THE ATHENS REPORTER, FEBRUARY 14 1917.

Yank Dant Those Stumps Send To-day our land for the plan ForThis URN your sullen, gloomy, profit-eating stump lands into happy, smiling fields that bear Book rich crops, and put money into the bank for you. Our Free Book, "The Gold in Your Stump Land," shows you how you can transform your barren stump fields into rich virgin farm land. It shows you photographs of immense stumps it has pulled; it contains letters from the men who pulled them; and it will convince you that the easiest, quickest and cheapest way is with a Stump One Man - Horse Power The horse power machine for the big jobs, for the fields of many stumps; it will pull anything it tack-les, and, because of its triple power, rearens strain to man up to its promise. V. e guarantee the Kirstin method to clear land ready for the plow from 10% to 50% cheaper than any other uper than any other method. Big Money to those who Order Now. To early buyers in each locality we of-fer a special op-portunity to join in our profit shar-ing plan. No caprevents strain to man, prseand machine. Will Money Back Bond clear two acres from a single setting. The One Man Puller 15 Year Guarentee Warranted saving ets the biggest stumps. Double leverage gives of 10% to 50% over all other methods. you a giant's power; a push on the handle **Profit Sharing Plan** 1605 means a pull of tons to the stump. Clears an ing plan. No can-A J. Canadian vassing; just a willingness to show your Kirstin to your neighbors Don't wait — send the sources acre from one anchor. Every Kirstin guaranteed for 15 years, flaw or no flaw, your money back if the Kirstin bond does not live Sault St. Marie, coupon today. Intario of" Send me free copy of "The Gold in Your Stump Land" J. KIRSTIN CANADIAN CO. E425 Dennis Street. Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. Largest Stump Puller Ma facturers in the World HER HUMBLE

"Stop, she said, thoughtfully. "You say I don't understand her. If she is to be my daughter—and mark me, Frederic, is a say you say, that you cannot forget her, or be happy with-out her—s.e will be my daughter— "Mother!".

"Listen to me! If it is to be, then it is necessary that I should under-stand her. Frederic, she shar come here. I will ask her to come and stay." His face flusned, then paled again,

and he shock his head. "She will not come while -while I am here.

You must go away," she said, resolutely His face darkened with a look of

disappointment. "Why should I go away?" he said. "What good will that do? I shall go and have her to-to-" he did not finish, but s e understood him.

"If there is any one else," she said, "and I know whom you fear-that ad-

venturer who is haunting the place-he will not have any opportunity of

the beach. It was a modest looking lougney, quite in narmony with his appearance and position, and Mrs. 'nompson, the landlauy, declared that since she had taken in lodgers she had heter known any gentleman give her less trouble than Hector Warren did.

he lived as frugally as the tisheronly had one bad hant-that of sit-ting up late into the night, or the moning, smoking his pipe, and some-times pacing his small room; but as Mrs. Thompson was never kept up or avake it didn't much clemits. awake, it didn't much signify

He was a mystery to ner, as he was to every one else who interested themselves in him. No one ever came to see him, and there were very tew letters achieved for him by the rustic postman. But amongst these Mrs. Thempson had noticed, with feelings of awe, several inclosed in very thin en elopes, and bearing strange, foreign stamps. These the good woman alwis Ven almost tear units

looking envelopes stuck upon the man.ea-shelf, and his expression un-derwent a complete change. Setting down the candle, he sank into a chair, and sighed heavily, his eyes fixed up on the envelope stuck up above him as if it were a familiar demon.

He sat there for full five minutes then he rose and reluctantly, slowly reached for the letter, and opened it. As a man who reads unwelcome ews, he read the letter through; hen with a sigh he tore it into fragnews. then ments and threw it into the grate, and

uegan pacing the room. "'I oo late!" he murmured. "Too late I cannot throw aside the past! I can-not link her to such a life as mine! And yet—and yet—oh, my darling—my darling! how happy I could have made venture even now? No, it would kave made you but for this--but for this! Shall J venture even now? No, it would kill her. No, a thousand times, no! I must go. There is only one thing left me, and that is flight. And yet to-night I felt so safe—so secure! I felt world who would brave all that it could say, for my sake! But I dare could say, for my sake! But I dare not! If this be true love, and I know that it is, I dare not risk it. One word of this would kill her! I must go!

with a groan he flung the other let ters aside, and took a Continental Bradshaw from the table, and turned over the leaves indifferently purposelessly.

"I am to be a wanderer on the face of the earth," he murmured, bitterly. "That is my fate! Well, let it be so; anything, rather than sorrow should dim her eyes or misery break her heart. Where shall I go?"

He could not decide, but he went up-stairs and packed his one portman-teau, then he sat down and wrote a line or two to Mr. Podswell, saying that business had suddenly called him away, and went-not to bed, but to pace the room till dawn.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Dear me," says the rector, opening his letters with a table-knife, and looking across at Signa and her aunt with a surprised frown. "Dear me, this is very strange!" "What is strange? what is it, Jos-

eph?" demands Mrs. Podswell, irrit-ably. "I do wish you wouldn't startle me so. What has happened? If there is anything more calculated to upset a person with my nerves, it is such uncalled-for exclamations. Is any one dead?

dead?" "No, no, my dear," answers the rec-tor. "Certainly not; it is only a let-ter from Mr. Warreo." "Oh!" says Aunt Podswell, with a contemptuous sniff. "And what is it?"

contemptuous shift. And what is it. Signa feels the blood rush to her face, and she bends over the coffee ser-vice with downcast eyes. The rector smooths his chin and coughs. "Ahem! just a few lines, really quite-er-curt, my dear, saying that business has suddenly called him

business has surfiely caned him away, and thanking us for our kind-ness and hospitality." The flush dies from Signa's face, leaving her deadly pale, and a heavy weight seems to have fallen suddenly on her heart, but she lifts her eyes

"Has he gone for good?" asks Mrs. Podswell, in a tone that implies hope that she may receive a reply

of coming back." Annt Podswell sniffs suspiciously. "Well, Joseph, I hope no harm may come of the young man's visit." "Harm, my dear!" says the rector, mildly. "I don't see..." "Perhaps not; you are not over-acute, Joseph, at the best of times. I don't secure him of new horm by

don't accuse him of any harm, by no means; I only hope that nothing unpleasant may result from his visits to

DRS. SOPER & WHITE



turns over his letters and papers; then, when he has declined a fourth cup of coffee, she rises, and makes her escape

"Gone! And without a word! Why had he not said "Good bye" last night-why had he left her without a sign? Was it possible that he had thought she had accepted Sir Freder-10? No, that could not have been the reason, for he-Hector Warren-had said no word of love to her. After all, she had no cause for complaint; he had been kind to her, very kind, while he had been here; and now he was gone, and there was an end to the dream that had been so pleasant, and alas

las! so brief. But there was an aching void in her heart as she stood over Archie and watched him at his writing, and once she sighed so deeply that he looked up suddenly with his shrewd face full of sympathy and wanted to know what was the mater.

Presently there came a knock at the door, and Mary, opening it, said that Lady Elyte was in the drawing-room,

and would Miss Signa come down? "Lady Blyte!" exciaimed Archie, with a prolonged whistle. "Why, she never visits anywhere! I wonder what she wants, Signa? Aren't you afraid?

"Not in the least," said Signa, with rather a weary smile. "Go on with your geography lesson, dear, and try and learn it before I come back."

Then she went down with a little ment. But she need not have felt at all uncomfortable. Lady Blyte was a high-bred lady, and knew how to be gracious. She was very gracious, and as Signa came forward, the o'd lady held out her hands, and drawing the slim figure toward her, kissed Signa's forehead.

"My dear," she said, "I have come

"My dear," she said, "I have come to ask a favor." "Of me?" inquired Signa, with a lit-tle smile of wonder, and yet with that calm sclf-possession which never fail-ed to arouse fresh surprise in Aunt Podswell's bosom. "Yes, of you." said her ladyship, thinking as she scanned the girl from head to foot, how beautiful she look-ed, how full of youth and grace, and that nameless charm which, for want of a better word, we call prepossess-ing. "Yes, of you, my dear. I want you to take compassion upon a lonely old woman, and come

upon a lonely old woman, and come and keep her company for a few days

Signa, remembering all too vividly the scene in Lady Rookwell's conser-vatory, recalling Sir Frederic's ho vows and bitter disappointment, was hot was appalled at the idea of going to stay at the house of the man she had re-fused, and a hot flush crossed her face: but Lady Blyte smiled calmly and even sweetly, for there were times when she could bury her pride out of sight, and this was one of them.

"I am quite alone, my dear," she said. "As I have been telling your aunt, my son left me this morning to pay a long visit to a friend in Lon-don, so that we shall be quite tele-atete. If you think the prospect too awfully dull, say so, and I will try and forgive you; but on the other hand I shall be really glad if you will come and keep me company for a few days."

"I shall be very glad to come," she said, simply, and Lady Blyte remark-ed the exquisite taste which prompted the simple reply. "When?" "Now," said Lady Blyte, with a smile. "I shall be only too pleased

smile. "I shall be only too pleased to wai: until your maid packs for you; your aunt and I will have a chat. Signa laughed softly. "I am my own maid," she said. "I

shall be ready in a few minutes." There was a scene with Archie, but at last he was brought to something

like acquiescence by Signa promising to ride over in a day or two, and, per-haps, to ask Lady Blyte's permission for him to spend the day at the Dept Park.

"Good-bye, then," he said, clinging round her. "And, oh, I say! what shall I tell Mr. Warren when I see him. He will be sure to ask after you." "Mr. Warren has--gone, Archie

Mr. warren nas-gone, Archie, dear," said Signa, and as she spoke she ran from him that he might not see the sudden quivering of her llps. Lady Blyte cut her visit very short when Signa appeared. She didn't like Mrs. Podswell; indeed, one of her objections to Signa as a doughter.indear,"

objections to Signa as a daughter in-law was the fact of her being con-nected with the "people at the rect-ory," as she called them.

ory," as she called them. They got into the handsome landau, with its crested panels, and its belaced and powdered servants, and on the ride to the Park her ladyship was more gracious even than she had been at the Rectory.

"I don't want you to be more bored than you can help, my dear," she said, putting her hand on Signa's arm, and looking at her with a smile that was meant to be very kind. "You must meant to be very kind. "You not make this quite a duty visit. We shall be quitf alone, and you will be able to amuse yourself in your own way. I shall not be any restraint on you. I hope."

"You speak as if Blyte Park were a prison, and I a first-class misde-meanant," said Signa, laughing soft-ly. "I am sure I shall be very hap-py, and it was very good of you to ask me."

Lady Blyte nodded. Already her heart was warming toward the girl, and she began to understand the charm of the sweet. frank nature which had so captivated her son.

"It is best to understand each oth-er, my dear," she said. "and I want you to feel that you may do just as you like while you are with me. Be happy, and I shall be satisfied." Then she changed the subject, and talked about the trees in the support

talked about the trees in the avenue through which they were just then passing, and the view, and so on, but never a word of Sir Frederic: she was too discrete to alarm Signa by mentioning even his name. When they reached the Park, Signa found that short on had been the

when they reached the Park, Signa found that, short as had been the time ,some preparations had been made for her visit. A maid had been allotted her, and a suit of apartments, which, compared with the modest lit-

tle bedrom at the Rectory, were simply palatial. On the table in the boudoir was a box of novels from Mudie, and some choice exotics, and the maid respectfully called her atten-tion to a planette which had been carried up from the drawing-room. been

"Her ladyship wished me to say that she would be glad if you would play any time you l'ked, miss; it will lier

Punctil Punctuation.

Talking ofsupreme importance of the comportespondent states that Thomaipbell once walked six mives tonting office to have a comma in h.s poems changed into a semi. There is a remark-able resembletween the semilerer is a remark-able resembletween this and the story o William Hamilton, Astronomer (Ireland, making a lengthy et i to Dublin to have a semi-colorituted for a colon-London Evidandard.

ampire.

This is the: Always inert, sit-ting still, splive to seven hours a day looking window on the street. Nothing to nd always giving it. Sceking and entertainment, but never afford. Taking, but never giving. Stiltly and listening to others conven when her presence is unwelconsaying nothing the minded and, with nothing to give, she diters or trong without retaining the a sieve. Thought passes thro beyond her without storping. Infrase nothing, gives anothing, tarything. One seven alone with omes exhausted while she is review York Globe.

WOMHO SUFFFR

Can Obtatiealth Through the Use oflams' Pink Pills.

Every w some time needs a tonic. At imes unusual de-mands arupon her strength. Where thadded to the worry and work I's to her lot, weakness and will follow unless the bloodied to meet the strain.

weak vd in Dr. Williams' Pink Pillic exactly suited to their need of the ills from which there due to __bloodicosneed on which the Pills readily de pills save the girl whoito womanhood in girl whorto womanhood in a bloodidon from years of misery, d prompt and per-manent he woman who is bloodicestefore weak. Mrs. Wm. H. Rosenthal, Ont., writes: birth of my se-cond chired from troubles which mirs will understand, without i details. The doctor whading me said operation necrosary, but as I dreaded as Dr. Williams' Pink Pin of great help to my sisted to try this medi-cine, analy say that after using the some time they re and made life it had been for made a more er a long every woman ailments of our Williams' Pink suffering sex sho Williams' know from my own cas laws the You c enefit that fol-

uls through any mail at 50 res for \$2.50 medicine cents a Medicine

ghter's.

The I eatest ma because



"I suppose so," says the rector. "He incloses the keys, and he says nothing of coming back.

seeing her while she is here, She will come if you go away; and she shall stay and get accustomed to me and the Park. She will learn to value all that she has so foolishly refused, and grow to repent and wish that she had

H.o face brightened. Like all men of his type, he was sanguine, and ready to be hopeful.

"I see," he said. "If she would but come

Lady Blyte smiled scornfully.

'Do you think that her aunt will allow her to cocline an invitation to the Park? She will come, be sure of that! I will go and ask her to-morrow. You must start by the first train, so that I can say that you have gone. She shall stay a week and then—ah, then we shall dee whether she will refuse to be the m stress of the Park!"

Sir Frederic laid his hand on her

here," with a sign as let inough of the del gar, it would afford him to be

near "Lea near her. "Lea - H to m." she sail, stead-fact, to the bit for inter the sacri-fice of her or losd managed of her one great. "Leave H to he, my dear. I have always would for you the desire of your h ert, and I will succeed in this though though-1 have h r!" and her eyes tasked as she looked up at him. her.

him. "Don't say that, mother," he said, winclag, "You won't say that when you know her. No one could hate-mo one could help loving her. Let me go now, I am worn out;" and he stooped and kissed her, and left the room. Lady Blyte rame the hell

Lady Blyte rang the bell.

"Tell Lovel to pack his master's portmanteau," she said to the butler. 'Sir Frederic is going to town by the first train.

Hector Warren, having no carriage, walked home from necessity rather than desire. The cottage in which he lived was situated in a lane leading to

up on the mantel-shelf as if they were curiosides.

Hector Warren walked home from dinner-party at Lady Rookwell's, wetting his thin boots, as Sir Frederic had done, and entering the humole collage almost as disturbed in mind as

Sir ... cueric himseit. Usually so self-possessed and impas sive, to night he is thrilling with excitement and emotion.

nodest latch of his parlor door, trembled almost as much as Sir Frederic's and his brow was knit as if with the result of a mental struggle.

For a moment he at ad in the dark oom, with the match box in his room, his Signa had uplifted to him when she said good-night: he could feel the

Sir Frederic faid ins hand shoulder gia efully. "Mother, i know how much this "Sosts you, ire said in a low voice." am very giateful for your goodnes to me. Yes, i will take your advice. 1 will re to morroy, b. the first sain fo ginnee fell won ene of the foreign-

her voice wes ringing in his ears. A

GUODS HAR -FOR-LADIES AND GENTLEMEN Mailed at lowest possible prices, consistent with high-grade work. Our Natural Wavy 3-Scrand Switch+s at \$-00, \$7:00 and \$9:00 in all shades are leaders with 75. Just send on your sam le, or write for anything in our line.

GENTLEMEN'S TOUPEES at \$25.00 and \$56 00, that defy deteo-tion when worn.

MINTZ'S HAIR GOODS EMPORIUM

62 KING STREET WEST

Hamilton, Ont. (Formerly Mdme, I. Minta).

SPECIALISTS Plies, Eczema, Asthma, Catarrh. Pimples, Dyspepsia, Epilepsy, Nheumatism, Skin, Kid-ney, Blood, Nerve and Bladder Diseases.

Call or send history for free advice. Medicine Unnut ed in tablet form, l'ours-10 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 2.06 p.m., Sundays-10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

Consultation Free

DRS. SOPER & WHITE 25 Toronto St., Toronto, Ont.

Please Mention This Paper.

the Grange. You will remember that I was opposed to his having the key from the first."

from the first." "Certainly, certainly," says the rec-tor, "but seeing that he had brought the earl's written authority, I don't see how we could have refused him the key, my dear. At any rate, he has gone, and there's an end of it. I think we did right to be civil to him. Ame-base and if he should most Lord Date and if he should meet Lord Dela-e he will admit that we have done IPTP our best for him."

"Yes," says Aunt Podswell, com-pla'n'ngly, "and, as usual, meet with the common gratitude. He does not think it worth while to walk in and nd-bve.

iv good-byo.", "Sudden business, my dear," re marks the rector, timidly. Annt Podswell turns to Signa and-

denly

denly. "You saw bim last, last night; did he say anything of the sudden bush-ness Signa." she asks, Signa, to where face semathing like color had returned, shalles her head. "No nothing."

"No nothing." "You see, he never said a word, and there was no uset in last night. He could not have set a letter—"" "The foreign nyails, my dear." But Mrs. Podewell's suspicion will not be allaved. She had been ready to quarrel with Heeter Warren for coming, and she is ready to guarrel with him now for going.

"There is something wrong about it. and a deep sigh, she retreats to her

6

Signa sits silent and patient, while the rector crumbles his toast and

days." "Signa will be only too delighted, dcar Lady Blyte," commenced Mrs. Podswell, but her ladyship stopped her, with rather a dry and haughty emile smile. "There cannot be much that is de-

lightful in the prospect," she said, "but I will try and make the few days as pleasant as possible," and she bent her proud eyes on the beautiful face inquiringly.

Signa rasied her eyes. She had heen thinking. She had promised Sir Frederic that she would forget what Frederic that she would forget what had passed between them, and had agreed that they should remain friends; why should she not go? If he had been at home, it would have been impossible, of course, but he was away, and his proud mother, feeling lenely, had come almost humbly to bee for her company—yes, she would be for her company—yes, she would refer to be continued.* "Why do you keep that ciumsy valter? He breaks a tray of dishes nearly every day." "Yes, and it keeps beg for her company—yes, she would refeatures."—Louisville Courier-

not disturb her at all."

just as It was all very pley and Signa, as the maid b ed her hair and arranged simple evening dress, felt a guilty of doing Sir Frederic a w pleasant brushthe felt almost Wrong when she recalled her refusal of him "let her see what she has refused," Lady Blyte had said to Sir Frederic;

Theres miraculous in the Theres miraculous in the ricovershs. It was the nat-ural rd undivided effort, protracgenerations.

and Signa could not help seeing it. The servants, taking their tone from their mistress, were respectful almost to obsequiousness, and a footman threw open the drawing-room door for

s udied art, the men of the millology, the Egyptians the arture. They despised literaturophy; commerce and even in their whole heart on becomining conquerous. In that wdoped very naturally orfare them the masters of

from

T

Co.,

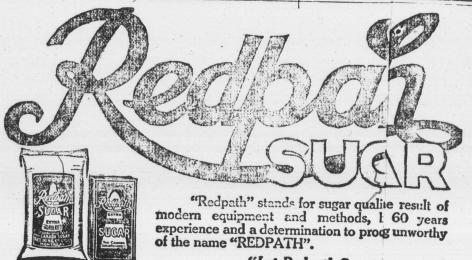
om Paris.

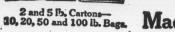
Callehantilly.

Jennong "barrel" coats. Drec free-swinging pan-

Prerd two inches above ankles

Marind indorse transparent Berr checked suits and





"Let Redpath Sweete Made in one grade only ighest !