports to me."

Valuable Advice to Mothers.

If your child comes in from play coughing or showing evidences of Grippe, Sore Throat, or sickness of any kind, get out your bottle of Nerviline. Rub the chest and neck with Nerviline, and give internal doses of ten drops of Nerviline in events and the drops of and give internal doses of ten drops of Nerviline in sweetened water every two hours. This will prevent any serious trouble. No liniment or pain reliever equals Nerviline, which has been the great fars' succeeds in Canada for the past fifty years. The a 25e bottle of Nerviline. P. Tillman.-Spart-

"The unities!" repeated the

ment.