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 Parsons' Pills Help The Liver

THE COMMON SENSE OF SARAH MEAD

(By Sophie Swett, in the 'C. E. World.')

'She's only got a little mite of a hackin' cough, but its just the way it begun with her mother and three of her mother's sisters, Sophrony and Liza and Em, and their mother and grandmother before 'em.

Sarah, standing on the steps of the country grocery, listened with a cold clutch at her heart. They thought she had gone—Mrs. Deacon Fling and the storekeeper's wife, who was tending this forenoon; but she had wanted just outside the door for Reuben Drown, their neighbor, to come along and carry the molasses-jug for her. The molasses-jug was somehow heavier than it used to be.

The faces of her mother's sisters flashed before her from the old photograph album, delicately pretty feminine types. It was Em, the youngest, whom they said she so strongly resembled; Em had been the first to go.

'They were terrible hardworking women, every one of them,' Mrs. Deacon Fling's reminiscence voice went on. 'It never ran in the Briscoe blood to be lazy. They w'dn't the kind that'd help to do the work, and was goin' around.

'There's a sign of it in some days,' said the storekeeper mournfully. 'It's one thing

makes men kind of sick of farming, the women not bein' so smart as they used to be. The men that married the Briscoe girls wouldn't be so well off as they are to-day if it hadn't been for their wives. You w'dn't out, was you, that terrible rainy day, a year ago, when the minister preached Mis' Mead's funeral sermon? 'Honorable women not a few' was the text he took and he told what helpmets Mis' Mead and her sisters had been to their husbands, and how they had always been ready to entertain ministers and missionaries, and do all they could for the good of the church and the town.'

'Twas beautiful, wa'n't it?' said Mrs. Deacon Fling, feelingly. 'Well, I hope it may happen to the rest of us to deserve something like it when our time comes. And Sarah knew that she was wiping a tear from her comfortable, matronly face. (A thrilling whisper had circulated in Plumfield that the Deacon washed the dishes.)

But she came along just then, carrying up the jug. 'D'you ever hear of your carrying a jug around?' he said, and there was a wrinkle between his brows as he looked into her face.

There she coughed again! Reuben had never said anything like that before. She didn't think that he

had observed any difference; she knew that her father and the boys had not.

'Your feet are wet!' he said sullenly in a tone of exasperation.

'Only one of them, a little bit,' said Sarah, apologetically. 'I am going to get me some new rubbers.'

'You don't think anything about your feet. It's only your father and the boys,' said Reuben, and his tone was so fierce that it was as if he had flung something at her. There were things that Reuben wished to say, and could not; and he felt as if he were a walking Vesuvius.

'That was mother's way. I've got to doing just as she do,' said Sarah, slowly.

'Fooler the sooner you--'

A violent fit of coughing interrupted him. Sarah seemed to have more than a little hackin' cough. Old Mrs. Gerry crossed the street to speak to her.

'You'll have to be real careful and not get cold, Sarah,' she said kindly. 'And, if it's your lot to go as them before you went, I hope you'll be as patient and resigned as they were.'

'I sha'n't!' flashed Sarah. 'I don't mean to go as they went, Mrs. Gerry,' she added, more gently,—for a lack of horror had overspread the old lady's rosy, comely face,—but very firmly.

'Why, why, Sarah, I'm sure I hope you won't,' faltered Mrs. Gerry. 'But if it's the Lord's will—I hope, Sarah, that you haven't got hold of any of the new-fangled ideas about mind-curing—'

'I think I've got hold of a little common sense, M. S. Gerry. It has only just come to me—as I put my foot in that last puddle.'

Good Mrs. Gerry walked away some what scandalized. Common sense was undeniably a good thing but she didn't believe it would cure a case of inherited consumption.

The new-fashioned doctors who said there was no need of its running in families had better take

a look into the Gilead graveyard. Reuben, who had with Christian firmness restrained his impulsive to thrattle old Mrs. Gerry, walked silently beside Sarah up the hill.

Nowadays Sarah's breath was so short that she she could not talk walking up the hill.

'I feel as if I should do something desperate, Sarah,' he said, as he set the molasses jug down upon the porch and turned back into the muddy lane.

'You can't,' Reuben. 'I'm the one.' She looked so very small and fragile as she leaned against the pillar of the porch; and although it was natural to her to have color, Reuben did not like this brilliant flush upon her cheeks. He had seen it too often in Gilead. 'I don't believe God means it. I don't believe He meant it for them,'—she looked across the brown sodden fields to the dreary little cemetery.—'and I'm going to fight!'

Reuben tried to smile into her eager face, but he turned away, heart-sick. He didn't believe that it was of any use. They had never believed in Gilead that it was of any use.

He had promised his sister Martha that he would never marry while she lived. Martha had trouble with back and her nerves and her lungs, and a very weak digestion; and, as she pathetically said, it wasn't in the nature of things that she should last long.

Martha was seventeen years older than he. His mother had died when he was three, and Martha had brought him up. And Martha didn't like Sarah Mead, she would have pink roses on her hat whatever was the matter.

Reuben felt as if he hated the farm whose broad acres were wont to be a pride and pleasure to him. They belonged to him Martha jointly, and there was scarcely more than a good living—and Martha's doctor's bills—to be made of them. What could poor little Sarah's brave fight amount to? What could he do to help her, handicapped as they both were by poverty?

He had read recently some grim statistics of people who died of the 'white plague' unnecessarily, simply for lack of the pecuniary means to obtain the cure. If Sarah could only go to southern California or to Florida.

If he only had not made that promise to Martha, or if Martha were not a hopeless invalid! He ground his teeth in bitter helplessness as he entered his house.

Distressing Headaches

Headaches are largely the result of disordered kidneys.

Mrs. Hall, 24 Flora Street, St. Flora St., St. Thomas, Ont., says: 'I suffered for years with headaches of a most distressing nature. They would come on me suddenly, and would last for days at a time. These were usually accompanied by spells of dizziness that would leave me any house duties. My back was weak and caused me much suffering through the night. I had doctor'd for years, but all I had benefited in



and my condition was gradually coming worse. I learned of Booth's Kidney Pills. One box gave me a complete and lasting cure. I have not had a headache or dizzy spell since and I feel like a new person.' Booth's Kidney Pills are sold by all drug stores, 50c. box, under a guarantee to refund your money if they fail to relieve any disease having its origin in the kidneys or bladder. Postpaid from The R. T. Booth Co., Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont. Sold and guaranteed.

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Sarah had to fly round to get the gingerbread made, she had been so long in getting the molasses. The boys liked hot gingerbread for dinner when they were chopping wood. Some of it would do for Dody's dinner-pail when he went to school tomorrow. Dody was only eleven, rosy-cheeked, 'into everything,' and needing his mother.

Sarah caught her breath when she thought of Dody.

She fried the salt pork to a delicate crispness, although the smoke made her cough, and then she fried some apples in the pork fat. The boys liked fried pork and apples, and she liked to see them eat with lusty appetites when they came in from their hard out-of-doors work. It made her forget the pain in her side.

She did not wonder at those quiet ones who had carried their duties to death. It was so hard to drop them. It seemed almost cowardly and ignoble.

'And yet—I don't believe God meant it,' she repeated; and her lips set themselves into a firm curve. Her lips had naturally a firmer curve than Aunt Em's in the photograph, and she had a strong square little chin instead of Aunt Em's pointed one.

Her father lingered at the table after the boys went back to work. He had seemed broken and unlike himself since his wife died. He was the sort of man who depends in some ways almost childishly upon his wife.

'Father, you know I told you that Judith Purdy was looking for a place to do housework now her sister has moved out West,' Sarah said, tentatively.

The man's forehead gathered into a bewildered frown. He was a small man with a look of being generally inadequate to life.

'Keep a hired girl! We don't want to keep a hired girl! It's money thrown away! Why, your mother never thought of

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