

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE SICK HEAD

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cure

ACHE

Is the name of so many lives that is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure all while others do not. Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In value at 15 cents; five for 75. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.
Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

London, Monday, Jan. 27.

THE SCOTTISH SAINTS.

Be wise, my Muse! Scotland have a saint.
Not Burns nor Andrew be the soundest name;
But who may sing, or mould the clay, or paint.
Let them from men be such as all men prize.
Set forth their type. Not these from withal
Or pious priest would crave a service
But, soaring with free way on native wing,
They drew from God the grace to help their
Firm not mired heads in Hebrew days
Saw vision truth, and owned most high
But thoughtless men, that walked in lonely
Spoke as the Spirit stirred their faithful
And seeped monarchs dropt the truthful
At prophet's warning voice. Thus saith the
Lord!
—John Stuart Blackie.

ANNETTE.

History of a Woman's Faithfulness.

What was her name, did you say?" asked the doctor, evincing anxiety for the first time.
"Helen—Helen Smith, I told you."
"Well, this beginning, I confess, to be a little of a strange coincidence. I married a Helen Smith—a young widow."
"Mine."
"How could I marry your widow?"
"Easy enough, I was killed in battle."
"Do talk sense, man, or we shall never get to the bottom of this."
"That's what the papers said at all events; and I had to much respect for the press to contradict them."
"Do you mean to say that you were reported dead, and wasn't it?"
"I wasn't—as you see I am a Lieutenant John Timothy Smith."
"I was, and am still, John Timothy."
"And left a wife here—in this place—whom you had married after a remarkably short acquaintance?"
"Ah," Smith exclaimed excitedly, "I see you know the romance of my life. Go on, my heaven's sake; don't keep me in suspense."
"Excuse me, Major; it is a mere conjecture, that I married your widow."
"Wife, then. She and I acted in good faith to you, even if it were so, as I begin to suspect it was; but, unless you can give me some more direct proof than you have thus far, I will say no more, out of respect for the memory of the dead."
"She is dead. I expected—I knew it, and yet a few natural drops will fall for my poor wife. Excuse me, he said, wiping away his ever-ready solitary tear, "perhaps out of consideration for your feeling, I ought to say your poor wife. But, no, I cannot do that. Suppose I say your poor wife."
"This is too much, Major," said the doctor, getting angry; "you seem to have taken the most insane fancy for appropriating my family—first, you claim my daughter, now my wife, and next, perhaps, you will insist that I am your long-lost brother."
"Never! I don't want any brother nor mother, as I have both—but a son or a daughter, with a preference for a son. Ah!" he exclaimed excitedly, pulling out a long, flat pocketbook and fumbling in it nervously.
"What now?" inquired Rayburn, recovering his urbanity.
"The letter? Why did I never think of it before?"
"What letter?"
"Ah, here it is," said Smith, carefully unfolding a slip of paper, yellow with age and worn with long folding, "the letter to my mother—her last."
"Your mother's?"
"No, my wife's."
Smith handed it to the doctor, who had no sooner glanced at it than a shiver passed over his frame, he turned white, and in a faint voice gasped:
"My God!"
"You have seen it before?" eagerly demanded the Major.
"Yes; give me a moment to compose myself, and I will tell you all."
Though burning with anxiety to hear the doctor's story, the Major respected his emotion, and was silent until he recovered himself sufficiently to speak.
"I think," said the doctor, at last, "that this is conclusive evidence that we both married the same woman."
It was the Major who now muttered a faint:
"My God!"
The doctor resumed:
"I was a young doctor, just settled here, when one night I was hurriedly sent for to attend a lady—an extremely dangerous delivery, but the child was fine and strong."
"Girl, or boy?" broke in the Major, with feverish anxiety.
"Girl."
"Thank heaven, I know that much at last! But I would sooner it had been a boy to perpetrate the honored name of Smith. No matter; go on."
"Believing she was going to die the mother told me, in broken sentences her

and story—how she had hastily rushed into marriage with a young army lieutenant, who had almost immediately left her—"

"At the call of duty, doctor—only at his country's call."

"Yes, she recognized that Major. He was reported dead soon after."

"So I was; so I was."

"He had left her well supplied with money, given her his home address, and had spoken frequently of his mother."

"I did, I did. My excellent mother."

"I myself thought, not then being skilled in such cases, that she could not recover; and was inexperienced enough to let her see from my manner how serious was her condition. Under the impression that she was nearing her end, she wrote your mother those few lines and gave them to me to post. How singular that I should now again see them, after all these years."

"My poor Helen. I mean—excuse me—your poor Helen; but go on."

"She made me promise that I would take care of her child until it was claimed; and, if it never should be, to adopt, and rear it as my own."

"And you did?"

"Smith seized the doctor's hand, and wrung it until he winced with pain."

"After he had succeeded in releasing his hand, the physician went on with his story."

"Helen did not die."

"Neither did I," interrupted Smith. "We would all be in a pretty pickle if she had lived until now."

"Sir! What a tone of levity in which to speak of my wife!"

"Your wife? Well, I like that. Who married her first, I should like to know? But, no matter."

"No," replied the gentle physician; "we will not quarrel over a dead woman."

"But my child—my daughter—is she alive?" inquired Smith. "Who—where is she? Let me clasp her to my heart."

"Not so fast, Major. You have waited for that so many years, surely you can have patience to hear me to the end."

"Go on, then; and be quick about it, for the love of mercy."

"Well, I will go on if you don't stop me with your interruptions. Youth is strong. After a long and painful illness, Mrs. Smith recovered. Meanwhile, I had fallen in love with my patient. She reciprocated my feeling. You cannot blame her; she was known so little of you, it was merely a passing fancy for both of you."

"On my side, I admit that it was. We married in haste and repented at leisure."

"How was it that you never sought to find your wife after you recovered from your wound—for I suppose you were wounded?"

"I was left for dead on the field of battle, a bullet-wound in the back of my head."

"I was picked up, among the Confederate wounded; I was first a patient, and, until the close of the war, a prisoner, within their lines. On my release, I was sent to my home, when it became plain that, though physically well (I must here make a confession, Doctor), the wound in my head had scattered my wits a little, and for years I was looked upon as slightly deranged. In charge of a skillful physician, my mother sent me to travel. I went all over the world, and have only lately returned, cured."

"Rayburn thought he was not so sure of that."

Smith continued:
"Memories which had had but a loose hold upon my brain for twenty years regained their power. I remembered my wife, my child. A parent's yearning sprang up, and I came here hoping to find my child. The rest you know."

"I have no more to tell," said the doctor, "except that, after a proper period of mourning, your widow became my wife. She was not fitted by nature to bear children, and died in giving birth to Blanche."

"Blanche? Why I thought—I secretly hoped all the time—that Blanche was my daughter."

"Had your memory been a little clearer as to dates, you would have seen that that is impossible. Blanche is two years younger than you."

"Who, who? Speak, speak—who?"

"Gladys,"

"Gladys?" echoed Smith, a look of disappointment passing over his face; "Gladys—Gladys my daughter?"

"She is, but does not suspect that she is not my own child. How shall I break it to her?"

"How tell her that I am not her father?"

(To be Continued)

FUN, FACTS AND FICTION

A Judicious Compound of Wit and Wisdom.

The way of the transgressor is hard, yet good people tell us it is the easiest thing in the world to follow it.

Peculiarities of the Hair.

There are times when all persons require to pay some particular attention to the hair. It is the life and energy of the roots is a simple matter if taken in time. Dr. Dorew's Hair Restorer is the best. It keeps the hair luxuriant and natural in shade. Be sure to get it; you cannot afford to miss it. Every druggist sells it. It is money well spent. See Dorew's advertisement in another column.

In this age of sharp rivalry the man who permits his wits to go wool-gathering is very liable to get worsted.

Carter's Little Liver Pills must not be confused with common Cathartics or Purgative Pills, as they are entirely unlike them in every respect. One trial will prove their superiority.

We sometimes hear of the spirit's "hope," but hope is no spirit; it's only an "expecter."

A man's wife should always be the same especially to her husband, but she is weak and nervous and uses Carter's Little Liver Pills, she cannot be, for they will make her feel like a different person, at least so they all say, and their husbands say so, too.

When a choir singer's salary is raised it helps him to lift up his voice.

What enhances the beauty of fine features more than a clear skin? Even plain features are made attractive to a good complexion. To secure this, purify your blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It has no equal. Price 25¢. Six bottles, \$1.50.

In cutting the slits in gold pens a circular saw is used that is the smallest in the world. It is a tiny hard steel disc, about the size of a shilling, and it is no thicker than a piece of thin paper.

Hall's Hair Renewer eradicates and prevents the formation of dandruff, thickens the growth, and beautifies the hair as no other preparation will.

That he is compelled to do the washing and the general housework is a Missouri man's reason for asking a divorce from a wife with whom he has lived 38 years.

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 50¢ a bottle.

A nugget of gold worth \$57 was scratched up by chickens in the garden of Amelia Thompson at her home in Auburn, Cal.

Ought to Recommend Him.—Suitors. Perhaps, sir, you don't think I'm good enough to marry your daughter. Father: Perhaps I do. "Well, sir, I'd have you

know that I've been refused by some of the finest young ladies in the land."

"In vino veritas" doesn't always come out right. Some men lie dreadfully when they are drunk.

Edward Bellamy, in "Looking Backward," says that 100 years hence the servant girl question will be solved, and housekeeping will be conducted without servants. This is encouraging, but 100 years seems like a long while to wait.

An electric wire is an ugly thing when anything crosses it.

The severity of the Russian climate is the reason, perhaps, that nearly every Russian name ends with a koff.

He could box and run and kick the ball with the athletic airs.

But he couldn't head the family call to carry out upstairs.

For 71 years William Hammond has worked in coal mines near Wilkesbarre. He is 79 years old.

Grasshoppers, as lively and contented as in harvest time, were to be seen last week in Manhattan, Pa., and Wilkesbarre, W. Va.

Little Lucy's Luck.

"I had a disease of the skin for which I tried everything she could think of but without effect, but the bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters I tried, I found relief. It gave me great satisfaction." LUCY VES-ANES (age 11), Boiesvain, Man.

Two caves capable of holding 200,000 men each have just been discovered in Australia.

A Winter's Tale.

Last winter my little girl caught a severe cold which lasted all season. I doctored with everything I could get but to no avail. Finally I got Hagar's Pectoral Balsam and gave her two doses which improved her, and in a week she was entirely cured by its use. MRS. C. NORMAN, Cornell, Ont.

The Honey-moon.—Young Bride (pointing)—Here, we have only been married two days, Clarence, and you're scolding me already! Husband—I know, my dear, but just think how long I've been waiting for the chance!

First Help for the Wounded.

In all cases of wounds, bruises, sores, cuts and sprains prompt action is necessary and the wisdom of those who keep Hagar's Yellow Oil on hand is demonstrated. It is a prompt, effective and reliable cure for all injuries, colds, rheumatism, sore throat, etc. Used internally or externally.

Two Schools of Training.—Mabel—Sunday school teacher says we mustn't complain of our lot, and that if we're good we'll get our reward hereafter. Maud—Mother says if I ain't good she'll break every bone in my body.

SHILOH'S CURE will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis. W. T. Strong, 184 Dundas street, London.

Poets are like watches—a spring sets them going.

FOR DYSPEPSIA and Liver Complaint you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shilo's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. W. T. Strong, 184 Dundas street, London.

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"A cold snap will come along to-night."

"How do you know?"

"Because I am just going out to have my hair cut."

Repartee.

The cornetist and the housekeeper of a seaside hotel were off on their wedding tour.

"My dove!" quoth he fondly.

"My sand-piper," she replied softly.

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Remarkable Restoration to Health of Well Known Canadians whose Cases were cited up as favorable.

From the few of the hundreds of letters we have received from those who have been restored to health and strength by the use of this wonderful discovery, the Pain's Celery Compound, we make a few extracts. We hope that the thousands of Canadian men and women who are suffering from nervous and wasting diseases, will profit by these true and plain statements of facts.

D. S. Davidson, of Montreal, suffered for years with nervous dyspepsia, pain in his back, and sleeplessness. He tried doctors without relief, was losing flesh rapidly, and had about given up heart when he commenced the use of Pain's Celery Compound. "Now," he says, "I am a new man. I sleep well and my food does not hurt me."

Mr. Jas. Johnson, 302 St. Charles Boulevard Street, Montreal, was weak and nervous, had no appetite, and could not rest at night. His nerves were soothed and strengthened by Pain's Celery Compound, and he soon became well and strong.

Annie Gourley, of River Beaudette, P. Q., found the Compound a certain cure for weakness, and now feels as well as she ever did.

A customer of Harrison Bros., druggists, Hamilton, Ont., told them that he was entirely cured of nervous weakness by the use of two bottles of the Compound, after everything else had failed.

The little child of Mrs. G. E. Meredith, 76 D'Arcy St., Toronto, was cured of St. Vitus' Dance by Pain's Celery Compound.

THE HUNT

Our Great Picture Going off fast.

Get a Copy

ON

HEAVY PAPER

PRICE, 15 CTS.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ACHES, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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