



CURE SICK HEADACHE

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 cured...

ACHES

Is the cause of so many lives that are where we make our groggy. Our pills cure it while others do not. CARTER'S LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are not bitter, but by their gentle action they cure all who take them. In cases of constipation, take one or two pills every day. In cases of headache, take one or two pills every day. In cases of indigestion, take one or two pills every day. In cases of general debility, take one or two pills every day. In cases of all the above, take one or two pills every day. They are sold everywhere, or sent by mail, five for \$1.00.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.
Small Pills. Small Dose. Small Price.

His Repentance.

"Not at all," said Dr. Davenal. "I never knew my judgment fail. I believe it is a gift, this ability to distinguish subtle differences in nature. Perhaps I may call it instinct more than judgment, for I think it could not deceive or lead me to an erroneous decision."

"I am not sure that I understand you," said Mr. Cray. "My belief is that I possess nothing of the sort. I think you must be talking of a species of second sight."

"Then, Mark," was the half-joking answer, "allow yourself to be guided by my 'second sight.' To speak seriously, I know that there are many practitioners, clever men, who do not possess this peculiar insight into nature. It is a great gift for those who do. It can never be acquired by practice; it must be inherent."

"I suppose you think I do not possess it," interrupted Mark. "I don't think you do. But for one of us who possesses it, nine don't; so it is no disparagement to you to say so. To return to the question, Lady Oswald, in my opinion, would prove an unsafe subject for chloroform."

"She will make so much of the pain," "Better she should make much of it—say, and feel it—than that any risk should be run. I cannot allow chloroform to be given to Lady Oswald."

Mark Cray demurred; not outwardly, for he said not another word; but inwardly, he was of that class of men who disbelieve what they cannot see. Some of us will look into a man's face and read his character, read him for what he is, as surely and unerringly as we read the pages of a book; to others of us, who do not possess this gift, cannot believe that it exists, laugh at and ridicule the very idea of it. Just so was it with Mark Cray. That assertion of Dr. Davenal's that some faculty or instinct within him enabled him to discern where chloroform might and might not be administered, was utterly scorned by Mark Cray. That subtle instinct, that intuition, that unerring, rapidly formed judgment of a sick man's state, the mental grasping instantaneousness of the disease and its remedy, Mark Cray possessed not. To the very end of his life he would never learn it. He could not, therefore, see any reason why Lady Oswald should not be eased of her pain by the aid of chloroform; he believed the doctor to be a crocheted, and a very foolish one. But he suffered the question to rest, and resentfully supposed he must bow to the decision of his senior partner.

"Shall I call for you, Mark?" asked the doctor as they separated. "I shall go up in the carriage."

"Oh, no, thank you. I'd as soon walk. You intend to be present?"

"Of course I shall be," replied the doctor. "Lady Oswald is my patient in point of fact—not yours, Mark."

"Then I need not ask Berry. I thought of asking him to be present."

"You can do just as you please about that. If you like him to look on at you, you can have him. Twenty-five minutes after 5, remember, punctual. You want the full daylight."

As they parted, a feeling was in Mark Cray's heart that he would not have liked to confess to the doctor, and that perhaps he did not care to encourage, and did not choose to dwell upon. He felt perfectly sure of his own skill; he was not nervous, nobody less so; and yet there was a half reluctance in his mind to perform that operation in the presence of Dr. Davenal, the skilled and accomplished operator. Surely the reluctance could only have sprung from a latent doubt of whether he ought to make so sure of himself. A latent doubt, one not suffered to appear; down far in the depths of his heart it lay, so deep that perhaps Mark thought it was not there at all, that it was only fancy.

He would a great deal rather have had Berry with him—that, he acknowledged openly enough to himself. Surgeon Berry was a man of fair average skill, superior to Mark in experience, and he and Mark were great friends. Did Mark fear that the presence of the more finished and perfect surgeon, with his critical eye, his practiced judgment, would render him nervous as a candidate for the civil service examinations will break down simply because those examining eyes are on him. No, Mark Cray feared nothing of that sort; and he could not have told, had he been pressed, why he would have preferred the absence of Dr. Davenal. He had looked on at the doctor many a time in such cases; but that was a different thing.

His thoughts were interrupted by Julius Wild. The young man accosted him to inquire if there were any orders—whether he should be wanted.

"Yes," said Mr. Cray. "Lady Oswald's case is fixed for this afternoon. You be up there with the dressings and things."

"Very well, sir," replied the young man, feeling surprised, for he was not in the habit of attending privately with Dr. Davenal. "Am I to go to Dr. Davenal's for them?"

"No. You can get them from the infirmary."

"The infirmary!" thought Julius Wild to himself. "Can he be going to take the operation?"—for Mr. Cray's surgical apparatus was kept in the infirmary. He did not ask; his professional master was unusually silent—not to say cross.

"What time?" he inquired of Mr. Cray. "Be at Lady Oswald's a little before half past."

The blank above is put in intentionally, for it cannot be told with certainty what hour was really said by Mr. Cray. In the discussions upon it that occurred afterwards, Julius Wild declared in the most positive manner that it was 6. "A little before 6:30," Mr. Cray asserted with equal pertinacity that it was 5. "A little before 5:30." Which of the two was right was impossible to ascertain. Mark Cray said that he should not be likely to make the mistake; the time, 6:30 had just been fixed with Dr. Davenal, and he had never thought of the hour at all. There was plausible reason in that, certainly. On the other hand Julius Wild was known for a clear-headed, steady, accurate young man, and he protested he could stake his life upon his correctness in this instance. He said the thought crossed his mind when Mr. Cray named it, that 6:30 would be the dark hour, and he rather wondered within himself that it should have been chosen.

However it may have been, the misapprehension did occur between them.

CHAPTER XIII.
MARK CRAY'S MISTAKE.

When Dr. Davenal entered his own home, dinner had been over some time. It was his custom to dine early on Sunday; and the general rule was, by Dr. Davenal's wish, not to keep meals waiting for him. Neal admitted him, and then came for orders. Should he bring up the dinner?

"Not the dinner," said Dr. Davenal; "just a bit of something upon a plate. I am not hungry. I had a late breakfast at Thornbury. Has anybody been here for me?"

"No, sir. I think Mr. Cray took your patients. He has been here."

"I know all about it," interrupted the doctor. He passed Neal, and went on to the garden parlor, a favorite room of his daughter's. She was there alone seated before the open glass doors. How peaceful it all looked. The gorgeous lawn stretching out in front, the bright hues of the autumn flowers, the calm purity of the dark blue sky lying in the stillness of the day of rest. Sara Davenal had a Bible upon her lap; but she was not reading it. She had closed it in deep thought. Her sweet face was turned upwards; her eyes were filled with tears from the intensity of her gaze; it seemed as if she was looking for something in the autumn sky. The extreme calm, the aspect of peace, struck forcibly on the senses of Dr. Davenal, and he remembered it in the days to come. It was the last day of peace for him; it was the last day of peace for Sara; henceforth the world was to change for both of them. Ere the morrow's sun should rise, a great care, a great trouble would be tugging at their heartstrings; a skeleton would be there to keep a secret that must be hidden for very safety's sake.

Dr. Davenal was upon her so quickly that she could not conceal her glistering eyes. She started up to welcome him, and laid down the book. Owing to that most attentive habit of Neal's of being on the watch and opening the door before people could get to it, she had not heard him coming home.

"Oh, papa, is it you? You have been away a long while."

"Sit down," he said, pressing her into her chair again. "What's the grief, Sara?"

"No grief, papa. I was only thinking."

"What a tedious! The accident last night?"

"Oh, no, not that. I hear everybody's going on quite well. I was thinking—I was wondering—somehow I often get thinking of these things on a Sunday, when I am sitting alone, and the sky seems so calm and near."

"Well, of what were you thinking?"

"I was wondering whether they who are gone can look down and see us—see me just as I sit here looking up—whether they can read my thoughts? We seem so divided, papa; you and I and Edward left mamma and the doctor, and the two little ones who were between me and Edward, gone."

"Divided for a short while only, child."

"Yes, I know. The only one I can remember well is Richard; I said beginning to love almost all recollection of mamma. But Richard—papa! at times I seem to see him before me now."

(To be Continued.)

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(To be Continued.)

Love's Young Dream.

Love's young dream was a very bright one, and its fulfillment will be bright, too, if the bride will remember that she is a woman and liable to all the ills peculiar to her sex. We remind those who are suffering from any of these that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will renew the hue of youth in pale and sallow cheeks, correct irritating uterine diseases, arrest and cure ulceration and inflammation, and infuse new vitality into a wasting body. "Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Method is everything. Unmethodical men never succeed. It is all very well to talk about genius, but geniuses are not plenty. The world is filled with common, everyday folk.

Rose-Jay's Liver Lozenges should be continued a few weeks for chronic indigestion, biliousness or impure blood. They are a positive cure if given a fair trial—25 cents a box.

Dr. Russell I hear you are poor. I think we will have to break our relations. Ten Broek—I have broken all of mine already. Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

The most architectural feature of a man's face, of course, the bridge of his nose, the roof of his mouth being out of sight.

Nothing impure or injurious contaminates the popular antidote to pain, throat and lung remedy and general corrective, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It may be used without the slightest apprehension of any other than salutary consequences. Coughs, rheumatism, earache, bruises, cuts and sores succumb to its action.

NEW CAIRN'S SCOTCH HOME-MADE MARMALADE

1 lb. Glass Jars, - 25c each 2 lb. White Jars, - 45c each
1 lb. Glass Jars, - 30c each 7 lb. Tins, - \$1 10 each
1 lb. White Jars, - 25c each 7 lb. Jars, - 1 25 each

JUST RECEIVED.

FITZGERALD, SCANDRETT & CO.,

163 DUNDAS STREET, LONDON.

CLERGYMEN, LAWYERS AND DOCTORS.

Have Sung Its Praises!

THE PUBLIC SPEAK OF IT AS MAN-KIND'S BENEFACITOR!

ITS MARVELOUS CURES AMAZE THE WORLD!

Paine's Celery Compound Is Not a Patent Medicine. It is a Great Physician's Prescription!

It Is Now Prescribed by Physicians!

NO OTHER MEDICINE CAN CURE YOU!

The skeptic and doubter of truth and reality may loudly assert that our statements and claims are boastful and unfounded. Well, at times we are inclined to express our pity for that poor mortal—the skeptic. We realize the fact that the majority of them have minds and souls so dwarfed that they even deny the existence of a supreme being. The world can never suffer much from their being allowed the privilege of sitting in the seats of the scorned and unbelievers.

It is pleasing to know that the millions of sensible believing men and women in our country have accepted every statement publicly made in favor of Paine's Celery Compound, that great healer and life-giver of our time.

An array of testimony, strong, truthful and incontrovertible, has been sent in to the proprietors of the great medicine in no stinted measure. Every testimonial emphatically declares that Paine's Celery Compound cures; many assert that without it they would have gone to the grave.

We have heard our clergy, lawyers and doctors speak strongly in favor of Paine's Celery Compound, and the public speak of it as mankind's benefactor. No wonder they do so—its marvelous cures astonish the world, and great minds are forced to investigate this most wonderful of all prescriptions given to the world by a physician.

Reader, this life-giving prescription is for you if you need strength, vigor and new life; you must use it if you wish to banish disease and pain; no other medicine can do the same great work for you, and remember well that you are deceived and misled if you allow others to recommend you something else. Paine's Celery Compound is what you want at this time. We strongly advise a trial in order to convince you that the thousands who have testified have done so for your personal benefit.

"I will now write something in a light and airy vein," said the clerk who writes out gas bills.

Eesley's Liver Lozenges are curing constipation where other remedies only relieve.

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

In the grand duchy of Luxembourg persons desiring work or help have now only to send a postal card to the director of the postal administration in order to have their wants satisfied in every postoffice in the grand duchy.

Among the pains and aches cured with marvelous rapidity with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is earache. The young are especially subject to it, and the desirability of this Oil as a family remedy is enhanced by the fact that it is admirably adapted not only to the above ailment, but also to the hurts, disorders of the bowels, and affections of the throat, to which the young are especially subject.

The sap of the cow tree, as its name implies, resembles milk both in look and taste, and is very wholesome and nourishing. The tree grows in Venezuela and frequently attains a height of 100 to 125 feet.

A Man Made Happy.—GENTLEMEN,—For five years I have been a great sufferer with Dyspepsia; the pain in the pit of the stomach was almost unbearable and life only seemed a drag to me. When I would go to sleep I would have horrible dreams, and my life became very miserable, as there was no rest either day or night. But with the use of only two bottles of Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY this unhappy state has all been changed and I am a well man. I can assure you that it may be the means of convincing others of the wonderful curative qualities possessed by this medicine, that is especially adapted for the cure of Dyspepsia. A lady customer of mine had the Dyspepsia very bad, and was troubled with pains similar to those I suffered with; and she cured herself with two bottles of Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY. I wish you success with your medicine, as I am fully convinced that it will do all you claim for it.

Signed, MELVILLE B. MARSH, Abercorn, P. Q. General Merchant.

The building of the proposed free library in Philadelphia will cost nearly \$1,000,000. All citizens will be entitled to the use of it without charge, and they will be allowed to take books to their homes.

A man's wife should always be the same especially to her husband; but if she is weak and nervous, and uses Carter's Iron 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.

A Texas murderer who has been fighting in the courts for ten years to get a nine-years sentence set aside has had a new trial and draws twelve years in the penitentiary this time as his price.

Use the Best.

Is a good motto. It is particularly good when applied to anything which we use daily at our own meals. Bread may truly be called the staff of life and we cannot be too careful as to what we put into it. Good health is of too great importance to be trifled with, and biscuits or pastry made with the slum powders which are so commonly sold in this country, are very injurious, leading to dyspepsia and numerous other troubles resulting therefrom. The pure cream of tartar and soda baking powders are healthful in every respect. In this class of powders the Pure Gold brand has obtained the highest position and is always reliable.

Olive—He had been refused by all the girls in our set before she accepted him. Violet—So he was well shaken before taken.

Headache From Eye Strain.

The symptoms of attacks of sick headache are always paroxysmal and peculiarly explosive in character, indicating the approach of trouble. Upon awakening in the morning one's head feels heavy and a sense of extreme languor is present, with an aversion to effort—even to eat. Sudden movements of the head or body are followed by pains in the head. Stopping causes a very unpleasant sensation—"makes the head swim," as a poor sufferer describes it. As the day advances a pain of a very decided character is felt in the head, and as the day wears on absolute rest, quiet and darkness become imperative. The pain becomes more intense until the patient begins to vomit.

This often closes the attack and a heavy sleep follows; generally several fits of vomiting are experienced, accompanied by retching, sweating, pallor and great physical exhaustion. Megrin is usually relieved in 24 hours, although it may last two or three days.

For treatment during the premonitory stage it is best to take an emetic or a good purge. Warm water with a little mustard added (half teaspoonful to glass of lukewarm water) makes an excellent emetic. Often copious drafts of very hot water will cut short an attack. If the pain becomes intolerable, immersions of the entire body in a very hot bath will nearly always give relief.

After the bath put the patient to bed in a darkened room, shut out all noises and place a bag partly filled with hot water at the back of the neck. Usually one will need no further treatment to induce sleep. In the intervals between attacks benefit may be derived from out-of-door exercise, tonics, a regular and mild diet and attention to the bowels. But until the eye strain is removed no lasting freedom from paroxysms is to be hoped for. Eye strain is indeed a serious thing when it alone is responsible for even one ill like this one.

Down the street through the busy way A lady passed on marketing day. Who, pausing at a grocery store, Stepped quickly in at the open door. With bated breath and anxious mien She queried: "have you COTTOLENE?"

The grocer, leaving off his work, Interrogated every clerk; But none up to that time had seen An article called "COTTOLENE."

"What is it?" said he to the dame, "That answers to this curious name. What is it made of? What's its use? My ignorance you'll please excuse."

"You're not the merchant for my dimes, I see you're quite behind the times. For COTTOLENE, I'd have you know, Is now the thing that's all the go, An article of high regard; A healthful substitute for lard. Its composition pure and clean; For cooking give me COTTOLENE."

As from his store the lady fled, The grocer gently scratched his head— On his next order, first was seen, "One dozen cases COTTOLENE."

Cottolene

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Ask Your Grocer for it.

Made only by

N. K. FAIRBANK & CO., Wellington and Ann Streets, MONTREAL.

Daly's Coal and Wood Yard

We can promptly deliver all orders for

WOOD

Daly & Son

19 York St. Phone 348.

W. Chapman, BUTCHER.

Fresh and Felt Meats, Beef, Mutton, Fowls, etc. Goods delivered to any part of the city.

269 DUNDAS STREET.

JAS. PERKIN BUTCHER,

239 Dundas Street.

A CALL SOLICITED.

Ladies Don't Use

PENNYROYAL, TANSY, OR OTHER POISONOUS DRUGS, OR COLD, BRUISES, OR PAINS. MENSTRUATION SUPPRESSOR, AND INFLAMMATION SAFE REMEDY. EVERY PACKAGE GUARANTEED. Price 50 CENTS. Boston, Madam Parrotte, Mass.

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The favorite Canadian Piano. A High Grade Instrument. Agents wanted in London and vicinity.

THE MORRIS PIANO

Morris, Field, Rogers Co., of Listowel, (Ltd.)

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

LAWRASON'S

Wonderful Soap.

The purest and best soap made in America. Will renew and make bright, will cleanse and purify, will suit you perfectly.

Insist on WONDERFUL SOAP.

"Seal Brand" Coffee

At the World's Fair

CHASE & SANBORN have been awarded the mammoth contract for supplying all the Coffee served inside the World's Fair Grounds, against the competition of the largest importing houses in the country.

This tribute to the Excellence of the "Seal Brand" proves that it is the best Coffee grown.

MANLY STRENGTH & VIGOR.

How Lost. How Restored.

FREE by mail. A high class medical work on nervous men, exhausted vitality, errors of youth and all weakness of men sent to any address in plain cover. Send for free copy to J. H. STITT & Co., Colchester, Conn.

PARKER'S DYE WORKS.

We beg most respectfully to say that for many years past we have been the MOST EXTENSIVE DYERS AND CLEANERS IN CANADA, and this position has been maintained by the constant adoption of the latest improvements in Machinery and Appliances for the production of High-class