

**CARTER'S
LITTLE
PILLS.**

CURE SICK HEAD ACHE

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and generally relieving the system, such as indigestion, flatulence, biliousness, and all the ailments of the bowels. Even if they only cure the headache, it is worth the cost.

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CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

London, Thursday, May 14.

The Nuggets of Caricature

An Irish Story.

By THOMAS HOPKINS, AUTHOR OF "TWIXT LOVE AND DUTY," "FOR FEAR OF GOD," ETC.

The step that echoed softly on the stairs sounded cautious and even stealthy. Dora waited until it reached the hall. Then she took a step forward herself, that Trenchard might know he had been heard. He heard her, but he did not move. He was waiting for her to come in, and he was waiting for her to come in.

"But you are not fit to go out," said Dora. The doctor said that you were not fit to go out to-day. Miss Nugent has gone with Lady Frayne for an hour, and I am left in charge of you. You will have to stay here.

"Come in here at once, and sit down," Trenchard followed her into the dining-room.

"It was foolish of me, I know," he said; "but I sent Jones for something, and somehow the notion came into my head that I would walk a step or two and meet him. So I did."

"He spoke like a man very ill at ease, and did not look full at all."

"Your head troubles you—a little," he said. "It was a dreadful blow you had."

"Yes; it must be my head," he said; "my head, no doubt."

"Sit here," said Dora, drawing Anthony's arm-chair round to face the window, through which flowed in the delicious soft air of mid-afternoon. "I am only going to let you stay a little while."

There was a creak in the door, and Trenchard flushed slightly as he obeyed her. "Tell me," she went on, "was it something very particular you sent the servant for?"

"A good fellow, Jones," said Trenchard; "but old, strait-laced notions. A soldier, you know. Very kind of you, Mrs. Lytton."

"But you haven't answered my question," she insisted; "was it rude of me to ask it?"

"You couldn't ask a rude thing, you know. How weak I am! My wife's medicine is no use at all. Mrs. Lytton's stretching out his hand, he leaned forward and took hold of her arm—yet he seemed laudably firm. Having said this he looked curiously at her, with keen eyes, as though to read what effect that request, vehemently spoken, had on her."

"I knew that that was what you wanted," said Dora.

"Will you get it for me?"

"You take opium—regularly?" said Dora quietly.

"I have been a confirmed opium-eater for two years."

"Have you so little love for yourself?"

"It is no longer a question of self-love. I might have asked myself that once. It is useless now."

"But you know something of the miseries of opium. You are proving to me now that you do," said Dora.

"Something!" said Trenchard. "I know the woes of opium through and through."

"You are the slave of opium, then?" said Dora, and severity blended with compassion in her voice.

"The slave, indeed; yet not the willing one," said Trenchard, and his words were almost a groan.

"You have made an effort! Do you make them still?"

Once again Trenchard gave her a curious look.

"Do you remember the first night we met? I had drunk opium that day."

"Yes," said Dora, "I know."

"The fit was upon me. I should have drunk again that night, and drunk heavily, but—but for you."

Dora's glance for a moment sought the

smooth award of the pleasure ground sloping softly towards the lake. Then she turned her eyes again on Trenchard.

"But, you see, I have not kept you from it since," she said.

"These last weeks I have not taken a fifth of what I took before. To-day—to-day, I am weak and ill. See! I have humbled myself before you."

Tears sprang into Dora's eyes, and glistened there, though they did not fall.

Trenchard saw them, but he did not move. He did not want to seem to play on her. Dora was calm again in an instant.

"You have sat too long," she said; "you are weak, as you say. But wait here one moment."

She rose and went swiftly from the room. Mounting to her own room she unlocked a dressing-case of fine morocco which stood on the table, and took from it a small phial three parts filled with a dark fluid. With this, and a tumbler, which she had half-filled with water, she returned to the dining-room.

In the few moments that had elapsed since she left Trenchard's better and weaker self had fought it out again. She noticed him a shade paler, but perfectly contained. Standing beside him, she took the cork from the phial. He laid his hand upon her arm.

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FUN, FACTS AND FICTION.

A pale person applied for admittance to a public hospital. "It will be necessary," said the resident physician, "for you to undergo a medical examination." When the examination had been made the resident physician said: "I am very sorry, sir, but you are as pale as a sheet, and I cannot admit you."

"I hope, Jennie, that you have given the matter serious consideration," said a lady to a servant girl who had "given notice" because she was to be married that "day two weeks."

"Oh, I have, ma'am," was the earnest reply. "I have been to two fortune tellers and a clairvoyant, and looked in a sign book, and dreamed on a lock of his hair, and to a medium, and they all say to go ahead, ma'am. I ain't one to marry recklessly, ma'am."

Mrs. Marianne Stokes, the clever English artist, is said to have begun painting when hardly more than an infant, and if she was ever without a pencil or a box of paints she would squeeze flowers or a sheet of paper until they gave up their colors.

Fair Maiden (a summer boarder)—How savagely that cow looks at me. Farmer Hayseed—It's your red parson, mum.

Fair Maiden—Dear me. I knew it was a little out of fashion, but I didn't suppose a country cow would notice it.

THAT HACKING COUGH can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. T. Strong, 184 Dundas Street, agent.

Arthur—I'm sure Mr. Storer spoke very flatteringly of me. Kate—Of course, you cannot be otherwise but flatteringly.

WILL YOU SUFFER with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's "Liver" is guaranteed to cure you. W. T. Strong, 184 Dundas Street, agent.

Little Dot—Mamma, please give me a whole lot of nothing paper. Mamma—What for? Little Dot—To pack my kitty away. Her fur is all comin' off.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS made miserable by that terrible cough, Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. W. T. Strong, 184 Dundas Street, agent.

"Please give me a glass of soda-water without any soda on it," was the order a small boy gave at a local drug store the other day.

CATARH, CHLOR, health and sweet breath secured by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Prices 50 cents per bottle. Free. W. T. Strong, 184 Dundas Street, agent.

Mrs. Brown—My baby is the prettiest in town. Mrs. Black—Why, what a colic-queen! So is mine!

Carter's Little Liver Pills must not be confused with common Cathartic or Purgative Pills which entirely smother their every respect. One trial will prove their superiority.

If you wish to know what the standing army of the United States is you must patronize the horse-car.

Castoria is recommended by physicians for children's teething. It is a purely vegetable preparation; its ingredients are published around each bottle. It is pleasant to the taste and absolutely harmless. It relieves constipation, regulates the bowels, quiets pain, cures diarrhea and wind colic, allays feverishness, drowsiness and prevents convulsions, soothes the child and gives it refreshing and natural sleep. Castoria is the children's panacea—the mother's friend. 25 doses, 25 cents.

Never put yourself in the power of a man who would kick a dog for fun.

A Dinner Pill.—Many persons suffer excruciating agony after partaking of a hearty dinner. The food partaken of is like a ball of lead upon the stomach, and instead of being a healthy nutriment, it becomes a poison to the system. Dr. Parmentier's vegetable Pills are wonderful correctives of such troubles. They correct acidity, open the bowels, and convert the food partaken of into secretions and convert the food partaken of into secretions and convert the food partaken of into secretions.

Two women shirt makers have been appointed by the K. of L. as local organizers.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Twenty-three States now admit women to practice at the bar.

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Surprise Tests.

Ottawa, Feb. 13, '91

My wife has been using the "Surprise Soap" for some time, and finds it superior to any other soap in the market, and would not use any other as long as she could get your brand. She does not fail to recommend to her lady friends.

THOS. MCGRILL.

King's Co., N. B., 1890.

I like your Soap very much. Use it all the time.

MRS. WILLIAM DAY.

Avondale, Aug. 14, 1889.

I have used your "Surprise Soap" for the past two years and I think it as good as you recommend it to be. I hope to be always able to get it.

MRS. J. B. JOHNSTON.

Lockport, 1889.

I have used a box of "Surprise Soap," and my wife says she will not have any other in the house.

INGRAM B. LOCKE.

Westport.

I have used your "Surprise Soap" for a good while, and I find it the best soap I have ever used yet.

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W. Chapman, BUTCHER.

Fresh and Salt Meats, Beef, Mutton, Fowls, etc. Guaranteed to be of the best quality.

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