



CURE

Get the best and relief all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as indigestion, nausea, drowsiness, distress after eating, pain in the side, etc. 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 relieving 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

As 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 many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all, sick

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 grip the bowels, but by their gentle action please all who take them. In vials of 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.
Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

London, Friday, Feb. 21.

THE FINE LADY.

Her heart is set on folly.
An amber glistening draws;
She counts each poor occurrence,
Heeds not the heavenly joys.
Pity her!

She has a little beauty,
And she flaunts it in the day,
While the selfish wrinkles spreading,
Reveal all its charms.
Pity her!

She has a little money,
And she flings it everywhere;
Tis a gewgaw on her bosom,
A tinsel in her hair.
Pity her!

She has a little feeling;
She spreads a foolish net,
That snares her own weak footsteps,
Not his for whom 'tis set.
Pity her!

Ye harmless household drudges,
Your drudgery daily wear
And heavy palms of labor
A softer heart may bear.
Pity her!

Ye steadfast ones, whose burthens
Weigh valiant shoulders down,
With hands that cannot idle,
And brows that cannot frown.
Pity her!

Ye saints, whose thoughts are folded
As graciously to rest,
As a dove's stainless pinions
Upon her guileless breast.
Pity her!

But most, ye helpful angels,
That send distress and work,
Hot tasks and sweating forehead,
To heal man's ills.
Pity her!

[Julia Ward Howe.]

IN SEARCH OF FORTUNE.

She was a very beautiful woman and a lady. You didn't want to look at her twice to see that, but she was so made a little to sit up in a chair propped up with pillows. It was beautiful to see how Belle waited on her hand and foot, and how gentle and loving she was. No wonder her father was proud of her. I should like you to have seen her, dad, how pretty the rooms looked, and Belle had arranged everything. She had just made a little palace of that old farm with her fairy fingers. I was ready to let when I saw it that there wasn't a place like it for a hundred miles around, and I said so. That pleased the farmer, and his wife, and I think it pleased Belle, too, for she blushed and said I wasn't to put on my London manners and begin paying compliments instead of having my tea.

When the farmer knew that I was from London he looked up and said:

"Is that so, Orpington—are you from London?"

"Yes, sir; I lived there till I came out here, five years ago."

"Oh," he said, "if you come from London perhaps you know a young fellow named Hewitt there."

I laughed at that.

"And I dare say that he's thousands of Hewitts in it. I don't know anybody of that name. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, only because we've got a young fellow coming to us, here who's a Londoner, and his name is Hewitt. I thought you might know something about him."

Then he explained that he had an offer through a friend of his in Montreal to take a young Englishman and let him learn the farming at this place. He was to have a premium, and the lad's friends would pay for his lodging and board, so he thought it would be a very good thing.

I didn't quite know how it was then, but I didn't like the idea of a young English fellow coming to stay there and be near Belle every day. But of course I couldn't say that to them, so I talked about something else, and wished Master Hewitt at Jericho.

IV.

It was two months after that before I heard of Master Hewitt again.

Belle rode over to our place with a message to Mr. Wilson from her father, and she told me that Hewitt had arrived.

"What he like?" I said, hoping she would say that he was a horrid sort of a fellow.

"Well, Will," she said, "it's the oddest thing, but he's like you; so like you that you might almost be brothers, and I should think he was about the same age."

That made me very uncomfortable, you know, dad, because, as I dare say you have guessed, by this time I was very much in love with Belle, and I had made up my mind that as soon as I was old enough and I saw a chance of doing something for myself I'd ask her to be my sweetheart.

You see this was the nasty part of it. If Belle liked me and thought I was nice-looking, and this Hewitt fellow resembled me as much as she said he did, then she must like him and think him good-looking, too. And he'd be always with her and I should be always away from her, and that would give him a very unfair advantage over me. I didn't eat my supper that night with so much appetite as usual, and when I went

to bed I didn't go to sleep, which was a most unusual thing for me. I kept on thinking about this Hewitt fellow, and I thought it was very impudent on his part to be like me. I made up my mind I'd go to Sprigg's Farm at the first opportunity and take the measure of the young gentleman, and see if he was the sort of fellow who was likely to out me out.

When I did get to sleep at last Master Hewitt was evidently in my mind, for I had a most terrible dream. Knowing what I do now, looking at that dream by the light of what happened afterwards, every incident comes back to me as vividly as if I had just awoke from it.

In my dream Belle and I were walking together by the river. I was telling her how much I loved her, and asking her to be my sweetheart. She blushed at first, she hung her head down, but she didn't take her hand away. I'd got tight hold of that, and wasn't going to let it go.

"Belle, dear," I said, "in my dream, you know, dad, 'you don't know how I love you, how I've loved you ever since the first day you came to our farm. I'm nothing here, but I've been studying and working hard, and I'm bound to get on. If you'll only say that some day you'll marry me, I'll give you all the hope and courage I want, and I'll work and work till I've won a position and made a home worthy of you. Belle, dear, you do love me, don't you?"

Belle lifted her head, and I could see her beautiful blue eyes. There was a bright light in each of them.

"Will," she said, "I'm not going to tell you a story. I do love you, very, very much indeed."

"And you'll be my sweetheart?" You'll let us be engaged to each other, dear, and never marry anybody but me?"

"No, Will; I'll never marry anybody but you."

With a cry of joy I put my arm around her, and was about to draw her to me and press my lips to hers, when she sprang back with a cry of alarm.

Something had come between us. I looked, and it was myself I saw—myself, yet not me, for it was between myself and Belle.

I knew in a minute what it was—it was Hewitt.

His face was white with rage and he held his fist clinched over my head.

"You shall never have Belle for your wife," he cried; "you shall never have any woman for your wife, for I mean to kill you."

Before I could move or utter a word he drew a knife from his belt, and, lifting it, brought it down again with fearful force, buying it to the hilt in my heart.

As the sharp steel struck into my flesh I uttered a shriek and flung up my arms and—

—and woke up to find myself lying on my back and moaning. It was only a night-mare, but it was so real, so vivid, that for some moments I lay there unable to move. I was almost paralyzed with terror. At last my power of will came back again, and with an effort I sprang out of bed, and finding the matches, struck one and lighted the candle.

(To be continued.)

FUN, FACTS AND FICTION.

A Judicious Compound of Wit and Wisdom.

A McGinty ball is announced. There has been too much McGinty ball.

Carter's Little Liver Pills must not be confused with common Cathartic or Purgative Pills, as they are entirely unlike them in every respect. One trial will prove their superiority.

The pale of civilization—Face powder.

There are many ways of curing a corn, but the best is the shoe-rest.

A man's wife should always be the same, especially to her husband, but if she's weak and nervous and uses Carter's Little Liver Pills, she can't be for they will make her feel like a different person, at least so they all say, and their husbands are so sure of it.

Let to-morrow take care of itself and you will find that it will let you take care of yourself when it gets here.

Trust an Old Friend.

Old friends are best, and if ever suffers from a friend, Hagyard's Yellow Oil can't justly claim the distinction. Pain never stays long where it is used, while for cramp it is a specific. Parents should keep it in the house as a safeguard against accidents, from bites, chilblains, sprains, bruises, burns, etc.

Ted: "What are you doing peeping around the corner?" Ned: "Why, my best girl lives across the street, and I'm trying to see if she's looking out of the window for me. As soon as I find out she doesn't do that any more, I know it's time to look around for a new girl."

Remarkable Cure of an Ulcer.

Sir:—Two years ago I had an ulcer on my ankle. Knowing Burdock Blood Bitters to be a good purifier, I got a bottle and a box of Burdock Healing Ointment, and after using three bottles and three boxes I was completely cured, and recommend B.B.B. everywhere. Mrs. W. V. BOYD, Brantford, Ont.

"I am something of a wit myself, at times," said a stupid man to a wag. "Just as a bright man has an occasional dull period," was the reply.

CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. W. T. Strong, 184 Dundas street, London.

"Subscribers coming in at the rate of 20 a day," wrote the editor of a country weekly; and the rival journal explained that there were coming in to order their paper discontinued.

SHILOH'S VITALIZER is what you need for Consumption, Loss of Appetite, Blisters, and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 25 cents per bottle. W. T. Strong, 184 Dundas street, London.

A fashion paper says: "Pockets are not found in ladies' dresses now." Were they ever?

SHILOH'S COUGH and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consumption. W. T. Strong, 184 Dundas street, London.

A smart schoolboy has defined the word "dormitory" as a place where you try to sleep, and can't.

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents. W. T. Strong, 184 Dundas street, London.

Mrs. Plympton—"After all, Mr. Broughton, what is the advantage of having ancestors in the seventeenth century?" Mr. Broughton—"O, a great deal. They can't hang around and mar your social aspirations to-day."

The itching of the scalp, falling of the hair, resulting in baldness, are often caused by dandruff, which may be cured by using Hall's Hair Renewer.

"The maple is my favorite tree," said Mr. Honeycomb. "Yes, George," replied Mrs. H., "it is very beautiful in its warmth of color in the autumn; but for winter I prefer the fir."

Peculiarities of the Hair.

There are times when all persons require to pay some particular attention to the hair. To rekindle the life and energy of the roots is the first thing to be done. Dr. Hornwood's Great German Hair Magic will do the work. It works in accordance with nature, supplies fresh nutriment to the glands, keeps the hair luxuriant and natural in shade. Be sure to get it; you cannot afford to miss it. Every druggist sells it. It is money well spent. Column.

MICHIGAN MATTERS.