

THE AWAKENING

Naud M. Brown in Youth's Companion.

Continued from last week.

There followed a period of several weeks during which Marion devoted herself to Dave's father. She accompanied him to the fields; she talked to him at the table; and little by little she drew him out of himself.

"I should think it was father you had married instead of me," her husband said.

"One morning, when she was downstairs early, she came upon Mr. Manson, dressed in his shabby best, shining his shoes.

He looked up, startled. "I'm going to the fair," he said, "but I haven't told any one. They are going to exhibit some cattle that I feel sure aren't so good as mine."

"Why in the world didn't you send yours?"

"I wanted to, but Dave and his mother thought it wasn't best."

"We will next year. Are you going alone?"

"Yes. I haven't been without Julia for ten years but I'm not going to take her this time. She always gets a headache and has to be brought home before noon."

"I don't get headaches," Marion said.

"Would you go?"

A gleam of interest lighted up his weatherbeaten face. He looked from her white-shod feet up to her young eyes and shining hair. It would be good fun to go away for a day with this eager girl.

"Would I! Father Manson, you get the team without a sound, and I'll put something in a box for breakfast."

It was late when they returned, tired but exultant. At least Marion was exultant. Mr.

Manson always seemed abashed in the presence of his wife and son.

Mrs. Manson's greeting was not cordial, but Dave took the escapade as a good joke.

"The cattle didn't compare with ours, did they, dad?" Marion exclaimed. "If we don't take some ribbons next year we're no farmers. Oh, it's been a splendid day!"

The next morning Marion was up and had the breakfast ready before Mrs. Manson came down. Mrs. Manson was more than usually fretful, and she ignored Marion's presence.

"Your father can't stir," she said to Dave. "I knew he'd pay for that madness. He's got the worst attack of rheumatism he's had for years. To go off that way, like a child! I always bring him home early when I go."

"May I go up to see him?" asked Marion.

Mrs. Manson said slowly, "He asked to have you come up."

"Your father's afraid she'll blame herself," Mrs. Manson said to her son when Marion had gone. "And she ought to. She seems to encourage him in his freaks."

"Marion is splendid," Dave replied. "You know she is."

When Marion came down, Mrs. Manson and Dave were at breakfast. "I'm going to fix up a tray," the girl said. "and then I'll be with you. Unless you would rather do it." She looked inquiringly at Mrs. Manson.

"I can't carry a tray up-stairs," the elder woman declared. "I don't see who's going to take care of him anyway."

"I am, if there's no one else to do it." Marion's voice was dangerously soft. "Do you, perhaps, remember who took care of you two days last week?"

"Marion!" Dave exclaimed.

"Oh, I don't mean to be rude, but it's time some one opened the eyes of you two, dear, blind bats. Can't you see that he's hurt—that he thinks he isn't needed? Nothing kills so quickly as that. What if he should think he isn't wanted? A father! He's living alone, isolated, in the midst of his family. I'm beginning to find out what he is, how big and splendid."

She turned to Dave, flushed with indignation. "Whose farm is this? Don't you suppose he wants to plan and do the big things on it? Yet I've never heard you consult him, or known you to take his seldom proffered advice. And its good advice, too. I've seen him scrubbing the piazza floor, and kneading bread, and washing clothes when he was aching to be out there managing his own affairs. Do you suppose men like to do such things? But he's so good he lets you rob him of his birthright."

"Marion," Dave said, "you're over-wrought and exaggerating the matter."

"Am I, Dave? I don't think you've done these things intentionally. But from now on let's count him in our plans. And let's have a girl for the heavy work."

She'll shrink the flannels." That was all that Mrs. Manson, overwhelmed, could find to say.

"Do you prefer a shrunken spirit to shrunken flannels?"

There was silence in the pleasant room; then Marion started out to the garden to get some flowers for the tray. She glanced in the hall mirror at the reflection of her flushed face, and nodded to it gravely.

It's a good thing for you, Miss Impertinence, that you are new.

"Well, we must make sure." For several days Mr. Manson was confined in his room; yet they were the most satisfying days that he had known for a long time.

Marion read to him and surrounded him with the books that she had found he loved. Together they planned to turn the spacious upper hall into a library; she was to have all her father's books and many other things sent on for the room.

"I'll build some fine book-cases," Dave said, enthusiastically. "But I am afraid it will be cold there in the winter."

Then Mrs. Manson made a suggestion. She was a little shy, a little reluctant to show her approval, but she had become thoughtful since Marion's onslaught, and she was putting her desires farther into the background than she ever had done before.

"There's a Franklin stove in the attic. We could have it fixed up, and it would be almost as good as a fireplace."

"You dear!" Marion cried. "Thank you!"

It was not altogether the stove for which Marion was expressing thanks.

So the partnership expanded and grew big enough to include them all. Every morning Dave came in for advice, and the wonder in Mr. Manson's eyes gave place to contentment.

On a night late in the summer there was to be a mass-meeting in the village. A State issue that especially effected the neighborhood was to be discussed.

"It's damp; do you think you'd better go?" Mrs. Manson asked her husband, anxiously.

"Don't you worry about me, Julia," he replied. "Of course I'm going."

Near the close of the meeting the chairman startled the Manson family by calling on Mr. Manson to express his views on the question.

Mrs. Manson drew a sharp breath. She had almost forgotten that her husband had an intelligence apart from hers, and the thought of his speaking was as terrifying to her as the prospect of addressing the meeting herself would have been.

She clutched at his coat to keep him from rising. On the other side, Marion was urging him on.

He rose slowly, but when once he was on his feet, the old exultation that he had felt in his brief college days, when he was a leader in the debates, surged over him.

Sure Signs

Of Kidney Trouble

If your back is constantly aching and if you experience dull shooting pains, your kidneys are out of order. If your urine is thick and cloudy or your passages frequent scanty and painful, your kidneys and bladder are out of order. Neglect quickly brings on rheumatism, diabetes, lumbago sciatica and etc.

Mrs. John Wagner of 110 Hollis St., Halifax, N. S., says: "Dull shooting pains would catch me across the small part of my back and extend into my shoulders and neck, often causing me to suffer with severe headaches and spells of dizziness. Spots would dazzle before my eyes and everything would turn black. I would fall to the floor and be unable to get up again without assistance. A friend told me of Booth's Kidney Pills and I began their use. The first box gave me relief and I am now well and strong."

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Quietly and forcibly, with no attempt at oratory, he laid before the people the facts as he saw them and the logical inferences. There was not a better speech made and after he had finished, there was no one who did not clearly understand the issue.

He sat down, and was surprised at the burst of applause.

"O Father Manson, you're fine!" Marion exclaimed, when they were in the carriage. "I think I'm going to cry."

"I didn't know it was in you, David," his wife said, with her hand on his arm. That remark made up for the scrubbing of many floors.

The next morning Mairon went to the city. She returned while the Mansons were at dinner, and entered the dining room, bearing a great bouquet of flowers.

"For the assembly-man-to-be!" she said dramatically, and gave it to Mr. Manson.

"What are you talking about?" Dave asked, bewildered.

"There were two men sitting in front of me on the train this morning," she answered. "They were talking about father's speech, and they said he was the one man to send up to the legislature this fall. I don't know who they were, but they were personages."

"They didn't mean Dave?" Mrs. Manson asked, anxiously.

"I should think not! They said father could go now, because young Dave had settled down."

David Manson rose. The stoop had disappeared from his body and the last trace of sadness from his eyes. The past was gone. Before him stretched a future of usefulness and activity—a new and splendid opportunity—and he was content.

"MUSIC HATH CHARMS"

German Band Ousts Bailiff In Friend's Behalf

A novel method of getting an objectionable caller out of one's house has been invented by a Copenhagen gentleman who had a bailiff sent to his flat. His sympathetic friends at once arranged for a German band to go to the flat, too. Arrived there, the band played with such energy that the poor bailiff, after enduring the "music" for several hours, inquired when they were going to stop. Being told that the band had an engagement "for lifetime" the bailiff urgently requested that another officer should be sent at once, as he could not stand the noise any longer. The relief bailiff was welcomed with a funeral march, and with this tune the band went on practically without interval for five hours. The police were asked to interfere, but answered that they had no power to do so, as the "concert" took place inside the house. The siege was ultimately raised, as it was found impossible to get another bailiff to go near the house, and the band marched on playing. "See the Conquerors! They Come!"

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