



CURE SICK HEADACHE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as indigestion, flatulence, constipation, distress after eating, pain in the side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing even the most obstinate cases.

ACHE

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

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

is the bone 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 please all who use them. In vial at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold everywhere or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

The Little Minister.

By J. K. Barrie.

AUTHOR OF "WINDOW IN THURMS," "WHEN A MAN'S SINGLE," "MY LADY NICOTINE," ETC.

Until the moment when he kissed her she had only conceived him a quaint fellow whose life was a string of Sundays, but he told her what he was in his own mind. Evidently she was not the part of leading her away from it into the happiness of the open life. He did not doubt her, for he loved, and to doubt is to dip love in the mire. She was given to him by God, and he was so rich in her possession that the responsibility attached to the gift was not grievous. She was his, and no mortal man could part with her. Those who looked at him in so far as he was wayward and wild, he was those things; so long as she remained strange to religion, the blame lay on him.

All this Babbie read in the Gavin of the past night, and to her it was the book of love. What things she had known, said, and done in that holy name. How shamefully have we all been misled! She had only known it as the most selfish of the passions, a brittle image that men consulted because it could only answer in the words they gave it to say. But here was a man to whom love was something better than his own desire leaning on a pedestal. Such love as Babbie had seen hitherto made strong men weak, but this was a love that made a weak man strong. All her life strength had been her idol, and the weakness that bent to her cajoling her scorn. But only now was it revealed to her that strength, instead of being the lusty child of passion, grows by grappling with and throwing them.

So Babbie loved the little minister for the best that she had ever seen in man. I shall be told that she thought far more of him than he deserved, forgetting the mean in the worthy; but who that has had a glimpse of heaven will care to let his mind dwell henceforth on earth? Love, it is said, is blind, but love is not blind. It is an extra eye, which shows us what is most worthy of regard. To see the best is to see most clearly, and it is the lover's privilege.

Down in the And Licht kirk that forenoon Gavin preached a sermon in praise of woman, and up in the mudhouse in Windyghoul Babbie sat alone. But it was the Sabbath day to her; the first Sabbath in her life. Her discovery had frozen her mind for a time, so that she could only stare with eyes that would not shut, but that had seen in the night. Already her love seemed a thing of years, for it was as old as herself, as old as the new Babbie. It was such a dear delight that she clasped it to her, and exulted over it because it was hers, and then she cried over it because she must give it up.

For Babbie must only look at this love and then turn from it. My heart aches for the little Egyptian, but the Promised Land would have remained invisible to her had she not realized that it was only for others. That was the condition of her seeing.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Up here in the glen school-house after my pupils have straggled home, there comes to me at times, and so sudden that it may be while I am infusing my tea, a hot desire to write great books. Perhaps an hour afterwards I rise, beaten, from my desk, dinging all I have written into the fire (yet reserving some of it on second thoughts), and curse myself as an ingrate; for I see that one can only paint what he himself has felt, and in my passion I wish to have all the vices, even to being an impious man, that I may describe them better. For this may I be pardoned. It comes to nothing in the end, save that my tea is brackish.

Yet though my solitary life in the glen is cheating me of many experiences, more helpful to a writer than so a Christian, it has not been so tame but that I can understand why Babbie cried when she went into Nanny's garden and saw the new world. Let no one who loves be called altogether unhappy. Even love unrequited has its rainbow, and Babbie knew that Gavin loved her. Yet she stood in was among

the stiff berry bushes, as one who stretches forth her hands to Love and sees him looking for her, and knows she must shrink from the arms she would lie in, and only call to him in a voice he can not hear. This is not a love that is always bitter. It grows sweet with age. But could that dry the tears of the little Egyptian, who had only been a woman for a day?

Much was still dark to her. Of one obstacle that must keep her and Gavin ever apart she knew, and he did not, but had it been removed she would have given herself to him humbly, not in her own longing, but because he wanted her. "Behold what I am," she could have said to him then, and left the rest to him, believing that her unworthiness would not drag him down, it would lose itself so readily in his strength. That Thums could rise against such a man if he defied it she did not believe; but she was to learn the truth presently from a child.

To most of us, I suppose, has come some shock that was to make us different men from that hour, and yet, how many days elapsed before something of the man we had been left up in us? Babbie thought she had buried her old impulsiveness, and remembering that from the top of the field she should see Gavin returning from church, she hastened to the hill to look upon him from a distance. Before she reached the gate where I had met her and him, however, she stopped, distressed at her selfishness, and asked bitterly, "Why am I so different from other women; why should what is so easy to them be so hard to me?"

"Gavin, my beloved!" the Egyptian cried in her agony, and the wind caught her words and flung them in the air, making sport of her.

She wandered westward over the bleak hill, and by-and-by came to a great slab called the Standing Stone, on which children often sit and muse until they see gay ladies riding by on palfreys, a kind of horse, and knights in glittering armor, and fiery dragons, and other wonders now extinct, of which boys have legged kiddies dream. The Standing Stone is in the dyke that separates the hill from a fir wood, and it is the fairy book of Thums. If you would be a knight yourself you must sit on it and whisper to it your desire.

Babbie came to the Standing Stone, and there was a little white figure. His hair stood up through holes in his bonnet, and he was very ragged and miserable.

"Why are you crying, little boy?" Babbie asked him gently; but he did not look up, and the tongue was strange to him.

"How are you greeting so said?" she asked.

"I'm not greeting very said," he answered turning his head from her that a woman might not see his tears. "I'm not greeting so said but what I greet saier, when my mother died."

"When did she die?" Babbie inquired.

"Lang syne," he answered, still with averted face.

"What is your name?"

"Miech is my name. Rob Dow's my father."

"And have you no brothers nor sisters?" asked Babbie with a fellow-feeling for him.

"Na, just my father," he said.

"You should be the better laddie to him then. Did your mother not tell you to be that afore she died?"

"Ay," he answered, "she told me ay to hold the bottle face him when I could get hard o' it. She took me into the bed to make me promise that, and syne she died."

"Does your father drink?"

"He hauds mair than any other man in Thums," Miech replied, almost proudly.

"And he strikes you?" Babbie asked, compassionately.

"That's a lie," retorted the boy, fiercely.

"Leastwise he doens strike me except when he's mortal, and syne I can jouk him."

"What are you doing there?"

"I'm wishing. It's a wishing stance."

"You are wishing your father wouldna drink?"

"No, 'm no," answered Miech. "There was a lang time he didna drink, but the women has sent him to it again. It's about her I'm wishing. I'm wishing she was in bell."

"What woman is it?" asked Babbie shuddering.

"I dinna ken," Miech said, "but she's an ill ane."

"Did you ever see her at your father's house?"

"Na; if he could get grip o' her he would break her over his knee. I hearken to him saying that, when he's wild. He says she should be burned for a witch."

"But if he hates her," asked Babbie, "how can she have sic power over him?"

"It's no him that she has hand o'," replied Miech, still looking away from her.

"What is it then?"

"It's Mr. Dishart."

Babbie was struck as if by an arrow from the wood. It was so unexpected that she gave a cry, and then for the first time Miech looked at her.

"How should that send your father to the drink?" she asked with an effort.

"Because my father's mighty fond o' him," answered Miech, staring strangely at her, "and when the folk ken about the woman, they'll stane the minister out o' Thums."

The wood faded for a moment from the Egyptian's sight. When it came back the boy had slid off the Standing Stone and was stealing away to run frae me!" Babbie asked, pathetically.

"I'm field at you," he gasped, coming to a standstill at a safe distance; "you're the woman!"

Babbie cowered before her little judge, and he drew nearer her slowly.

"What makes you think that?" she asked.

It was a curious time for Babbie's beauty to be paid its most princely compliment.

(To be Continued.)

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THE BARBER WENT MAD.

And Wanted to Take His Customer "to Heaven" with Him.

JEWETT CITY, Conn., April 4.—Wm. Reese, a barber, became suddenly insane while shaving Larkin Jackson. He had just finished lathering Jackson's face when he suddenly remarked: "Jackson, you would make a beautiful corpse. I will take you to heaven with me."

The barber's eyes grew wild and his hand moved unceasingly, scratching Jackson's face. He laid the razor down for a minute and began rubbing his hands. Jackson sprang from the chair and rushed for the door, but Reese headed him off.

Jackson grappled with the mad man, and after a desperate struggle freed himself and started down the street with Reese in close pursuit. Reese stumbled and fell, and was quickly overcome by several men. He was looked up and will be taken to an asylum.

INCIDENTS OF INTEREST.

The News of the Day, Culled and Condensed.

The membership of Dr. Talmage's tabernacle in Brooklyn is over 5,000.

All the steamboats along the Lower Hudson have begun their trips for the season.

Africa has an estimated population of 163,000,000 people, or 42,000,000 more than inhabit the three Americas.

The British admiralty has ordered a report showing the dates on which the ships building under the Naval Defense Act will be completed.

A London dispatch says the Naval Steamship Company has notified the Board of Trade that it is about to abandon its Atlantic passenger service.

It is stated that Mrs. Annie Besant's daughter Mabel is betrothed to Mr. Scott, the well known Socialist writer, and nephew to Clement Scott, the dramatic critic.

Saturday night a burglar entered the train agent's office at the union depot at Omaha, Neb., and stole nearly \$20,000 worth of tickets. From the manner of the theft the officials believe the thief was an employee.



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THIS GREAT COUGH CURE, this successful CONSUMPTION CURE is sold by druggists on a positive guarantee, a test that no other Cure can stand successfully. If you have a COUGH, HOARSENESS or LA GRIPPE, it will cure you promptly. If your child has the CROUP or WHOOPING COUGH, use it quickly and relief is sure. If you fear CONSUMPTION, don't wait until your case is hopeless, but take this Cure at once and receive immediate help. Large bottles, 50c. and \$1.00. Travelers convenient pocket size 25c. Ask your druggist for SHILOH'S CURE. If your lungs are sore or back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plasters. Price, 25c.

Sold by W. T. Strong, London, Ont.

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Big Boys' Short Pant Suits, Children's Suits.

The best that's made is none too good. It's what the people want, and it's what they get from us.

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RAILWAY TIME TABLES

CORRECTED TO NOV. 15, 1891.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

LONDON TIME

Canada Southern Division—Going East.

North Shore Limited (daily) 8:30 p.m. 11:50 a.m.
N. Y. Express (daily) 8:30 p.m. 11:50 a.m.
American Express (except Mondays) 8:30 p.m. 11:50 a.m.
Atlantic Express (daily) 8:30 p.m. 11:50 a.m.
Mail (except Sundays) 8:30 p.m. 11:50 a.m.
N. Y. and Boston Express (daily) 8:30 p.m. 11:50 a.m.
Accom'd (except Sunday) 8:30 p.m. 11:50 a.m.

Canada Southern Division—Going West.

North Shore Limited (daily) 8:30 p.m. 11:50 a.m.
Chicago Express (daily) 8:30 p.m. 11:50 a.m.
Chicago L. & N. Exp. (daily) 8:30 p.m. 11:50 a.m.
American Express (except Mondays) 8:30 p.m. 11:50 a.m.
Day Express 8:30 p.m. 11:50 a.m.
Mail (except Sundays) 8:30 p.m. 11:50 a.m.
Pacific Express (daily) 8:30 p.m. 11:50 a.m.
Accom'd (except Sunday) 8:30 p.m. 11:50 a.m.

Trains arrive in London at 8:35 a.m., 12 m and 6:40 p.m.

[NOTE.—No trains to or from London on Sundays.]

JOHN PATT, City Ticket and Passenger Agent, 295 Richmond Street.

GRAND TRUNK—Southern Division

CORRECTED DEC. 7, 1891.

MAIN LINE—Going East

Limited Express (A) 8:35 a.m. 12:30 p.m.
Mail 8:35 a.m. 12:30 p.m.
Atlantic Express (A) 8:35 a.m. 12:30 p.m.
Day Express 8:35 a.m. 12:30 p.m.
St. Louis Express (A) (B) 8:35 a.m. 12:30 p.m.
Mixed—No. 74 Freight (C) 8:35 a.m. 12:30 p.m.
Erie Limited (D) 8:35 a.m. 12:30 p.m.

MAIN LINE—Going West.

Chicago Express (A) 8:35 a.m. 12:30 p.m.
West End Mixed 8:35 a.m. 12:30 p.m.
Erie Limited 8:35 a.m. 12:30 p.m.
St. Louis Express (A) 8:35 a.m. 12:30 p.m.
Accommodation 8:35 a.m. 12:30 p.m.
Pacific Express (A) 8:35 a.m. 12:30 p.m.
Mail 8:35 a.m. 12:30 p.m.
Accommodation 8:35 a.m. 12:30 p.m.
Erie Limited (D) 8:35 a.m. 12:30 p.m.

Sarnia Branch.

Limited Express (A) 8:35 a.m. 12:30 p.m.
Chicago Express (A) 8:35 a.m. 12:30 p.m.
Accommodation 8:35 a.m. 12:30 p.m.
Erie Limited (D) 8:35 a.m. 12:30 p.m.

London, Huron and Bruce.

Express 8:35 a.m. 12:30 p.m.
Mail 8:35 a.m. 12:30 p.m.

London and Port Stanley.

Mail 8:35 a.m. 12:30 p.m.
Accommodation 8:35 a.m. 12:30 p.m.
Erie Limited (D) 8:35 a.m. 12:30 p.m.

St. Marys and Stratford Branch.

Mixed—Mail 8:35 a.m. 12:30 p.m.
Express 8:35 a.m. 12:30 p.m.
Express—Mixed 8:35 a.m. 12:30 p.m.

Toronto Branch.

Hamilton—Depart—
a.m. p.m. a.m. p.m. a.m. p.m.
6:30 11:15 12:30 4:30 6:40 8:55 9:25

Hamilton—Arrive—
a.m. p.m. a.m. p.m. a.m. p.m.
12:30 4:00 10:25 11:25 1:40 6:25 8:15

* These trains for Montreal.
4 These trains from Montreal.
(a) Runs daily, Sundays included.
(b) Runs daily, Sundays included, but makes no intermediate stops on Sundays.
(c) No. 24 carries passengers between London and Paris.
(d) This train connects at Toronto for all points in Manitoba, the Northwest and British Columbia via North Bay and Winnipeg.

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CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Going East.

Depart—
London 4:00 a.m. 8:00 a.m. 12:30 p.m.
Windsor 5:40 a.m. 9:40 a.m. 1:30 p.m.
Galt 6:40 a.m. 10:4