



CURE

Stick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their remarkable success has been shown in curing even if they only head.

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this in a healthy manner, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only head.

HEAD

ache they would be almost useless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint, but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who use them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head.

ACHE

is the name of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it 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 cleanse all who use them. In trials at all druggists for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail. CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

HIS REPENTANCE.

And her pulses suddenly quickened. Even from that height she could discern—landed she could discern—that the letter was from Mr. Wheatley. That gentleman always used large blue envelopes, and it was certainly one such that the man had angled out from his bundle of letters. Had it come at last? Had the joyful news of the money come?

She closed the window, and ran swiftly down the stairs, and out into the hall, and the door with a letter. That gentleman was probably not at all obliged to her for demanding the letter from him so summarily. But he had no resource but to give it up.

It was from Mr. Wheatley, and Sara carried it to her room, a bright flush of hope upon her cheeks, an eager trembling in her hands. She found it a blank; blank entirely; nothing even written inside. It had but inclosed a letter for herself which had apparently been sent to Hallingham. Oh, the bitter, bitter disappointment! There was not a line, and there was not a word from Mr. Wheatley!

A conviction arose that she had seen the other handwriting before; it seemed to be made up of flourishes. Whose was it? Suddenly the truth flashed over her—Mr. Alfred King's! Her heart stood still in its leap, and seemed as if it would never go on again. The contents ran as follows:

Essex Street, June 1.
"Madam—I am sorry to have to give you notice that unless the money owing to me, and which I have been vainly expecting these last few weeks, is immediately paid, I shall be under the necessity of taking legal public steps in the matter; and they might not prove agreeable to Captain Davenall. I am, madam, your obedient servant."
ALFRED KING.

"Miss Sara Davenall."
So the first cloud of the haunting shadow of the past weeks had come! Sara sat with the letter in her hand. She asked herself what was to be done—and she wished now in a fit of repentance that she had written long ago to Mr. Alfred King, as it had been in her mind to do.

She must write now. She must write a note of regret and apology, telling him the exact truth—that the sale of the different effects at Hallingham and the realization of the proceeds had taken more time than was anticipated, but that she expected the money daily—and beg of him to wait. In her feverish impatience it seemed as if every moment that elapsed until this explanation should be delivered to Mr. Alfred King was fraught with danger, and she hastened to the room below her sitting-room.

Her desk was there. It was generally kept in her own chamber, but she had had it down the previous evening. Neal was quitting the room as she entered; he had been putting it in order for the day. Sara did not fear interruption from her aunt, for Miss Davenall remained in the parlor below for an hour or two after breakfast; she sat down to write.

The letter—Mr. Alfred King's letter—was spread open before her, and she sat pen in hand, deliberating how she should answer it, when her aunt's voice started her. It sounded on the stairs. Was she coming up? Sara hastily placed the open letter in the desk, closed and locked it, and opened the drawing-room door. But in her hurry she left the key in the desk.

Miss Davenall was standing on the mat at the foot of the stairs. "Can't you hear me call?" she asked.

"I didn't hear, aunt. What is it?"
"Then you ought to have heard?" was the stern of Miss Davenall, at cross purposes as usual. "You are not turning deaf, I suppose?"

"What is it, aunt?" repeated Sara, going half way down the stairs.

Instead of answering, Miss Davenall turned and went into the breakfast-room again. Sara could only follow her. Her aunt's banisters had never failed to bring her from the business assumed at the time of Dr. Davenall's death; and now she had returned, and she looked unusually pale and severe now.

"Shut the door," said Miss Davenall. Sara hesitated a moment, more in mind action, and then she obeyed. She had cut her desk and wanted to get back to it.

"Hold this," said Miss Davenall. She had taken her seat in her own chair and was cutting out some article of linen which looked as long as the room, or income was a very moderate one now, so she did a great deal of sewing instead of putting it out. Sara took the stuff in her hand, and held it while her aunt cut an innumerable proceeding to an impatient hand, for Miss Davenall was not only a good seamstress, but a very good one, and she did it at a time, and then drew a short thread and cut again.

"What do you think of that?" asked Sara. "It will wear. Did you ever know me buy linen that wouldn't wear? I have too good an eye for linen to buy what won't wear."

"I asked, aunt, would it not wear?"
"Fear?" repeated Miss Davenall, offended at the word—at the ignorance it betrayed. "No, it will not wear; and I should think there's hardly a parish school child in the kingdom but would know that without asking."

Sara, rebuked, held her part in silence. Presently Miss Davenall lifted her eyes and looked her full in the face.

"Who was that letter from, this morning?"
"Had it been to save Sara's life she could not help the change that came over her countenance. Miss Davenall's quick penetration took everything; the dismayed look, the hesitating answer."

"It was a private letter to me, aunt."

"A what?" snapped Miss Davenall. "Sara let fall the work, and stood fearfully before Miss Davenall. The most gentle spirit could be aroused at times. The letter was from a gentleman, aunt. It was a private letter to myself. Surely I am not so much of a child that I may not be trusted to receive one!"

Miss Davenall flung away Sara's hand in anger. The words had borne to her ear but one interpretation. "A private letter!"—A gentleman! She slowly uttered in her dismay. "I might have believed this of Caroline had she been single, but never of you. A sweetheart in secret! And your father not yet four months in his grave!"

The bare mention of the word, unconsciously with Oswald Gray, the idea altogether as thus put, was repulsive to Sara Davenall. She stood quite still for a moment, while the faint flush that she called up died away on her cheeks, and then she bent close to her aunt's ear, her low voice unmistakably clear and distinct.

"Aunt Bettina, you know there was some unhappy business that papa was obliged to meet—and bear—just before he died. The letter I have received this morning bears reference to it. It is from a Mr. King, but I don't know him. I should be thankful if you would not force me to these explanations; they are very painful."

Miss Bettina picked up the work, and drew at a thread until it broke. "Who is Mr. King?" she asked.

"I do not indeed know. He had to write to me just a word about the business, and must answer him. In telling you this much, Aunt Bettina, I have told you all I can tell. Pray, for papa's sake, do not ask me further."

Miss Bettina was a little vexed with herself. She was one of those good people who believe they can never be in the wrong; but now that the heat of her anger was over, she now that the heat of the allusion to the "sweetheart" had been somewhat unkindly. Sara's passing it over was a tacit reproach.

"Is he a young man, this Mr. King?"

"I never saw him in my life," replied Sara. "I do not know anything of him whatever, who he is or what he is. Do you wish me to hold this for you again?"

"Well, this is a pretty state of things for the enlightened nineteenth century!" grunted Miss Bettina. "We have read of conspiracies and five thousand plots, and now this seems a plot, I think! Have you nothing more to say?"

"No, aunt," was the low, firm answer.

"Then you may go," said Miss Bettina, twirling the work out of Sara's hand. "I can do this myself."

And Sara knew that no amount of entreaty would induce her to admit to the help in her cutting, after that. Glad to be released, and sick at heart, she went upstairs, and met Neal coming out of the drawing-room.

"I thought you had finished the room, Neal," she said, a sudden fear stealing over her as she remembered that her desk was left with the key in it.

"So I had, miss. I came up now for this wash. My mistress said it was to be washed."

She stood for a moment before her desk; it looked exactly as she had left it. She turned the key and raised the lid, and saw that had anybody else done the same Mr. Alfred King's letter was lying face up on the desk. She looked at it for a moment, and might have been read without the slightest trouble in an instant of time. Had Neal seen the letter? Would he be likely to do much to make her desk safe and suspicious? Many a servant would be in a room with an unlocked desk time and again, and never attempt to peer into it. Was it probable that Neal had any propensity for prying into affairs that did not concern him? It all lay in that.

(To be Continued.)

MR. LAURIER IN QUEBEC.

Splendid Reception to the Liberal Leader

QUEBEC, July 12.—The leader of the Opposition arrived here Monday evening by the Richelieu and Ontario steamer, and was received at the wharf by hundreds of citizens, happy to welcome the distinguished orator to the town. He was escorted to his hotel by a torchlight procession, headed by a band of music, the crowd cheering over and over again. An address was presented to him, and he replied with his usual eloquence. Mr. Monette, M. P. for Napierville, and Mr. Brunet, M. P. for Richelieu, also made speeches.

Yesterday morning Mr. Laurier and a large party of electors started at 8 o'clock for St. Anne by the steamer Arthur. They were soon accompanied by the steam yacht St. Anne, which brought the Berthier contingent, including Hon. L. Sylvester, Mr. Beausoleil, M. P. for Tarte, M. P. for Chenevert, ex-M. P. P., and others. At Yankau Dr. Mignault's yacht was waiting for the party.

The gay little flotilla arrived at St. Anne at 12 o'clock, and was met by a big crowd of electors from all parts of the counties of Yamaska and Richelieu. Mr. Doyette, Mr. St. Martin, warden of the county, Mr. Methot, mayor of the parish, were on the wharf and escorted Mr. Laurier and his friends to the seigneurial mansion, where dinner was served.

The meeting began at 2 o'clock. Mr. St. Martin, warden of the county, opened it by a few appropriate remarks. Mr. Brunet was the first speaker, and dealt with the political questions of the day. He was very cordially received.

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DREW ELEVEN SALARIES!

How a Buffalo Civic Official Scooped in the Shocks.

BUFFALO, July 12.—Erie Ontario Van Brocklin, secretary of the Board of Fire Commissioners, has been arrested, charged with embezzling, and has confessed his crime. Van Brocklin added a fictitious name to the fire department pay roll, and it is said, mulcting the city for \$50,000. The committee on the control of the office and got the pay rolls for the time over which the embezzlement has been going on. There were ten names on which Van Brocklin had been drawing salaries. The names are fictitious.

The commissioners went before Judge King and secured a warrant, and Officer Pala, of the district attorney's office, went for Van Brocklin.

When the secretary reached the mayor's office he was told he was under arrest, and that the charge was "Mr. Van Brocklin," said Commissioner Hutchinson, "we have undisputed evidence that you are an embezzler, and we shall give you into the custody of the police. The best thing you can do is to make a clean breast of the whole affair."

Van Brocklin was too astonished to speak for several minutes. He had no idea the commissioners suspected his crookedness. He had covered up his tracks so cleverly for five years that he did not believe he could be detected.

He broke down completely and made a full confession. He admitted stealing, adding the ten fictitious names to the pay roll twice a month, drawing \$500 every month. This money, he said, he had lost in land speculations.

He could not tell how much he had stolen, but the pilfering had been going on more than six years.

Van Brocklin was locked up. An employee of the controller's office is said to be implicated in the steal, and will be arrested.

Supplication was directed to Van Brocklin by his high living, as his salary has been only \$1,200 a year.

A GIRL BURGLAR CONFESSES.

Minnie Not Only Robbed Stores, But Held Up Children.

BOSTON, July 12.—The Dorchester police have in custody a female burglar in the person of Minnie Schneider, 12 years old. It is alleged that on July 4 Minnie entered the provision store of Wm. Hunt, in Dorchester avenue, and stole \$14 in money from the cash drawer; and that on Sunday she entered the store of Patrick W. Fallon, in the city avenue, and gave away \$15.

The girl began to spend money a great deal more freely than children of her age are generally allowed to, and this excited the suspicions of some of the dealers of the district. Besides, purchases were made without the supervision of her mother. When, therefore, she appeared at a millinery store and selected an expensive bonnet the police were notified, and, with the two burglaries fresh in their minds, they took her to the station house.

When Minnie was accused she at first denied any knowledge of the burglaries, but her brother Otto, a lad of 7, broke down and confessed the whole affair. He said his sister had played him in the store outside of the station house, and forced an entrance. Thereupon Minnie also gave way to tears and corroborated Otto's story.

While at the station the girl was further questioned, and it was brought out that she had been in the habit of holding up little children on their way to the store to make purchases for their parents.

Paul Schneider, her father, appeared before Judge Churchill and asked that she be sent away, as he had no control over her. The court continued the case.

What Do You Take medicine for? Because you are sick and want to get well, or because you wish to prevent illness. Then remember that Hood's Sarsaparilla cures all the diseases of the blood, and restores the system. It is not what its proprietors say but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does that tells the story of its merits. Be sure and get Hood's, and only Hood's.

Purely vegetable—Hood's Pills—25c.

"I've got it in for you, my friend," soliloquized the mosquito, sinking it a little deeper in the sleeping victim's flesh.

Symptoms—Moisture; intense itching and stinging most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals the ulceration and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Co., Philadelphia, Lyman, Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

When it comes to the art of boxing, the dainty-looking strawberry is about as near the top as anything.

A man's wife should always be the same especially to her husband; but if she is weak and nervous, and needs a Sarsaparilla, she cannot be for they will make her "feel like a different person," at least so they say, and their husbands say so too.

SHILOH'S CURE.

Cures Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, Whooping Cough and Asthma. For Croup, it has no rival; it has cured thousands where all others failed; will cure you if taken in time. Sold by Druggists on a guarantee. For Lamé Back Cough, use SHILOH'S PLASTER, applied by W. T. STRONG, London. ywt

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.

Have you Catarrh? This remedy is guaranteed to cure you. Price 50 Cents. Indiscreet Free. Sold by W. T. STRONG, London. ywt

HUMPHREYS'

This PRECIOUS OINTMENT is the triumph of Scientific Medicine.

Nothing has ever been produced to equal or compare with it as a CURATIVE and HEALING APPLICATION. It has been used over 40 years, and always affords relief and always gives satisfaction.

For Piles—External or Internal, Blind or Bleeding; Fissures in Anus; Itching or Burning of the Rectum. The relief is immediate—the cure certain.

WITCH HAZEL OIL

For Burns, Scalds and Ulceration and Contractions from Burns. The relief is instant—the healing wonderful and unequalled.

For Boils, Hot Tumors, Ulcers, Fissures, Old Sores, Itching Eruptions, Chafing or Scald Head. It is infallible.

For Inflamed or Caked Breasts and Sore Nipples. It is invaluable.

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Pure Turpentine!

Pure Turpentine! IN CAR LOTS. IN CASES.

Pure Turpentine!

Pure Turpentine! IN TEN BARREL LOTS. IN FIVE BARREL LOTS.

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MATTRESSES.

Hair, Moss, Wool, Fibre and Wool, Sea Grass and Wool.

We make all our own Mattresses, and can give you them made fresh every day. Warranted clean and free from odor.

London Furniture Manufacturing Co'y 184 to 198 King Street, London, Ont.

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