



CURE

SICK HEAD

Headache, Mr. Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing the same. They are also equally valuable in the treatment of the stomach, stimulating the liver and regulating the bowels. Even if they only cure one of these ailments, they are worth the cost.

ACHE

Is the bone of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it in all its forms. Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. They are also equally valuable in the treatment of the stomach, stimulating the liver and regulating the bowels. Even if they only cure one of these ailments, they are worth the cost.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

London, Thursday, March 12.

AN ARMY PORTIA.

By Charles King, U. S. Army.

AUTHOR OF "THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER," "THE DISCOVERY," "FROM THE RAVINE," "DUNSTON'S RANCH," "TWO SOLDIERS," ETC.

"Not that I can now recall, colonel," responded Martin, with his usual drawl. "Possibly the appearance of our Chicago friend in the role of adjutant was what prompted their remark. If you invited him to accompany you, I trust you will excuse it."

"Whom do you mean, and what do you mean?"

"Why, Mr. Abrams took post on your stand and rear, until Cross invited him to leave. I'm sorry for Cross; he has a wife and family, and younder goes the gentlemen, bound for the telegraph office, no doubt. What was the Palladium say now?"

"You don't mean he was right here by me during parade?" said Morris, growing very red.

"Certainly, sir," spoke Captain Brodie.

"You could have smelt his cigar if the wind hadn't been blowing from the starboard."

But the appearance of the wagonette whirling into the courtyard with the tall form of Colonel Lawler, a dust-colored figure from the crown of his felt hat down to his very boots, put an end to further remarks. Morris hastened to meet his guest, merely nodding response to Lane's courteous invitation to bring him to dinner.

CHAPTER X.

Captain Lane's quarters, as has been said, were charmingly furnished, and adorned with attractive pictures and bric-a-brac. The dining-room was small, as dining-rooms generally are at army garrisons, but by dint of moving out the stove which until now had cumbered one corner, and then crowding the sideboard into its place, sufficient room had been gained to admit of extending the table diagonally and seating fourteen people thereat. And now, with the curtains drawn, but the soft playing breeze playing through the open casement and the broad hallway, in the soft yet brilliant light of dozens of wax candles set in sconces on the walls or in heavy candelabra on the damask-covered board, a merry party had gathered for one of the "lovely dinners" for which Mrs. Lane was already famous. Three of the industry captain's were present, with their wives. Pretty Jeanette McCrae, who was visiting the Burnhams, was escorted in by Dr. Lugerelli, popularly reputed to be an intractable bachelor, yet privately believed to be melting beneath the tenderness of that young lady's sweet blue eyes; and Georgia Marshall found herself sitting side by side with Mrs. Brodie, a somewhat portly matron, who seemed capable of imbibing information through every pore and storing it for further use, and yet at the same time imparting new and startling opinions on all current topics with intensified volubility. Her eyes took in every detail of the tasteful appointments of the table. Her nostrils inhaled the fragrance of the roses and carnations lavished on every hand. Her lips parted to receive the succulent little clam—rare and unseasoned luxury west of the Missouri, yet easily expressed from Louisiana—and to give utterance at that same instant to liveliest comments upon the unusual feature of that evening's parade. It was not until after supper and the tiny thimbleful of sherry that audible conversation seemed to extend beyond her, and then Miss Marshall, who had been endeavoring to entertain Captain Brodie and distract his mind from contemplation of his better half's undoubted conversational powers, found herself addressed by the gentleman on her right.

"And so you are from Cincinnati, Miss Marshall, and paying your first visit to the West? Now, what do you think of the army?"

"Pardon me, Colonel Lawler, but isn't that a trifle like the query we are said to propound to Englishmen who have just landed?—How do you like America?"

"But I inferred that you had been here long enough to form an opinion."

"To form one vaguely, perhaps, but

probably not long enough to subject it to the test of experience."

"And do you never express opinions until assured of their justice? Really, Miss Marshall, I must compliment you on such wisdom and discretion. You should have been a lawyer."

"Yes, colonel—and that, I understand, is your profession. Now I am indeed complimented."

Colonel Lawler's eyes had been wandering about the table as he spoke, but now he turned suddenly and suspiciously upon the girl at his side. He was a man of singular mental mould. He had been a clerk in the office of his uncle, a prominent lawyer in the distant East; had had merely a common school education, and was laboriously reading law, when his patron found himself suddenly called upon to assume responsible duties at the nation's capital, and hastened thither, taking his clerk with him. Lawler at that time was nearly 35, and had not yet been called to the bar. It was the third year of the great war. His patron soon found that the requirements of his office were such that a man of far higher attainments would be needed as secretary, and, being thrifty and unwilling to pay the salary of a clerk out of his own pocket, he decided on the most unusual expedient of shutting him off on a paternal government. Lawler had no idea whatever of entering the army as one of the fighting force, but the proposition of his uncle was almost dazzling. He wasn't much of a lawyer, to be sure; but quite good enough for the purpose, and the old gentleman to himself. And it resulted that the green New-Englander was transferred to a clerkship in the bureau of military justice, and especially blossomed out as a major and judge-advocate of volunteers, with station in the city of Washington. The first thing the excellent fellow did, after getting his uniform and sword, was to post off to the Granite State and marry the middle-aged maiden who for ten years had been patiently waiting the day when he could accumulate enough money to buy a little home, and, with his bride, he returned to honest toil at the department. No man ever worked harder to master the details of unaccustomed duties, and no man, probably, ever encountered greater difficulties. But such was his perseverance that he became a walking glossary of information on army legal affairs. It was not that he ever mastered the intricacies of martial jurisprudence, but he knew the inside history of every case that came up for trial in the bulky records of the bureau. He could quote the charges and specifications preferred against any and every officer, the findings of the court, the names of the principal witnesses, of the judge-advocate and the members, and little by little the seniors in the office had grown so to lean upon his memory and his opinion that he became almost indispensable. And so when Peace once more spread her wings over the troubled walls of the Capitol, and the army was sent home, and choice soldiers were retained from the million of volunteers to close up the records and accounts of that vast establishment, the bureau announced that it couldn't get along without Major Lawler, and Lawler was thrust forward enough to see his way to life-position. With the brevet of lieutenant-colonel for faithful and meritorious services during the war, and in which he had been somewhat difficult for him to estimate them through any other when at last he was ordered to duty at a far western city as judge-advocate of a division. He had been so many years within the shadow of the War Department that army life in any other shape looked to him as might a strange garret to an exiled king. When he met an officer for the first time his mind reverted to the records which he had reviewed; this was not the man who led the assault on Bloody Angle at Spotsylvania; who planned the first column on the heights of Mission Ridge, who made the perilous night ride to Crook after the disaster of the Little Horn, but the officer who professed the charges against Colonel Blank, or who was tried for duplicating pay-accounts at Nashville, or who was the unwilling witness in the case of old Harry Fort. To his fragmentation mind every soldier was a past or prospective figure before a court-martial, and long contemplation of innumerable cases and the shape of specifications had so charged his mind with distrust of his fellow-men that, whatsoever might be his rank or record, no officer stood so high as to be above suspicion, none so impregnable that, judiciously handled, a court could not do him down. "I consider it my bounden duty," he had once said, "to contest in court if I possibly can." And while in his regard an acquittal might temporarily and partially vindicate the party accused, it must forever blot the fair fame of the judge-advocate who tried the case.

(To be Continued)

For bracing up the nerves, purifying the blood and curing sick headache, try the

Through Pullmans and Dining Car At

tached to New York via Erie

Railway.

The Erie is the only line running through

Canada that gives the people of London the

above service, and it is to be hoped they

will take advantage of it by purchasing

their tickets via the favorite Erie and save

themselves the annoyance of changing cars

and jumping off the trains for meals.

11-4

Wm. Drudge, Ellen street, Barrie, Ont.,

says: One bottle of Miller's Emulsion of

Cod Liver Oil brought back appetite which

entirely and gained five pounds. I taste

just like cream, the oil being perfectly dis-

guised. Sold by all druggists.

Notice.—I will honor all expired tickets

presented at my studio on or before Feb. 1.

J. W. NORRIS.

Removed to 106 Dundas street, one door west

of Crystal Hall. Trunks and valises at factory

prices; repairing a specialty. M. SCANDREW.

EVERYBODY'S POLICY!

—What is Best for Digestion.—

Fresh lot of Breakfast Cereals just received; Desiccated Rolled Oats, Disiccated Rolled Wheat, Snow Flake Barley, Breakfast Hominy, Prepared Barley, Prepared Pea Flour, the Farina Gluten Flour, Schumacker's celebrated W. W. Flour for brown bread.

FITZGERALD, SCANDREW & CO.,

169 DUNDAS STREET.

FUN, FACTS AND FICTION

"Anybody that knows a thing before it happens is called a reporter," was a definition on the slate of an 8-year-old school-boy.

That Magic

Is a good name of Dr. Downwood's German

preparation for the hair. It really works like

magic. All who have used it pronounce it to

be unequalled for restoring the lost vitality of

the hair roots, restoring grey hair, removing

dandruff, etc. Just try it. It is first-class. All

druggists sell it.

It is the man that never advertises who

discovers that he gets more done on his

goods than in his cash drawer.

THAT HACKING COUGH can be so quickly

cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. W.

T. Strong, 184 Dundas street, London.

Gunningham.—You are the light of my

life! Alas!—Don't blow so much about me

or you'll put me out.

WILL YOU SUFFER with Dyspepsia and

Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Cure is guaranteed

to cure you. W. T. Strong, 184 Dundas

street, London.

Naturally a fellow is quite upset if his

best girl throws him over.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS made miserable by

that terrible Shiloh's Cure, the remedy for

you. W. T. Strong, 184 Dundas street,

London.

It is easier to live within your income

than to live without one.

CATARHUS CURED, health and sweet breath

restored by Shiloh's Cure. Price 50 cents.

Shiloh's Cure. W. T. Strong, 184

Dundas street, London.

The difference between reported and im-

pudence is the size of the man who says it.

A man's wife should always be the same

especially to her husband; but if the same

and nervous and men Carter's Little Liver

Pills, he cannot be for they will make her "feel like

a different person." At least so they all say, and

their husbands say so, too.

The Mikado of Japan is to visit Wis-

consin next summer, partly for the waters

and partly for the spectacle of "of innocent

meritment." Six villas have been engaged

for the emperor and his suite, which will

comprise at least 40 persons. No Mikado

has ever before left his own dominions.

Carter's Little Liver Pills must not be con-

sidered as a medicine. They are a natural

Pills, as they are entirely unlike them in every

respect. One trial will prove their superiority.

father in a remarkable degree, and though

still young, he gave promise in his work of

sharing the great story teller's genius.

Mothers

Castoria is recommended by physicians

for children teething. It is a purely vege-

table preparation; its ingredients are pub-

lished around each bottle. It is pleasant

to take, and it is a natural and healthy

preparation, regulates the bowels,

quiets pain, cures diarrhea and wind colic,

always relieves teething troubles, cures

colic, and keeps the child healthy and

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DISTRESS IN IRELAND.

Failure of the Potato Crop and Condition

of the Congested Districts.

DUBLIN, March 11.—The Irish Local

Government Board has issued its long

expected report on the failure of the

potato crop and upon the condition of the

congested districts. Among other things

the report states that the districts in

which the disease appeared comprise

about half of Ireland; the disease

is due to planting old Champion seed, the

disease-requiring properties of which have

been greatly weakened of late years. In

light, dry soils, the report says, the crop in

some places was excellent, but in the cold,

wet land and in the mountain districts the

failure was everywhere serious. Continu-

ing, the report says that the corn crops are

mostly good, the green crops are up to the

full average, and that the other resources

of the farmers are about up to the average.

Briefly put, the report goes to show that

the small farmers are in good circumstances,

but are confronted with a scarcity of pota-

toes, which is unprecedented in 30 years,

causing the deepest distress in the con-

gested districts, this distress being aggra-

vated by the scarcity of the local shop-

keepers to grant credit so early in the

season, or before they are able to judge the

harvest prospects.

Some of the Board's inspectors estimate

the potato crop failure as equivalent to the

loss to the people affected of their mid-day

meal and the loss of a portion of their sup-

per for part of the year.

The remainder of this long report gives

details as how the suffering poor should be

relieved and showing that the distress is

as yet, on the increase. The relief applica-

tions are confined to the congested dis-

tricts of the west, and to the laboring and

hiring classes of the south, but it is ex-

pected that the pressure for relief will be-

come more general between now and the

month of April.

MRS. CATCART'S CASE.

The Wealthy English Lady Who Was

Placed in an Asylum by Her

Husband.

LONDON, March 11.—Dr. Fitzgerald raised

a question in the House of Commons yester-

day in regard to the case of Mrs. Catcart,

the wealthy lady of Stafford who, it is al-

leged, was confined in an insane asylum at

the instigation of her husband. Dr. Fitz-

gerald asked whether it was true that

Mrs. Catcart had been seized by four

servants of a private asylum within the

precincts of the law courts; whether the

seizure constituted a case of contempt of

court, and whether it was legal to seize

a person under what was called an urgency

order and confine them or put in an

asylum before a medical examination had

been made or a certificate been given.

Mr. Mathews, Home Secretary, replied

that Mrs. Catcart had been taken in the

street, outside the law courts, and it was

entirely for the court to decide whether the

seizure constituted a case of contempt. He

added that all the legal requirements of the

insanity acts had been fulfilled and he saw no

reason to interfere in the matter.

The besiegers of the house at Clitheroe,

where Mr. C. H. Jackson took his wife, the

possessor of a fortune of about \$125,000,

after having abandoned her, she having re-

fused to live with him in spite of the

orders of the courts, still remain at their

posts. Mr. Jackson, on the other hand,

maintains his residence in a barricaded con-

dition and the police remain on watch

about the scene of this matrimonial dispute

in order to prevent a serious collision be-

tween Mrs. Jackson's relatives, who are

trying to rescue her, and Mr. Jackson and

his friends, who are defending his residence

against attack.

A body of men composed of about 100 in-

habitants of Clitheroe, headed by Mrs.

Jackson's relatives, early