WAS SLOWLY DYING

THE RESULT OF AN ATTACK OF LA GRIPPE AND PNEUMONIA.

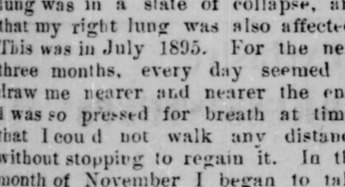
The Strange Case of Mr. James Owen, of Johnville—Doctors Told Him His Lungs Were Affected and He Could Not Recover—Now in Good Health.

From the Sherbrooke Gazette.

When a man faces what medical authorites tell him is certain death, and regains health and strength, he is naturally grateful to the medicine that has restored him. Such a man is Mr. James Owen, one of the best known farmers in the vicinity of Johnville, Que. Mr. Owen tells his story of shattered health and renewed strength as follows:—"On the 17th of December, 1894, I was attacked with la grippe. A week later the trouble developed into pneumonia in its worst form, and I did not leave my bed until the first of March, 1895, and then I was so weak that I was unable to walk alone. All winter my life hung in the ballance. Summer came, and I was still weak and feeble, though with the warm weather I gained a little strength I had however, but very little

power in my legs, and I could not ride a mile in a buggy owing to the pain they caused me. My lungs also troubled me and I raised a great deal of matter. I then consulted the best doctor we have in this section of province. He told me candidly that I was past medical help. He said that my left lung was in a state of collapse, and that my right lung was also affected. This was in July 1895. For the next three months, every day seemed to draw me nearer and nearer the end. I was so pressed for breath at times that I could not walk any distance without stopping to regain it. In the month of November I began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It was certainly a forlorn hope and I admit I did not expect much benefit from them, but took them rather to please a friend who urged me to do so. I beleive I was surprised when I found they were helping me, for I thought I was beyond the aid of medicine, but help me they did, and I gladly continued their use. The result is they have made a well man of me, I have not a pain about me, my breath comes as freely as it ever did, and I am strong and vigorous. My case can be briefly summed in a few words. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills hsve given me a new lease of life and I am glad to let everybody know it.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, build up the nerves, and thus drive disease from the system. In hundreds of cases they have cured after all other medicines have failed, thus establishing the claim that they are a marvel among the triumphs of modern medical science. The genuine Pink Pills are sold only in boxes, bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Protect yourself from imposition by refusing any pill that does not bear the registered trade mark around the box.



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HAVE YOU TRIED IT?

A Tillyloss Scandal

By J. M. BARRIE

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

CHAPTER I.

According to those who have thought the thing over, it would defy the face of clay to set forth this prodigious affair of Tillyloss, the upshot of which was that Tammas Haggart became a humorist. It happened so far back as the Long Year, so called by reason of disease in the potato crop; and doubtless the house, which still stands, derides romance to those who cavil at an outside stair. Furthermore, the many who only knew Haggart in his later years, whether personally or through written matter or from Thrums folk who have traveled, will not readily admit that he may once have been an every-day man. There is also against me the vexing practice of the farmer of Lookaboutyou, who never passes Tillyloss, if there is a friend of mine within earshot, without saying:—

"Gravestane or no gravestane, Tammas Haggart would have been a humorist."

Lookaboutyou thus implies that he knew Haggart for a man of parts when the rest of us were blind, and it is tantalizing beyond ordinary to see his word accepted in this matter by people who would not pay him for a drill of potatoes without first stepping it to make sure of the length.

I have it from Tammas Haggart that until the extraordinary incident occurred which I propose telling as he dropped it into my mouth, he was such a man as myself. True, he was occasionally persuaded by persons of Lookaboutyou's stamp to gloss over this admission, as incredible on the face of it, but that was in his last years, when he had become something of a show, and was in a puzzle about himself. Of the several reasons he gave me in proof of a non-humorous period in his life the following seem worthy of especial attention:—

First, that for some years after his marriage he had never thought of himself as more nicely put together than other men. He could not say for certain whether he had ever thought of himself at all, his loom taking up so much of his time.

Second, that Christy was able to aggravate him by saying that if which was which she would have married James Pitbladdo.

Third, that he was held of little account by the neighbors, who spoke of his living "above Lunan's shoppy," but never localized the shop as "below Haggart's house."

Fourth, that while on his wanderings he experienced certain novel and singular sensations in his inside, which were probably his humor trying to force a passage.

Fifth, that in the great scene which ended his wanderings, his humor burst its banks like a dam, and had flowed in burns ever since.

During nearly forty years we contrived now and again to harness Tammas to his story, but often he would stop at the difficulty of realizing the man he must have been in his pre-humorous days, and remark, in his sarcastic way, that the one Haggart could not fathom the other. Thus our questionings sometimes ended in silence, when we all looked in trouble at the fire and then went home. As for starting him on the story when he was not in the vein, like breasting the brae against a high wind.

When the events happened I was only a lad. I cannot send my mind back to the time when I could pass Haggart without the side-glance nearly all Thrums offered to his reputation, and he is best pictured hunkering at Tillyloss, one of a row of his admirers. After eight o'clock it was the pleasant custom of the weavers to sit in the open against a house or dyke, their knees near their chins and their ears ready for Haggart. Then his face would be contracted in pain as some strange idea bothered him and he searched for its humorous aspect. Perhaps ten minutes afterwards his face would expand, he would slap his knees, and we knew that the struggle was over. It was one of his ways, disliked at the time, yet admired on reflection, not to take us into the secret of his laughter; but he usually ended by looking whimsically in the direction of the burying-ground, when we were perfectly aware of the source of the joke, and those of us nudged each other who were not scared. Until the spell was broken we might sit thus for the space of a quarter of an hour, none speaking, yet in the completest sympathy, because we were all thinking of the same thing, and that a gravestone.

Tillyloss is three broken rows of houses in the east end of Thrums, with gardens between them, nearly every one of which used to contain a pig-sty. There are other ways of getting into the gardens than by windows, for those who are sharp at knowing a gate when it looks like something else. Three or four other houses stand in odd corners, blocking the narrow road, which dodges through Tillyloss like a hunted animal. Starting from the west end of the suburb, as Tillyloss will be called as soon as we can say the word without smirking, the road climbs straight from the highway to the uppermost row, where it runs against a two-story house. Here we leave it, as many a curious stranger has done, to get out of Tillyloss the best way it can, for that two-storied house in where Tammas Haggart lived, up the outside stair, the west room.

Tammas flitted to the Tenements a year after he became a humorist, and it is an extraordinary tribute to his memory that the road from the pump to his old residence in Tillyloss is still called Haggart's Roady. Many persons have inhabited his room since he left it, but though the younger ones hold out for an individuality of their own, the graybeards still allow that it is Haggart's house. To this day Tillyloss residents asked for a landmark to their dwellings may reply,

"I'm sax houses frae Haggart's," or

"Onybody can point out Haggart's stair to you. Ay, weel, gang to that, and then come back three doors."

The entrance to Lunan's shop was beneath Haggart's stair, which provided a handy retiring place in wet weather. Lunan's personality had the enormous advantage of a start of Tammas's, as has been seen, yet Haggart has practically swallowed Lunan, who in his more crabbed age scowled at the sight-seers that came to look at the second story of the house and ignored the shop. As boys we envied, more than learning, the companion whose father kept a shop, and I remember Lunan's son going with his fist for the bankers son who—though he never really believed it—said that his father could have a shop if he liked. Yes the grand romance of Haggart choked the fame of Lunan even with the lads who played dump at Tillyloss, and the shop came to be localized as "beneath Haggarts stair." Even Lunan's stoutness, which was a landmark in itself, could not save him. The passage between his counter and the wall was so narrow and the rest of his shop so full of goods that before customers could enter Lunan had to come out, but in this quandary his dignity never left him. He always declined to join the company who might be listening on the stair to Tammas's adventures, but some say he was not above hearkening through a hole in one of the steps.

The exact date of Haggart's departure cannot be determined, though it was certainly in the back end of the year 1834. He had then been married to Christy a little short of three years. His age would be something beyond thirty, but he never knew his birthday, and I have heard him say that one of the few things he could not understand was how the relatives of a person deceased could know the precise age to send to the newspapers.

What is, however, known for certain is that Tammas's adventures began within a week of the burial of old Mr. Yuill, the parish minister. There had been a to-do about who should preach the funeral sermon, two ministers having words over it, and all Thrums knowing that Mr. Yuill had left seven pounds to the preacher. At this time Haggart did not belong to the Auld Lichts, nor was he even regular in his attendance at the parish church, but the dispute about the funeral sermon interested him greatly, and when he heard that the session was meeting to decide the affair, he agreed with Chirsty that he might do worse than hang around the door on the chance of getting early information. There was a small crowd at the door on the same errand, all of whom noticed, though they little thought it would give them a tonic to their dying day, that Haggart had on his topcoat. It had been an old one of Mr. Yuill's, presented to Tammas, who could not fill it, but refused to have it altered, out of respect to the minister's memory. It has also been fondly recalled of Tammas that he was only shaven on the one side, as if Chirsty had sent him to the meeting in a hurry, and that he had not the look of a man who was that very night to enter upon experiences which would confound the world.

"It was an impressive spectacle," Snecky Hobart said subsequently, "to see Tammas discussing the burial sermon, just as keen as me and T'nowhead and then to think that within twenty-four hours the very ministers themselves would be discussing him."

"He said to me it had been a dowie day," T'nowhead always remembered.

"He shoved me when he was crushing in nearer the door," was Hender Robbie's boast.

"But he took a snuff out of my mull."

"Maybe he did, but I was the last he spoke to. He said, 'Weel, Dan'l, I'll be stepping back to Tilly.'"

"Ay, but I passed him at the Tenements, and he says, 'Davit,' he says, and I says, 'Tammas.'"

"Very like; but I was carrying a ging of water frae Susie Linn's pump, and Tammas said would I give him a drink, the which I did."

"Lads, I'm no sure but what I noticed a far-away look in Tammas's face, as if there was something on his mind."

"If ye did, Jeames, ye kept it to yoursel'."

"Ay, but I meant to mention it when I got hame."

"How did ye no, then?"

"How does a body no do many a thing? I dinna say I noticed the look, but just that I'm no sure but what I noticed it."

So we all did our best to recall Haggart's last words and looks on that amazing evening, even the Auld Licht minister, who cared little for popularity, claiming as a noticeable thing to have walked behind Tammas and observed that his handkerchief was hanging out of his north pocket. But though all these memories have their value as relics, we have Tammas's own word for it that from the time he reached the session house until his return to Tillyloss he felt much as usual.

"Ay," he would say in his impressive way, "many a thing may happen between the aucht and the ten-o'clock bells, but I told neither T'nowhead nor Sneeky nor none of them as onything was to happen that nicht."

"Ye did not, Tammas; na, na, for if ye had I would have heard ye, me being there."

"Ay, but ye couldna say my reason for no telling ye?"

"Na."

"Weel, then, my reason was just this that I didna ken mysel'."

(To be Continued)

Professor S. P. Langley of the Smithsonian institution said in a recent interview that if he had the time and money to spend he believed he could make a flying machine "on a scale such as would demonstrate to the world that a large passenger carrying flying machine can be a commercial as well as a scientific success."

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Assignee.

Charlottetown, 14th April, 1897

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