



CURE SICK HEAD

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles that come 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 Even if they only cured

ACHE

ache they would be almost useless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint but fortunately Carter's Little Liver Pills cure 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

HIS REPENTANCE.

He had come to ask Oswald a favor. Would he accommodate him with a check for two hundred pounds until the bank opened in the morning? A gentleman to whom Oswald was owing that sum on account of the Great Wheel Bang, had urgent need of it that very night, and had come bothering him, Mark, for it. Oswald would accommodate him, he said, Mark, should feel very much obliged, and would return it in the morning with many thanks.

"I have not got as much of my own," said Oswald.

"But you can give me a check of the firm's, can't you?" returned Mark, playing carelessly with his hand.

Oswald did not much like the suggestion, and hesitated. Mark spoke again.

"It will be rendering me the greatest possible service, Oswald. The fellow has leave town, or something, by one of the night trains. You shall have it back the first thing in the morning."

"You are sure that I shall, Mark?"

"Sure," echoed Mark, opening his small grey eyes very wide in surprise. "Of course I am sure. Do you think I should forget to bring it you? Let me have it at once, there's a good brother. Carine will think I am never coming; we have to go to two parties to-night."

Oswald wrote the check and gave it to him. It was a check of the firm, "Bracknell, Street & Oswald Gray," for Oswald's name appeared on it.

And Mr. Mark carried it off with him.

"There's a good brother," indeed! I wonder how he slept that night?

CHAPTER XLII.

COMMOTION.

With the wing of the dawn—that is, with the wing of the dawn for business in London—Mark Gray was at the offices in the city. Barker was there before him, and started forward to meet him as he entered. Mark had not succeeded in seeing Barker the previous night.

"Gray, it's all up. I am afraid it's all up."

"I got a telegram this morning. There's an irruption of water, in earnest this time. It's flowing in like so many pumps. Look here."

"Mark's hands shook as he laid hold of the telegram. 'I wasn't in bed until 3 o'clock,' said he, as if he would give an excuse for the signs of agitation. But though he tried to account for his sinking hands, he could not for his scared face."

Yes, Mr. Barker was no doubt right, it was "all up" with the Great Wheel Bang. Mark and he stood alone over the table in the board-room, in consultation as to what they could do and what they might do.

Might they dare—allowing that the public still rested in happy security—to take some shares into the market and secure themselves something out of the wreck? Barker was all for doing it; at any rate for trying it—"whether it would work," he said. Mark hung back in indecision; he thought there might be some after-consequences. He told Barker the views of Mr. Bracknell's visit, and of his satisfying that gentleman with a check of Bracknell, Street & Oswald Gray, which check was no doubt cashed by this time.

"Mean old fellow!" apostrophized Mr. Barker. "That's always the way with those petty people. They'll make more fuss over their paltry hundred pounds or two, than others do over thousands. I'd not have paid him, Mark."

"I couldn't help it," said Mark. "You should have seen the work he made. Besides, I had not heard he'd proclaimed the thing from one end of London to another."

"Well, about those shares," said Barker. "We must make as much as ever we can. Wait you go, or shall I?"

"Perhaps it's known already," returned Mark, dubiously.

"Perhaps it is," Bracknell gave you his word that he'd keep quiet, and who else is likely to know it? Letters can't get here till the afternoon post, and nobody at the mine would make it their business to telegraph him."

Mark stood in restless indecision. When annoyed he was fidgety to a degree—could not be still. Perhaps he had inherited his mother's nervousness. He pushed back his hair incessantly; he fingered nervously the diamond stud in his shirt. Mark was not in the habit of wearing those studs by day, or the evening line embroidery they were adorning. Whether, in his confusion of faculties, he had put in the studs that morning, or had absently retired to rest in his shirt the previous night, studs and all, must be left to conjecture.

"Look here, Barker," said he, "if news had not come to us of the disaster, to you and to me, I'd willingly have taken every share we possess into the market, at the

money for them, if I could. But the news has come, and I don't think it would do."

"Who's to know it has come?" asked Barker.

"Well—things do offer come out you know; they nearly always do; especially if they are not wanted to. Perhaps the telegraph office could be brought up to prove it, or something of that."

"Well," said Barker. "It mightn't do."

"Oh, bother, Gray! We must do it. We must stand out through thick and thin afterwards that the message never reached us. I could; and you are safe, for you have not had one at all. Look at our position. We must realize. Of course we cannot attempt to negotiate many shares; that would betray us; but a few we might, and must. We must for our own sakes; we can't stand naked with a penny to fall back upon."

Mark still hesitated. "I'd have done it with all the pleasure in life, but for the telegram," he reiterated. "For one thing I would never forgive me; my name's the same as his, you know; and I shall have to face him over this hundred pounds; that will be bad enough. And there's my mother. And my wife, Barker; you forget her."

"I don't forget her. I am thinking of her," was Mr. Barker's answer. "It's for her sake as much as ours that you ought to secure a little ready money. You'll want it. I know that much, for I have been down in luck before."

Mark looked irresolute, and habitually gloomy. I don't see my way clear," he returned, after a pause. "Let's put the thing into plain black and white. I go out and sell some shares, and get the money paid down for them, and pocket it. An hour afterwards the news spreads that the mine's destroyed, and the shares are consequently worthless. Well, Barker, my belief is, that they could proceed against me criminally for disposing of these shares."

"Not if you did not know the mine was wrong when you took them into the market."

"Nonsense," returned Mark, irritably. "It'd be sure to know it. I tell you it would be safe to come out by hook or crook. They'd call it felony, or swindling, or some such ugly name. And—Barker—he continued, lowering his voice—"something with an uglier name still might follow—transportation. Do you suppose I am going to put my head into that noose? I was born a gentleman."

"And do you suppose I wish either of us to do it?" retorted Barker. "I shouldn't be such a fool. I never go into a thing unless I can see my way out of it. I shall take a few shares into the market, and feel my way. I shall sell them for money, if I can; and you shall share it, Mark. I suppose you won't object to that?"

No, certainly, Mark would have no objection to that.

"I did not hear of the disaster until later, you know," said Barker, winking. "Now it came up to me by the afternoon post. If they do find out about the telegram, why, I never opened it. Nobody saw me open it," added Barker with satisfaction. "I have had so many up from the mine that the clerks put them into my sitting-room now as a matter of course. This one was put there this morning, and I found it when I came down, but nobody was in the room. Oh, it will be all right. And I say, Mark, it—"

Mr. Barker's smooth projects were stopped. Absorbed in their conversation, he and Mark had alike failed to notice a gradually gathering hum in the street outside. A very gentle, almost imperceptible hum at first, but increasing to a commotion now. With one bound they reached the window.

A concourse of people, their numbers being augmented every moment, stood assembled beneath the clock tower. The opening of the offices of the Great Wheel Bang at 10 o'clock. And the hour was almost on the point of striking.

"It's all up," shouted Barker in Mark's ear. "The news is abroad and they have heard of it. Look at their faces!"

The faces were worth looking at, though not as a pleasant sight. Anger, rage, disappointment, above all, impatience, were depicted there. The impatience of a wolf waiting to spring upon its prey. One of the faces unluckily turned its gaze upwards, and caught sight of Barker's. Barker saw it; he had not been quick enough in drawing his away from the window.

(To be Continued.)

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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"LIVE CARPET RAGS."

The Deadly Playthings of a Pennsylvania Girl.

Awful Agency of the Mother Who Saw Her Three-Year-Old Child Carrying a Copperhead.

For some reason it has always been the general belief among the people who live in the mountains in York, Lancaster and other counties where copperhead snakes abound, that this venomous snake will not bite children, and there are numerous wonderful stories told, especially in the Wish Mountains, about the copperhead's leniency toward children. Outside of the mountains these stories have never received credence, but a well-known family living on the York county side of the Susquehanna are ready to accept them hereafter. The family consists of Jacob Loan, his wife and two children, the youngest a little girl 3 years old. Copperheads are always uncomfortably plentiful in that locality, but this season they have been more numerous than usual. The haying and harvest hands have killed from three to ten a day during the week on the Loan farm.

One day last week the little 3-year-old was playing in the front yard, and her mother noticed her sitting in the grass near the front gate. Every now and then she would be heard laughing gleefully, and Mrs. Loan finally walked out to see what was amusing the child so much. When the little girl saw her mother coming she called out to her:

"Come, mamma, and see the live carpet rag."

At the same time she held up to her mother a snake, which she grasped in the middle of the body, and which twisted and squirmed in the air. Mrs. Loan saw at once that it was a copperhead. Although she was almost screaming with terror the child's mother acted with rare presence of mind. It occurred to her that if she showed her alarm by crying out to the child the latter would undoubtedly become frightened, and she thought that would naturally follow in her handling or sudden dropping of the snake might anger the copperhead and cause it to bite. With a great effort Mrs. Loan said quietly and coaxingly:

"Fetch it to mamma, dear. Don't hurt it."

"But there's two of them, mamma," replied the little girl. "I'll fetch 'em both."

She reached down and picked up another copperhead that lay in the grass and which Mrs. Loan had not seen and came toddling along the path toward her mother with them. She retained her calmness, and when the child was within a couple of yards of her spoke to her and said:

"Put them on the ground, darling, and let mamma see them walk."

This seemed to please the child, and she placed the copperheads on the path. The two snakes caught sight of Mrs. Loan, and instantly their movements changed. The copper spot on top of their heads began to deepen in color, as it does when this snake is enraged, and they both made toward the child's mother, showing great anger. The little girl cried for her hands and started to catch the snakes again. Her mother rushed out of the path and around the snakes, and snatching the child up in her arms flew to the house and into it, closed the door behind her, and fell to the floor in a dead faint. The other child, a boy 8 years old, was in another room making a kite. He heard the noise of his mother's fall and his little sister crying, and ran into the room. His father was at work in the house, and the boy quickly summoned him. It was some time before the father succeeded in restoring his wife to consciousness and learned the cause of her swooning.

Farmer Loan went into the yard, and the copperheads were still there, and still in a belligerent mood. They were killed. So great was the shock to Mrs. Loan that she is still confined to her bed, and the little girl mourned for her dead playthings for two or three days.—[Harrisburg Telegraph.]

TRAGEDY AT A THRESHING BEE.

One Man Killed, One Mortally Injured and Two Badly Hurt.

CLEVELAND, Aug. 7.—A desperate shooting affray, in which one man was killed, one mortally wounded and two badly hurt, occurred on the farm of Washington Smith, near Newark, O. There had been trouble between the Smith and Howell families for some time.

Yesterday morning Washington Smith, his two sons, Asa and Charles, and Wm. Howell and his son Edward met at a threshing bee. Soon a quarrel started and Asa Smith opened fire with a revolver. The Howells returned the fire and soon all were involved. Asa Smith was shot through the head and nearly killed. Charles Smith was shot through the lungs and will die. Washington Smith and Wm. Howell also received bullet wounds. Edward Howell gave himself up and was held in \$10,000 bail.

The Moon's Influence.

Upon the weather is accepted by some as real, by others is disputed. The moon never attracts corn from the tender,aching spot. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor removes the most painful corns in three days. This great remedy makes no sore spots, doesn't go feeling around a man's feet, but gets to business at once, and effects a cure. Don't be imposed upon by substitutes and imitations. Get "Putnam's" and no other.

"John, what a lovely place! If we could only make it the real home!" Mr. Hunter Howes—Oh, I've no doubt the landlord would see to that in a couple of months.

A Wonderful Cure.—Mr. David Smith, Coe Hill, Ont., writes: "For the benefit of others I wish to say a few words about Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. About a year ago I took a very severe cough, had a violent sore on my lips, was laid with dyspepsia, constipation and general debility. I tried almost every conceivable remedy, outwardly and inwardly, to cure the sore but all to no purpose. I had often thought of trying Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, so I got a bottle and when I had used about one half the bottle showed evident signs of healing. By the time the bottle was done it had about disappeared and my general health was improving fast. I was always of a very bilious habit and had used quinine and lemon juice with very little success. But after using three bottles of the VEGETABLE DISCOVERY the biliousness is entirely gone and my general health is excellent. I am 60 years old. Parties using it should continue it for some time after they think they are cured. It is by far the best health restorer I know of."

Summer Landlord.—Well, how does the thermometer stand this morning? Summer Guest—It does not stand, it lies, by about fifteen degrees.

A man's wife should always be the same especially to her husband. 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.



A POOR MAN

indeed is he who blood is poor, who has lost his appetite and his flesh and seems in a rapid decline; but

SCOT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Norwegian Liver Oil and Hypophosphites

can make it rich again, restoring appetite, flesh and rich blood, giving him energy and perfect physical health. Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Scrofula, Bronchitis. It is ALMOST AS PALATABLE AS MILK.

Prepared only by SCOTT'S, Belleville.

Milk Tablets

is the solids of Cow's Milk so treated that when dissolved in the requisite quantity of water it yields a product that is

STANNAL

is a valuable food tonic for the warm weather.

Johnston's Fluid Beef

is the virtue of Prime Beef in a concentrated and easily digested form available as a Strength-Giving Food.

Daly's Oil and Wood Yard

We have large stock of extra quality Maple and Beech

WOOD.

A trial will convince you that we give them value in the city.

DALY & SON

19 York St. Phone 848.

PERFECT SS. GERMANY.

Two cases Cycles for WM. PAYNE, London. One case to be forwarded to his customers in Victoria, B.C. Also one "Victorian" for an orphan child in Victoria. \$100 was raised by the colonist children to purchase the above machine.

COFFEE HOUSE

MARKET SQUARE.

Everybody that calls on us for a meal or a lunch goes away satisfied. A few more try us. Six dinner tickets 90 cents. Luncheon at all hours from 10 to 12.

JAS PERKIN HUTCHER,

239 Dundas Street.

KEARNEY'S HERBAL HAIR TONIC

Cures Dandruff, Promotes Growth of the Hair, Prevents Falling Out and Imparts to the Hair a Beautiful Gloss.

It being a purely Vegetable Compound it may be used freely without injury to the most delicate scalp. Every Bottle Guaranteed.

R. J. KEARNEY,

250 Richmond Street, London, sole proprietor and manufacturer, London, Ont. All orders by mail are promptly attended to.

Ask your Druggist for it. All the druggists please take notice and send for particulars.

PURE PORK SAUSAGE

Very Cheap for Cash Only

All orders for delivery must be given before 10 o'clock every morning.

The Canadian Packing Co.'s Store, Next Door to the Postoffice, Telephone 900.

How Are Your Eyes?

If they are troublesome have them examined and tested by our new method of examination. It costs you nothing and is the only true system of detecting and correcting errors of refraction. Our optician is an old and skilled practitioner and resorts to no "humbug" methods of treating the eye. We have an immense stock of Spectacles and other special goods which we sell fully 40 per cent. cheaper than elsewhere.

A. Morphy & Co

178 Dundas Street.

Pure Turpentine!

Pure Turpentine! Pure Turpentine!

IN CAR LOTS. IN TEN BARREL LOTS. IN CASES. IN FIVE BARREL LOTS.

Hobbs Hardware Company

LONDON, ONTARIO.

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Posters and Hangers

For Fairs and Races.

Advertising Cards, Fans and Banners.

ALL THE NEWEST DESIGNS

Calvert

Lithographing Co. of Detroit,

And can supply any of their goods on shortest notice.

Advertiser Printing Company

LONDON, ONTARIO.

MARSHALL BROS.,

Wholesale Importers of

TEAS and COFFEES

67 Dundas Street, London, Ont.

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's

184 to 198 King Street, London, Ont.

RODEL'S SARDINES!

Extra Choice. Boneless. Gold Medal. Ordinary. Rodel's Pate De Foie Gras. Pate Des Touristes. Foie Gras. Lamprole. Ala Bordelaise. Lunch Tongue. Or Tongue. Olives. Pickles, etc. Highest quality.

FITZGERALD, SCANDRETT & CO.,

169 DUNDAS STREET.