

# PAIN

Pain in the head—pain anywhere, has its cause. Pain is congestion, pain is blood pressure—nothing else usually. At least, so says Dr. Shoop, and to prove it he has created a little pink tablet. That tablet—called Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets—coaxes blood pressure away from pain centers. Its effect is charming, pleasingly delightful. Gently, though safely, it surely equalizes the blood circulation.

If you have a headache, it's blood pressure. If it's painful periods with women, same cause. If you are sleepless, restless, nervous, it's blood congestion—blood pressure. That surely is a certainty, for Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets stop it in 20 minutes, and the tablets simply distribute the unnatural blood pressure.

Brise your finger, and doesn't it get red, and swell, and pain you? Of course it does. It's congestion, blood pressure. You'll find it where pain is—always. It's simply Common Sense.

We sell at 25 cents, and cheerfully recommend

## Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets

ALL DEALERS

### A MATTER OF TEMPERAMENT.

"Am I the joy to your soul that you are to mine, Roger?"

Cynthia's drawing voice could lend itself to bits of sarcasm in a way that made it seem incredible he could ever have entertained thoughts of being the joy of anybody's soul—Cynthia's own particular soul being beyond the limits of possibility.

"Did you—address me?" His coolness added decidedly to Cynthia's interest. She raised herself in the hammock, and arranged the cushions with the care of one who is determined to get comfort out of life.

"I was trying my voice," sweetly, "it's been growing rusty for the last hour."

Roger sat stolidly on the doorstep, his back eloquent with offended dignity.

"One labors under such an inconvenience in addressing the back of one's audience."

The audience, however, kept its eyes upon a distant spot on the lawn, trying to concentrate its mind upon the exact spot where the driveway met, and wondering why the place didn't seem the bit of heaven it had appeared a week before upon entering through that driveway to become one of Mrs. Keener's guests.

"I feel such an inclination to—er—babble, Roger, that if you don't mind, I will continue to put it into sentences for—er—my own entertainment. Do you mind my saying that I never have seen such a bunch of dignity as your back represents? I cannot, without making an effort that the warmth of the day forbids, see more of you than the back of your blue serge coat, a slight glimpse of profile, and the tips of your patent leathers where the sun strikes them."

She leaned back in the hammock, shamelessly convulsed with her own wit. It was clearly evident that Cynthia was enjoyed herself.

"Well—if you are waiting for an answer to that psychological problem you propounded," Roger sat erect, delighted with the alliterative impressiveness of his opening remark, "we can probably reach the answer with less difficulty if we go about it logically. The statement that I am a joy to your soul—we will let that remain undisputed until it is clearly proved that you have a soul."

Cynthia looked at him in frank delight, an appreciative smile curving her lips. She thought it possible the audience might face her soon, so she changed the cushions and put the rose-colored one next her face.

"You have such a beautiful flow of language, Roger," there was a sweetness in her voice that caused the audience to turn and look at her quickly to discover the possibility of latent sarcasm. "I often wish I could talk."

"Good Lord!" his fervor left no doubt as to his sincerity, "is it really a fact that you have recently lost your voice? I thought you were merely joking."

"You have sulked for an hour. I might as well talk to a stone wall as the back of a serge coat. Now I admit cheerfully that I have a fiendish temper—you according to your own showing, are never moved by a stronger or less meritorious feeling than righteous indignation. As for me—Roger, did you ever see me when I was really angry?"

That Cynthia was an adept at faking an audience no one of her acquaintance would have denied. Perhaps the possession of an adorable nose and a fluffy mass of curly hair strengthened her innate self confidence, anyway—Roger, having once looked, had a feeling that he had, in some way, weakened for the fray. Not that he intended giving Cynthia any inkling of the slightest feeling of mollification that stole over him—but the ruffles fell around her forearm in a most distracting manner.

His eyes softened into pity, the poor girl had had so little opportunity for learning self-control. Taking a course as a trained nurse had, at one time, been her fad—not that she ever expected to be one, but because a desire for knowledge, and an everlasting propensity for trying experiments seemed to have been born to her.

Roger, in the depths of his soul, had always disapproved of trained nurses. Her last escapade had completely convinced him

that there was nothing more unsuited for a woman than such profession.

Was there any other circumstance he asked himself, that would have made it seem proper to Mrs. Keener's household that Cynthia should sit in that man Harding's room all the morning, administering little doses of medicine, simply because Harding's cold had given him a fever that made him talk out of his head?

Mrs. Keener or one of the servants could have given that medicine.

"I was—sorry not to go rowing with you last evening—the moonlight on that river is something one doesn't see always."

There was an expression in her eyes that was reminiscent.

Roger broke off viciously the piece of honeysuckle vine that had been tickling the back of his neck.

"There were perhaps other things that appealed to you more," coldly.

"You know I prefer rowing," insinuatingly.

"Perhaps—if Harding had been well enough to do the rowing. Not that I believe he's sick enough to amount to anything," refusing to give an iota of doubt as to Harding's general duplicity of nature.

"He talked out of his head—all about a girl." She shamelessly broke all rules of etiquette as to confidence between nurse and patient.

Roger's increased scowl annihilated the possibility of belief that he ever had been, or even could be a joy to any soul.

"That's exactly what I thought he was raving about," hotly—"all about loving a girl."

"It was evidently a very nice girl—he called her dearest—I think he even referred to her as—er—an angel." The childishness of her smile seemed insufficient cause for the symptoms of apoplexy Roger was exhibiting.

"And you sat there all the morning and let that idiot make love to you—" His sentence was swallowed in a snort of disgust.

Cynthia glanced at the writing pad near her, wondering if it would not be salutary to Roger's manners if she forgot his existence and wrote letters the rest of the morning.

As the scratching of her pen became more noticeable, the audience thought it owing to its dignity to disperse, and walked across the lawn toward the gate, its hands stubbornly in its pockets.

Roger leaned over the gate disconsolately. She had seemed so different the last time they had been on the river. She had really come so near saying everything he had wanted her to say—that he had walked around for hours afterwards in a state of ecstasy.

He tried to possess his soul in patience, waiting for the next evening, when she had promised to go with him on the river and perhaps—say exactly what he wanted her to say. Roger considered it a piece of malignity of fate that Harding—that idiot Harding should have been taken so ill—or, at least should have pretended he was so violently ill. The soreness of his heart added a suggestion that Cynthia probably jumped at an escape from giving him the answer he was so anxious for.

The pleasant odor from the honeysuckle vines that clambered over the hedge—the effect of the soft breeze that gradually fanned some of the heat from his brow—something induced him to saunter slowly toward the veranda, Cynthia had probably, he thought, had time to finish her letter in the half hour that had elapsed.

He saw that she was fast asleep—evidently she had not been worrying much. There was a note conspicuously addressed and conspicuously pinned on a ruffle of the rose-colored cushion.

He reached for it with an eagerness he would never have allowed the waking Cynthia to behold. Perhaps, after all, she might be amenable to reasoning, her somewhat flighty nature might gain sobriety from contact with him. Cynthia with a slight addition of sobriety—he gave a sigh that intimated it was more bliss than one man could properly realize. His fingers were nervous as he tore the note from its envelope.

"Joy of my soul!"—It ran—"your moods are truly a delight. They afford all kinds of opportunities for studies in human nature. After all, we are rather much alike, a mere matter of temperament, I suppose. If you prefer calling yours righteous indignation I don't mind—mine can still go under the name of plain temper."

"He was really sick, Roger, and the girl he raved about he called Helen. I am awfully fond of rowing, and am ready to go on the river any time, whether the sun is shining broiling hot or the moon like it was the other night. Just as soon as your righteous indignation calms down to a degree that would make it safe for a person to get within ten feet of you."

Roger leaned over into the depths of the hammock, his face well mixed with pink cushion and sleeve ruffles.

"Wake up, Cynthia," he whispered, "I'm in a heavenly frame of mind."



COLD

## JOHNSON'S Anodyne LINIMENT

and never mind the rest. Cold in any part of the body needs prompt attention whether it be in the throat, chest, lungs or bowels. A few drops taken on sugar will relieve and cure respiratory troubles. Will also cure colic, cholera, diarrhoea and kindred bowel complaints. Use it externally for cuts, burns, insect bites and stings, strains, sprains, sore muscles, lame back, muscular rheumatism, frostbite, chaps and chilblains. For whatever pain, whether inside or out, **Johnson's Anodyne Liniment** is the remedy—sure and speedy.

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**Parson's Pills**

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### Do Not Crowd the Season.

The first warm days of spring bring with them a desire to get out and enjoy the exhilarating air and sunshine. Children that have been housed up all winter are brought out and you wonder where they all come from. The heavy winter clothing is thrown aside and many shed their flannels. Then a cold wave comes and people say that grip is epidemic. Colds at this season are even more dangerous than in mid-winter, as there is much more danger of pneumonia. Take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, however, and you will have nothing to fear. It always cures, and we have never known a cold to result in pneumonia when it was used. It is pleasant and safe to take. Children like it. For sale by All Dealers.

### Her Angel Face.

"He said I had a face like one of Raphael's angels," said the blonde, with ill-concealed satisfaction.

"Oh, well, the faces of Raphael's angels were all painted, you know," replied the jealous little brunette.

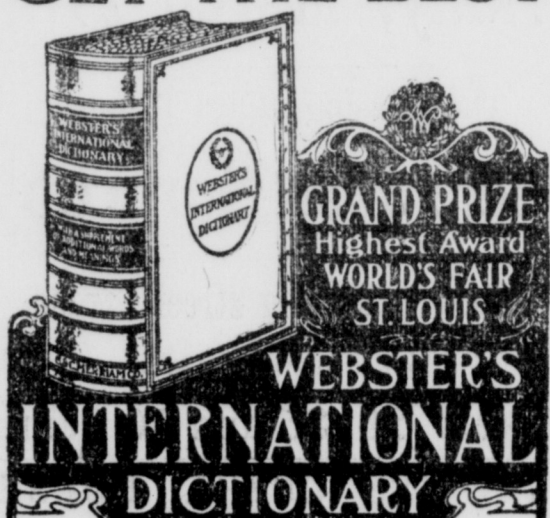
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King Alfonso so much admires British police methods, that he is re-organizing the Spanish force upon the same plan and has offered the post of chief to Inspector Arrow, of the London force.

### FARM FOR SALE

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### FARM IMPLEMENTS FOR SALE.

The subscriber will sell at public auction on the 6th of April at 2 o'clock, his stock of farm implements consisting of two double wagons, two single wagons, one reaper, one mowing machine, one seeder, one horse rake, one pug, harrows and ploughs, and other things raised on a farm. The sale takes place at Richmond Corner, at Almon Hanson's.

H. J. KINNEY, Richmond Corner.

March 20-21.

### A SPLENDID SHOWING

that SHOULD INTEREST those who are thinking of attending a Commercial School. The number of new students who enrolled at the

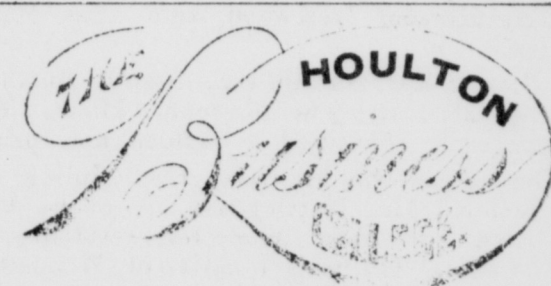
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