

That Tired Feeling

That comes to you every spring is a sign that your blood is wanting in vitality, just as pimples and other eruptions are signs that your blood is impure.

One of the great facts of experience and observation is that Hood's Sarsaparilla always removes That Tired Feeling, gives new life, new courage, strength and animation; cleanses the blood, clears the complexion, builds up the whole system.

This is one of the reasons why Hood's Sarsaparilla is the Best Spring Medicine. Accept no substitute for

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Insist on having Hood's. Get it today of your druggist. 100 doses one dollar.

Watch Your Thirty Feet of Bowels!

YOU have thirty feet of Intestines! What makes food travel through them?

A set of Muscles that line the walls of these Intestines or Bowels.

When a piece of Food rubs the walls of the Intestines these Muscles tighten behind it, and thus it starts a Muscle-wave which drives it through the whole length of the Bowels.

It should take about 12 hours to do this properly, so that nutritious parts of the food may have time to be digested and absorbed.

But, if it takes twice or three times that period the food spoils in passing, and becomes as poisonous as if it had decayed before being eaten.

Now, the cause of delay (Constipation) is simply Weakness, or Laziness of the Bowel-Muscles.

Want of Exercise, Indoor Employment, weakens these Bowel-Muscles, just as it weakens Arm and Leg Muscles.

"Physic" like Salts, Calomel, Jalap, Phosphate of Soda, Mineral Waters, simply flush-out the Bowels for the one occasion only.

They do not remove the Cause of Constipation.

But this is different with Cascarets. Cascarets act on the Muscles of the Bowels and Intestines. They act just as Cold Water, or Exercise act on a Lazy man. They act like exercise.

A Cascaret produces the same sort of Natural result that a Six Mile walk in the country would produce.

The Vest Pocket Box is sold by all Druggists, at Ten Cents.

Be very careful to get the genuine, made only by the Sterling Remedy Co., and never sold in bulk. Every tablet stamped "CCC."

A WOMAN'S BACK WAS NOT MADE TO ACHE

Thousands of Women suffer Untold Misery Every Day with Aching Backs That Really have no Business to Ache.

Under ordinary conditions it ought to be strong and ready to bear the burdens of life. It is hard to do housework with an aching back. Backache comes from sick kidneys, and what a lot of trouble sick kidneys cause.

But they can't help it. If more work is put on them than they can stand it is not to be wondered that they get out of order. Backache is simply a warning from the kidneys and should be attended to immediately so as to avoid years of terrible suffering from Kidney trouble.

Doan's Kidney Pills

will cure you in the same way as they have cured thousands of others.

Mrs. Thos. Craig, Almonte, Ont., writes: "I was doctoring for six months for kidney trouble and my back was so lame I had to lie in bed. I was advised to try Doan's Kidney Pills. I did so and in one week I was able to walk with very little pain, and in five months my back was as strong as ever."

Doan's Kidney Pills are 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers, or will be mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

REN AND WOMEN. The Big for men and women. Cures all kidney troubles, discharges, inflammation, irritation of the bladder, and all other troubles of the urinary system. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper by express, prepaid, for 21c. or 3 bottles \$2.75. Circular sent on request.

PURE FOOD INSURES GOOD HEALTH BAKING MAGIC POWDER INSURES PURE FOOD.

E.W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO, ONT.

Out of the Darkness

Austin's innovations, few and simple as they were, had given great offense to the rector of Blackscar, a worthy gentleman of the old school, who clung to the black gown and the "high pulpit" as though they were the symbols of his party. A surprised choir had recently been started at Blackscar, much to the tribulation of the elder members of the congregation, and it was a fine thing to see the choir gallantly bringing up the procession on a choir festival in his short, well-worn, corded silk gown. The rector had been rather averse to the surpluses for some time, and had united his groans with the elder members, who thought rustian jackets and clean collars would have been more in accordance with the views of St. Paul; but the groans had been overborne by the younger portion of the congregation. A "bee" was organized by some enterprising young ladies; the surpluses, were duly sewn and stitched, and a large parcel deposited at the rectory on the Saturday night. Next morning the rector-faced country lad walked sheepishly to their places, the beheld of all beholders, looking for all the world like a flock of white geese, as one frangible old lady in the green-grocery trade suggested. "Or like the cherubim and seraphim, continually," as was remarked by one mother, whose red-headed lad was the black sheep of the whole choir from his habit of eating sour apples during the sermon.

The surpluses had excited the day, but the rector's soul was sad within him. He had always been a little high with the neighboring clergy, especially with the Reverend Austin Ord, whose daily services had been a great offense to his eyes, but he had now become almost tyrannical; latterly he had taken up Ebenezer Graves, the editor of the Blackscar Herald. Ebenezer made shoes for his reverence, and for Mrs. Price and the young ladies, and the rector often came to his shop, ostensibly for boots, but in reality for a gossip. Mrs. Graves, who managed her husband's business, a thin, bilious-looking woman with a nasal drawl, was also in his favor at the rectory.

"A very worthy man; very worthy people, my dear," the rector would say. "Pity they are dissenters. Writes very good articles does Ebenezer, quite native talent. I think Blackscar ought to be proud of him; it is no use Ord snubbing him and putting him down on every occasion; the man can't help having a fluent pen, I suppose."

"Ebenezer hates Mr. Ord," put in one of the younger daughters. "I believe it is because he told him that he ought to look after his business better and make his own shoes. Fancy the author of the 'Bullfinch's Elegy' and 'The Lamb's Complaint' making shoes!"

"Yes, and he said 'The Lamb's Complaint' ought to be that it was generally put to much done," put in another daughter.

"And he declared the 'Bullfinch's Elegy' reminded him of treacle and brown sugar," whereby it might be known that Austin was apt to be a little funny at the expense of the poet shoe-maker. At home he was rather more plainspoken; he called Ebenezer Graves a canting rascal, and was very indignant when Mary wanted to buy Laurie some boots there, pleading that they were cheaper than at any other shop at Blackscar. Therefore the vicar's fear with regard to themselves and Miss Maturin was not without foundation. Letters had often appeared in the Blackscar Herald containing mysterious hints and surmises by an unknown correspondent very damaging to some inhabitant of Blackscar; little private family matters had even been divulged in this manner. Once or twice an injured person had been inclined to sue Ebenezer for libel, but the hints had been so obscure, and the whole couched in such mysterious language, that there was nothing of which one could take hold. "They should try a good horse-hipping," Garton had said once. "What is the use if they cannot prove the article is his?" returned the vicar: "he would only have you up for assault and battery. There's no getting at the rascal."

It was not until one of his parishioners being annoyed by just such a letter. "Why do you allow such a libelous thing to be printed in your paper?" I said to him when he had denied all knowledge of the writer. "Why not?" was his only answer; "it is a very good letter. People think the correspondence corner the most amusing in the whole paper. The man who wrote that article knew what he was about. I don't see a thing's libelous because the cap happens to fit one of your congregation. Bless you! some of these things are just make-ups, and mean nothing at all. I am positive there is a meaning in this," I replied.

"My friend feels himself much injured. You ought to induce your correspondent to retract the injurious paragraph and write an apology." I don't think he'll do that," he said, quite coolly. "I declare I came out of the place in a perfect rage."

Therefore, when the vicar mentioned Ebenezer's name on this occasion, Mary looked grave, and said at once that she would call. "I don't think you feel so badly about her now you have been to Bryn," she said, arguing rather shrewdly from her woman's judgment.

"I don't know what to think about her, Mary," returned the vicar, rather sadly. "I am only sure of one thing, that the whole affair is making me quite miserable. I cannot help thinking all day that we are letting our-

selfes be blinded by Robert's prejudice and mere circumstantial evidence. And yet, what can we do? Not proven is not equivalent to not guilty. And I tell you what, Mary—faulty or not faulty, covetous or not, she is the sweetest-spoken woman I have met for a long time."

"Oh, Austin!"

"Yes, indeed, dear; and you must go and speak kindly to her. Whatever Robert may choose to do, it is not for us to refuse the cold water of charity. Perhaps by patience and gentleness we may win her from her reserve."

"I don't think I shall sleep all night for thinking of what I am to say to her," said Mrs. Ord ruefully.

"Come, Mary, that is not brave. Don't think about it at all; that is the best way. And with that homely counsel Mrs. Ord was fain to be content. Procrastination was not one of Mrs. Ord's sins. She had decided to go on the morrow, and punctually at the appointed hour she set off to perform her difficult duty.

Miss Maturin had evidently expected her visit, for Mary found her alone as on the previous days. "My husband has prepared you for my visit, I hope," she said, when they had shaken hands and had sat down. But this time Miss Maturin had not taken up her work.

"Oh, yes; he told me to expect you. I think, under the circumstances, it was very good of him to send you."

"Oh, no; you must not say that."

"Oh, but it was! It was goodness itself. And it was kind of you to come."

"Of course, I should do as he wished. But Mary, when she had said this, felt as though her words had implied some reproach.

"But nevertheless it was very kind, Mrs. Ord. I don't know whether you will care to hear it from my lips, but I think I never knew any one so good as your husband."

"I was afraid you might think him hard."

"Hard? oh, no! Of course, it hurt me to have him saying such things of me, and refusing to believe my words, but through it all his gentleness touched me to the heart."

"Austin is always gentle," replied Mary, and her eyes looked very soft-ly at Rotha. It was not in a wife's nature to hear such sweet praises of her husband unmoved.

"Yes; I saw that in his face. As far back as that first evening when he put open the church door for me I longed for him to be my friend. Do you know when he was pleading with me yesterday, I almost wished that I had done this thing—that I might confess it, I was so sure of his sympathy and forgiveness."

"Why did you not?" was on Mrs. Ord's lips, but she prudently refrained herself. She was very much startled then when Rotha answered her unspoken thought.

"You see, I could not say what is not true, Mrs. Ord."

"No, of course not," returned Mary, hastily, and then there was an awkward pause.

"I was so afraid that you might think me unnecessarily hard," she went on, anxious to sound this singular girl more deeply. "In your position I think I should be tempted to defend myself more boldly."

"If you were in my position," replied Rotha, gently, "you would know how hard it is for a lonely stranger to do otherwise than I have done. When the first shock of it all came upon me I was at once paralyzed; then I was for giving it all up and going away, but Meg proved to me that I was wrong."

"Do you mean Mrs. Carruthers?" asked Mary, much interested.

"Yes; she showed me how morbid and cowardly I was, and how God would take account of my stewardship, and she told me that if I carried my cross well, it would be the end carry me; and it is none the less a cross because it is laid upon me by a fellow-creature."

"Mrs. Carruthers must be a very good woman," returned Mary. She was inwardly wondering whether Meg believed in her friend's innocence.

"Yes, she is one of a thousand," and then with a sudden impulse, she told Mrs. Ord a little of Meg's strange history. Mary listened with unfeigned sympathy; it was safe topic, and led their thoughts into a less painful channel; and the allotted half hour had long ago passed before she had been thought of leaving.

"Be sure you tell Mrs. Carruthers that I hope she will come to the school," she said, as she rose from her chair. "I shall be most thankful for her help."

"Not more thankful than Meg will be," returned Rotha, "she is so fond of children."

"And Austin will see you about those cases tomorrow. We are so glad to get any one who will read to poor Annie. He told me to say again that you were to send for him if you were in any special need."

"Thank you. He is very kind. Am I—I am I to see you again, Mrs. Ord?" And she looked wistfully into Mary's pleasant face; there was something so lovable and trusting in it.

Mrs. Ord hesitated.

"Never mind; of course, you must ask your husband. I shall quite understand if you do not come."

There was such sweetness and sadness in her tone that Mrs. Ord's heart quite ached for her, and she bade her goodbye so kindly that the poor girl colored with pleasure.

"Well, Mary," said the vicar, as she came into the study and leant over him gently, "was the task a very difficult one?"

"No, not very," returned Mary, absently, as her fingers strayed among his curls. "But, Austin, I do feel very unhappy."

"Unhappy, my darling!" And the vicar put back his head that he might see her face. "Why, nothing has happened, surely?"

"No, not happened; but Austin, I do feel as though we may be wrong about this. When I sat and talked to her I almost thought that Robert could not be right."

The vicar drew a long breath. "There was something so thoroughly true about her face; she does not look as though she knew how to deceive; and it would be deceit if she kept telling us that she never wanted the money. Oh, Austin! suppose we are wronging her all this while?"

"I am afraid the same doubt has occurred to me," he said in a grave voice. "Once or twice yesterday I have some unpleasant twinges. It is certainly very dreadful to think that we may have been accusing an innocent girl wrongly, but appearances were so much against her; and then I never knew Robert to suspect a person unjustly before."

"It will be a comfort to think the blame will be his and not ours," returned Mary.

"Why, that would be a poor comfort, and of which I should decline to avail myself. No, no, my dear! We must not shelter our mistake under other people's. Every one for himself! In wider sense, and God for us all! I don't know how it is, Mary, that you have infected me with your fears—I suppose by giving color and expression to my own thoughts; but I feel as though this were a thing rather to pray over than talk about."

And such an anxious line came across the vicar's forehead that Mary stooped and kissed it away.

"Dear Austin! she was so full of your goodness to her."

[To be Continued.]

Miss Maturin had evidently expected her visit, for Mary found her alone as on the previous days. "My husband has prepared you for my visit, I hope," she said, when they had shaken hands and had sat down. But this time Miss Maturin had not taken up her work.

"Oh, yes; he told me to expect you. I think, under the circumstances, it was very good of him to send you."

"Oh, no; you must not say that."

"Oh, but it was! It was goodness itself. And it was kind of you to come."

"Of course, I should do as he wished. But Mary, when she had said this, felt as though her words had implied some reproach.

"But nevertheless it was very kind, Mrs. Ord. I don't know whether you will care to hear it from my lips, but I think I never knew any one so good as your husband."

"I was afraid you might think him hard."

"Hard? oh, no! Of course, it hurt me to have him saying such things of me, and refusing to believe my words, but through it all his gentleness touched me to the heart."

"Austin is always gentle," replied Mary, and her eyes looked very soft-ly at Rotha. It was not in a wife's nature to hear such sweet praises of her husband unmoved.

"Yes; I saw that in his face. As far back as that first evening when he put open the church door for me I longed for him to be my friend. Do you know when he was pleading with me yesterday, I almost wished that I had done this thing—that I might confess it, I was so sure of his sympathy and forgiveness."

"Why did you not?" was on Mrs. Ord's lips, but she prudently refrained herself. She was very much startled then when Rotha answered her unspoken thought.

"You see, I could not say what is not true, Mrs. Ord."

"No, of course not," returned Mary, hastily, and then there was an awkward pause.

"I was so afraid that you might think me unnecessarily hard," she went on, anxious to sound this singular girl more deeply. "In your position I think I should be tempted to defend myself more boldly."

"If you were in my position," replied Rotha, gently, "you would know how hard it is for a lonely stranger to do otherwise than I have done. When the first shock of it all came upon me I was at once paralyzed; then I was for giving it all up and going away, but Meg proved to me that I was wrong."

"Do you mean Mrs. Carruthers?" asked Mary, much interested.

"Yes; she showed me how morbid and cowardly I was, and how God would take account of my stewardship, and she told me that if I carried my cross well, it would be the end carry me; and it is none the less a cross because it is laid upon me by a fellow-creature."

"Mrs. Carruthers must be a very good woman," returned Mary. She was inwardly wondering whether Meg believed in her friend's innocence.

"Yes, she is one of a thousand," and then with a sudden impulse, she told Mrs. Ord a little of Meg's strange history. Mary listened with unfeigned sympathy; it was safe topic, and led their thoughts into a less painful channel; and the allotted half hour had long ago passed before she had been thought of leaving.

"Be sure you tell Mrs. Carruthers that I hope she will come to the school," she said, as she rose from her chair. "I shall be most thankful for her help."

"Not more thankful than Meg will be," returned Rotha, "she is so fond of children."

"And Austin will see you about those cases tomorrow. We are so glad to get any one who will read to poor Annie. He told me to say again that you were to send for him if you were in any special need."

"Thank you. He is very kind. Am I—I am I to see you again, Mrs. Ord?" And she looked wistfully into Mary's pleasant face; there was something so lovable and trusting in it.

Mrs. Ord hesitated.

"Never mind; of course, you must ask your husband. I shall quite understand if you do not come."

There was such sweetness and sadness in her tone that Mrs. Ord's heart quite ached for her, and she bade her goodbye so kindly that the poor girl colored with pleasure.

"Well, Mary," said the vicar, as she came into the study and leant over him gently, "was the task a very difficult one?"

"No, not very," returned Mary, absently, as her fingers strayed among his curls. "But, Austin, I do feel very unhappy."

"Unhappy, my darling!" And the vicar put back his head that he might see her face. "Why, nothing has happened, surely?"

"No, not happened; but Austin, I do feel as though we may be wrong about this. When I sat and talked to her I almost thought that Robert could not be right."

The vicar drew a long breath. "There was something so thoroughly true about her face; she does not look as though she knew how to deceive; and it would be deceit if she kept telling us that she never wanted the money. Oh, Austin! suppose we are wronging her all this while?"

"I am afraid the same doubt has occurred to me," he said in a grave voice. "Once or twice yesterday I have some unpleasant twinges. It is certainly very dreadful to think that we may have been accusing an innocent girl wrongly, but appearances were so much against her; and then I never knew Robert to suspect a person unjustly before."

"It will be a comfort to think the blame will be his and not ours," returned Mary.

"Why, that would be a poor comfort, and of which I should decline to avail myself. No, no, my dear! We must not shelter our mistake under other people's. Every one for himself! In wider sense, and God for us all! I don't know how it is, Mary, that you have infected me with your fears—I suppose by giving color and expression to my own thoughts; but I feel as though this were a thing rather to pray over than talk about."

And such an anxious line came across the vicar's forehead that Mary stooped and kissed it away.

"Dear Austin! she was so full of your goodness to her."

[To be Continued.]

Miss Maturin had evidently expected her visit, for Mary found her alone as on the previous days. "My husband has prepared you for my visit, I hope," she said, when they had shaken hands and had sat down. But this time Miss Maturin had not taken up her work.

"Oh, yes; he told me to expect you. I think, under the circumstances, it was very good of him to send you."

"Oh, no; you must not say that."

"Oh, but it was! It was goodness itself. And it was kind of you to come."

"Of course, I should do as he wished. But Mary, when she had said this, felt as though her words had implied some reproach.

"But nevertheless it was very kind, Mrs. Ord. I don't know whether you will care to hear it from my lips, but I think I never knew any one so good as your husband."

"I was afraid you might think him hard."

"Hard? oh, no! Of course, it hurt me to have him saying such things of me, and refusing to believe my words, but through it all his gentleness touched me to the heart."

"Austin is always gentle," replied Mary, and her eyes looked very soft-ly at Rotha. It was not in a wife's nature to hear such sweet praises of her husband unmoved.

"Yes; I saw that in his face. As far back as that first evening when he put open the church door for me I longed for him to be my friend. Do you know when he was pleading with me yesterday, I almost wished that I had done this thing—that I might confess it, I was so sure of his sympathy and forgiveness."

"Why did you not?" was on Mrs. Ord's lips, but she prudently refrained herself. She was very much startled then when Rotha answered her unspoken thought.

"You see, I could not say what is not true, Mrs. Ord."

"No, of course not," returned Mary, hastily, and then there was an awkward pause.

"I was so afraid that you might think me unnecessarily hard," she went on, anxious to sound this singular girl more deeply. "In your position I think I should be tempted to defend myself more boldly."

"If you were in my position," replied Rotha, gently, "you would know how hard it is for a lonely stranger to do otherwise than I have done. When the first shock of it all came upon me I was at once paralyzed; then I was for giving it all up and going away, but Meg proved to me that I was wrong."

"Do you mean Mrs. Carruthers?" asked Mary, much interested.

"Yes; she showed me how morbid and cowardly I was, and how God would take account of my stewardship, and she told me that if I carried my cross well, it would be the end carry me; and it is none the less a cross because it is laid upon me by a fellow-creature."

"Mrs. Carruthers must be a very good woman," returned Mary. She was inwardly wondering whether Meg believed in her friend's innocence.

"Yes, she is one of a thousand," and then with a sudden impulse, she told Mrs. Ord a little of Meg's strange history. Mary listened with unfeigned sympathy; it was safe topic, and led their thoughts into a less painful channel; and the allotted half hour had long ago passed before she had been thought of leaving.

"Be sure you tell Mrs. Carruthers that I hope she will come to the school," she said, as she rose from her chair. "I shall be most thankful for her help."

"Not more thankful than Meg will be," returned Rotha, "she is so fond of children."

"And Austin will see you about those cases tomorrow. We are so glad to get any one who will read to poor Annie. He told me to say again that you were to send for him if you were in any special need."

"Thank you. He is very kind. Am I—I am I to see you again, Mrs. Ord?" And she looked wistfully into Mary's pleasant face; there was something so lovable and trusting in it.

Mrs. Ord hesitated.

"Never mind; of course, you must ask your husband. I shall quite understand if you do not come."

There was such sweetness and sadness in her tone that Mrs. Ord's heart quite ached for her, and she bade her goodbye so kindly that the poor girl colored with pleasure.

"Well, Mary," said the vicar, as she came into the study and leant over him gently, "was the task a very difficult one?"

"No, not very," returned Mary, absently, as her fingers strayed among his curls. "But, Austin, I do feel very unhappy."

"Unhappy, my darling!" And the vicar put back his head that he might see her face. "Why, nothing has happened, surely?"

"No, not happened; but Austin, I do feel as though we may be wrong about this. When I sat and talked to her I almost thought that Robert could not be right."

The vicar drew a long breath. "There was something so thoroughly true about her face; she does not look as though she knew how to deceive; and it would be deceit if she kept telling us that she never wanted the money. Oh, Austin! suppose we are wronging her all this while?"

"I am afraid the same doubt has occurred to me," he said in a grave voice. "Once or twice yesterday I have some unpleasant twinges. It is certainly very dreadful to think that we may have been accusing an innocent girl wrongly, but appearances were so much against her; and then I never knew Robert to suspect a person unjustly before."

"It will be a comfort to think the blame will be his and not ours," returned Mary.

"Why, that would be a poor comfort, and of which I should decline to avail myself. No, no, my dear! We must not shelter our mistake under other people's. Every one for himself! In wider sense, and God for us all! I don't know how it is, Mary, that you have infected me with your fears—I suppose by giving color and expression to my own thoughts; but I feel as though this were a thing rather to pray over than talk about."

And such an anxious line came across the vicar's forehead that Mary stooped and kissed it away.

"Dear Austin! she was so full of your goodness to her."

[To be Continued.]

Miss Maturin had evidently expected her visit, for Mary found her alone as on the previous days. "My husband has prepared you for my visit, I hope," she said, when they had shaken hands and had sat down. But this time Miss Maturin had not taken up her work.

"Oh, yes; he told me to expect you. I think, under the circumstances, it was very good of him to send you."

"Oh, no; you must not say that."