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President Isaac Lewis of Sabina, Ohio, is highly respected all through that section. He has lived in Clinton Co. 75 years, and has been president of the Sabina Bank 20 years. He gladly testifies to the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and what he says is worthy attention. All brain workers find Hood's Sarsaparilla peculiarly adapted to their needs. It makes pure, rich, red blood, and from this comes nerve, mental, bodily and digestive strength. "I am glad to say that Hood's Sarsaparilla is a very good medicine, especially as a blood purifier. It has done me good many times. For several years I suffered greatly with pains of

Neuralgia

in one eye and about my temples, especially at night when I had been having a hard day of physical and mental labor. I took many remedies, but found help only in Hood's Sarsaparilla which cured me of rheumatism, neuralgia and headache. Hood's Sarsaparilla has proved itself a true friend. I also take Hood's Pills to keep my bowels regular, and like the pills very much." ISAAC LEWIS, Sabina, Ohio.

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Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists, \$1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. or purely vegetable, carefully prepared. 25 cents

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SILVER GLOSS STARCH

IS THE "OLD RELIABLE" LAUNDRY STARCH. HOUSEKEEPERS WHO HAVE TRIED IT AND THEN OTHERS ALWAYS RETURN TO "SILVER GLOSS." THOSE WHO HAVE NOT TRIED IT SHOULD DO SO AT ONCE. ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

Starches made by the Edwardsburg Starch Co., L't'd., are always reliable.

THEIR LEADING BRANDS ARE Benson's Canada Prepared Corn } FOR COOKING. Silver Gloss Starch, } FOR LAUNDRY. Enamel Starch, }

Advertisement for Tutti Frutti featuring a portrait of G. T. Pendrith, Manufacturer Sun Bicycle, Toronto, Ont. Text: "I am pleased to testify to the excellent qualities of your Tutti Frutti as an aid to digestion and as a thirst allayer. In taking a spin through the country on my 'bike' I always take a supply of Tutti Frutti with me."

TUTTI FRUTTI

AT THE DENTAL PARLORS North Side Queen Square.

DR. J. H. AYERS You can have your teeth extracted free of pain by the means of either general or local anesthesia. All kinds of work done satisfactorily.

A Tillyloss Scandal

By J. M. BARRIE

Author of "The Little Minister," "Auld Licht Idylls," "A Window in Thrums," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER III.

Haggart must have left Tillyloss with Christy heavy on his mind, for an hour afterward he was surprised to find himself out of Thrums. He was wandering beneath trees alongside the Whunny drain, which is said to have been chiseled from the rocks when men's wages were fourpence a day. Here he sat down, preparatory to turning back. It was now past his usual bedtime, and he had been twelve hours at work that day.

"I canna say whether I sat lang thinking about Christy," he afterwards admitted; "but I mind watching a water-rat running out and in among some nettles till it got mixed in my mind with the shuttle of my loom, and by that time I was likely sleeping."

The probability is that Tammas, who met no one, walked west from Tillyloss to Susie Linn's pump, where he took the back wynd and made for the drain edge by the west town end. This is the route we have usually given him—though Lookaboutyou sends him round by the den—and I have walked it often with Tammas when we were drawing up a sort of map of his wanderings. The last time I did this was in the company of William Byars, who came back to Thrums recently after nearly thirty years' absence, and spoke of Haggart the moment his eyes lighted again on Tillyloss. Those that saw him say that William was overcome with emotion when he gazed at the memorable outside stair, and at last walked away softly saying, "Haggart was a man." What I can say of my own knowledge is that William met me one day as I was coming into Thrums from my school-house and asked me as a favor to go round the "Haggart places" with him. This I mention—as showing what a hold the affair we are now tracking took upon the popular mind.

I pointed out to William the very spot on which Tammas fell asleep. The drain edge path crossed the burn at that time by a footbridge of stone, and climbed a palling into the Long Parks of Auchtermellie. A boarding has been erected on this bridge to make travelers go another way, but it is also as good as a sign-post, for ten yards due south from it stands the short thick beech against which Tammas Haggart undoubtedly slept for nearly seven hours on that queer night. Even Lookaboutyou admits this.

To make the scene as vivid as possible, William, at my suggestion, sat down beneath the tree like one sleeping. I then went a little way into the Long Parks and came back hurriedly, making pretense that it was a dark night. I climbed the palling, crossed the bridge—there being two loose spars in the boarding—and was passing on when suddenly I saw a man sleeping at the foot of a tree. When regarding him I shivered, as if it was the depth of winter, and then noted that he had on a thick top-coat. After a little hesitation, I raised him cautiously and got the coat off without waking him. I was rushing off with it when I remembered that the night was cold for him as well as for me, and flung my old coat down beside him. Then I hurried off, but of course came back directly, the make-believe being over.

Something very like this happened while Haggart was asleep, though no human eye witnessed the scene. All we are sure of is that the thief was dressed in corduroys like Tammas's, and that the coat he left behind him was a thin linen one, coarse, stained—though not torn—and apparently worthless. There were twelve buttons on it—an unusual number, but not, as Tammas discovered, too many. It is a matter for regret that this coat was not preserved.

No doubt Tammas was shivering when he woke up, but all his minor troubles were swallowed in the loss of his top-coat, which was not only a fine one, but contained every penny he had in the world, namely, seven shillings and six-

pence in a line a bag. He climbed into the Long Parks looking for the thief; he ran along the drain edge looking for him, and finally he sat down in dull despair. It was a cruel loss, and now not his indignation with Christy, but Christy's case against him, shook his frame. "The first use I ever made of the linen coat," he allowed, "was to wipe the water off my own wi'."

Only fear of Christy can explain Haggart's next step, which was, after putting on the linen coat, to wander off by the Long Parks, instead of at once returning to Tillyloss.

I did not take William over the ground covered by Haggart during the next three days; indeed, the great part of it is only known to me by vague report. Tammas doubtless had no notion when he ran away, as one might call it, from Christy, that he would sleep next night thirty miles from Thrums. At the back of the house of Auchtermellie, however, he fell in with a wandering tailor, bound for a glen farm, where six weeks' work awaited him. He was not a man of these parts, but Tammas offered to walk a few miles with him, and ended by going the whole way. Of Haggart's experiences at this time I know much, but none of them is visible beside the surprising event that sent him homewards striding.

It takes one aback to think that Haggart might never have been a humorist had not one of the buttons fallen off his coat. The immediate effect of this was dramatic rather than humorous. The tailor picked up the button to sew it on to the coat again, but surprised by its weight had the curiosity to tear its linen

covering with his scissors. Then he drew in his breath, extending his eyes and looking so like a man who would presently whistle with surprise that Haggart stooped forward to regard the button closely. Next moment he had snatched up the button with one hand and the coat with another, and was off like a racer to the tinkle of the starter's bell.

When beyond pursuit, Haggart sat down to make certain that he was really a rich man. The button that had fallen off was a guinea—gold guineas we said in Thrums, out of respect for them—covered with cloth, and a brief examination showed that the eleven other buttons were of the same costly kind. One popular explanation of this mysterious affair is that the tramp who left this coat to Tammas had stolen it from some person unknown, without realizing its value. Who the owner was has never been discovered, but he was doubtless a miser, who liked to carry his hoard about with him unostentatiously. I have known of larger sums hidden by farmers in as unlikely places.

Before resuming his triumphant march home, Tammas pricked a hole in each of the buttons, to make sure of his fortune, and wasted some time in deciding that it would be safer to carry the guineas as they were than stowed away in his boots. "Sometimes on the road home," he used to say, "I ran my head on a tree or splashed into a bog for it's sair work to keep your een on twelve buttons when they're all in different places. Lads, I watched them as if they were living things."

William and I crossed from the drain edge to the hill, where the next scene in the drama was played. The hill is public ground to the north of Thrums, separated from it by the cemetery and a new field. So steep is the descent that a heavy stone pushed from the south side of the hill-dyke might crash two minutes afterwards against the back walls of Tillyloss. The view from the hill is among the most extensive in Scotland, and it also exposes some dilapidated courts in Thrums that are difficult to find when you are within a few feet of them. Fifty years ago the hill was nearly covered with whins, and it is half hidden in them still, despite the life-work of D. Fittis.

For some reason that I probably never knew we always called him D. Fittis, but tradition remembers him as the Whinslayer. At a time when neither William nor I was of an age to play smuggle, D. Fittis's wife lay dying far up Glen Quarharty. Her head was on D. Fittis's breast, and the tears on her cheeks came from his eyes. There were no human beings within an hour's trudge of them, and what made D. Fittis gulp was that he must leave Betsy alone while he ran through the long night for the Thrums doctor, or sit with her till she died.

"Ye'll no leave me, Davie," she said. "Oh, Betsy; if I had the doctor, ye might live."

Betsy did not think she could live, but she knew her man writhed in his helplessness, and she told him to go.

"Put on your cravat, Davie," she said, "and mind and button up your coat."

"Oh, but I'm loth to gang frae ye," he said when his cravat was round his neck and he stood holding Betsy's hand.

"God's with me, Davie, and with you," Betsy said, but she could not help clinging to him, and then D. Fittis cried, "Oh, blessed God, Thou didst in Thy great wisdom make poor folk like me, in Thy hands I leave this woman, and oh, ye might spare her to me."

"Ay, but God's will be done," said Betsy. "He kens best."

It was not God's will that these two should meet again on this earth. At the school-house, which was to become my home, D. Fittis found friends who hastened to his wife's side, and Craigie-buckl lent him a horse on which he galloped off to Thrums. But among the whins of the hill the horse flung him and broke his leg. D. Fittis tried to crawl the rest of the way, but he was found next morning in a wild state among the whins, and he was never a sane man again. For the remainder of his life he had but one passion—to cut down the whins, and many a time, at early morn, at noon, and when gloaming was coming on, I have seen him busy among them with his scythe. They grew as fast as he could cut, but he had loving relatives to tend him, and was still a kindly harmless man, though his laugh was empty.

(To be Continued)

Advertisement for Martin's Cardinal Food. Text: "Give the Baby a Chance. The only food that will build up a weak constitution gradually but surely is Martin's Cardinal Food. A simple, scientific and highly nutritive preparation for infants, delicate children and invalids. KERRY WATSON & CO., PROPRIETORS, MONTREAL." Includes a small illustration of a baby.

JEWELRY CONCEITS.

The most popular bracelet is flexible, being in gold chain pattern, with gems set in at intervals.

Bowknots of gold, enriched with gems, are suitable ornaments for the Marie Antoinette coiffure.

Five stone hoop rings, in which diamonds alternate with rubies or other colored gems, represent a popular style in finger rings.

The present style in woman's dress demands gorgeous effects; hence the buttons, buckles and other ornaments set with fancy stones.

The wearing of imitation and semiprecious jewels is no longer a social crime. These are freely tolerated in the fashionable world. Especially is this true of Roman pearls, which figure in many necklaces in company with real diamonds.—Jewelers' Circular.

THE SPRING GARDEN.

Try planting a mass of Lillium elegans for a brilliant display.

Try to keep all weeds from maturing and sowing their seeds.

Try planting only good seeds. The cheap seeds are the dear seeds in the end.

Try sprinkling pulverized borax around plants that are infested by the troublesome ants.

Try adding a little aqua ammonia to the water in which cut flowers are to be kept. It will prolong their fresh beauty.

Try planting a bed of Japan iris and wait for the delight and surprise at their wonderful blooming a little later.

Try this method of supporting the dahlias: Drive a stout stake into the ground close beside the tuber when the dahlias are planted and tie the green shoots loosely to this.

THE CYNIC.

Thank a man for an unexpected favor, and then watch.

A man who attends parties, or who is in love, should give one-half of his salary back to his employer.

Ministers' wives are to be pitied. They can't tell their husbands what good men their ministers are.

No man wants to be a woman longer than it would take to show his wife that he can improve on her methods.

A funeral in a family reveals a great many surprising kinships that no number of parties and receptions had ever made public.

About all a man gets in this life is his board and clothes. If you have good board and clothes, you are a success.—Aitchison Globe.

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If so you will appreciate the fragrance and flavor which our Extracts impart to your cooking.

Why lose time and patience experimenting with worthless and unreliable goods, when you can get the best from your grocer by asking for the "Sovereign" Brand.

SOVEREIGN FLAVORING EXTRACTS

Have stood the test of years, and their increasing sale proves their superiority.

Ask your Grocer for them. Simson Bros. & Co. Manufacturers

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Having a large stock of Boneless Fish' on hand, and wishing to reduce it at once, we have decided to make a big reduction in the price. For a few days we will offer a

30 lb. Box Boneless Fish for 95c This is first-class stock, put up only a few weeks ago by one of our best packers, and we guarantee every box of it.

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Is more economical and makes better bread than the imported.

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Advertisement for THE CHAMPION OF THE WORLD BONNIE JEAN CIGAR. Includes an illustration of a man in a tank top and shorts. Text: "TASSE WOOD & CO MONTREAL."

NEW STOCK NOW OPENING

Ladies' Hats, Flowers, Blouses, Shirt Waists.

T. J HARRIS

LONDON HOUSE.....

CARD OF THANKS.

For the many favors received from my numerous friends and customers during the year 1896, and would wish them a happy and Prosperous New Year, and that they may all continue to buy and drink the celebrated Special Blend of Empire Tea that I sell. Also as many more, invited to participate in the pleasures of drinking Empire Blend during 1897.

T. J MORRIS, Grocer and Crockery Man

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