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LITTLE
LIVER
PILLS.**

CURE

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

HEAD

ACHE
As they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint, but for the fact that they are so common, and that they are so easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly regulated and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action please all who take them. In water or wine, five for \$1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

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

London, Wednesday, Oct. 22.

Desperate Remedies

By Thomas Hardy.
AUTHOR OF "A PAIR OF RED SHOES," "THE TRUMPET-MAJOR," ETC.

Companion—that was a new idea. Cytherea could not resist the evidently heart-

felt desire of the strange-tempered woman for her presence. But she could not trust to the moment's impulse.

"I will stay, I think. But do not ask for a final answer to-night."

Never mind now, then. Put your hair round your mamma's neck and give me one good long kiss, and I won't talk any more in that way about your lover. After all some young men are not so fickle as others; but even if he's the ficklest, there is consolation.

The love of an innocent man is ten times more ardent than that of a faithful man—that is, whilst it lasts."

Cytherea did as she was told, to escape punishment of further talk; but the twining pressure of her long, rich hair round Miss Aldelyffe's shoulders as directed, and the two ceased conversing, making themselves up for sleep. Miss Aldelyffe seemed to give herself over to the luxurious sense of content and quiet, as if the maiden at her side afforded her a protection against dangers which had menaced her for years; she was soon sleeping calmly.

Two to five, a.m.

With Cytherea it was otherwise. Unused to the place and circumstances, she continued wakeful, ill at ease and mentally distressed. She withdrew herself from her companion's embrace, turned to the other side, and endeavored to relieve her busy brain by looking at the window-blind, and noticing the light of the rising moon—now in her last quarter—creep round upon it; it was the light of an old woman's moon which had but a few days longer to live.

The sight led her to think again of what had happened under the rays of the same moon's moon, a little before its fall, the ecstatic evening scene with Edward; the kiss, the shortness of those happy moments—madden imagination bringing about the apothecary of a status quo which had had several unpleasantnesses in its earthly reality.

But sounds were in the ascendant that night. Her ears became aware of a strange and gloomy murmur.

She recognized it; it was the gushing of the waterfall, faint and low, brought from its source to the unwonted distance of the house by a faint breeze which made it distinct and recognizable by reason of the utter absence of all disturbing sounds. The groan's melancholy representation lent to the sound a more dismal effect than it would have had of its own nature. She be-

gan to fancy what the waterfall must be like at that hour, under the trees in the ghostly moonlight. Black at the head, and over the surface of the deep cold hole into which it fell, white and frothy at the fall, black and white, like a pall and its border; and everywhere.

She was in the mood for sounds of every kind now, and strained her ears to catch the faintest, in wayward sanity to her quiet of mind. Another such came.

The second was quite different from the first—a kind of an intermittent whistle it seemed, primarily no, a creak, creak, and anon, like a plow, or a rusty wheelbarrow, or at least a wheel of some kind. Yes it was a wheel—the water-wheel in the shrubbery by the old manor-house, which the coachman had said would drive him mad.

She determined not to think any more of these gloomy things; but now that she had once noticed the sound, there was no sealing her ears to it. She could not help timing its creaks, and putting on a dread expectancy just before the end of each half minute that brought them. To imagine the inside of the engine-house, whence these noises proceeded, was now a necessity.

No window, but a door, in the door, through which, probably, the moonbeams streamed in the most attenuated and skeleton-like rays, striking sharply upon portions of the rusty cranks and the gleaming wheels, turning, incessantly, laboring in the dark like a captive in a dungeon; and instead of a floor below, gurgling water, which on account of the darkness could only be heard; water which labored up dark pipes almost to where she lay.

She shivered. Now she was determined to go to sleep, there could be nothing else left to be heard or to imagine—it was her right that her imagination should be so restless. Yet just for an instant before going to sleep she would think this—suppose it should! Before the thought had passed through her brain, a third sound came.

The third was a very soft gurgle or rattle—of a strange and abnormal kind—yet a sound she had heard before at some past period of her life—when, she could not recollect. To make it more disturbing, it seemed to be almost close to her—either close outside the window, close under the floor, or close above the ceiling. The accidental fact of its coming so immediately on the heels of her supposition, told so powerfully on her excited nerves that she jumped up in the bed. The came instant, a little dog in some room near, having probably heard the same noise, set up a low whine. The watch-dog in the yard, hearing the noise of his dog in the yard, began to howl loudly and distinctly. His melancholy notes were taken up directly afterwards by the dogs in the kennel a long way off, in every variety of wall.

One logical thought alone was able to enter her hurried brain. The little dog that began whining must have heard the two low sounds even better than herself. He had taken notice of them, but he had taken no notice of the third. The third, then, was an unusual sound.

It was not like water, it was not like wind; it was not the night-jar, nor a rat, nor a person sneering.

She crept under the clothes, and flung her arms tightly round Miss Aldelyffe, as if for protection. Cytherea perceived that the lady's late peaceful warmth had given place to a sweat. At the maiden's touch, Miss Aldelyffe awoke with a low scream.

"What is the matter?" she cried, in a hurried whisper, holding to Cytherea in her turn; "and your touch was the end of it."

It was dreadful. Time, with its wings, hour-glass, and scythe, coming nearer and nearer to me—grinning and mocking; but he seized me, took a piece of me only. But I can't tell you. I can't be to think of it. How these dogs howl! People say it means death."

The return of Miss Aldelyffe to consciousness was sufficient to dispel the wild fancies which the loneliness of the night had woven in Cytherea's mind. She dismissed the third noise as something which in all likelihood could easily be explained, if trouble were taken to inquire into it, large houses of all kinds have strange sounds floating about them. She was ashamed to tell Miss Aldelyffe her terrors.

A silence of five minutes.

"Are you asleep?" asked Miss Aldelyffe.

"No," said Cytherea, in a long-drawn whisper.

"How these dogs howl, don't they?"

"Yes. A little dog in the house began it."

"Ah, yes; that was Totsey. He sleeps on the mat outside my father's bedroom door. A nervous creature."

"Are you asleep, Miss Aldelyffe?" whispered Cytherea.

"No," said Miss Aldelyffe. "How wretched it is not to be able to sleep, isn't it?"

"Yes," replied Cytherea, like a docile child.

Another hour passed, and the clock struck 4. Miss Aldelyffe was still awake.

"Cytherea," she said very softly.

"Cytherea made no answer. She was sleeping soundly."

The first glimmer of dawn was now visible. Miss Aldelyffe arose, put on her dressing gown, and went softly downstairs to her room.

"I have not told her who I am after all, or found out the particulars of Ambrose's history," she murmured. "But her being in love alters everything."

3.15. Half-past seven to ten o'clock, a.m.

Cytherea awoke, quiet in mind and unrefreshed. A conclusion to remain at Knapswater was already in possession of her.

Finding Miss Aldelyffe gone, she dressed herself, and sat down at the window to write an answer to Edward's letter, and an account of her arrival at Knapswater to Owen. The dismal and heart-breaking pictures that Miss Aldelyffe had placed before her the preceding evening, the later terrors of shadows, and she smiled in derision at her own excitability.

But writing Edward's letter was the great comfort, the effect of each word upon him being enacted in her own face; as she wrote it. She felt how much she would like to share his trouble; how well she could endure poverty with him—and wondered what his trouble was. But all would be explained at last she knew.

At the appointed time she went to Miss Aldelyffe's room, intending, with the contradictory common in people, to perform with pleasure, as a work of supererogation, laboring up dark pipes almost to where she lay.

Miss Aldelyffe was already out of bed. The bright penetrating light of morning made a vast difference in the elder lady's behavior to her usual manner; the day, which had restored Cytherea's judgment, had effected the same for Miss Aldelyffe.

Though practical reasons forbade her regretting other sources should come—a companionable creature to read, talk or play to her whenever her whim required, she was inwardly vexed at the extent to which she had indulged in the womanly luxury of Cytherea's presence in the room.

Few would have supposed that the calm stately lady sitting aristocratically at the toilet table, seeming scarcely conscious of Cytherea's presence in the room, even when greeting her, was the passionate creature who had asked for kisses a few hours before.

(To be Continued.)

FUN, FACTS AND FICTION

Judge—Then your husband has ill-treated you? Witness—No, your worship!

Judge—What? Did he not bite off one of your ears? Witness—No, your worship!

I did it myself.

A man who should always be the same especially to her husband; but if she is weak and nervous and uses Carter's Little Liver Pills, as they are entirely unlike them in every respect. One trial will prove their superiority.

Found Him Out at Last—Rev. Mr. Squeezee (to Sunday school class)—Well, children, what did Ananias do? Johnnie Cate—He wrote the weather reports.

Carter's Little Liver Pills must be on hand with common Cathartics for Purgative Pills, as they are entirely unlike them in every respect. One trial will prove their superiority.

His woeful State—Parrot—Algy, my boy, why have you such an air of deep dejection and weariness? Baboon—AW—law—its good law, ye know!

A doctor's bill is seldom less than five dollars, and this doesn't include the cost of filling prescriptions. One dollar purchases a bottle of Dr. J. B. Cook's, which, in nine cases out of ten, is all the medical treatment needed. Try it, and save your money for a rainy day.

The trouble of it is that people do not get well enough acquainted before marriage, and get too well acquainted after.

Timely Wisdom.

Great and timely wisdom is shown by keeping Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry on hand. It has no equal for the cholera, cholera morbus, diarrhoea, dysentery, colic, cramps and all summer complaints or looseness of the bowels.

"Is your brother still pursuing the law?" "He was till last spring." "And now?"

"The law is after him."

Baldness is catching, says a scientist. It's catching flies in summer time. Use Hall's Hair Renewer and cover the bald place with healthy hair and fine wavy tresses.

It is hard for a man to see anything commendable in the goodness of a woman when she is good alike to everybody.

James—Do you drink? Brown—Well, I should smile.

Equal Rights.

All have equal rights in life and liberty and the pursuit of happiness, but many are handicapped in the race by dyspepsia, biliousness, lack of energy, nervous debility, weakness, constipation, etc. By completely removing these complaints Burdock Blood Bitters confers untold benefits on all sufferers.

The African Pygmies.

The name of dwarfs, applied by some to these people, has been objected to as implying deformity or arrested growth, and therefore conveying a wrong impression. Neither of the kind can be said of the kind pygmies, who, though of short stature, are well-shaped people of perfectly normal formation. It is true that the Hottentots and bushmen show certain strange anatomical peculiarities; but these may be said to be more or less accidental, being, in part at least, the result of special and unfavorable conditions of life.

The pygmies are nomadic in their habits and keep cattle not till the ground, but live by hunting and snaring wild animals and birds, or, under the most unfavorable circumstances on wild fruits, roots and berries. Their weapons are always bows and arrows, the latter usually poisoned—the resource of the weak. They have no fixed abode, and, if they build shelter at all, only construct rude huts of branches. They have no government, nor do they form regular communities. They usually wander about like our gypsies, in families composed of few families each.

This however depends on the nature of the country—in the parched deserts of the south they are even united to this extent. Sometimes they are to a certain extent dependent on more powerful tribes, who afford them protection in return for certain services. Their notions of the unseen, when they have any, are of the very crudest. Their language seems to be distant from others, related among themselves, and very peculiar.—(Popular Science Monthly.)

Sing a song of sixpence.

The vision of "Diamond Dyes."

The fairest of all colors.

That please the ladies' eyes.

They happy make each mother.

Each wild and daughter true;

And all tell one another.

What "Diamond Dyes" can do

So sing a song of sixpence

For what these dyes have done,

In giving glorious colors.

That hold in rain or sun.

The Head Surgeon

Of the Lubon Medical Company is now at Toronto, Canada, and may be consulted either in person or by letter on all chronic diseases peculiar to man. Men, young, old, or middle-aged, who find themselves nervous, weak and exhausted, who are broken down from excess or overwork, resulting in many of the following symptoms: Mental depression, premature old age, loss of vitality, loss of memory, bad dreams, dimness of sight, palpitation of the heart, emaciation, lack of energy, pain in the kidneys, headache, pimples on the face or body, itching or peculiar sensation about the scrotum, wasting of the organs, dizziness, spots before the eyes, twitching of the muscles, eyelids and elsewhere, bashfulness, deposits in the urine, loss of will power, tenderness of the scalp and spine, weak and flabby muscles, desire to sleep, failure to be rested by sleep, constipation, dullness of hearing, loss of voice, desire for solitude, excitability of temper, sunken eyes surrounded with LEADEN circles, oily looking skin, etc., are all symptoms of nervous debility that lead to insanity and death unless cured. The spring or vital force having lost its tension every function wastes in consequence. Those who through abuse committed in ignorance may be permanently cured. Send your address for book on all diseases peculiar to man.

Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Front Street East, Toronto, Ont. Books sent free sealed. Heart disease, the symptoms of which are faint spells, purple lips, numbness, palpitation, skip beats, hot flashes, rush of blood to the head, dull pain in the heart with beats strong, rapid and irregular, the second heart beat quicker than the first, pain about the breast bone, etc., can positively be cured. No cure, no fee. Send for book. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Front Street East, Toronto, Ont. Consultations free.

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in every shade—white, black, brown, blonde, auburn, etc. No matter how faded you may be, I can provide coverings that will render the lost hair. Ladies who even have an abundance of hair will find it to their advantage to wear my styles in Bangs, Waves, etc. I guarantee satisfaction. My business in Toronto has grown to such an extent that I shall have to reduce the number of my visits, so if you wish to procure any of my goods COME NOW. Do not wait for my next visit, as it will be rather indefinite. Remember, at Tecumseh House, on Wednesday and Thursday 22nd and 23rd October.

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SUITS, OVERCOATS, PANTS,

etc., of what we had any expectation of doing, but because we have the very best in Men's, Young Men's and Boys' Overcoats—Men's, Young Men's and Boys' Suits—Children's Suits and Overcoats, in every fabric, color and combination sanctioned by fashion, and just as perfect-fitting and elegant every way as your tailor can make, for 50 per cent. more money. OUR SHOW WINDOWS TELL,

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