

"No, sir," she said, turning her small, pade face, looking quite wan and child-like in the cold, grey morning light, towards the storm-beaten headland; "I am going home-I must be home by 7 o'clock." o'clock.

"Going home!" he repeated, remon-stratingly. "Surely you will wait to breakfast with us-or have you breakfasted already?" "(bh, no!" she said, hurriedly, and

bluching again at the avowal. "I don't mind in the least-l always go home early when I stay at Roseworthy for the night, unless madame has asked me father and mamma and all of them expect me." She drew the faded woollen shawl over her thin cloth jacket and shivered violently as the keen see and shivered violently as the keen sea breeze blew her wrapper about. "The morning is very cold, is it not, eir?" whe said, trying to keep her teeth from chattering, while her very lips grew pinched and blue. "I ran off without letting Mrs. Grose xnow-she would have insisted on keeping me until she tiad some breakfast ready." "My dear child," said Captain Treden-nick feeling oute fatherly in his earn-

"Ay dear child, said Captain Frederic nick, feeling quite fatherly in his earn-estness, "you should not have come out this bleak morning fasting-after the wetting and fatigue of last night, too. Pray, come back to the house, and we will be a servents up to get you will hurry the servants up to get you a cap of cuffee at least.

"Oh, dear, no, sir-thank you," re-turned Winnie, with gravely-astonished rebuke at his dreaming of such a pro-posal to her; "I shall be home soon. I shall run very fast down the slope be-yond the Head. Good-morning, Captain Tredennick."

She stretched out her little hand in its poor little knitted woollen glove; and Captain Tredennick, feeling himself a grandfather at least, took it and drew at safely within his arm.

"If you are going to run, I shall run too," said he, smiling protectingly, "until I see you run safe in at your iather's

But Winnie colored deeply, looked frightened, apologized, and refused.

Well, you will allow me to walk be wild you as far as Tregarthen Head, if you will not accept my arm, Miss Caerlyon?" requested Captain Tredennick, feeling rather mortified, and feel-ing less like Winnie's grandfather than the sallor in the presence of another sailor's daughter, which he had consid-ered himself the evening before-and a sailor's daughter who had repulsed his

profered kindness very decidedly. "A strange, distant, shy little thing." he said, mentally. And then he looked e sm carnest features the

girl's grave face. "It is my duty, of course, to do all that I can to help them when help is required." she said seriously. "And there is a great deal to be done in a house like ours."

"Ah, plenty of little brothers and sis queried Captain Tredennick, smil ters?" "Yes, sir," replied Winnie, gravely

"there are six of them, and the new baby

"The new baby?" echoed Captain-Tred ennick. "And the new baby is the most troublesome of the lot, I'll engage." "Oh, no. no. sir," said Winnie. looking up into his face, rather puzzled to "she is a dear, gentle, patient little creature. I am afraid she is not healthy -she is so quiet." discover if he were in jest

"Dear me," broke out Captain Tre dennick. laughing, "I never knew before now that that was a fatal symptom in a child!" "I hope it isn't so with you you dear, patient, gentle little crea ture!" he added mentally, the wish re curring strongly to him that he could call to mind the paragon of an honest

brave, strong, tender-hearted fellow to take charge of the future comfort and happiness of the patient, kind-hearted little woman who spoke so lovingly of that ailing baby-her step-mother's seventh infant.

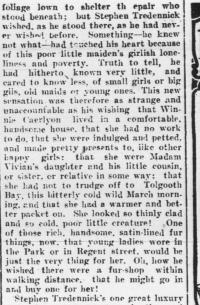
"And now, sir, I will say good morn ing again." said Winnie, as they passed at the entrance gate to the area of lawn and shrubbery around Tregarthen House -neglected and over-hanging now, bear-ing traces of absence and decay, as did all things else - the barred-up broken

windows, the grass grown door step, the weedy paths, the rank, tangled ever-greens, the lichen-covered gate pillars.

and green, shiny, massive iron bars. "You won't come in, then, for a min-nte, or two, and have a cup of hot tea. or warm yourself at the fire?" he said. disappointedly; and then some dim re membrance of the conventionalitie membrance glided across his mind, and he acquiseed unwillingly in her decision. "Weil, good bye, then." he added, pressing the little woollen gloved hand, "since, you want

to get rid of me." He looked so plensant, so kind, so handsome, smiling sunnily down on her from the light of his true, clear blue cyes—he. Tredennick of Tregarthen. captain of the East India merchantman Chittens under of the wallbu aristic lyon," hittoor. H mhow of the would're aristo. eratic lady who have her foreign-sound-ing title of "Madam," as all the wives of the heirs of Roseworthy had done for generations, so grandly that "Mad-am Vivian." or "Madam of Roseworthy" am Vivian." or "Madam of Rokeworthy became a standard in the minds of the humble one of the earth, miners and their wives, her village proteges and favorite poor, women, by which to measure the comparative merits and greatness of other aristrocats—he, a learned gentleman, a brave sailor, grand who my comparative her is strength his brown curis. and great in his years, his strength, his handsome face, his moneyed indepen-dence- he so kind and courteous to her are exceedingly kind, but I could not think of troubling you; and besides..." "Besides what?" asked he, laughing. "I am not such a gay young spark that you should object to my escort. Miss Winnie; and I am delighted to have some company along this hare bit of road. I took it into my herd, as soon as I woke this morning, to go and look not warks to Roseworthy, which, in its lux-ury, elegance and quict, was poor Wim-nie's Paradise Regained on earth. "I do not indeed, Captain Tredennick," was peor Winnie's childish reply: and the great tears started to her sud, earnest gray eyes. "Please don't think me rude." She was so awi.ward. so unpulished iso ignorant, she thought. Her step-mother often seid so, broadly and directly; Madam Vivian often hinted it in lady-like language of rebake or advice. Winnie had very good and sufficient reasons for speaking and acting as she did, apart from all ideas of mere eti a quarter of a mile out of your road, and the provide the start knowledge, and and you will stop at Tregarthen a few quetter, and it was that knowledge, and minutes. I am acting hungry, if you the shy, proud fear of its being discovand you will stop at fregaring a you minutes. I am getting hungry, if you are not, and mean to ask old Mother Truscott for a cup of tea." But Winnie desitated, colored, and Ny dear child," said he, very gently, "My dear child," said he, very gently,

THE ATHENS REPORTER, OCT. 30, 1912



and extravagance was to make the mos acceptable and deligatful presents to people that it was possible for them to receive-from marvellous, wildly-longed-for buckhorn-handled, six-bladed pocketknives to youngsters at school, to rober or colweb musin spangled with beetles wings from Oriental climes for their sis-He would get one for her as soon ters. as ever he went back to London-the very softest and richest and warmest of the satin-lined fur jackets which the young lady in the fur shop could show And send it to her? No; he must

get Madam to give it for him, and say something kind to pass it off; it was not quite correct ----those droll landsmen's not tions!-- to give presents of rich clothes to strange young ladies.

to strange young ladies. Young lady? Why, was he not almost old enough to be the poor child's father? Well, no, not quite. She was about six-teen, perhaps, and he was nearly thirty-three-more than double her age, but not quite old enough to be her father. Well, Madam could give the jacket, with his kind regards, to Miss Winnie Caerly-on, and say that he hoped she would wear it for his sake-would that do?

No; say-say, Wear it if she pleased for a keepeake. Sixteen and thirty-three -quite a child to him! Surely an honest plain sailor might make a little girl a nice useful present? Ah, sixteen and thirty-three; well-well! Perhaps he might saw something about it now, and prepare the way: it might

please her-young girls were fond of pretty clothes, poor little things-it was nearly all the pleasure they had in life, except when they had a sweetheart. She would be pleased, perhaps, if he told her, and it would brighten up the wan, lown ast thin little face.

"You caught no cold from your wet-ting last night. I hope ?" he began. "This is a very sharp morning, too. You would want a tremendous lot of wraps if you took many such morning walks as this.

Here-to use his own mental declara tion-as he strove to steer for the right port, the wind was taken clean out of his sails by Winnie's quiet rejoinder. "I have plenty of wraps, thank you,

sir, and the mornings are seldom as cold But the wild March morning, in re

morse, perhaps, for its severity to the poor little maid, was kindly propitious to Cuptain Tredennick's generous wishes; and, sending a sudden whirling blast, it blew a long. long tress of curling it around one of his anchor buttons in a highly ingenious manner. "You might give me that long soft

is the matter?

m and then fading deadly

with such girlish enthusiasm of gratitude

and the dark greveves, which

"PURITY J FOOD-CUTTER entirely different from the ordinary food ctions, clamped together by one set-screw dona, Canadian made man-Better in quality, capacity and picks better, better finished, less in price. Five different catting plates. "MAXWELL'S PURITY" is the only "MAXWELL'S PURITY" is the only another made in Canada- and in case tting and durabilit -is superior to any-thing imported. If your dealer does not handle "Maxwell's Purity" write us. DAVID MAXWELL St. Marys, Ont.



upon him, dilating for a moment with a sort of terror, and then blazing with a proud defiant anger that startled her ompanion as a new revelation of her

character. "Good morning to you, Miss Winnie! You can take early strolls fast enough,

see!" The strange voice had the neenha The strange voice had the peculiar disagreeable quality of being a naturally vulgar one, with a etrong provincial ac-cent; and likewise, being such, was tar-nished over, so to speak, with a far more vulgar assumption of genteel tone

more vurgar assumption of generation and pronunciation, which assorted as well with it as the genteel affectation did with the provyincial form of dialect, and as well, or as ill, as it did with the face and figure which had suddenly conronted Winnie. It seemed to Captain Tredennick, in

It seemed to Captain Treasmick, in his angry, startled surprise, as if the in-truder must have spring out of the earth-this spare, sinewy, undersized man, with a shrewd, forlike, narrow face, man, with a shrewd, losinke, hartow later, and a gleam of a cold unpleasant smile in the cunning twinkling red-brown eyes, and curving around the thin pointed lips, as he darted a quick glance from Winnie to Caption Tradewind. as ne carten a quick giance from Winnie to Captain Tredennick. "Good morning, Mr. Pascoe," the girl said, coldly and distantly: "I am not

taking an early stroll, though, as I dare say you know very well, but an return-ing home from Madam Vivian's." ing home from Madam Vivians. The man addressed merely lifted his disagreeably imeyebrows in a most disagreeably im-pertinent smile of disbelief, and shook his head slightly.

"Going home from Madam Vivian's by Mennacarthen lane and into Tregar then House?" said he, showing the edge of his teeth, and the smile changing into a frown.

"I was not going into Tregarthen House, Mr. Pascoe!" retorted Winnie, the color rushing back to her pullid House,

cheeks, and her eyes flashing. "Weren't you? H'm! It looked very like it. Miss Winnie," he replied, with an insolent assumption of easy familiarity. "Who is this person?" demanded Cap

tain Tredennick, hotly. "Mr. Thomas Pascoe-the nurser of the Tolgooth Mines, and a relation of my step-mother's, sir," replied Winnie, a flame of angry defiance in her checks and eyes, as she partly turned her back on that individual. and, sending a sudden whitning Diast, it a flame of angry defiance in her checks blow a long. long tress of curling and eyos, as she partiy turned her back brown hair from beneath the silk net into which its luxuriance was thrust, and wafted it right across to Captain Tredennick's should r, twisting full of the petty malice of a mean, littleminded man's revenge for a woman's slight. "No need for ye to be so angry.

pretty curl as a keepsake, Miss Caer-lyon," said he, laughing, as he carefully mise," said he, with a sneering laugh; "I never tell on ye to your father or mother! That is all the thanks I get unwound the errant tress: "it wanted to come to me evidently. Let me have it, and TH send you home something -and stand your friend in many a besides!" first, sir." "I don't want your friendship!" cried

in a sudden childish

TAKEN HOME THE PARSON'S SON.

(From "The Songs or a Sourdough," by Robert W. Service, published by request.)

This is the song of a parson's sou, as he squats in his shack alone, On the wild, weird nights when the

- northern lights shoot up from the northern zone. And it's sixty below, and crouched in
- the snow, the hungry huskies mean.
- I'm one of the Arctic brotherhood, I'm an old-time pioneer; I came with the first-Oh. God! how I've cursed this Yukon-but still I'm
- here. I've sweated athirst in its summer heat;
- I've frozen and starved in its cold: I've followed my dreams by a thousand streams, I've toiled and moiled for

at my eyes-been snow-blind Look twice! Look where my foot's half gone;

- that gruesome scar on my left cheek, where the frost fiend bit to
- the bone. h one a brand of this devil's land, where I've played and I've lost the game-
- game-broken wreck, with a craze for "hooch" and never a cent to my name.
- This mining is only a gamble, the worst is as good as the best: was in the bunch and I might have
- have come out right on top with the rest;
- With Cormack, Ladue and MacDonald-Oh. God, but it's Hell to think Of the thousands and thousands I've squandered on cards and women and drink.
- the early days we were just a few, and we hunted and fished around, Nor dreamt by our lonely camp fires of the wealth that lay underground. We traded in skins and whiskey, and
- I've often slept under the shade
- Of that lone birch tree on Bonanza where the first big find was made.
- We were just like a great big family, and every man had his squaw.
- And we lived such a wild, free, fearless life beyond the pale of the law, Till sudden there came a whisper, and it
- - maddened us every man, And I got in on Bonanza before the big rush first began.
 - Oh, those Dawson days, and the sin and the blaze and the town all open wide.
 - If God made me His likeness, sure He let the Devil inside.) But we were mad, both the good and the
 - bad, and as for the women, well-No spot on the map in so short a space
 - has hustled more souls to Hell
 - Money was just like dirt there easy to get and to spend. was all caked in on a dance hall jade
- but she shook me in the end:
 - It put me queer and for near a year I never drew soher breath.
 - Till I found myself in the bughouse ward, with a claim staked out on
- death.
- Twenty years in the Yukon, struggling along its creeks. oaming its giant valleys, scaling its God-like peaks,
- Bathed in its fiery sunsets, fighting its fiendish cold.
 - Twenty years in the Yukon-twenty years, and I'm old.
 - Old' and weak, but no matter, there's ooch" in the bottle still.
 - Til hitch up the dogs to morrow much down the trail to Bill: It's so long dark and I'm lonesome and
- atonished parent; "why I gave you that -as an annuity for your life."—Life. Ite-If 1 should kiss you, what would happen? She-I should call father. He --Then I won't do it. She-But father's

Our Father, which art in Heaven,

hallowed be Thy name . . . "

This was the song of the parson's son

as he lay in his bank alone: Ere the fire went out and the cold crept

WHEN BABY IS ILL

When baby is ill when he is trou-

in and his blue lips ceased to moan And the hunger-maddened main had torn him fiesh from bene.

- just lay down on the bed -To-morrow I'il go -to-morrow -to-morrow -I guess I'll play on the red.
- in Europe.-Lippincott's. Mary-Are you going to ask lda to your bridge? She has been home from

ON A MATTRESS

How a Sufferer From Sciatica Found Permanent Relief.

Fierce, darting pains, pains like red hot needles being driven through the flesh in the thigh, perhaps down the legs to the ankles—that's sciatica. None but the victim can realize the torture of this trouble, and many suffer from it hopelessly in the belief that it cannot be cured. This is a mistake; sciatica is a nerve trouble, and if the starved nerves are properly nourished with rich, red blood the trouble will soon disap-

red blood the trouble will soon disap-near. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make just the new, pure blood needed to feed the sciatica nerve and drive out the racking pain. It has been proved over and over again that they can do this and we now offer the following addi-tional piece of evidence. Mr. E. H. Pas-torious, Harrow, Ont., says: "Some years ago I was terribly afflicted with sciatica, starting just in my hip and then extending through the leg to the foot. At the time I was attacked I was away from hone and had to be brought away from home and had to be brought home on a mattress in a spring wagon. and the agony of the trip was almost more than I could endure. Reaching home I was not able to sit up and re-mained in bed for six weeks. The doctor did not help me and I tried a num her of medicines recommended by neigh-bors. I paid \$5.00 a bottle for one preparation, but it was no better than the rest, and I began to think there was no cure for me. While suffering this uncure for me. While suffering this un-told misery Dr. Williams' Pink Pille were recommended, and my wife got me a supply. In the course of a few

weeks I began to feel better and could get around with the aid of a cane. I kept on taking the Pills until all the pain disoppeared and I felt as well as ever I did. I have never had an attack of the trouble since, and although I am now 65 years of age 1 feel as vigorous as I did at 40, all of which I ascribe to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' FIRE Fills." If you are suffering from sciatica or any herve or blood trouble, begin to cure yourself to day by the use of Dr. Williams' Firk Fills, which will assuredly do for you what they have done for others, if you give them a fair trial Sold by all medicine dealers or by mai post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville. Ont.

WITH THE WITS.

"What is the use of this article?" asked a shopper. "I really don't know," replied the clerk ; "I think it is intended

to be sold for a Christmas present." Harper's Magazine. She-Kind words can never dic. He-

Maybe not, but a whole lot of them seem laid up, and not working .- Boston Franscript.

"Hello hello, central; Give me my meband." "What number?" "Oh, the

fourth, if you must know, you importin-ent thing!"--Judge. "Mrs. Meddle makes so much trouble in this neighborhood." "Yes, she has such a fine sense of humor!"--Life.

"There's a fool born every minute." "Sometimes two fools." "Huh!" "You have a twin brother, haven't you?"-Toledo Blade. Newedd-1 hope these eggs are as

fresh as the ones we got last week. Mrs. Newedd-Oh, yes, dear. I telephoned

Newedd-On, yrs, dear. I telephoned the grocer to be sure and send me some of the same lot.--Boston Transcript. "Hurrah! hurrah!" cried a young lawyer, who had succeeded in his father's practice, "I've settled that old chancery suit at last." "Settled it!" chied the standad concert, "why Larve you that

anxious, lined brow, the gentle, plead-ing look in the dark, deep-set eyes, and little, frail womanly figure looking so lonely and forlorn on that desolate road. thin fluttering garments sprinkled the by the salt spray and mist from the thundering billows crashing against the face of the cliffs, and the tender, passionate pity that is over in the warm, strong heart of a true man for feminine defencelessness and bodily weakness rose within him, throbbing to his very lipse

ithin him, throbbing to us very in "Oh, no, sir," she said, hurriedly, in "Oh, no, sir," she said, hurriedly, iyou answer to his half provoked query; are exceedingly kind, but I could

565 I woke this morning, to go and look over that old place of mine at 'Tre-parthen: so off I started. I hope I shall find the old couple awake and stirri

"The Truscotts?" questioned Winnie. "Oh. yee, you will, Captain Tredennick, for there is Tolgooth mine bell ringing for six o'clock, and they are always up at six, you know."

"You know them, then-a worthy old mair they are! ' said Captain Tredennick. turning abruptly off the main road. "Come down Mennacarthen Lane, then. Miss Caerlyon: it will not take you a quarter of a mile out of your road.

"Come along." said he, gayly, offer-ing his pilet cloth covered arm for her acceptance a second time. Plainly Captain Trendennick's "jolly sailor" exist-ence on board the Chittoor-educated gentleman though he was had render ed him pleasantly forgetful or regardnice conventionalities. less you are in a territide hurry to get home, or are straid that I am going to eat you," he added, banteringly. His words seemed to strike an un-

this words seemed to strike an un-pleasant chord in the girl's mind; she did not accept his arm, but she quitted the high road and turned down the lane to Trees then builded forth its fateful to Tregarthen beside him.

to Tregarthen beside him. "I am never afraid except when I am doing wrong." ehe returned, firmdy and dark, prickly carneliau-jewelled hol-in time to get breakfast ready. sir." "That is very good of you to be so locatory wall, special their dark, heavy

2

"I think nothing but that you are good, sensible, thoughtful girl."

The words were but kindly paternal in tone and purpert, and, as he uttered them, he laid one hand reassuringly on her shoulder, whilst the other clasped her little, miserably cold, woollen-gloved fingers in farewell: but Winnie shrank beneath that gentle touch and the smile of those clear blue eyes, and the nervous twitching of her brow and lips grew more distressful.

A beautiful small size LADIES' WATCH in handsome LEATHER BRACELET given FKEE for selling only \$4.60 worth of the loveli-est Christmas and New Year Cards and Folding Booklets at 3 for 5c. These are the very latest and most exclusive designs. Embossed and lithographed in all the natural colors. Appro-priate motioes and verses. You just show them and take the money. Many of our agents sell a dozen packages in one house. Don't miss this wonderful chance. Write to-day. You may not see this advertise-ment again. COPALT GOLD FEN CO... Dept 200, Torouve. Dat waters beneath the clustering masses of

instead of it, will you! "Send hi "Send me home something 1084, 817." Winnie, fuciously in a sudden childish rage that shook Captain Tredennick's also, as she tried to fasten the hair be-hind her little white ear. "Is that a bargain!" said he, eagerly, "Is that a bargain!" said he, eagerly,

"Is that a bargain. Such he eagend, don't like you-and you hno "I will keep you to it. Miss Winnie. No, you can't fasten it: your little fingers are too cold. Let me"; and the captain of the Chittoor, with a such playing commenced adjusting Winnie's tumbled commenced adjusting Winnie's tumbled there a not source for a mo Value is high out to the such playing confounded silence for a mo You are slwave tormenti and 1 had rather never see one sight of

She burst into a passionate fit of crying, and Captain Tredennick stood in ounded silence for a moment. "Mind, as soon as ever I

"Ye're kickin' up a pretty rigs about it. sure enough," said Mr. Pascoe, with an evil look, and thrasting his hands send my keepsake, you must send yours. he went on, looking caracetly down into the pare girlish little face opturned to deep into his coat pockets "ye might speak civiliy, like a well-behaved maid, I think. Are's goin' to stand here any longer or are 'e going to come home

am not going with you." replied Winnie, choking down her sobs; "and I will go home when I like, and stay out as long as I like, independently of you, sir, You have no authority over me!"

eyes. "You haven't promisel yet. Miss Win-"You haven t promotely of allow while the state of the solution of the second state of "Sir." said Captain Tredennick, rais Shi Said Captain Frederick, ran ing his lat an inch or two, and deal-ing Mr. Pascoe a look of terrible quar-ter-deck politences, "I will see Mise Caterlyon home, if you picate, I over-took her on the road and---" is the matter?" The sudden classification was not unrea-conable, for Winnie in an instant had sprung from his side and the caressing touch of his hand, her face flaming

of they did, I can tell 'e!" Winnie never, uttered word or cray in answer to the coarse taunt, but she shrank as if a mortal blow had struck her. Tightening her little faded shawl convulsively around her, she ex-tended her hand to Captain Tredennick, without daring to lift her eves

without during to lift her eyes. "Good-bye, sir-oh, good-bye! Thank you for coming so far. Picase don't mind him." she muttered, her very mind him." she muttered. her very brows burning in an agony of shame. (To be Continued.)

APPLE SOLID.

Simmer 1 1-2 pounds of lump sugar with s pounds of sliced apples and juice and crated rind of 3 lemons until it is thick. Then pour into a damp mould until it is cool. Turn out and serve with cream.

"I feel like a fish out of water," re "I feel like a fish out of water," re-marked the old bachelor when he real, ired that a summer girl htd landed bin. wears them." Washing on Herald.

Europe six weeks. Alice---Why, yes; Fill ask her. She must have stepped telling her foreign experietnces by now. "Come Kit, your pony is suddled, I'm waiting, dear, in the court Minnie, von devil, I'll kill von if -Harper's Bazar.

malamutes

him

Chinaman-You tellee me where gail-road depot? Citizen-What's matter, you skip with that fiosey sport How much does it go to the pan John? Lost? Chinaman-No! me here. Bili? . . . play up, School, and play the game . . . Depot lost. Ladies' Home Journal.

"I tell you I must have more money. roared the King of Maritania, who was in some financial straits. "Somebody must cough up some." "Alas!" signed in sore initiated, "Alas!" signed must cough up some." "Alas!" signed the guardian of the treasury, who was the guardian of the treasury, who was

ers are empty."--Lippincott's. Briggs-1 see that Wanderspoke has bought a farm in New England. Griggs What does he expect to raise? Briggs Theories. Life. Theories.

"Your nephew is a college grabate, isn't he?" "Yes," confessed Houest Farmer Hornheak; "Dut, in justice to the college, I'll own up that he had no sense beforchand."-Woman's Home

Companion. The Wife I do believe I would full dead if you were to come home early some evening. The Brute-You will have to offer a bigger bribe than that.

have to offer a bigger bride than that, Indianapolis Prese, "Why did you make such a fuse when Percy Billion kissed you last night? Were you calling for help?" "Gradious, no! For witnesses."-Judge.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE A RIGHT.

"c Ottawa Citizen)

Let it not be forgetten that woman suffrage is not a matter of utility. It s not a matter to be judged by its prob-ble effects. It is not a privilege to be able effects. It is not a pirelege to be kranted as a confract to the worker set. It is a right possessed by every either, note or founds, that can be with-tend by a conformation of the test of invasive and wrong. It is the indienable big t of the poweright to have a vol-in the tanking of the lower had govern theme. There is no argument for man suffrage that does not apply with so and force to woman suffrage also.

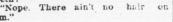
DADDY'S WHACKY-WHACK.

On the centsion of her last visit to a certain indianore household a young matrix of that city found a little friend

in teals, "What's the matter with diffle Marie?" she asked entries of a console the weeping could "Deddy has just given me whacky-whack" the youngster repided between sobs. she

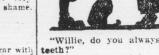
whatk" the soundary "exclaimed the obs. "Thoughtless unday" exclaimed the young woman, hepressing a smile. "And where did he whatky-whatk little Marie" "On the back of my funing," was the a ster. New York Press.

"Willie, do you always brush your



'em.'

"Do you dye whiskers?" "Yes," an-



bled with constipation, colic, worms or cold; when his teeth are bothering him or when he is restless and cross and does not sleep well, give Paby's Own Tablets. They are Baby's Own Tablets. haby's Own labers. They are the mother's greatest aid in keeping her little ones well thousands of mothers give their babies no other medicine because they know the Tablets to be

took her on the road and -- " "Ye will, with let" rejoined Mr. Tho-mas Pasce, turning bully on the spot and his genteel accent fulling away from by a government specialist to be free his Cornish dialect like thin stneco on a plaster facade, "Then I think 'e had better net let the Leftenant nor her the Tablet's to be free but a government specialist to be free found in so-called "sootidne" mixtures. The Tablet's are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents aloos from The

a plaster facade. "Then I think 'e had found better not let the Leftenant nor has wife see their daughter' walkin' home or by

WRIST WATCH FREE

wite see their daughter walking hone. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers across the fields at the break, of day with a strange spark of a fellow! Ont. She'd pay dear for her sweethearting of they did, I can tell 'e!'