

Boils

It is often difficult to convince people their blood is impure, until dreadful carbuncles, abscesses, boils, scrofula or salt rheum, are painful proof of the fact. It is wisdom now, or when-ever there is any indication of

Impure

Blood, to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and prevent such eruptions and suffering. "I had a dreadful carbuncle abscess, red, fiery, fierce and sore. The doctor attended me over seven weeks. When the abscess broke, the pains were terrible, and I thought I should not live through it. I heard and read so much about Hood's Sarsaparilla, that I decided to take it, and my husband, who was suffering with boils, took it also. It soon purified our

Blood

build me up and restored my health so that, although the doctor said I would not be able to work hard, I have since done the work for 20 people. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured my husband of the boils, and we regard it a wonderful medicine." Mrs. ANNA PETERSON, Latimer, Kansas.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1. Hood's Pills cure liver ills, easy to take, easy to operate. 25 cents.

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RECIPE for Infants' Food. To one dessertspoonful of Benson's Canada Prepared Corn, mixed with half a cup of cold water, add half a pint of boiling water; stir over the fire for five minutes; sweeten slightly; for older babies mix with milk instead of water. SEE OTHER RECIPES ON PACKAGE. THE EDWARDSBURG STARCH CO. Works: Cardinal, Ont. Offices: Montreal, P.Q.

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A Tillyloss Scandal

By J. M. BARRIE

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

CHAPTER II.

In the future Haggart's mind was to become a book in which he could turn up any page wanted, but its early stage was a ravel not worth harking back to unless for purposes of comparison. He could never, therefore, when questioned, say for certain that between the session house and Tillyloss he had met a soul except the Auld Licht minister, to see whom was naturally to feel him. At the foot of Tilly, however, he was taken aback to find a carriage and two horses standing.

The sight knocked all the news he had heard about the funeral sermon out of his head, and left him with just sufficient sense to put his back to the wall and assume the appearance of a man who would begin to think directly. First he gazed at the horses, and said, "Ay."

Then he looked less carefully at the coachman. "Yes," he said. Lastly, he gave both eyes to the carriage, and corroborated his previous remarks with, "Umph."

In themselves these statements suggest little, though they really left Haggart master of the situation. The first was his own answer to the question, "Will these be Balribble's beasts?" and the second was merely a stepping-stone to the third, which was a short way of saying that the ladies had called on Christy at last.

Tammas's wife, Christy, had been a servant at Balribble, the mistress of which had promised, as most of Thrums was aware, to call on her some day. "Ye'll be none the better though she does call," Haggart used to say, to which Christy's inhuman answer was, "Maybe no; but it'll make every other woman in Tillyloss miserable."

Every day for a year Christy awaited the coming of the ladies, after which it was the neighbors who spoke of the promised visit rather than herself. But evidently the ladies had come after all, and the question for Tammas was whether to face them or step about Tilly until they had driven away. It is difficult, no doubt, to believe that there ever was a time when Haggart would rather have hidden behind a dyke than converse with the gentry, but I have this from himself. He, whose greatest topic in the future was to be, Women, and Why we should Put up with Them, however Unreasonable, could not think of the proper thing to say to the ladies of Balribble.

"Losh, losh," he has said, when casting his mind back to this period, "it's hard to me to believe that the unhumorous man swithering at the foot of Tilly that night was really Tammas Haggart, and not just somebody dressed up in Tammas Haggart's image."

If it was hard to Tammas, how much harder to the like of us. Without actually deciding to show tail, Tammas continued to lean heavily against the wall, where he was not conspicuous to two women who passed a little later with baskets on their arms.

"I assure ye Christy's landed," one of them said, "for she has her grand folk after all."

"Ay," said the other, "and Tammas is no in, so she'll no need to explain how her man's so lang and thin by what he was when she exhibited him at Balribble."

"What do ye mean, ye limmers?" cried Haggart, stepping into sight. "I was never at Balribble."

They slipped past him giggling, with the parting shots—"Christy can tell ye what we mean," and "And so can James Pitbladdo."

Haggart probably sent his under lip over the upper one, for that was his way when troubled. He was aware that Christy had very nearly married Pitbladdo, but these women mean something else. Without knowing that he was doing so, he marched straight for his house, and was half-way up the outside stair when the door opened, and two ladies, accompanied by Christy, came out. Haggart did not even know what they were like, though he was to become such an authority on the female face and figure. He stopped, wanting the courage to go on and the discourtesy to turn back. So he merely stood politely in their way.

Christy gave her curls an angry shake as she saw him, but he had to be acknowledged.

"This is himsel'," she said, with the contempt a woman naturally feels for her husband.

Thus cornered, Tammas opened his mouth wide, to have his photograph taken, as it were, by the two ladies. The elder smiled and said, "I am glad to make your acquaintance, James."

Tammas thinks she said more, but could never swear to it. To keep up with her quick way of speaking was a race for him, and at the word "James" he stumbled, as against a stone. When he came to himself, "Thank ye, mem," he said, "but my name—"

Here Christy gave him a look that made him lose his words. "Let the laddies pass, can ye no?" she exclaimed. For a moment Tammas did not see

how they could pass, unless by returning to the house, when he could follow them and so get rid of himself. Then he had the idea of descending.

"At the same time," he said, picking up the lost words, "my name—"

"Dinna argy bargy with the laddies," said Christy, tripping down the stair like a lady herself, but not hoisting the color that would at that moment have best become her.

"Ye must come out to Balribble again and see us, James," the elder lady remarked by way of good-night.

Tammas turned a face of appeal to his other visitor, who had been regarding him curiously.

"Do you know, James," she said, "I would not have recognized you again?" "Very like," answered Tammas, "for ye never saw me."

"Be ashamed of yourself, James," cried Christy, shocked to hear husband of hers contradict a lady.

The young lady, however, only smiled. "Oh, James," she said, playfully, "to think you have forgotten me, and I poured out your tea that day at Balribble with my own hand."

In his after years Tammas, tempted to this extent, would have answered in some gallant words such as the young lady could have taken away with her in the carriage. But that night he was only an ordinary man.

"I never set foot in Bal—" he was replying, when Christy interfered.

"Well he minds of it," she said, audaciously, "and no farther back than Monday he says to me, 'That was a cup of tea,' he says, 'as I never tasted the marrows of.'"

"Wuman!" cried Tammas. "See to the house, James," said Christy, "and I'll go as far as the carriage with the ladies."

When Christy returned, five minutes afterwards, her husband was standing where she had left him.

"My name, mem," he was saying to the stair, "is not James, but Tammas, and it's gospel I tell ye when I say I was never at Balribble in my born days."

Christy passed him without a word, and went into the house, slamming the door. Tammas and his tantrums did not seriously disturb her, but she had been badly used on her way back from the carriage. While helping the ladies to their seats she had been happily conscious of Kitty Crabb peeping at the proud sight

from the back of the doctor's dyke, and as Kitty was the most celebrated gossip in Tillyloss, Christy thought to herself, "It'll be through Tilly before bedtime."

"Ay, Kitty," she said, on her way back, looking over the dyke, "that was the Balribble family calling on me."

Kitty, however, could never stand Christy's airs, and saw an opportunity of humbling her.

"I saw nobody," she answered. "They've been in my house since half nine," cried Christy, anxiously, "and that was their carriage."

"I saw no carriage," said Kitty, cruelly. "I saw ye gaping at it over the dyke," Christy screamed, "and that's it ye hear driving east the road."

"I hear nothing," said Kitty. "Katrine Crabb," cried Christy, "think shame of yourself."

"Na, Christy," rejoined Kitty, "ye needna blame me if your grand folk ignore ye."

So Christy entered her house with the dread fear that no one would give her the satisfaction of allowing that the Balribble family had crossed its threshold. She was wringing a duster, as if it were Kitty Crabb, when Tammas stamped up the stair in no mood to offer sympathy.

He kept his bonnet on, more like a visitor than a man in his own house, but as he plumped upon a stool by the fire he flung his feet against the tongs in a way that showed he required immediate attention.

(To be Continued)

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Took Out the Starch.
William E. Curtis, the newspaper correspondent, tells the following story of a Washington colored woman: "The wife of a naval officer in this city, whose husband has just returned from a long cruise, is hanging up her home and sent her lace curtains to a colored woman to be 'done up.' The 'washlady' returned them on the day agreed upon, but apologized because they were so 'limpsey' and offered to do them over again if she were allowed a few days' time. 'I had 'em jus' as stiff as you like, honey,' she remarked to the naval officer's wife, 'but my husband's niece by his first wife died jus' at the time I got 'em ironed, and nuthin'll take the starch out of things so much as a corpse in a house.' Another trial was given her.

A Wonderful Mathematician.
Zerah Colburn, born in 1804, was the most remarkable natural mathematician every known. He was able to raise 8 to the sixteenth power, this comprising 15 figures, and was right in every particular. Once he was requested to name the factors which produced the number 247,483 and immediately gave the correct answer. He was asked the square root of 106,929, and before the figures could be written down he gave the answer.

Chew for a few moments a cracker containing no sugar and notice how sweet it becomes. This is the sugar into which your saliva has converted the starch of the cracker.

When a dentist in China is pulling a tooth for a patron, an assistant hammers on a gong to drown the cries of the victim.

It is just as well to know that ophelia, a new color, is a pale mauve.

"Scratch Your Liver!"
"Scratch your liver!" was the cry which arose from the corner of the busiest and noisiest down town restaurant about 1 o'clock one afternoon. The patrons of the place dropped their knives and forks and looked up in amazement. The waiters did not act in the least surprised and reached for the bills of fare, drawing a pencil through the line, "Liver and bacon, 85 cents." The order came from the superintendent, who had received word from the chef that the dish had run out, and he was so busy at the time that he did not think how the shouted command would sound. —New York Mail and Express.

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If we told you that your baby was starving, that it actually didn't get enough to eat, you might resent it. And yet there are thousands of babies who never get the fat they should in their food or who are not able to digest the fat that they do get. Fat is a necessity to your baby. It is baby life and baby beauty. A few drops of Scott's Emulsion for all little ones one, two and three years of age is better than cream for them. They thrive and grow on it.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont.

P. E. Island Railway WEST PRINCE NOMINATION.

In connection with the nomination in West Prince, a special passenger train will leave Ch'own at 5.30 a. m., Summerside at 7.45 a. m., arrive at Alber on at 10.30 a. m. and leave there for return at 6.00 p. m. standard, on Tuesday 20th inst. Return tickets will be issued by this train at undermentioned rates:

From Charlottetown, Royalty Junction, North Wiltshire, Hunter River, \$1.25.
From Bradalbane, Emerald, Freetown, Kensington \$1.15.
From Summerside, Miscouche, Wellington \$1.00.
From Richmond to Eilerslie, inclusive, 75 cts.
From McNeill's to Coleman, inclusive, 50 cts.
O'Leary and Intermediate Stations, one first class fare.
Return tickets will also be issued at one first-class fare from Tignish and intermediate stations by morning train on 20th good for return by evening train on same date.

A. McDONALD, D. POTTINGER, Superintendent. Gen. Man. Gov't Railway Office, Ry's, Moncton, Charlottetown. April 15, '97—89, 3in.

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