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CURE

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

SICK

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

HEAD

Ache 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 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 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 gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

The O'Connor Girls

By Mrs. Hungerford ("The Duchess"), Author of "Molly Bawn," "Her Last Throw," "Mrs. Geoffrey," etc.

"Don't!" says he vehemently. "Don't cry like that, Molly. Don't darling! Oh! Molly, if only you could have loved me! But, you see, it was too presumptuous a thought. Don't add to my grief by making me think I have caused you grief. Come—come back to the house. All this excitement is bad for you. And really, Molly, it is not so bad after all. I," with a most wretched attempt at gaiety, "shall get over it. This time next year, perhaps, I shall be so far recovered that I shall be able to dance at your wedding."

Here he stops dead short—as though the sound of his own words had killed him. He looks like one suddenly stabbed.

"I pray God I shall be dead before that," says he. He turns abruptly from me, and continues his walk to the house; but I stand still. I don't think he knows that he has left me behind him, so full he is of his own thoughts. But he is going! That is the one fact that remains with me. He is going—once gone—shall I ever see him again. To me, this parting seems final.

"Wait—wait—one moment! I gasp. "You don't understand!—you——"

I am holding out my hands to him in the dim moonlight. It is so dim now, indeed, that we can hardly see each other's faces. Diana, who can be very pleasant sometimes, is decidedly out of temper to-night. In fact the moon, that just a second ago was flooding the garden with her rays, making it difficult for me to hide my tears, has chosen this particular instant of all others to hide herself behind a cloud, so that Sir Willoughby cannot possibly see my face. If he had, I shouldn't have had occasion to explain anything!

"What don't I understand?" asks he, rather severely this time. "Have you not understood me? Do you think I am blaming you? Surely after all I have said you can have no doubt that. How could I hold you guilty for my unhappiness? It is all my own fault as I have said. I am a dull fellow—and an ugly fellow—and—that's the whole of it."

"Dull! Ugly! Oh, no!" say I, with vehemence. "I," slowly—"I—I don't think you ugly at all. I," trembling and half afraid to say it (though really it is the truth), "I think you a great deal nicer looking than any man I know."

"The men you know," says he contemptuously, "must be modern Calibans!" And then, "Look here, Molly. I suppose your idea is to let me down easy. To be as good to me as you can. But I can't stand that sort of thing. I'm not fool enough—or sneak enough—to accept a girl's pity. As long as you were poor we cried quits — now! There!" seeing the little gesture I make, "I'll admit you don't think me as ugly as you used to think me; you," with a queer laugh, "have probably grown accustomed to me, but ugly I am, and ugly I shall remain to the end of time."

"Oh! you won't believe!" cry I, a little wildly; "perhaps you don't want to believe. But you shall hear it all the same. I don't think you ugly, and," putting out my hands to him, "I love you."

To my surprise and grief he takes my hands, but only to use them as a means of cutting me from him.

"Molly! this is unworthy!" says he. "It," breaking away involuntarily from the icy battlements he has erected round him, "is unfair to you as well as to me. You should not tempt me. No! not another word. Come back to the house, like a good girl, and don't perjure yourself further."

"I shan't stir until you listen to me," say I; standing back from him defiantly. "You have compelled me to hear you—now hear me. I m not perjuring myself. I am telling you the truth. I—I—I never knew it until—until you said you were going to give me up."

"What!"

"Well, until you said I was going to give you up. It is all the same," say I, impatiently, "I don't want to give you up!"

"Molly—think!" says he. His voice is low and unsteady.

"If I think any more, I will think you want to get rid of me!" cry I. "You—you are tired of me, perhaps," my voice breaking. "You—haven't kissed me once since you came, and you——"

"Do you know what you are saying!" interrupts he hoarsely.

"I do. I do indeed," sobbing. For really I am beginning now to believe in my own words—to feel afraid that they are true—to see occasion for his having grown deadly tired of me. Suddenly, as if compelled by a stranger than my own, I move nearer to him, and, raising my face, lay one hand upon his breast.

"Will, if you still love me," I begin—I am indeed prepared to make a telling speech—when all at once I feel speech beyond me!

I am folded to my Will's heart, and with a divine sense of rest and peace and rapture combined, I lift my arms, and, flinging them round his neck, kiss him with all my heart—kiss him as warmly — well, very nearly as warmly as he kisses me.

CHAPTER XXI.

"The end is, to have two made one
In will and in affection."

To no one of us is it given to be more than five minutes in paradise whilst still the burden of flesh is on us. Presently we—Will and I—come to our senses, and find ourselves able to articulate respectably, though still somewhat incoherently so far as Will is concerned. Fancy my ever having called him Sir Willoughby! Oh! it is too funny!

"It seems too good to be true," says my dear idiot, after a while, who cannot see, in spite of all I have said, that he is throwing himself away. "I'm happier than a fellow ought to be. But, after all, other fellows haven't met you!"

"No, poor fellows!" say I, with what I believe to be sarcasm deep enough to open his eyes. He proves, however, impervious to it.

"No; luckily," says he, "for them! But I'm afraid this happiness is too great to last, Molly! It seems too—too big some way. To think that you do love me, now—now when you have got a fortune of your own."

"I don't see what that has got to do with it."

"Can't you? I do! Don't you think I appreciate the fact that a pretty girl like you should love me for myself alone! Oh! I say, Molly," nervously, "it doesn't sound true, does it?"

"What doesn't sound true?"

"That you should lose such an ugly fellow as me."

"Now, one word for all," cry I, indignantly. "I won't allow you to disparage my——"

Here I have the grace to pause.

"You what?" eagerly.

"Future husband!" whisper I turning away rather shyly, yet finding it impossible to repress a gay little laugh.

"Molly! Molly!" says Sir Willoughby. And then, "How lovely that sounded! I say, Molly, say it again, will you?"

This, I feel, is too much.

"If your a one-idead person," return I, with a tilt of my chin, "I'm not, Molly! You needn't ask me. I sha'n't repeat myself. But, really, Will, I mean it. I sha'n't let you say horrid things of yourself——"

I hesitate, and glance at him, and he looks so nice and kind, smiling down at me in the moonlight, that impulsively, but softly, I add—

"Your darling self!"

It is a mere whisper and I rather regret this weakness on my part a second later, when I feel that there is no more breath left in my body. I push him away from me with a protest; but he still holds my hands, pressing them against his heart. When everything is said, surely the greatest joy of all is to know that one has made some one else altogether happy. Will is altogether happy now!

"Still, it must be confessed," says he, gazing down at me with deep delight, and looking—well—almost—— No! I don't care what the girls say—looking downright handsome!—"that I'm not much where features are in question. It will be a case of 'Beauty and the Beast.'"

"Enough of that!" interrupt I. "I'm tired of hearing you called ugly by stupid people—you, yourself, the stupidest of the lot. Do you know, Will," catching hold of his coat and giving him a little shake, to conceal the embarrassment I am feeling, "at first I used to think you ugly, too. I used, really! That was horrid of me, wasn't it? But now—now I know what a mistake I made—I think, honestly, you know, that if you are not exactly handsome, you have the nicest face in all the world."

"Do you?" says Sir Willoughby; and then, after a struggle with himself, that I can see is violent, he gives way to most uncalled-for mirth.

"It's awfully good of you," says he. "It is, indeed! There don't be angry, Molly! I'll try—I'll try to regard myself as a modern Adonis for the future, if you wish. I'll give all my time to it. I daresay I shall be able to convince myself at last."

"Oh! you're laughing at me now," say I with a pout.

"Well, and isn't laughter the best thing in the world? I can tell you I think so. I've had too jolly little of it of late. I have never been sure of you all through, and today I thought I should have gone mad. I'll never forget how I felt when I heard you had come in for that abominable fortune of yours. Money is sometimes a most accursed thing, I think."

"It is an excellent thing," say I, with decision. "It is ridiculous to say otherwise. And, at all events, I am glad we found that old chest."

"Why?"

"Because—well, because—if I had married you when I was so very poor, you might always have doubted that I loved you."

"True!" says he, I might! And yet," brightening, "I was not altogether far out, Molly, was I? I always said you might come to love me in time, and here you are loving me all at once."

(To be Continued.)

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Mrs. Nellies Grant-Sartoris now lives in London and is a woman of wealth. Her father-in-law left his estate to her and her two children, on the condition that they would make their residence in England.

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."

The widows of General Grant and Jefferson Davis are staying at the same hotel at West Point.

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.

Nature knew her business when she made us blind to our own imperfections. Suicides are too common now.

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The American Government have a staff of very efficient and gentlemanly officers in Montreal—men who are in every way qualified by education and social position to reflect credit on the Administration to whom they owe their appointments.

Amongst the American officials located in Montreal we wish at this time to speak particularly of one who is popular and well known, and who has become a great favorite with the traveling public. We refer to Mr. E. Adams, deputy collector and inspector of United States customs.

Mr. Adams is a native of Vermont, and is in every respect a true representative of the Green Mountain State, that has given to the Union so many distinguished warriors and statesmen.

Mr. Adams is a Vermonter who has done good service as a politician. He represented his native town and district for four years at the seat of Government in Montpelier, and afterwards occupied the important position of sergeant-at-arms in the State Legislature. His reputation for honesty and attention to public matters induced the Federal Government to place Mr. Adams in his present important position, where he is esteemed by all classes of the Canadian people.

Mr. Adams, amid all the turmoils of politics, and while in the performance of the duties of office, was for years a great sufferer from neuralgia. When he came to Montreal to attend to his work in the customs department, he suffered terribly at times from this intolerable malady. Later on, owing to the pressing work and cares of his office, he suffered from insomnia (sleeplessness), and became physically weak and run-down.

Mr. Adams was not utterly discouraged, though he met with many failures in trying to regain health and rid himself of life-destroying troubles. He fortunately heard of a remedy which had given new life to thousands in Canada. He heard his friends speaking of Canada's mighty agent, Paine's Celery Compound, and was astonished when he heard of the almost miraculous cures it had effected.

He wisely decided to try the wonderful remedy, and test its efficacy. He did not try in vain; the first acted like magic; he felt that Providence had led him to the fountain of healing that he so often wished to drink from.

Paine's Celery Compound in a short time banished every trouble, and perfectly restored Mr. Adams to health and strength.

We believe that we only voice Mr. Adams' opinion, when we assert, that no other remedy known to mankind could have produced such grand results. Scores of Mr. Adams' friends in Montreal know of the marvelous cure, and are ready to vouch for every statement that he makes.

It is with very great pleasure that we give to the public Mr. Adams' testimonal; we feel certain that it will be the means of influencing thousands of sufferers who are in doubt, or who have been looking in vain for an honest agent to renew life.

Mr. Adams says:

"It gives me very great pleasure to add my testimony to the thousands of testimonials you have already received in favor of Paine's Celery Compound.

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"I can assert with confidence, that I have never used any remedy which has so thoroughly built me up in every way.

"I have great pleasure in recommending it to all who may have need of an honest and efficacious remedy, as I feel certain Paine's Celery Compound will accomplish all it claims to do." Yours very truly,

E. ADAMS.

Deputy Collector and Inspector United States' Customs.

John Habbertons says that there were not 20 canoeists in the country when he began to paddle a canoe 20 years ago. Now there are 20,000 of them who write their names "in water" every year.

Among the pains and aches cured with marvelous rapidity with Dr. Thomas Eclectric Oil, is ear ache. The young are especially subject to it, and the desirability of this Oil as a family remedy is enhanced by the fact that it is admirably adapted not only to the above ailment, but also to the hurts, disorders of the bowels, and affections of the throat, in which the young are specially subject.

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There is always a leek somewhere when onions are scarce.

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

Rev. W. A. Newcombe, Thomastown, Me.: "Suffering from Indigestion when in Nova Scotia a year ago, a package of K. D. C. was given me and I cheerfully acknowledge that the effect of the remedy in curing the trouble was very marked, and prompt as well as lasting.

OUTLOOK IN TEMPERANCE.

The declaration of Dr. Rainsford that saloons should not be abolished until substitute social institutions were provided, and that at present beer gardens would form a commendable substitute for groggeries, has created much discussion in temperance circles. The Christian Union states its opinions on the subject and they so fully accord with our own that we cannot do better than give them in full. It says:

To begin with, let it be repeated that Dr. Rainsford is one of the ministers who have done most in evangelical church work on the East Side. In most of his methods he is not far from a Methodist, and he has met with some persecution in his lifetime for his sympathy with the work of the Salvation Army. It is plain, therefore, that he would not have taken a position so opposed to that of most deeply religious minds unless there was some strong reason therefore. There was such a reason, and it will help the temperance agitation in this State if his fearless utterances compel the people in the country districts to realize the situation in which he is fighting.

Philanthropic workers on the East Side in this city are agreed that the saloon-keepers are not the worst class in the community. That a German should sell beer no more indicates moral turpitude than that George Washington should have held slaves. Men cannot be imprisoned for doing that which they and the community about them believe to be right, and it is the conflict between the law and the local sentiment that brings about the corruption of the police force, against which Dr. Parkhurst's crusade was directed. Dr. Rainsford, it should be remembered, was one of the first and strongest of Dr. Parkhurst's defenders, and the reason is that they have the great reforms at heart. The people on the East Side are as unanimous in their condemnation of the brothels and the gambling houses as the people on the West Side. Three-fourths of the saloon-keepers on the East Side share in this public sentiment. Were it made the duty of the police simply to enforce laws that the public supported, an honest police could be secured, and laws be enforced. Under the present arrangment the police are of necessity the corrupted protectors of law breaking. Abram S. Hewitt struck at the heart of the political situation when, in his letter of approval read at the mass meeting in indorsement of Dr. Parkhurst, he said:

"The enforcement of the law is a duty which cannot be disputed, but if the law itself offends the public sense of right it cannot be successfully or permanently enforced, and it is upon this fact that Tammany Hall bases its policy and secures its control of municipal affairs. True statesmanship looking to reform must therefore deal with municipal affairs. True statesmanship looking to reform must therefore deal with existing conditions and notify them so as to secure the support of the powerful agencies which are now used by Tammany Hall to strengthen its hold on the city government."

The substitution of beer-gardens for liquor-saloons in no way commends itself to us as a temperance agency. If there is one sharp distinction between plain people and society people that holds good, it is that plain people can be brought over to a thoroughgoing reform more easily than to a half-way reform. The Salvation Army, demanding a complete transformation in the character and life of a man, can get more recruits among the working people than the churches which permit their members to live pretty much as the world lives. The Methodist Church with its ascetic doctrine has reached millions of working people whom comfortable Christianity could never touch. In dealing with working people, therefore, a half moral institution like the well conducted beer-garden would bring fewer people to give up whisky-drinking than a fanatical preacher of political prohibition. Yes, for all this, Dr. Rainsford most decidedly had a point when he urged that substitutes must be provided for liquor saloons. In the current Scribner's the Rev. W. T. Elsing, who has one of the city mission churches on the East Side, speaks as sharply as Dr. Rainsford of the necessity of social gathering places for the people there. Beginning almost in Dr. Rainsford's words, he says:

"The saloon is the poor man's club, and flourishes most vigorously in the poorest sections of the city. Instead of denouncing the saloon on account of the numerous evils it afflicts on the poor, something better must be supplied to take its place. It is absurd to denounce the saloon in unqualified terms. The multitudes who patronize them are not all absolute fools. Many simply seek to satisfy the craving after fellowship which the Creator has implanted in their natures. The saloons are well lighted, conveniently located social clubs, provided in some cases with a pleasant reading room, and always with obliging proprietors. Wise men are beginning to see that a substitute must be supplied to take the place of the saloon which shall retain all its good features and simply discard its evil elements."

With these sentiments we heartily agree, and note with pleasure every social or intellectual institution established in the poorer districts, whether by churches or private philonthropy. The public must also take up the work and provide the means of physical recreation, just as London is already doing. If in every school house in the evenings there were reading-rooms and lecture-rooms and discussion-rooms and music-rooms, the higher life might be advanced as rapidly through this agency as the lower life is through the agency of the saloon.

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