

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

**CURE
SICK
HEAD
ACHE**

Sick headache and relieve all the troubles incident 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

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

the sufferer would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; 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

ache is the bane of so many lives. 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, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. These pills are sold in bottles of 25 cents; 50 cents; and \$1.00. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail. CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Fate of Sir Hugh.

For he told her everything; and he told it in such a frank, manly way, that no woman could have lost confidence in him; thought she read what Fay was to have read in the first few lines—that he had married her sister, Margaret, and pleaded his great trouble as the excuse for his restlessness. He had gone away, he said, that he might fight a battle with himself, and return home a better man; it would all be different when he came back, for he meant to be a good husband to her, and to live for her and the boy, and to make her happy, and to be by her side as he would be happy to. And he ended his letter as he never ended one yet, by assuring her that he was her loving husband. But, alas, when that early explanation reached Fay, she was so angry, so indignant, so full of wrath, that she wrote him a long, long letter, in which she told him that she would never see him again, and that she would never see him again.

He read Erle Huntington's first—and indignant letter, evidently written under strong excitement—"Why had he not come home when they had sent for him? He knew that he had no news of either Fay or the child. Miss Mordaunt was very ill with worry, and her old servant was much alarmed about her. They had written to him over and over again, and directed their letters to every possible place he could not have missed. If he had any affection for his wife and child, and cared to know what had become of them, he had better leave Fitzlerance and the other fellows and return at once," and so on.

Hugh dropped the letter—he was pale to the lips with apprehension—and turned to the others. They were from Miss Mordaunt, and Mrs. Heron, and Ellerton, and the lawyer, but they only reiterated the same thing—that all efforts had been vain, and that they could hear nothing of either Fay or the child. He had no news of either Fay or the child. Miss Mordaunt was very ill with worry, and her old servant was much alarmed about her. They had written to him over and over again, and directed their letters to every possible place he could not have missed. If he had any affection for his wife and child, and cared to know what had become of them, he had better leave Fitzlerance and the other fellows and return at once," and so on.

He had confided his honor to a child, and she had played with it, and cast it aside; she dared to leave him and her home, and with his child, too, and to bring the voice of scandal about them; she—Lady Redmond, his wife—wandering like a vagabond at the world's mercy! His feelings were intolerable. He must find her, and he must find her alive and unhurt; or, if his life would be worth nothing to him, Ah, it was well for Fay that she was safely hidden in the old Manor, for, if he had found her while this mood was on him, his anger would have killed her.

When this passion had cooled a little, he went to Fitzlerance and told him abruptly that he must return home at once—affairs of the utmost importance recalled him. Fitzlerance thought he looked very strange, but something in his manner for-

bade all questioning. Two hours afterward he was on his way to England.

There is an old proverb, often lightly quoted, and yet full of a wise and solemn meaning. "L'homme propose, et Dieu dispose." Poor, angry Hugh, traveling night and day, and cursing the tardy railways and steamers, was soon to test the truth of the saying.

He had reached Marseilles, and was hurrying to the postoffice to telegraph some order to Mrs. Heron, when he suddenly missed his footing, and found himself at the bottom of a steep, dark cellar, with his leg doubled up under him; and when two passers-by who saw the accident tried to move him, they discovered that his leg was broken; and then he heard that he was faint.

And so fate, or rather Providence, took the reins from the weak, passionate hands that were so unfit to hold them, and threw him back, helpless and baffled, on his bed of pain; there to learn, week by week, through weary sickness and still more weary convalescence, the lesson that suffering could teach him—that it was well to forgive others their sins, even as he hoped his might be forgiven.

And yet he learned another thing, as his anger slowly burned itself out and only profound weakness and intolerable anxiety remained as to his wife's fate—something that startled him with a sense of sweetness, and yet stung him with infinite pain; when the haunting presence of his lost wife seemed ever with him, and would not let him rest; when his remorse was terrible, and when he had in the world just to hear her say in her low, fond voice, that she forgave him all.

For he knew now that he had wronged her, and that his neglect and coldness had driven her from her home. The uncertainty of her fate sometimes nearly drove him wild. How could she have laid her plans so accurately that no traces of her or the child could be found? Could evil have befallen them? God help him if a hair of those innocent heads had been touched. In his weakness he could not always control the horrible imaginations that beset him. Often he would wake from some ghastly dream and lie still, unable to shake off his deadly terror. Then all of a sudden he would remember that hasty postscript, "Do not anxiously about me. I am going to some kind people who will be good to me and the boy; and he would fall asleep again while vainly trying to recall if he had ever heard Fay speak of any friends of her childhood. But though Erle and Miss Mordaunt tried to help him, no name occurred to any of them.

It was an added burden that Erle could not come to him; but there was trouble at Belgrave House, and the shadows were closing round it. Erle could not leave his uncle, but he wrote very kindly to poor, old-fashioned Erle, and said all he could to comfort him.

It was in those hours of dreary helplessness that Hugh learned to miss his Wee Wife. In those long summer afternoons, while his foreign nurse nodded drowsily before him, and the hot sun shone brightly in the open window, how he longed for the small, cool hand that used to be laid so softly on his temples, or put the drink to his parched lips before they could frame their want. He remembered the hours he had sat beside him, fanning the fever from his forehead, and the shade of his hand over his eyes, and the shade of his hand over his eyes, and the shade of his hand over his eyes.

He had never left him—never seemed tired or impatient, though her face had grown so pale with watching. Others would have spared her; others told him that she was spent and weary, but he had never noticed it. "And, but that I was," he thought, "I left her alone in her trouble with only strangers and hirelings about her, to fight her way through the very Valley of the Shadow of Death." He took out her letter and smoothed it out—it was a trick of his when he thought no one would see him. He had read it over until he knew every word by heart. Ah! if Heaven would, but spare him this once and give him back the strength he had misused, that he might find her, poor child, and bring her home, and comfort her as only he could comfort her. He would see her now, he thought; yes, if she would only bear with him and give him time, he knew from the deep pity and tenderness which he felt that he would love her yet, for the merciful Providence that had laid the erring man low was teaching him lessons that no other discipline could have inculcated.

The cold December wind was whirling through the bare branches of the oaks and beeches in the Redmond avenue when Sir Hugh came home, a changed and saddened man. Yes, changed outwardly as well as inwardly. Good Mrs. Heron, when she saw him enter the hall on Saville's arm, looking so thin and worn, and leaning on his stick.

(To be Continued.)

Perils of Modern Life.

Contact with electric wires, railroad accidents, broken car and elevator cables, explosions of steam, natural gas and chemicals, poisons in adulterated food and drink, are a few; but all these dangers combined do not kill as rapidly as slow and sure Consumption. The death rate, however, from Consumption is being yearly cut down since Dr. Pierce's of Buffalo, N. Y., has given to the world his celebrated "Golden Medical Discovery," a cure for Consumption and Throat and Lung troubles that lead to Consumption, if taken in time and given faithfully. The time to cure Consumption (which is really nothing more nor less than Lung-scrofula), is in the first stages. A cough generally sounds the alarm, and you should take the "Discovery" at once. There is a time when it is too late.

Miss Whitney, the Boston sculptor, has been chosen to execute the bust of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, for which the fund has been contributed by some of the great novelists' friends and admirers in Connecticut.

A Dinner Bill.—Many persons suffer excruciating agony after partaking of a hearty dinner. The food partaken of is like a ball of lead upon the stomach, and instead of being a healthy sustenance, it becomes a poison to the system. Dr. Parmed's Vegetable Pills are wonderful correctives of such troubles. They correct acidity, open the secretions and convert the food partaken of into healthy nutriment. They are just the medicine to take if troubled with indigestion or Dyspepsia.

Evaporated California

Peaches, per lb., - - - 15c Silver Prunes, per lb., - 15c
Apricots, per lb., - - - 15c California Prunes, per lb., 12c
Pitted Plums, per lb., - 15c Raspberries, per lb., - 20c
Blackberries, 3 lbs. for 25c.

FITZGERALD, SCANDRETT & CO.,
169 Dundas Street.

FUN, FACTS AND FICTION.

No man can be brave who considers pain the greatest evil of life; or temperate, who regards pleasure as the highest good.—[Cicero.]

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 of mind, even in trifles, is a matter of high moment both to character and opinions.—[Hawson.]

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

The cheerful live longest in years, and afterwards in our regards. Cheerfulness is the off shot of goodness.—[Rovee.]

Why will you allow a cough to lacerate your throat or lungs and run the risk of filling a consumptive's grave, when by the timely use of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided? This Syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, healing and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc.

Loving kindness is greater than law; and the charities of life are more than all ceremonies.—[Talmud.]

The great lung healer is found in the excellent medicine sold as Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and all passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all English colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

A man who cannot mind his own business is not to be trusted with that of the king.—[Saville.]

A Sensible Man.

Would you keep Kemp's Balm for the Throat and Lungs. It is curing more cases of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and all Throat and Lung Troubles, than any other medicine. The proprietor has authorized any druggist to give you a Sample Bottle Free to convince you of the merit of this great remedy. Large Bottles 50c and \$1.

No civilization other than that which is Christian is worth seeking or possessing.—[Bismarck.]

We have no hesitation in saying that Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cord is without doubt the best medicine ever introduced for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera, and all summer complaints, sea sickness, etc. It promptly gives relief and never fails to effect a positive cure. Mothers should never be without a bottle when their children are teething.

Who thinks to buy villainy with gold shall find such faith so bought, so sold.—[Marston.]

A Pleasant Herb Drink.

The best cure we know of for Constipation and Headache is the pleasant herb drink called Lane's Family Medicine. It is said to be Oregon root, combined with simple herbs and is made for use by pouring boiling water over the dried roots and herbs. It is remarkably efficacious in all blood disorders, and is now the sovereign remedy with ladies for clearing up the complexion. Druggists sell the packages at 50c and \$1.

Every one desires to live long, but no one would be old.—[Swift.]

Mr. J. R. Allen, upholsterer, Toronto, sends us the following: "For six or seven years my wife suffered with Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Inward Piles 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 she got, and before one bottle was used the benefit she derived from it was beyond our expectation."

45c.

The Drygoods stock of Ralph Long, of Woodstock, bought by us at 45c. on the dollar, is making a big noise on Dundas street.

Our store was closed on Monday and Tuesday to get the goods in shape for our great sale, which is now in full blast.

We can sell you first-class goods at your own prices.

See that you get into the store with the marble floor, where a genuine bankrupt sale is now going on at 45c. on the dollar.

THE LONDON BARGAIN STORE
136 Dundas Street.

In purchasing articles advertised in the "Advertiser" please mention in what paper you saw the advertisement. Advertisers always wish to know which advertisements are most effective.



"By this sign we conquer."

CHASE & SANBORN MONTREAL.

BRICK MACHINERY

SIMPSON DRY PRESS
MARTIN MACHINES—STEAM AND HAND POWER
REPRESS MACHINES FOR BRICK AND SHINGLES

DRY PANS, PUG MILLS, DISINTEGRATORS, SANDERS, MOULDS, ETC.

Send for Prices
Dry Press Bricks made from shale or clay bring \$10 to \$20 per 1,000
Extra cost to produce chiefly in plant.

Finest Catalogue in the Trade.

WATEROUS, BRANTFORD, CANADA.

Telephone 181. 71 ADELAIDE STREET EAST.

OAK HALL

Just Done Stock-taking

Which means we have lots of

ODD LINES OF CHILDREN'S SUITS

Which have to be cleared out at cost.

Take advantage of this, and clothe your boys at small cost.

OAK HALL
150 DUNDAS STREET, LONDON.

ALF. TAYLOR, Manager.

The Canada Sugar Refining Co.

Redpath (Limited), 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.

Farmers & Mill Owners

ATTENTION!

Furniture selling cheap. Large stock to choose from. Lumber and wood wanted in exchange.

London Furniture Man'g Co.

184 to 198 King St., London, Ont.

ESTERBROOK PENS

ROBT. MILLER SON & CO. AGENTS, MONTREAL

RAILWAY TIME TABLES

CORRECTED TO NOV. 15, 1901.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

LONDON TIME.

Canada Southern Division—Going East.

Leave	Arrive
London	11:30 a.m.
St. Catharines	1:30 p.m.
N. Y. Express (daily)	3:30 p.m.
American Express (except Mondays)	5:30 p.m.
Atlantic Express (daily)	7:30 p.m.
Mail (except Sundays)	9:30 p.m.
N. Y. and Boston Express (daily)	11:30 p.m.
Accom'd (except Sundays)	1:30 a.m.

Canada Southern Division—Going West.

Leave	Arrive
St. Catharines	7:30 a.m.
Chicago Express (daily)	9:30 a.m.
Chicago L. & N. Exp. (daily)	11:30 a.m.
American Express (except Mondays)	1:30 p.m.
Mail (except Sundays)	3:30 p.m.
Accom'd (except Sundays)	5:30 p.m.

Trains arrive in London at 8:30 a.m., 11 a.m. and 6:40 p.m.

(Note.—No trains to or from London on Sundays.)

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

GRAND TRUNK—Southern Division

CORRECTED DEC. 1, 1901.

MAIN LINE—Going East.

Leave	Arrive
London	11:30 a.m.
St. Catharines	1:30 p.m.
N. Y. Express (daily)	3:30 p.m.
American Express (except Mondays)	5:30 p.m.
Atlantic Express (daily)	7:30 p.m.
Mail (except Sundays)	9:30 p.m.
N. Y. and Boston Express (daily)	11:30 p.m.
Accom'd (except Sundays)	1:30 a.m.

MAIN LINE—Going West.

Leave	Arrive
St. Catharines	7:30 a.m.
Chicago Express (daily)	9:30 a.m.
Chicago L. & N. Exp. (daily)	11:30 a.m.
American Express (except Mondays)	1:30 p.m.
Mail (except Sundays)	3:30 p.m.
Accom'd (except Sundays)	5:30 p.m.

Trains arrive in London at 8:30 a.m., 11 a.m. and 6:40 p.m.

(Note.—No trains to or from London on Sundays.)

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

London and Port Stanley.

CORRECTED DEC. 1, 1901.

London and Port Stanley.

Leave	Arrive
London	11:30 a.m.
St. Catharines	1:30 p.m.
N. Y. Express (daily)	3:30 p.m.
American Express (except Mondays)	5:30 p.m.
Atlantic Express (daily)	7:30 p.m.
Mail (except Sundays)	9:30 p.m.
N. Y. and Boston Express (daily)	11:30 p.m.
Accom'd (except Sundays)	1:30 a.m.

Trains arrive in London at 8:30 a.m., 11 a.m. and 6:40 p.m.

(Note.—No trains to or from London on Sundays.)

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

St. Marys and Stratford Branch.

CORRECTED DEC. 1, 1901.

St. Marys and Stratford Branch.

Leave	Arrive
St. Marys	11:30 a.m.
Stratford	1:30 p.m.
N. Y. Express (daily)	3:30 p.m.
American Express (except Mondays)	5:30 p.m.
Atlantic Express (daily)	7:30 p.m.
Mail (except Sundays)	9:30 p.m.
N. Y. and Boston Express (daily)	11:30 p.m.
Accom'd (except Sundays)	1:30 a.m.

Trains arrive in London at 8:30 a.m., 11 a.m. and 6:40 p.m.

(Note.—No trains to or from London on Sundays.)

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

Toronto Branch.

CORRECTED DEC. 1, 1901.

Toronto Branch.

Leave	Arrive
Toronto	11:30 a.m.
St. Catharines	1:30 p.m.
N. Y. Express (daily)	3:30 p.m.
American Express (except Mondays)	5:30 p.m.
Atlantic Express (daily)	7:30 p.m.
Mail (except Sundays)	9:30 p.m.
N. Y. and Boston Express (daily)	11:30 p.m.
Accom'd (except Sundays)	1:30 a.m.

Trains arrive in London at 8:30 a.m., 11 a.m. and 6:40 p.m.

(Note.—No trains to or from London on Sundays.)

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

Canadian Pacific Railway.

CORRECTED DEC. 1, 1901.

Canadian Pacific Railway.

Leave	Arrive
London	11:30 a.m.
St. Catharines	1:30 p.m.
N. Y. Express (daily)	3:30 p.m.
American Express (except Mondays)	5:30 p.m.
Atlantic Express (daily)	7:30 p.m.
Mail (except Sundays)	9:30 p.m.
N. Y. and Boston Express (daily)	11:30 p.m.
Accom'd (except Sundays)	1:30 a.m.

Trains arrive in London at 8:30 a.m., 11 a.m. and 6:40 p.m.

(Note.—No trains to or from London on Sundays.)

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

ERIE & HURON RAILWAY.

CORRECTED DEC. 1, 1901.

ERIE & HURON RAILWAY.

Leave	Arrive
London	11:30 a.m.
St. Catharines	1:30 p.m.
N. Y. Express (daily)	3:30 p.m.
American Express (except Mondays)	5:30 p.m.
Atlantic Express (daily)	7:30 p.m.
Mail (except Sundays)	9:30 p.m.
N. Y. and Boston Express (daily)	11:30 p.m.
Accom'd (except Sundays)	1:30 a.m.

Trains arrive in London at 8:30 a.m., 11 a.m. and 6:40 p.m.

(Note.—No trains to or from London on Sundays.)

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

Trains South.

CORRECTED DEC. 1, 1901.

Trains South.

Leave	Arrive
London	11:30 a.m.
St. Catharines	1:30 p.m.
N. Y. Express (daily)	3:30 p.m.
American Express (except Mondays)	5:30 p.m.
Atlantic Express (daily)	7:30 p.m.
Mail (except Sundays)	9:30 p.m.
N. Y. and Boston Express (daily)	11:30 p.m.
Accom'd (except Sundays)	1:30 a.m.

Trains arrive in London at 8:30 a.m., 11 a.m. and 6:40 p.m.

(Note.—No trains to or from London on Sundays.)