THE DISPATCH

THE AWAKENING

it can't be helped now."

David Manson strode heavily across the piazzia and sat down clinging, adoring woman he in a big chair. It was not time thought he had married. that had caused his broad shoulders to droop, nor years that curves of Marion's pretty mouth had brought the listless expression to saddened eyes. Rather it was the gradual break- man who can so easily bind a ing down of his particularily man to her chariot-wheels, and sensitive spirit.

picture-the picture of the girl take he himself had once made. his son had married less than an hour before.

"I wish you were big and out of the window to the gently black-eyed and managing-look- rolling hills. "But I've got ing," he said, addressing it disapprovingly. "Then, maybe, Dave would be on the look have been where we are to day out and would dodge the bit. if I'd had my say. But my judge-But you little women get the ment wasn't worth considering looking into her winsome face, reins into your hands before we suspect what you're about, and through college and gave his you make us feel like brutes if advise. It was good, too," he we try to get them back, so you ungrudgingly admitted. do the driving. And it isn't the way 'twas intended. It isn't ously. right."

back into his pocket and went into the kitchen to wash his to wash sweaters.

There were always things for ilv." him to do for Julia in the house, and they seemed to be most urgent when the fieldwork called him, and when his muscles

"Of course Dave's a fool, but He was far from stupid, but it had taken him a long time to learn that his wife was not the

Now he saw in the pictured and in the serious expression of her frank eyes the type of wohe was disappointed to think He drew from his pocket a that Dave had repeated the mis-"I've prospered in spite of it," he said, grimly, as he looked

mighty little satisfaction cut of it. And ten years ago we might Things had to wait till Dave got

He rubbed his sweater vigor-

"If some men who have made Sighing, he thrust the picture fools of themselves reform," is happy; but if I should try to

> When he met his wife at the station that night, his mood had me?" she said to herself many softened a little.

"O David, she's sweet!" she out." twitched with eagerness to be said, in her thin, irritating voice. out in the open, directing his "I wish you had gone. I don't evening, when they were all sitknow what she thinks." "Well, I spoke about it," he twilight. reminded her, patiently. "Why, David Manson, you colt," Dave said. "She was hot know you didn't have time to get new clothes after they changed the date of the wedding, and suggested. "You're tired, dear." your old ones are a sight! I wouldn't have had you go in those for a hundred dollars! Goodness knows I wish you'd

"If she's worth her salt, she wouldn't care what I wore,' David contended.

"David," said Mrs. Manson, in her usual fretful voice, "I means to have Dave marry Judge Blake's daughter."

"What I'm realizing is that she may not be the right kind of wife for Dave. I hope he won't begin by letting her manage him."

Mrs. Manson shot a queer glance at her husband. "I don't know what's got into you, David. But I do know that I'm ttred to death, and when I get home I'm going to bed and have you bring me up some toast and tea."

David did not share in the flutter of expectancy that preceded the home-coming of Dave and his bride. And when he took Marion's hand in his, and caught the wistfulness in her straightforward gray eyes, he steeled his heart.

"She'd have me leave the haying too hold worsted for her if 1'd do it," he thought.

As the days went by, the conviction grew in Marion's mind be reflected bitterly, "every one that Dave's father did not like her. It troubled her more sweater. It hurt Julia's side reform, I guess there'd be pre- than she cared to admit; it marcious little rejoicing in this fam- red the happiness of her first days on the farm.

> "I wonder why he dislikes times a day. "I've got to find

Her opportunity came one ting on the piazza in the long

Marion flushed and rose. "i'm going with your father," she said.

Dave started to follow, but she said, "Stay where you are, don't believe you realize what it Dave," and ran down the path. "Why didn't you come to my wedding, and why don't you like me?" she asked, breathlessly when she had overtaken Mr. Manson.

> "Well, "cu see," he explained slowly, "I could i't get any new clothes in time."

"As if 1 would have cared about clothes!"

"Who says 1 don't like you?" "You do, every time you look at me. But let's not talk about that now. 1've seldom been on a farm till now, and 1'm going to love it. 1 want you to tell me all about it."

"Get Dave to."

"Dave's all right, Mr. Manson, but do you suppose 1 would study music with the village teacher if 1 could have a real musician? Compared to you, Dave knows nothing whatever about this farm, its romance --- ' "You'll find, young woman,

that there's a good deal more than romance in farming."

She was thoughtful. "Of course there's been death ----" "My father and mother," he said, simply.

"And life --- "

"There's Dave"

"And hopes and straggles dropped over him. and achievements."

His face became sad; of most of these he had been cheated. I'm going to dislike Julia." Aloud she For a long time they talked --- till the shadows grew dim and were finally bloted out.

5 Minutes The Time Hyomei Takes to Relieve a old or Croup

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"Why, of course he is. If he could have stayed in college he would certainly have been an honor man."

"He's an honor man right now."

"What's that?" Mrs. Manson's thin voice penetrated the darkness. She came out swathed in a white shawl.

"Marion's singing father's praises." "Well, she ought to," Mrs. Manson said. "He's the best man that ever breathed. But I do wish he'd fix himself up a little, and seem to care about things. He's terribly careless about his appearance." Mrs. Manson sighed. 'Sometimes I'm so ashamed. !''

Marion was silent. "They don't know,,' she said to herself. "The pity of it!"

The next morning Marion, unable to sleep, was downstairs before she heard any one stirring in the house. When she entered the kitchen, she came upon Mr. Manson kneading a mass of dough. She stopped astonished.

"What are you doing?"

The old impenetrable shell of reserve

"It hurts Julia's side to knead bread, he explained.

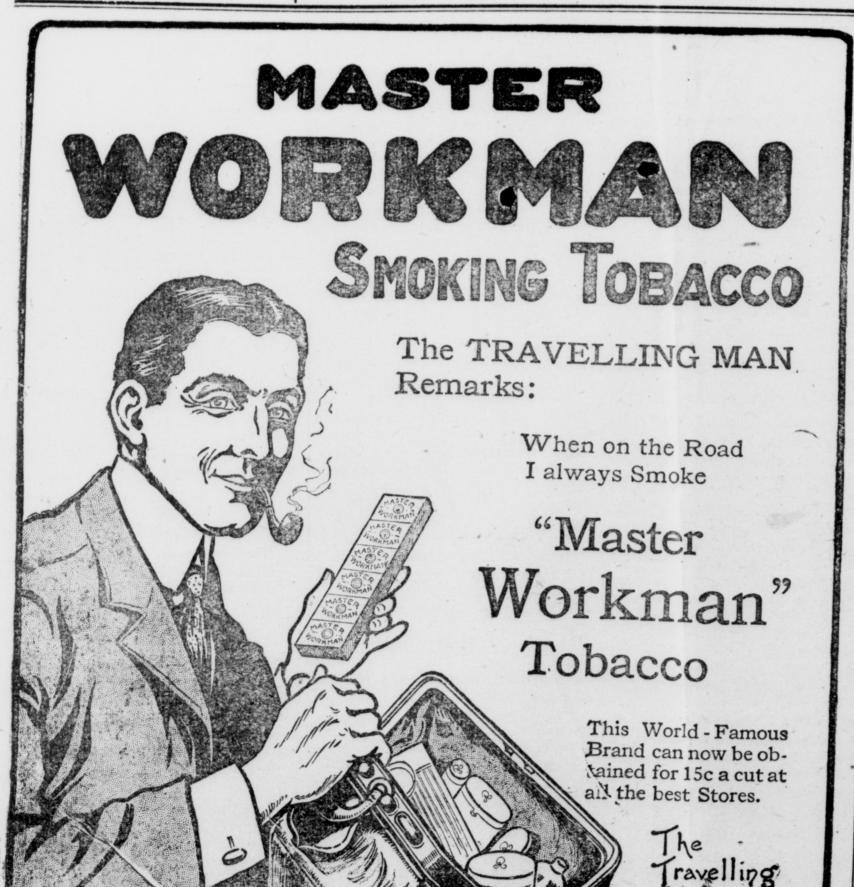
Marion thought swiftly, "I'm afraid said, 'Let me do that. I've studied cookery and here's my chance to see what I know."

men, and leading in the race with storm of darkness.

His wife believed that she was not strong. To the world she was a pretty, plaintive little woman, but her greed for management was all the more rapacious because of her physical weakness; before David knew what was happening, he had been crowded into the background of his own affairs. keep yourself in better shape!"

"I must go and see to the when I brought her in."

"Let father go," Mrs. Manson And Dave, who had always been influenced by his mother, looked expectantly toward his father. Mr. Manson got up slowly and started off to the barn.



Before they had done he knew all about her motherless years and her loneliness since her tather's death, five years earlier. And she, almost a stranger, knew more of him than his nearest kinsfolk did---more, perhaps, than he himself knew of his crushed desires. She was silent while they walked back to the house.

Dave's form loomed up on the dark piazza.

"Where have you peop'e been?" he asked.

"We've been sitting on a the pole of a hay wagon, getting acquain ed," Marion rep ied.

David Manson went in'o the house. He was unaccoun ably light-hear ed.

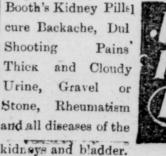
"Dave." said Marion, "do you know your father is splendid?"

Suffer Women

More than Men

Women'n ve more than their share of the aches and pains that afflict humanity. They must "keep up," in spite of constantly aching backs, or headaches, dizzy spells, cic. s Edward Calwood of 123 S. Harold Street Fort William, Ont, says:

"I suff red with dull miserable pains, soreness across my back and in my sides for months. They would catch me so hadly times that I could scarcely move around. I would have dizzy spells and altogether, fel generally run down. After using a number of remedies without finding relief, I learned of Booth's Kidney Pills and found them a excellent remedy. They not only relieved, me of the miserable rains and screness in my tack lut cured n.e of n.y kidney trouble



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He remonstrated, but her hands were soon in the dough.

"Mr. Manson." she had suddenly stopped, and her cheeks had flushed. "Please don't think me inquisitive, but is this necessary?" Could we afford help?"

"Plenty of it," he answered. "Then why-"

"Julia's particular, and-" he hesitated.

"I understand," Marion said. "And the foreman's wife? She couldn't help out?"

"No, she boards the help," he explained.

Continued next week.

Women In Hungary To Get Right-To Vote.

BUDAPEST, Hungary, March 7, --The Lower House of the Hnngarian Parliament adopted the suffrage reform bill, introduced by the government, by which a large number of women are enfranchised.

The Hungarian capital was crowded with troops during the debate, in consequence of threats uttered by the' Socialists to begin a general strike throughout the country. as a protest against the non-introduction of universal suffrage.

It is easier to keep out of trouble than to find the way out after you're once in. One of the mysteries of life is why ignorance always possesses a loud voice and a set of leather lungs.

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