



**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**

**CURE SICK HEADACHE.**

It is the time of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it with the greatest of ease. They are strictly vegetable and do not contain any harmful ingredients. They are sold in all drug stores, or by mail, for 25 cents a box. Please write to: **CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.**

**ACHE**

It is the time of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it with the greatest of ease. They are strictly vegetable and do not contain any harmful ingredients. They are sold in all drug stores, or by mail, for 25 cents a box. Please write to: **CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.**

**The Little Minister.**

By J. M. Barrie.

Author of "Window in Thrums," "When a Man's Single," "My Lady Nicotine," etc.

"Then she is ours, I say, Riach, if I were you I should set all my prisoners free and take away a cart-load of their wives and children. I have only seen the backs of the men of Thrums, and on my word, I very rarely ran away from the women. Hallo! I believe one of your police has caught our frisky single-handed."

So Halliwell exclaimed, hearing someone shout, "This is the reason!" But it was not the Egyptian who was then thrust into the round room. It was John Dunwoodie, looking very dry. Probably there was not, even in Thrums, a canner man than Dunwoodie. His religious views were those of Cruikshanks, but he would regularly to church on the off chance of there being a God after all, so, in a sense, whatever side may be wrong."

"This is the man," exclaimed a policeman, "who brought the alarm. He admits himself having been in Tilliedrum this evening?"

"You name, my man?" the sheriff demanded.

"It might be John Dunwoodie," the thin man answered cautiously.

"But is it?"

"I don't say it's no,"

"You were in Tilliedrum this evening?"

"I might be,"

"Where you?"

"I'll swear to nothing."

"Why not?"

"Because I'm a canny man."

"Into the cell with him," Halliwell cried, losing patience.

"Leave him to me," said the sheriff. "I understand this sort of man. Now, Dunwoodie, what were you doing in Tilliedrum?"

"I might be taking my laddie down to be presented to a writer there," answered Dunwoodie falling into the sheriff's net.

"What are you yourself?"

"I might be a tinsmith to trade."

"And you, a mere tinsmith, dare to tell me that a lawyer was willing to take you into his office? Be cautious Dunwoodie."

"Well, then, the laddie's highly educated and I'm a siller, and that's how the writer was to take him and make a gentleman of him."

"I learn from the neighbors," the policeman explained, "that this is partly true, but what makes us suspect him is this. He left the laddie at Tilliedrum, and yet when he came home the first person he sees at the door is the laddie himself. The laddie is the laddie himself, and the reason plainly was that he had heard of our preparations and wanted to alarm the town."

"There seems something in this, Dunwoodie," the sheriff said, "and if you cannot explain it I must keep you in custody."

"I'll make a clean breast of it," Dunwoodie replied, seeing that in this matter truth was best. "The laddie was terrible against being made a gentleman, and when he saw the kind of life he would have to lead, clean hands, clean clothes, and no gutter at his back, his heart took fire, and he ran home. I was mad when I saw him at the fire-side, but he says to me, 'How would you like to be a gentleman yourself?' father?" he says, and that so affected me at I'm to give him his ain way."

Another prisoner, Dave Langlands, was confronted with Dunwoodie.

"John Dunwoodie's as innocent as I am myself," Dave said, "and I'm most mighty innocent. It wasna John but the Egyptian that gave the alarm. I tell you what, sheriff, if it will make me innocent-like I'll picture the Egyptian to you just as I saw her, and you'll be able to catch her easier."

"You are an honest fellow," said the sheriff.

"I only wish I had the whipping of him," growled Halliwell, who was of a generous nature.

"For what business had she," continued Dave righteously, "to meddle in other folk's business? She's no a Thrums lassie, and so

I say, 'Let the law take its course on her.'"

"Will you listen to such a cur, Riach?" asked Halliwell.

"Certainly. Speak out, Langlands."

"Well, then, I was in the windmill the night."

"You were a watcher?"

"I happened to be in the windmill w' another man, Dave went on, avoiding the officer's question."

"What was his name?" demanded Halliwell.

"It was the Egyptian I was to tell you about," Dave said, looking towards the sheriff.

"Ah, yes, you only tell tales about women," said Halliwell.

"Well, we was there, and it would maybe be w' o'clock, and we was speaking (but it was about lawful things) when we heard some one running yont the road. I peeked through a hole in the door, and I saw it was an Egyptian lassie 'at I had never clapped e'en on afore. She saw the light in the window, and she cried, 'Hie, you billices in the windmill, the tojers is coming; quick, or you'll be ta'en.' At that the door man up w' his bonnet and ran, but I didna make off so smart."

"You had to pick yourself up first," suggested the officer.

"Sal, it was the lassie picked me up; ay, and she picked up a horn at the same time. 'Blaw on that,' she cried, 'and alarm the town.' But, sheriff, I didna do't. Na, I had over muckle respect for the law."

"In other words," said Halliwell, "you also blotted, and left the gypsy to blow the horn herself."

"I didna deny but what I made my feet my friend, but it wasna her that blew the horn. I knew that, for I looked back and saw her trying to do't, but she couldna, she didna ken the way."

"Then who did blow it?"

"The first man she met, I suppose. We a' kent that the horn was to be the signal except Wearyward. He's police, so we kept it from him."

"That is all you saw of the woman?"

"Ay, for I ran straight to my garret, and there your men took me. Can I gae hame now, sheriff?"

"No, you cannot. Describe the woman's appearance."

"She had a heap o' rowan berries stuck in her hair, and I think she had on a green wrapper and a red shawl. She had a most extraordinary face. I canna exact describe it, for she would be laughin' one second and syne solemn the next. I tell you her face changed as quick as Ay, here comes Wearyward to speak up for me."

"This is the local policeman," a Tilliedrum officer said; "he have been searching for her everywhere, and only found him now."

"Where have you been?" asked the sheriff, wrathfully.

"Wherever I was, honest men is at this hour," replied Wearyward, "in my bed."

"How dared you ignore your duty at such a time?"

"It's a long story," the policeman answered pleasantly, in anticipation of a talk at last.

"Answer me in a word."

"In a word!" cried the policeman, quite crestfallen. "It canna be done. You'll need to cross-examine me, too. It's my lawful right."

"I'll take you to the Tilliedrum jail for ye where in this night's work if you do not speak to the purpose. Why did you not come to our assistance?"

"As sure as death I never went you was here. I was up the Roads on my rounds when I heard an awful din down in the square, and I, there's rough character, went about, and the place for honest folk in their bed. So to my bed I gae, and I was in't when your men gipped me now."

"We must see into this before we leave. In the meantime you will act as a guide to my men."

"What Egyptian? Is't a lassie w' rowans in her hair?"

"The same. Have you seen her?"

"That I have. There's nothing again here. Is there? Whatever it is, I'll uphold she didna do't, for a simpler, franker-spoken crittur couldna be."

"Never mind what I want her for. When did you see her?"

"It would be about twal o'clock," began Wearyward unctuously, "when I was in the Roads. Ay, no lang afore I heard the disturbance in the square. I was standing the door o' the road, wondering how the door o' the windmill was swinging open, when she came up to me."

"A fine night for the time o' year," I said to her, for nobody but the minister had spoken to me a day."

"A very fine night," says she, very frank, though she was breathing very quick like as if she had been running. You'll be police?" says she.

"I am," says I, "and who are you?"

"I'm just a pair gypsy lassie," she says, "and what's that in your hand?" says I.

"It's a horn I found in the wood," says she, "but it's rusty and winna blaw."

"I laughed at her ignorance, and says I, 'warrant I could blaw it.'"

"I didna," says she, "and she gae it to me, and I blew some bonny blasts on't. Ay, you see she didna ken the way o't. Thank you kindly," says she, and she ran awa without even minding to take the horn back again."

"You incredible idiot!" cried the sheriff. "When it was you that gave the alarm."

"What has I done to madden you?" honest Wearyward asked in perplexity.

"Get out of my sight, sir," roared the sheriff.

But the captain laughed.

"He's like your gypsy friend, Riach," he said, "He's obliging friend, I hear how this gypsy struck you. How was she dressed?"

"She was snod, but no uncos snod," replied Wearyward stiffly.

"I don't understand you."

"I mean she was couthe but no sair in order."

"What on earth is that?"

"Weel, a tasty stocky, but gey orra put."

"Mr. Ogilvy afterwards bought this horn from the policeman for two talks. (M. "Unco snod, specially neat; southie, neat; sair in order, well dressed,

on. "What language are you speaking, you enigma?"

"I'm saying she was naturally a bonnie bit kimmer rather than happit up to the sinces."

"Gey orra put on, rather badly dressed. Happit up to the sinces, dressed well. (To be Continued.)"

**Beholding and Hearing!—Physiologists Differ in Opinion!**

Some physiologists are of opinion that death by beholding is attended with less actual pain than any other manner of death, and is, therefore, the most humane mode of disembarrassing society of villains and murderers. Others contend and adduce strong proof to show that intense agony is experienced, after decoliation, in both the head and the body, and is a much more painful death than hanging.

This controversy, however, is uninteresting in character, when compared with the great question of saving valuable lives. The proprietors of the hundreds of common nostrums advertised from day to day, appear to be anxious to show that their remedies will cure all manner of diseases and ailments; and each manufacturer tries to impress upon the sick one the fact that his medicine is the only medium for effecting a painless cure. Unfortunately for the public, they have had too much experience with these worthless and nauseous patent; our people have been deceived, and in many instances their troubles and pains have been increased.

To thousands of men and women who have endeavored in vain to quench the burning fire of pain from these fountains whose waters have no virtue, Pain's Compound has come as a strong deliverer. It has conferred new strength, such as is given by the cool and pure spring of water to the thirsty and weary traveler on the sandy desert.

Pain's Compound has taken hold of thousands of men and women after other remedies proved useless, and when physicians said there was no hope, and carried the suffering ones safely over the shoals and rocks of disease to the sweet haven of health.

"It cures cures," can only be said of Pain's Compound. Our best people in Canada prove it by their testimonials and letters, and at present from ocean to ocean the name of the remedy is a household word.

We have much pleasure in informing our readers of the fact, that the proprietors of Pain's Compound are in a position to give the best medical advice to all, no matter what ailment they may be using. If the sufferer still in the bonds of disease and trouble, let him or her write to the "CONSULTING PHYSICIAN" of the Wells & Richardson Company, Montreal, and they will be advised and prescribed for, free of charge, by one of our best Canadian doctors.

**FUN, FACTS AND FICTION.**

The little boy looked himself out of the puddle where his rude playmates had thrown him. He wiped the mud from his velvet trousers, stockings, and his lace collar, and then he looked at his long, golden curls, and he saw their bedraggled condition with a little of the "This," he said, bitterly, "is being mamma's little pet!"

A new word should always be the same especially to the husband. If she is weak and nervous, use Carter's Little Liver Pills, cannot be for they will make her feel like a different person. At least so they all say, and their husbands say so, too.

Plenty in it—Dulwich—How is that little mining mine of yours getting along? Any money in it? Woodcock says so! All of mine, it's all my wife and about \$50,000 that I got from my mine.

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 will prove their superiority over all other pills.

She Didn't Understand—Mrs. Hicks—I read every day about "the people who seem to be rich, but which all the while are about to be ruined. Hicks—What is that? Mrs. Hicks—Which is the one that is about to be ruined. Hicks—Which is that? Mrs. Hicks—Which is the one that is about to be ruined.

Mr. J. R. Allen, upholsterer, Toronto sends us the following: "For six or seven years my wife suffered with Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Indigestion and Kidney Complaint. We tried two physicians and any number of medicines without getting any relief, until we got a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. This was the first relief we got, and before we knew it was beyond our expectation."

Miss Shoddy (introducing caller)—You know Mr. Sweet, don't you, pa? He wrote those verses, you know—in the book with the cover that harmonizes so beautifully with the crimson robe.

**Filices: itching Filices**

Symptoms:—Mature intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, become very sore. SWAYNE'S Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals the ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia.

Indulgent aunt (after stuffing little nephew with doughnuts and fruit cake)—What does your mamma give you between meals? Little nephew—Orders not to eat.

We have no hesitation in saying that Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is without doubt the best medicine ever introduced out for dysentery, diarrhea, cholera, and all summer fevers, and never fails to effect a positive cure. Mothers should never be without a bottle when their children are teething.

The Emperor of Germany stands 21st in the direct line of succession to the British throne.

Mr. Job Sealer, of Toronto, writes: "A short time ago I was suffering from Kidney Complaint and Dyspepsia, sour stomach and lame back; in fact, I was completely prostrated and in despair. I had tried a great many different things, but got no better, and really thought I never would get over it, but your Balm of Eucalypti cured me entirely. It is the best cough medicine I ever tried. I recommend it to every person I meet needing such a remedy."

Texas, McCOSKELL, Farmer, Tucker Smith. For sale by ANDERSON & SELLERS, 240 Dundas street, alive.



**CHASE & SANBORN MONTREAL.**

**OAK HALL**

Single and Double-Breasted  
**SERGE SUITS**  
BLUE AND BLACK

Very Nobby Business Suits in  
Fancy Tweeds.

NEW GOODS ARRIVING DAILY.

**OAK HALL**

150 DUNDAS STREET, LONDON.

ALF. TAYLOR, Manager.

**The Canada Sugar Refining Co. (Limited),**

**Redpath MONTREAL.**

**Finest Sugar Syrups in 8 and 2 lb. tins; very superior in purity, consistency and flavour; an excellent substitute for butter, preserves, etc.**

**PARIS LUMPS.**

**Lump or Loaf Sugar of very finest quality in 5-lb. boxes.**

**3 APPLICATIONS THOROUGHLY REMOVES**

**ANTI-DANDRUFF**

**GUARANTEED**

**D. L. CAVEN.** Restores fading hair to its original color. Stops falling of hair. Keeps hair soft and pliable. Promotes Growth.

**BURNS**

**THE CLOTHIERS AND FURNISHERS.**

The prize was offered for the nearest guess to the majority in the Hyman-Carling election will be awarded the one who comes nearest the exacted majority.

**RAILWAY TIME TABLES**

CORRECTED TO NOV. 15, 1891.

**MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.**

**LONDON TIME.**

Canada Southern Division—Going East.	Leave London	Leave St. Thomas
North Shore Limited (daily)	8:30 a.m.	11:30 a.m.
N. Y. Express (daily)	8:30 p.m.	3:00 a.m.
American Express (except Mondays)	8:30 a.m.	11:15 a.m.
Atlantic Express (daily)	8:30 a.m.	1:30 p.m.
Mail (except Sundays)	8:30 a.m.	1:30 p.m.
N. Y. and Boston Express (daily)	8:30 p.m.	4:45 p.m.
Accom'd (except Sundays)	8:30 p.m.	7:00 a.m.

**Canada Southern Division—Going West.**

Leave London	Leave St. Thomas
North Shore Limited (daily)	8:30 a.m.
Chicago Express (daily)	8:30 a.m.
Chicago 14th Exp. (daily)	8:30 a.m.
American Express (except Mondays)	8:30 a.m.
Mail (except Sundays)	8:30 a.m.
Pacific Express (daily)	8:30 a.m.
Accom'd (except Sundays)	8:30 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 PAUL, City Ticket and Passenger Agent, 255 Richmond Street.

**GRAND TRUNK—Southern Division**

CORRECTED DEC. 7, 1891.

**MAIN LINE—Going East.**

ARRIVE	DEPART
Limited Express (A)	3:35 a.m.
Mail	6:00 a.m.
Atlantic Express (A)	12:05 p.m.
St. Louis Express (A)	10:30 a.m.
Day Express	4:20 p.m.
Mixed—No. 74 Freight (C)	2:45 p.m.
Erie Limited (B)	11:20 p.m.

**MAIN LINE—Going West.**

ARRIVE	DEPART
Chicago Express (A)	8:10 a.m.
West End Mixed	8:30 a.m.
Erie Limited	11:30 a.m.
St. Louis Express (A)	12:40 p.m.
Accommodation	2:15 p.m.
Pacific Express (A)	8:30 p.m.
Mail	7:30 p.m.
Accommodation	7:30 p.m.

**Sarnia Branch.**

ARRIVE	DEPART
Limited Express (B)	8:30 a.m.
Accommodation	11:30 a.m.
Accommodation	2:15 p.m.
Erie Limited (B)	11:30 p.m.

**London, Huron and Bruce.**

ARRIVE	DEPART
Express	10:15 a.m.
Mail	8:00 a.m.

**London and Port Stanley.**

ARRIVE	DEPART
Mail	7:00 a.m.
Accommodation	2:10 p.m.
Accommodation	5:50 p.m.
Mixed	11:15 p.m.

**St. Marys and Stratford Branch.**

ARRIVE	DEPART
Mixed—Mail	11:20 a.m.
Express	1:20 p.m.
Express—Mixed	9:25 p.m.

**Toronto Branch.**

Hamilton—Depart	Hamilton—Arrive
a.m. 8:00	a.m. 8:00
p.m. 11:30	p.m. 11:30

**Three trains for 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.

E. DE LA HOOKE, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, No. 3 Masonic Temple.

**CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.**

**Going East.**

DEPART	ARRIVE
London	4:00 a.m.
Woodstock	1:40 a.m.
Galt	9:30 a.m.
Toronto	8:15 a.m.
Peterborough	11:45 a.m.
Kingston	4:40 p.m.
Ottawa	6:45 p.m.
Montreal	8:30 a.m.
Quebec	8:10 a.m.
Portland, Me.	8:30 a.m.
Boston	8:30 a.m.
Halifax, N. S.	11:10 p.m.

**Going West.**

DEPART	ARRIVE
London	7:00 a.m.
Chatham	1:00 p.m.
Chatham	2:40 p.m.
St. Louis	10:10 p.m.
St. Louis	10:10 p.m.
St. Louis	10:10 p.m.
St. Louis	10:10 p.m.

Trains arrive from the east at 11:25 a.m., 7:00 p.m., 10:00 p.m.

**ERIE & HURON RAILWAY.**

**Trains South.**

Stations	Exp	Exp Mix	Mix
Sarnia (E. T. R.)	8:10 a.m.	8:30 a.m.	8:30 p.m.
Courtright	8:40 a.m.	8:40 a.m.	8:40 p.m.
M. C. R. Junction	8:45 a.m.	8:45 a.m.	8:45 p.m.
Chatham (C. P. R.)	7:45 a.m.	10:40 a.m.	8:40 p.m.
Fargo (M. C. R.)	8:20 a.m.	11:20 a.m.	8:30 p.m.

Trains arrive from the west at 3:55 a.m., 5:30 p.m., 10:15 p.m.

THOS. R. PARKER, City Ticket and Passenger Agent, No. 1 Masonic Temple.

**Cents**

**COPY**

**NO. 9184.**

**GOODS**

**S. SHES, RUSHES, & LAWRENCE**

**RAISED.**

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