CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieves 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 most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

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

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try 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 bane 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 gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

HIS REPENTANCE.

Mark Cray had carried out his plans. To the intense astonishment of Hallingham, he had rejected the valuable practice which had become his by the death of Dr. Davenal, and his mode of relinquishing it had been a most foolish one. Whether he feared the remonstrances of his brother, the reproaches of Miss Davenal, or the interference of other friends of his wife, certain it is that Mark in disposing of the practice had gone unwisely to work. A practice such as Dr. Davenal's, if placed properly on the market, would have brought forth a host of men eager to offer a fair and just sum for it. But of this Mark Cray allowed no chance. He privately negotiated with a friend of his, a Mr. Berry, and sold him the good will for little more than an old song.

In vain Miss Davenal said cutting things to Mark; in vain Oswald Cray, when the real truth reached him, came hastening down from London, in doubt whether Mark had gone mad. They could not undo the contract. It was signed and sealed, and Mr. Berry had paid over the purchase money.

Then Mark spoke out upon the subject of his London prospects, and enlarged upon their brilliancy until Miss Davenal herself was for the moment dazzled. She urged on Mark the justice of his resigning to Dr. Davenal's daughter part of this purchase money; Mark evaded it. His agreement with Dr. Davenal, he said, was to pay his daughter £300 per annum for five years; and provided he did pay it, it could be of no consequence whether he made it by doctoring or by other means; he should fulfill his bargain, and that was enough.

Mark seemed to have it all his own way. The money expected by his wife was paid over to him, and he kept it. It was a great deal less than he expected, for chancery had secured its slice out of the pie; but it was rather more than £4,000. Mark was deaf to all suggestions, all entreaties; he completely ignored the last wishes of Dr. Davenal; turned round on Oswald, and flatly told him it was no business of his; and carried the money to London in his pocket, when he and Caroline quitted Hallingham.

They quitted it in haste and hurry, long before things were ripe for them in London, Mark saying to his wife that the sooner they were out of that hornet's nest the better—by which term he probably distinguished Miss Davenal and a few others who had considered themselves privileged to interfere, so far as remonstrance went. Caroline more than seconded his wishes, all he did; Mark had imbued her with his own rose-colored views of the future, and she was eager to enter on its brightness.

But Caroline was not destitute of feeling, and she sobbed on her Aunt Bettina's neck when she came to say farewell. If ever a doubt of the future crossed her mind, it was in that moment—the slightest shade of doubt, given rise to by the solemnly prophetic warning of Bettina Davenal. "You and Mark would do well to stay, even now; as surely as you go, Caroline, you go to your ruin."

But the doubt passed away with the emotion, and Caroline laughed heartily with Mark afterwards at the croaking Aunt Bettina. Mark himself had paid a farewell fee to a very few favored patients, and let them into the secret that he was going to make his fortune. And so they left in high spirits and flying colors, Caroline condescendingly telling Sara that she would invite her to spend a month with them when they were settled.

The next to look out for a home was Miss Bettina Davenal. The sales and affairs had not been arranged so quickly as Mr. Wheatley in his inexperience had anticipated, and there had been no immediate hurry for the house to be vacated. A surgeon in the town was in treaty for it, and the furniture would have to be sold by auction. Sara wondered that her aunt did not fix up a residence, and she feared all would be scuffle and bustle when they come to leave.

But Bettina Davenal had been fixing upon one in her own mind; at least upon the locality for one—and that was London. Never willingly did Bettina Davenal forego a duty, however unpalatable it might be, and she did believe it her duty to follow the fortunes of Caroline, and not abandon her entirely to the mercy of her imprudent, thoughtless husband. To quit Hallingham, the home of her whole life, would be a cruel trial; but—she thought she ought to do it. And she bestowed a few bitter words on the absent Mark for inducing the necessity.

"I shall go to London," she suddenly observed to Sara one afternoon as they sat in the large drawing-room; and it may as well be observed that her manner to Sara had never relaxed from the cold severity it had assumed after the death of Dr. Davenal.

"To London?" echoed Sara, as much surprised as though her aunt had said to Londonderry.

"I cannot leave Caroline. Mark will bring her to rack and ruin if he is left to himself."

"Do you mean—go to London to live, aunt?" returned Sara, not believing she could mean it.

"Yes I do. What have you to say against it that you are looking like that? I suppose you can live in London if you try?"

"I?—I do not care where I live," was the answer, and even Miss Davenal was struck with the subdued tone. "I was thinking of you, Aunt Bettina. Shall you like to quit Hallingham?"

"No, I shall not like to quit it," was the answer, all too redolent of pain. "I have had my troubles in this world, Sara Davenal, but none that I have felt more keenly than I shall feel that. The day of my departure from it will be a bitter one."

"But, aunt—I am only thinking of you when I speak—what good can you do Caroline by going to London?"

"I can give an eye to Mr. Mark."

Sara wondered how, or to what end. "They will be too grand to care for us, aunt, if what Mark says of his prospects be true."

"If!" slightingly spoke Miss Bettina. "And if it should prove so, he will spend every shilling in folly, as his father did before him, never thinking of what he has to pay the next five years to you. It is necessary that somebody should look after it for you, and there's nobody but me. No, I have made up my mind—for both your sakes, I shall remove to London."

And accordingly Miss Bettina set about her plans. If there was one quality she was distinguished for above all others, it was obstinacy. Obstinate she was at all times, but in the cause of right or duty she could be unflinchingly so. Watton, their former upper-maid, was established in her new situation as housekeeper in a house of business in St. Paul's Churchyard, and Miss Davenal wrote to her and requested her to look out for a house, or for a portion of one, and let her know about it. Mr. and Mrs. Cray had taken a house in Grosvenor Place, facing the Green Park, and Miss Davenal wished to be as near to them as her pocket would allow.

Watton attended to her commission. She thought that part of a handsome house would be more suitable to Miss Davenal's former position than the whole of an inferior one, and she did her best. Miss Davenal found it, as you have seen, anything but handsome; but she had little notion of the prices asked in London, and she had limited Watton as to the house rent she was to offer. Neal was sent up to London with the furniture, which had been warehoused for so many years; and when he returned to Hallingham, Dorcas took his place in London. Discharged by Mrs. Cray, who had not chosen to take country servants with her, she had been re-engaged by Miss Davenal, whose modest household was henceforth to comprise only Dorcas and Neal. Miss Davenal would not part with Neal if she could help it; but she had been surprised at the man's ready agreement to stay in so reduced an establishment.

And so, before things were quite in readiness for them, Miss Davenal and Sara had come up. The furniture in the house at Hallingham was being prepared for public sale, and they hastened away not to witness the desecration. How coldly and chilly this new home struck them both, they alone could tell. Neither slept through the first night, and they arose in the morning alike unrefreshed.

Breakfast over, Sara stood at the window. In their immediate vicinity all the houses were private ones, but from a proximate corner she could see the bustle of the high road with the omnibusses passing up and down. The day was bright as the previous one had been, and all the world was astir.

"And now for Mark and Caroline," said Bettina.

It had been Miss Davenal's pleasure that Mark Cray and his wife should be kept in ignorance of this immigration of hers to London. Neal, during his brief sojourn there, and Dorcas afterwards had been enjoined to keep strictly clear of the vicinity of their house. Having no motive to disobey, they had complied with their orders; and Mr. and Mrs. Cray were yet in ignorance that their relatives were so near.

She put on her things and went out, Neal as usual in attendance. Neal was acquainted with the geography of the place, and plioted his mistress to the house in a few minutes' time; a handsome house, with stone steps and pillars before the door. Miss Davenal gazed at it with drawn-in lips.

(To be Continued.)

Summer Weakness.

And that tired feeling, loss of appetite and nervous prostration are driven away by Hood's Sarsaparilla, like mist before the morning sun. To realize the benefit of this great medicine, give it a trial and you will join the army of enthusiastic admirers of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Sure, efficient, easy—HOOD'S PILLS. They should be in every traveler's grip and every family medicine chest. 25 cents a box.

Trotter—I m convinced that all deposed Emperors and exiled Kings have gone to the World's Fair to make a living. Barlow—Why so? What do they do? Trotter—Well, some have enlisted as Columbian guards and the rest are waiters.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING with PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

"Who was Ajax?" said the teacher to a pupil. "He was a capitalist," replied one. "How do you make that out?" "He defied the lightning to strike."

No one need fear cholera or any summer complaint if they have a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial ready for use. It corrects all looseness of the bowels promptly and causes a healthy and natural action. This is a medicine adapted for the young and old, rich and poor, and is rapidly becoming the most popular medicine for cholera, dysentery, etc, in the market.

Footpad—Hold up your hands! Traveler (just from the Far West)—Sutt'nly, pard, but 'twn't do you no good. The railroads struck me fust.

A mans' 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.

"De singin' ob birds is sweet," remarked Uncle Eben, but de cackle ob er chicken' on yer own hen roos' has er heap mo' expression in it."

Nothing impure or injurious contaminates the popular antidote to pain, throat and lung remedy and general corrective, Dr. Thomas' Eclectric 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.

$1 00 PER DOZEN

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3 TINS FOR 25c.

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169 DUNDAS STREET.

GEORGE'S FIRST LOVE.

Story That England's Sailor Prince Was Married Before

To an Officer's Daughter Who Is Still Living and Has Two Children.

NEW YORK, July 10.—Harold Frederic, in his London letter to the New York Times says: Nothing has been said publicly here, that is since the announcement of the betrothal, about the painfully-suppressed romance underlying this latest and most pompous of royal weddings. Probably the London papers of that date observed a discreet silence about Mrs. Fitzherbert when George IV. wedded the ill-omened Caroline. But it is hardly without significance that the Daily News yesterday printed a long account of this bygone marriage scandal, or that one of the papers on Wednesday morning contained an obscure reference to a nameless beautiful lady at the state performance of the opera on the previous evening. Vague reports of a story reached London months ago, and it was kept within narrow circles for a time. It first began to spead because a rich tradesman received a hint from a friend who was in the secret to insure his venture in wedding presents, etc., against a possible failure of the marriage. Last Wednesday the reports became suddenly so definite that long-odd wagers are said to have actually been laid at Lloyd's against the marriage taking place on the following day.

Of course, it is well-nigh impossible to get a tangible corroboration of a tale of this character when so many powerful ones of the earth are vitally concerned in shutting it up. Enough solidity exists to the various phases of the story, however, to make it clear that it will have a definite place in those chroniques scandaleuses which constitute the shaded side of British dynastic history. The most authentic version which comes to me, and rests upon the authority of one who has gathered the facts at first hand in Malta upon his word of honor not to divulge the family name involved, is that between four and five years ago George was married by the Roman Catholic ritual to a daughter of a British naval officer of high rank and that there are two children by the marriage.

Information from an absolutely reliable source says the lady from Malta is the daughter of a British naval captain who has been stationed at Malta for a number of years. It is quite possible, if it were necessary, to give the date of the marriage at Valetta, and even the names of the people who witnessed the ceremony. It is told by a lady now living at Richmond, near White Lodge, whence Princess May drove on Tuesday to be married, that a week ago a letter from Princess May was being shown about in court circles, furtively, of course, in which the Princess said to a titled lady correspondent that she knew all about the whole affair. This, of course, was to be taken for granted, but the fact of her letter being handed about for prurient inspection shows how speedily the entire matter may be expected to obtain publicity.

Of course the contracting parties knew that by the royal marriage act this was really no marriage at all; but the theory is that George, who was then not in direct line to the throne, counted on his elder brother's marrying and having heirs, when his irregular connection would be accorded a quasi-sanction such as was given the Duke of Cambridge and other collateral English princes.

By the light of this occurrence it may be seen how infinitely more tragic was the death of that elder brother, Clarence, than at the time appeared. It helps one now to comprehend all the strange, obscure vacillations and cross-currents which marked the conduct of the royal family during the succeeding year, with the protracted breaking up of the Marlborough House menage and the long, aimless journeying abroad of George and his mother, the Princess of Wales. Even the past week has seen a curt official note in the London papers correcting, on behalf of the Princess of Wales, a mistaken report that she had attended the court ball on the 30th.

As for the current club reports that the "lady from Malta," as she is popularly styled, is in London, and not only went to the state ball on Tuesday night, but also made her appearance at St. James' Palace, it perhaps deserves repeating as a part of contemporary gossip, but need not be taken too seriously. It is incredible in these days that the secret should be kept much longer; that it will filter by word of mouth through all England is a matter of course. So far as can be judged up to the present, its effect is to create a kind of sympathy for George, who seems to have stood out as long as possible under the of course terrific pressure, and at last succumbed only because the interests of the dynasty seemed imperatively to demand submission.

Rum and a Revolver Did It.

DUFFERIN, Minn., July 10.—Nels J. Hoff, one of Duluth's pioneer settlers and one of the city's wealthiest citizens, committed suicide yesterday morning, shooting himself through the head with a revolver. Hoff had been a hard drinker, and recently a guardian was appointed at his wife's request for his estate. He was angered by his wife's action and made frequent threats. Yesterday morning he induced her to accompany him to the barn and fired two shots at her, but inflicted no injury. He then turned the revolver on himself and fired the remaining three charges.

Untold Misery—What a Well-Known Commercial Traveler Suffered, and How He Was Cured.—Gentlemen,—About five years ago I began to be troubled with dyspepsia, and for three years suffered untold misery, from this terrible complaint. I was at that time traveling for Messrs. Walter Woods & Co., Hamilton, and was treated by some of the best physicians in the country, but all to no purpose. I continued to grow worse, one day I was induced to try a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY, and to my great surprise and joy, I soon began to improve. I continued using this medicine, and when the third bottle was finished I found I was entirely cured; and as a year has elapsed since then, I feel confident that the cure is complete and permanent. To all afflicted with this distressing complaint I heartily recommend Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY, believing that the persistent use of it will cure any case of dyspepsia. (Signed.) T. S. McINTEE. 4

If pretty women were conductors men wouldn't try to evade the car fare.

Police Justice (to tipsy prisoner)—Been round seeing the sights, I suppose? Tipsy Prisoner—Yezzer, at the snake show.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles.

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 ulceration and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia. Lyman, Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents. ywt

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Cures Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, Whooping Cough and Asthma. For *Consumption* it has no rival; has cured thousands where all others failed; will cure you if taken in time. Sold by Druggists on a guarantee. For Lame Back or Chest, use SHILOH'S PLASTER. 25cts.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. Price 50 cts.

Have you Catarrh? This remedy is guaranteed to cure you. Price 50cts. Injector free. Sold by W. T. STRONG, London. ywt

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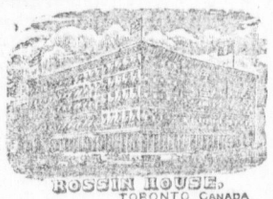

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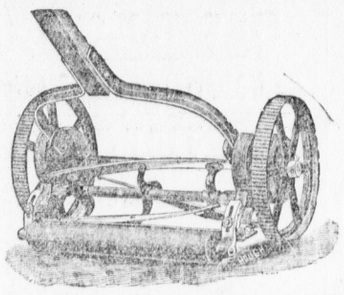

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