

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

**CURE
SICK
HEAD
ACHE**

Headache, you 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 cure you, do not stop.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pills. Small Dose. Small Price.

He Fell Among Thieves

"I never found anything in this world," said Gilead philosophically, "that is as true as a piece of engraving work as ever I put a tool on."

"Let Mr. Reid compare it with one of the originals," said Butterfield. He drew one of the originals from his own pocket-book and laid it beside the forgery.

The detection of forged bank-notes had never been any part of Harry Wymore's business, and the experts had already succeeded where he failed. But after a searching and minute examination he could not find a difference between the false and the real. The whole party awaited his judgment with interest, and even with some show of anxiety. Gilead appeared to take umbrage at the length and closeness of the examination.

"You can look, William. You won't find nothing the matter with my work. If there is a weak point it's in the paper."

It was not Harry's cue to express his own sentiments. He was there to impersonate Mr. William Reid, who would doubtless have been much less surprised than he was at the excellence of the imitation.

"It isn't bad," he said. "A man would have to be suspicious to suspect."

This was accepted by them all as a warm encomium on the work.

"These fellows," said Gilead with a tone and gesture scarcely respectful to his colleagues, "these fellows were in such a cursed hurry to get them on the market that they wouldn't wait to make a big splash with them. They're got out two small parcels, and though there's nothing heard up to the present, we mayn't get winded. I believe in decision, and I think William, if he has any yardling with me, I'll knock him down and take his money, and I'm for making one stroke, now everything's ready, that will pay for my outfit. Gentlemen, he continued, solemnly turning round to face his three partners, "I'm game to bet a thousand dollars to a Key West orange that William sides with me. It's no use frittering, William, is it?"

"Not a bit," said Harry decisively. "Take the thing by the neck and have done with it."

"You see, gentlemen," said Gilead. "Now look here, William, my proposal all along has been to get one smart bold man. Let him do all the Booro de Chagane in London in a single day. Never more than a thousand francs anywhere. Take the night mail to Paris, put in today's work there about the Paly Royal, restorations, banks, money-changers, everywhere, and after that let him live on his own. He can raise ten thousand sterling in that way. Reckon the exs and loss on stones at two thousand pounds, that leaves a clear profit of eight thousand, and that's as much as we've a right to expect for one while."

"If Mr. Reid can do business at that rate," said Mr. Butterfield.

"Mr. Reid's done business at that rate," said Gilead. "At that rate and better. Why, nine year ago, with them hundred rouble notes, he passed on by the bushel. That was before any of you people knew him. I'm durned if I knew him myself when he came home. That fat old German was the cleverest bit of make-up you ever did, William."

"These reminiscences," said Mr. Butterfield, "are extremely gratifying, but I am unfortunately pressed by other business. Can we come to an understanding as to time? When can you be ready, Mr. Gilead?"

"I can't tell exactly," Gilead answered; "but I think you may reckon on having enough to begin the London boom with on Saturday morning. If William can come down to me on Friday night at twelve I think I can be ready."

"I am engaged on Friday night," said Harry, whose own anxiety was not to appear too anxious.

"Come, come, Mr. Reid," said Heaton, "this is serious business. It is very important, as you know, that the work should be done on Saturday and Sunday. I am afraid we were guilty of an indiscretion in opening with the small quantities we placed at SpA and Monte Carlo. We have heard nothing, but we may hear at any moment. We can afford to lose no time, and you

must not allow any mere social engagements to keep you away."

"Very well," said Harry. "I must keep my engagement, but I'll tell you what I'll do. I will leave word that any message sent to me at the hotel shall be instantaneous delivery by my secretary wherever I may be."

"Very well," said Gilead. "You'll simply get the words 'Proof ready.' I'll give you the address now. Fourteen Wexford Row, Clerkenwell. It's just past Myddleton Square going towards Sadler's Wells. Butterfield's name is on the door. You just knock twice gently, you needn't make a row. We'll hear you."

"Fourteen Wexford Row, Clerkenwell," said Harry. "I shall remember. There's nothing more for the present, I suppose?"

"Nothing more for the present, I think," said Mr. Butterfield, rising.

There was a cordial hand-shaking all round, and the amateur detective took his leave.

There were two young men standing at the door of the house as he descended the stairs. They stood one side for him to pass and when he had got some yards away one of them retired to his own room on the ground floor, and the other followed after the disappearing figure and never lost sight of it until the Westminster Hotel was reached.

Mr. Butterfield was driven away with his companions in the little brougham which awaited him at the door, and Miss Priscilla went back to Gilead.

"Well!" she said in a tone of mocking inquiry.

"I suppose you've let that hulking stranger into all your secrets?"

"You make me sick," said Gilead. "Go away."

"I'm going," she answered, and Gilead, notified for the first time that she was at the door of the house, and that she carried a small black hand-bag.

"You are, are you?" Gilead responded. "And where do you suppose you're going to?"

"I'm going away for a day—or two, perhaps," she answered. "Perhaps I'm going to Manchester?"

"What are you going to Manchester for?" Gilead asked.

"You don't tell me your business," Priscilla responded, "and I shan't tell you mine. Good morning, Gilead."

Gilead sat staring at his great aunt, staring at her with his dead blue eyes, and she looked back at him with a smile of peculiar meaning. Before either of them spoke again, the maid appeared to say that the cab was ready, and that the portmanteau had already been taken down stairs.

"Good-bye, Gilead," said Priscilla. I dare say I shall be back to-morrow."

"Don't you hurry on my account, darling," Gilead answered. The tone was intended for the maid's ears, and Priscilla received the vigorous look which accompanied it with no change in the expression she wore.

She tripped down stairs, settled herself comfortably in the cab, and drove away. She had not gone to the hotel, and she had opened the small hand-bag, and took from it a lady's card. "Mrs. Ronald Morton, nee Melkoff, The Hulme, St. Peters."

"I reckon," said Priscilla, the eighth to know Willie Reid, if I don't," and with that she returned the card and closed the black bag with a decisive snap.

CHAPTER XIX.

For three days Luthie had been in trouble. Her earliest interview with the returned wanderer had brought disturbance with it, but that had had time to subside, and she had succeeded in persuading herself that she had felt nothing but the shock of meeting the man who stood by Harry's side at the moment of his death. She willingly obscured her memory of the strange half-recognition which had so amazed and startled her. There was no need for her to arrange her own conclusions in set form. They were already too definite and too assured. Harry was dead, and Ronald Morton's likeness to him could be no more than fortuitous. She dreaded to speak of the likeness, and was all the more unwilling to break silence because nobody else had remarked it. The old Earl Lord Bonhous, Lady McCordale and Humphrey Frost had all known Harry so intimately, that if the likeness she had found between him and Ronald Morton had been more than fanciful they would surely have observed it.

It was none the less, but perhaps all the more, troublesome to her on this account. She carried the thought of it, like a guilty secret, in her blameless breast. Her mind dwelt more than ever on the memory of her boy lover, and she awoke from her own thoughts in an actual terror to find that Harry had taken the form, the voice, the bearing of Ronald Morton. The very thoughts that did homage to the sacred dead linked themselves about this mere stranger. She tried to hide herself in the memory of Harry, and recalled eagerly a thousand trifles of which she had not thought since his death. She strove to fence herself about with these recollections, but the broadest face looked through them, or some sudden and unbidden note of Morton's voice sounded in her ears in place of the tones she strove to recall. Her very devotion led her unconsciously to a thousand repetitions of this airy infidelity.

She was a woman of rare common sense, and made a strong fight against her fancies, refusing for a time to admit that they troubled her at all, and for a while she could succeed in expelling them from her mind. But at length, by mere force of persistence, they conquered her, and Harry and Ronald Morton became actually interwoven.

(To be Continued.)

You Take No Risk

Buying Hood's Sarsaparilla, for it is everywhere recognized as the standard building-up tonic and purifier. It has won its way to the front by its own intrinsic merit, and has no equal in the world of medicine. It is the only blood-purifier that will cure the skin, and if you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to buy anything else instead. Be sure to get Hood's.

Not to be out of fashion the lawn now wears their summer hose.

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet with certainty. What it has done once it will do again.

FOR WARM WEATHER.

English Ginger Ale,
Soda Water,
Seltzer Water,
Rose's Lime Juice Cordial.

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It is the heiress' wont and her father's will that keep the aspiring young man mentally occupied.

Mr. Job Seales, 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 suffering intense pain. While in this state a friend recommended me to try a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. I used one bottle, and the permanent manner in which it has cured and made a new man of me is such that I cannot withhold from the proprietors this expression of my gratitude."

The young husband with an exalted idea of parental authority gets his first rude awakening when he finds he has to mind the baby.

CATARH CURED, health and sweet breath secured by Elisha's Catarrh Remedy. Prices 25 cents. Nasal Injector free. W. T. Strong, 181 Dundas street, agent.

Some times when you have nothing else to do you can erect a whole system of philosophy upon the fundamental fact that away one of them retired to his own room on the ground floor, and the other followed after the disappearing figure and never lost sight of it until the Westminster Hotel was reached.

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The purchaser of a Boy's or Child's Suit has a guess of how many peas and beans contained in glass jar in the window. The nearest guesser gets that beautiful wheel, valued at \$65, free. The time is getting very short. Get in your guesses.

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IT EXCELS!

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WIVES AND DAUGHTERS

IS NOW OUT, in its new and handsome form, and its sixteen pages contain a vast amount of the choicest reading. It is decidedly attractive, and the July issue is ahead of all previous numbers.

THE EDITORIALS are bright and timely, and treat on such subjects as "The Rambling Movement," "The Crime of Cruelty," "Two Methods of Street Cleaning," "Our Point of View," etc.

THE DEPARTMENTAL MATTER is also of the choicest, and includes "Chats for Girls," "With the Poets," "Fashions" (Illustrated), "The Flower Garden," "Home and Foreign Missions," "Breakfast, Dinner and Tea," "Council for Mothers," "Dance and Music," "The House Beautiful," "Topics of the Day," "W. C. T. U.," "Children Big and Little," "Five O'clock Tea" (including several excellent letter chats), "Publishers' Desk," etc.

SEVERAL INSTRUCTIVE ESSAYS will assist in enlightening and entertaining the many readers: "At a Ladies' Luncheon," "Women in Fiction," "Women in Customs and Religion," "Women in Medicine," "The Mother of Women's Clubs," "India's Suffering Women," etc.

THE STORY—Besides a complete story, the usual instalment of the serial, "The Hair Presumptive and the Hair Apparent," will be found.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Lafayette Hearn, the story writer, who went to Japan to study the country and its customs and religion, came to have found an assistant necessary in his researches, for he has married one of the fair daughters of the Chrysanthemum Kingdom.

Among the pains and aches cured with marvelous rapidity with Dr. Thomas' Electric 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, to which the young are especially subject.

The Summer Girl's Fad.

She—Yes, I am very fond of pets. He—Indeed! What, may I ask, is your favorite animal? She (frankly)—Man.

A Boaster.

Ald. McCork—Plowd do ye think av Ald. Flynn?

Ald. Flynn—Bedad, he's fearfully contented. He was sayin' yesterday that he was the biggest fad on the board.—[New York Life.]

Deserved Royalties.

Jasper—What do you think of that for a fish story? Jump—You should get it patented. Jasper—Why? Jump—It is such a marvelous invention.

A Dramatic Interruption.

The young melodramatist, telling the story of his new play to the manager, said: "As the robbers crawl in the window the clock strikes 1."

"Ah," said the manager, "which one?"

ONLY 2 WEEKS WAIT FOR THE KICKERS!

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Bookbinder, Account Book Manufacturer

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Men's Tweed Suits at \$5,

worth \$10.

Men's Tweed Suits at \$7 50,

worth \$13.

Men's Tweed Pants at \$1 25,

worth \$2.

Boys' Knickerbocker Pants at 55c,

worth \$1.

Dress Goods at half-price,

Prints at half-price, Challies at half-price.

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