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Address, SAWYER MEDICINE CO., Dept. B Montreal, Can.

District.

sturned to their home in Chatham after visiting the latter's parents, Mr.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Jinks have returned to their home in Chatham after visiting the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Pugh.

Mrs. Dunfop and children, of Chatham, who for the past week have been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bommerset, concession 7, have returned home.

James Mackness, of Chatham, spent. New Year's day with his parents here. The service at the Methodist church on Sunday was conducted by the League. Mrs. A. French and Miss E. Tompkins took charge of the meeting. Miss Ethel Tompkins gave an interesting talk on Deaconess Work, in which she is now engaged in in Toronto. A quartette, "Where He Leads Me I Will Follow," was nicely wendered by four young ladies.

Miss Shaw, of Chatham, has been engaged to teach here.

The principal numbers at the sacred

concert to be given in the Methodist Donald, elocutionist, of DARRELL.

Thr. and Mrs. E. Jinks have reurned to their home in Chatham

Miss Sherman, of Taamesville,
Miss McDonald will give the pantomine "The Holy City," which we are
sure will delight all who hear it.
Miss Sherman, who is one of Thames-

church will be taken by Miss Mc- cellent taste and discrimination. Ridgetown,



ACES AND DELICATE FABRICS are so pretty and expensive that it seems a shame to have them eaten up and rubbed to pieces by using harsh

"SURPRISE" Soap is so pure that it can't hurt the most flimsy lace. Then it cleanses without boiling or rubbing, so there is no wear at all.

The best way to wash is to make a suds with "SUR-PRISE" Soap—and then let the soap loosen up the dirt.

After that simply move the fabric around and let the ter circulate through it, and the dirt will drop out. "SURPRISE" is the highest grade soap made. It sts the same as common kinds.

ing a week with her parents, Mr.

Thomas Buckingham will preach in the Lindsay Road church on Sunday night, services at seven p. m.

Miss Hannah Stocking returned sheme last week after spending a week with friends in Raleigh.

with friends in Raleigh.

concession 9, Chatham Township, a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Captain Smith, of the loth concession, Chatham Township, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Reck on Sunday.

We are thankful to Jack Frost for

We understand that our new teach- to er, Miss Mabel Sanderson, is getting along nicely with the children of our

Mrs. C. Corner left for her home in Raleigh on Saturday after spend-

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Peters, concession 9, Chatham Township, a

John Barker is all smiles. It is a making our roads a little better, twelve pound boy this time. Quite a number from here spent HAD NO DOUBT. Candidate—You have no doubt a study in Chatham. Candidate-You have no doubt as o my character, have you to to to my character, have you to Voter—Oh, no, of course not.
Candidate—Then why don't you

The oyster supper which was given by the losing side of the sparrow to your character.

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None better at any price.

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DARREL of THE **BLESSED ISLES**

By IRVING BACHELLER. Author of "Eben Holden,"
"D'ri and I," Etc.

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CHAPTER XXXII.

was early May and a bright morning in Hillsborough. There were lines of stores and houses on elther side of the main thoroughfare from the river to Moosehead inn, a low white building that faced the public square. Hunters coming off its veranda and gazing down the street, as if sighting over gun barrels at the bridge, were wont to reckon the distance "nigh on to forty rod." There were "Boston Stores" and "Great Emporiums" and shops, modest as they were small, in that forty rods of Hills borough. Midway was a little white building, its eaves within reach of one's hand, its gable on the line of the sidewalk overhanging which, from a crane above the door, was a big golden In its two windows were lace and ribbons and ladies' hats and spools of thread, and blue shades drawn high from 7 o'clock in the morning until Tole, a house of fate on the way from happening to history. There secrets, travel worn, were nourished awhile and

Ruth Tole was behind the counter, sorting threads. She was a maiden of middle life and severe countenance, of few and decisive words. The door of the little shop was afar, and near it a woman was knitting. She had a position favorable for eye and ear. could see all who passed on either side of the way and not a word or move in the shop escaped her. In the sisterhood she bore the familiar name of Lize. She had been talking about that old case of Riley Brooke and the Widow Glover.

sent on their way; reputations were made over and often trimmed with ex-

"Losks to me," said she thoughtfully as she tickled her scalp with a knitting needle "that she took the kinks out of He's a deal more respectable."

"Like a panther with his teeth pulled," said a woman who stood by the counter buying a spool of thread "Ain't you heard how they made up?"

"Land sakes, no!" said Lize.
"Well, that old tinker gave 'em both a good talking to," said the customer "He brings 'em face to face, and he says to him, says he, 'In the day o' the judgment God 'll mind the look o' your wife,' and then he says the same

"Singular man!" said comely Lize.
"He never robbed that bank, either, any more'n I did."
"Men ain't apt to claim a sin that

don't belong to 'em. That's my opin-

"He did it to shield another." "Sidney Trove?" was the half whis-pered query of the sister Lize.

"Trove, no!" said the other quickly.
"It was that old man with a gray beard who never spoke to anybody an' used to wisit the tinker." "She was interrupted by a newcomer

—a stout woman of middle age whe fluttered in, breathing heavily, under a look of pallor and agitation. "Sh-h-h!" said she, lifting a large hand. She sank upon a chair, fanning

herself. She said nothing for a little.
"What is it, Bet, for mercy's sake?"

"Have you heard the news?" said she that was called Bet.

"Land sakes, no!" said the others. Then followed a moment of suspen during which the newcomer sat biting

her under lip, with a merry smile.
"You're too provoking!" said the sister Lize impatiently. "Why do you keep us hanging by the eyebrows?"
"Sh.h.h." said the Armer and th "Sh-h-h!" said the dear sister Bet again. Another woman had stopped by the door. Then a scornful whisper from the sister Lize.

"It's that horrible Kate Tredder, Is she coming She came in Long since she had ceased to enjoy credit or confidence at

the little shop.
"Nice day," said she.
The sister Lize moved impatiently and picked up her work. This untime



"Have you heard the news?" entrance had left her "hanging by the eyebrows" and red with anxiety. She gave the newcomer a sweeping glance, sighed and said, "Yes." The sister Bet grew serious and began tap-ping the floor with her toe. "I've been clear round the square,"

said Mrs. Tredder, "an' I guess I'll sit awhle. I ain't done a thing today, an'

I don't b'lieve I'll try till after dinner Miss Tole, you may give me another yard o' that red silk ribbon."

She sat by the counter, and Miss Tole sniffed a little and began to measure the ribbon. She was deeply if secretly offended by this intrusion.
"What's the news?" said the new-

omer, turning to the sister Bet.
"Oh, nothing," said the other wearily.

"Ain't you heard about that woman up at the Moosehead?" "Heard all I care to," said the sister

Bet, with jealous feeling.
"What about her?" said the sister

Lize, now reaching on tiptoe, as it were. The sister Bet rose impatiently

and made for the door. "Going?" said she that was called Lize, a note of alarm in her voice.

"Yes; do you think I've nothing else to do but sit here and gossip?" said sister Bet, disappearing suddenly, her

The newcomer sat in a thoughtful at-"Well?" said the sister Lize.

"You all treat me so funny here I guess I'll go," said Mrs. Tredder, who now got up, her face darkening, and hurried away.
"Wretch!" said the sister Lize hot-

ly. "I could have choked her." She squirmed a little, moving her chair "She's forever sticking her nose into

other people's business," were the words of the customer. She seemed to be near the point of tears. "Maybe that's why it's so red." the other answered, with unspeakable contempt. "I'm so mad I can hardly sh

She wound her yarn close and stuck her needle into the ball.

Thank goodness!" said she sudden "Here comes Serene." The sister Serene Davis, a frail, fair

lady, entered. "Well," said the latter, "I suppose you've heard"- She paused to get

her breath. "What?" said the sister Lize in a whisper, approaching the new arrival. "My heart is all in a flutter. Don't

The sister Lize went to the door and closed it. Then she turned quickly, facing the other woman.

"Serene Davis," she began solemnly, 'you'll never leave this room alive until you tell us."

'Can't you let a body enjoy herself a minute?" "Tell me," she insisted, threatening

Ruth Tole regarded them with a look of firmness, which seemed to say, "Stab her if she doesn't tell."

"Well," said the sister Serene, "you know that stylish young widow that came awhile age to the Moosehead the one that wore the splendid black silk the night o' the ball?"

"Yes." "She was a detective"—this in a whisper.

"What!" said the other two awe somely. "A detective."

The sister Serene was now laughing. "It's ridiculous!" she remarked. "Go on," said the others, and one of them added, "Land sakes, don't stop

"Well, she got sick the other day and sent for a lawyer, an' who do you suppose it was?"
"I dunno," said Ruth Tole. The

words had broken away from her, and she covered her mouth quickly and began to look out of the window. The speaker had begun to laugh again.

"Twas Dick Roberts," she went on. "He went over to the tavern. She lay there in bed and a nurse in the room with her-a woman she got in Ogdens burg. She tells the young lawyer she wants him to make her will. Then she describes her property, and he puts it down. There was a palace in Wales and a castle on the Rhine and pearls and diamonds and £50,000 in a fereign bank, and I don't know what Well, ye know she was pert and handsome, and he began to take no-

The sisters looked from one to an other and gave up to gleeful smiles. but Ruth was if anything a bit firmer

"Next day he brought her some flow ess, and she began to get better. Then he took her out to ride. One night about 10 o'clock the nurse comes into the room sudden like and finds him on his knees before the widow, kissing her dress an' talking all kinds o'

"Here! Stop a minute," said the sister Lize, who had now dropped her knitting and begun to fan herself. "You take my breath away." The details were too important for hasty con-

"Makin' love?" said the customer. "I should think likely," said the other, whereupon the three began to laugh

"Now go on," said the sister Lize, leaning forward. "There he knelt, kissing her dress,"

"Why didn't he kiss her face?" "Because she wouldn't let him, I suppose."
"Oh!" said the others, nodding their

heads thoughtfully.
"When the nurse came," the sister Serene continued, "the widow went to a desk and wrote a letter and brought it to Dick. Then says the widow, says she: 'You take this to my uncle in Boston. If you can make him give his consent I'd be glad to see you

again. "Dick, he rushed off that very even-ing an' took the cars at Madrid. What do you suppose the letter said?"

The sister Serene began to shake

with laughter. "What?" was the eager demand of the two sisters. "Well, the widow told the nurse, and she told Mary Jones, and Mary told me. 'The letter was kind o' short and

about like this:

To Be Continued.

In office and factory, shop, store or kitchen girls are at work all over this land, and, alas! far beyond their strength. Young women who work are especially liable to female ills. Too often the girl is the bread winner of the family and she must toil unremittingly, no matter if her back does ache, her limbs and abdomen throb

with dull pain and dragging sensations, and dizzy spells make her

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utterly unfit for work These are the sure signs of female irregularities which kill beauty and youth.

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builds health and strength for all women who work and are weary. It creates the vitality that makes work easy. From the thousands of grateful letters written by working girls to Mrs. Pinkham we quote the following:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham :- Overwork and long hours at the office, together with a neglected cold, brought on a female trouble until finally I was unable to go to work. I tried change of scene and climate, but found that I did not regain my health. I then thought of a friend who had taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound when her health was in the same condition that mine was, and straightway sent out for a bottle. I finished that and took two more and straightway sent out for a bottle. I missing that any recovery was very rapid, and when I had faished the sixth bottle I was well and able to go back to work again. I certainly think your medicine worthy of praise, and am indeed

MLLE ALMA ROBITAILLE, 78 rue St. Francois, Quebec, Que.

Oh, if Canadian girls who work would only realize that they have but one life to live, and make the most of their precious health and

Mrs Pinkham extends to every working girl who is in ill health a cordial invitation to write her for advice. Such letters are always kept strictly confidential, and from her vast experience Mrs. Pinkham probably has the very knowledge that will help you—and may save your life.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cures Where Others Fail

FOIBLES OF LITERARY MEN.

Keats liked red pepper on his toast. Dickens was fond of wearing jew-

Daudet wore his eyeglasses when asleep. Joaquin Miller nalls all his chairs

to the wall. Hawthorne always washed his hands before reading a letter from his wife. Alexandre Dumas the younger bought a new painting every time he had a

new book published. Thackeray used to lift his hat whenever he passed the house in which he

wrote "Vanity Fair." Robert Browning could not sit still. With the constant shuffling of his feet holes were worn in the carpet.

Robert Louis Stevenson's favorite recreation was playing the flute in order, as he said, to tune up his ideas. Darwin had no respect for books and ould cut a big volume in two for convenience in handling, or he would tear out the leaves he required for refer-

GROWING OLD WHILE YET YOUNG

What a number of women there are who feel that these words exactly suit their case.

There are thousands of females all over our land, broken down in health and dragging out a miserable existence, overburdened with disease peculiar to their sex, apparently growing old while yet young. From early morn till late at night they have been on the go year after year, attending to the household duties. Is it any wonder then that sooner or later there somes a general collapse? Palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, smothering and sinking spells, weakness, dizziness, sleeplessness and many other troubles follow. What a woman wants is something to build up the system and for this purpose you cannot equal our land, broken down in health and

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

Mrs. W. J. Russell, Vasey, Ont., writes:
"At one time I suffered greatly from my
heart and nerves, and the shortness of
breath was so bad I could scareely do my
housework. A friend of mine advised me
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which I did and I only took them for a
short time before I was better.
The mire of Milburn's Heart and Nerve

The price of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills is 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt or price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

A man must become wise at hi own expense.

A person can ultiract attention and the not be very attractive.

EVIL EYE CHARMS.

The True Italian Talisman Is In the Shape of a Tiny Hand. In Italy the aristocracy still protects tself from the evil eye, and the multitude is still devoted to the little evil

eye charms to secure immunity from disaster. The true evil eye charm of the Italians is in the shape of a tiny hand, the index and the little finger being pointed out and the third and fourth fingers being held down by the thumb, The tation of the way in which the Italian holds his hand. When pointed outward he wishes to cast the evil eye on an enemy, or when turned toward himself he thinks to protect himself from its

malicious spell.

This little charm can be bought in Italy of various materials, coral, tor-tolse shell, silver and gold being the ones in highest favor. The coral ones in highest favor. The coral charms are those worn by the poorer classes, since of a cheap grade of the material they can be bought for a few sous. Naturally the aristocracy prefer them of gold. In Italian money these tiny things then cost the equivalent of about \$8. Sometimes they are seen exquisitely modeled, the fingers and

nails being as carefully chiseled as marble statues.

Another small hand that the Italian wears as a charm is known as the Manus Panthea, a facsimile of which is to be found in the museum in Rome. It is referred to in various Egyptian papyri, and indeed was worn by the ancients to prevent disease and witch-craft and the evil eye from taking hold of them and to induce love and amia-

This hand has the thumb, the index straight line, while the other two are turned under toward the palm of the hand. Instead of being smooth on its outer surface, as is the evil eye hand, it is covered with many mystical symbols—a tooth, a serpent, and so on. Each of these little signs has its peculiar charm and is as well understood and heeded among the Italians today as formerly among the Egyptian magi-

The third small hand which the Itallans wear for their supposed good is the so called Manus Pontificous, or the hand of the Holy Father. It shows the four fingers held out closely together, and the thumb alone is curved under the palm of the hand. As the Manus Panthea, it is covered on the outside with mystical symbols.

A flirt is a woman who gives a man the key to her heart, knowing the lock is rusty.

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