



CURE

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, regulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cure one of these ailments, they are worth trying.

ACHE

Is the name of no many ills 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 pure and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action, please all who use them. In a bottle of 25 pills for 25¢. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

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

London, Friday, May 29.

The Nuggets of Carriocoma

An Irish Story.
By THOMAS HOPKINS, AUTHOR OF "TWIXT LOVE AND DUTY," "FOR FREE-DOOM," ETC.

The three men concerned in the attack were put upon the platform and charged. Amongst the bulk of the spectators the chief interest in the case was of curiosity. Everybody knew of Anthony's latest case, and of the disgraceful result of the case. The three men charged was so clear that there could be no difficulty in bringing it home to them. Trenchard and his junior colleague, Graham, were the chief witnesses for the prosecution.

The magistrate was only puzzled to know what cause the men would have had for making a raid on the platform; and to enlighten him on this point, Anthony was put upon the platform and testified to the fact that two of the prisoners were persons whom the instrument had assisted him to discover in the act of stealing turf from his bog; the inference being that the attack was prompted by motives of revenge, though it may very likely have had the additional object of putting a stop to any further detection of illegitimate enterprise on the bog.

It was observed that Trenchard gave his evidence against the men with more emphasis and warmth than usual. He had quietly followed up the clue placed in his hands, when Dora gave him the clue that had been thrown into her lap in the little cemetery, and had little doubt in his own mind that one of the three men on the platform was the culprit on that occasion.

It was Casey, one of the turf stealers, on whom the inspector's suspicions fastened; a man something over middle age, with sandy hair and freckled face, and a forehead that retreated as if in permanent fright at the sight of the countenance, which was certainly unpleasant to look upon. The three men maintained an air of sullen indifference to the proceedings. There was no liveliness in any of them, and not a flicker of humor redeemed their position on the platform. Casey's son, who was wedged against the bar in the front row of spectators, showed a keener and more malicious interest in the trial than his parent. It was a well-grown young fellow of nineteen, with a dark and rather handsome face, and a good head, the shape of which was spoiled by a pair of enormous ears that lay close to his skull as if gummed there, and combined with his close-cropped hair gave him a noticeably singular appearance, which had long since earned him the name of "Bullet." Bullet Casey lost no word that passed between Trenchard and Mr. Trenchard; his restless eyes noted every movement, now and again wandering down the court to cast a warning glance at his mother, who stood near the doorway. The trial was quickly over, and the men were led away under sentence of three months' imprisonment.

"I thought they'd have got more than that," said the woman Casey to her son.

"Is more nor enough," answered the young man.

"Oh, is that inside," said the mother.

"And 'twas Trenchard done it," added young Casey.

"'Twas," said the woman. "Did ye mark how he bore down upon the boys in his evidence?"

"Troth, I did! But we'll get a chance at him for this."

"'Twas worth while, I think," said the mother.

The pair were soon lost in the sympathetic crowd in the market-place, which waited to see the prisoners driven off on a cart to the jail.

"That must be a great telescopic of yours, Anthony," said the magistrate, "I'd like to see it. Come home to lunch with me, and I'll give you over to Carriocoma in the afternoon."

Trenchard was asked to go with them, but excused himself.

"Trenchard's not himself to-day," said the magistrate, as the inspector drove off in his dog-cart.

He was not, as the reader knows. And

just now he was more than ever impatient to be home again.

He thought that, in attempting to put Dora out of his reach, he might also banish her image from his thoughts, but that was not to be; and he had an intense desire to know whether she would answer his letter, whether she had already done so, and what the answer would be. He reflected that she could scarcely have replied as yet, but it did not lessen his unreasoning eagerness to learn whether she had done so.

He drove home fast.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE DISCOVERY.

When Dora had let herself into the tower, intent on the discovery of its mystery, she took the precaution to shut the entrance door behind her. She hesitated whether to bolt it also, and then, being it less because she feared the possibility of interruption than because she chose in this way to enhance the excitement of the adventure.

She made at once for the corner behind the staircase where she had previously observed the marks of recent disturbance amongst the loose bricks and rubbish ordinarily piled there.

Before displacing this dusty heap Dora carefully drew on an old pair of gloves, and looking ruefully at her neat grey dress, which she had thought of borrowing one of Kate's capacious aprons. But she tucked the dress up, and plunging down on her knees, set to work energetically to clear the stone floor of its encumbrances. As she proceeded in her work there came slowly into evidence precisely what the explorer had expected to find—the outline of a trap-door, leading evidently to some underground apartment.

Her excitement increased in proportion as she advanced with her task. She had long since persuaded herself that her curiosity was legitimate. She got the rubbish all cleared away, and an obvious trap-door was there beneath her. She looked at it with mingled feelings of pleasure and anxiety; she supposed the trap-door should be too heavy to lift. She put her hand in the ring, got the door up a little way and let it fall. It was easily moved, but heavy. Then she had recourse to stratagem. There was a broken bar which had been used as a bolt to the door lying ready at her hand, and using this, first as a lever and then as a prop, she succeeded in raising the door half-way; and this much achieved, she was able to see, in the twilight beneath, a short flight of stone steps, descending almost perpendicularly to some place not yet visible.

The door being raised half-way, Dora could, without much difficulty, throw it back completely.

She was in the act of doing this when her exertions and her thoughts were rudely interrupted by the clanging of the luncheon-bell. She had taken no heed of time, and noticed that it was very near luncheon-hour when she began her operations.

Should she neglect the bell until she had explored the region that lay at the bottom of the stone steps?

She was much tempted to do so, but she reflected that if she delayed long Kate would almost certainly come to the tower in search of her. So for once in her life, Dora prepared reluctantly to go to luncheon.

She left the trap-door still right, calculating that some few hours would probably elapse before Anthony returned from Knockdrum; and with Anthony out of the way, there was only the remotest chance that her work would be disturbed or discovered by anybody else.

Dispatching her luncheon with very unusual haste, she returned to continue her investigations.

Half-way down the steps that led from the trap-door she paused in a delicious fright. Suppose she should be detected. Suppose her uncle should return and find her at the door. It was only because she knew that this was utterly unlikely to occur, that she enjoyed the respite. At the foot of the steps she paused again, till her eyes grew accustomed to the semi-darkness of the solid walled passage in which she found herself. This passage, which was only a few yards in length, opened at its extremity into a stone chamber, lighted solely and very dimly by means of a wide grating in one of the walls, grating entirely hidden from external view by an overgrowth of weeds and ivy.

This was the only chamber to be seen, and to all appearance it was as bare as the passage which led to it.

Dora stood in the entrance and looked around, without discovering anything to recompense her labors.

She crossed the stone floor, which was of good preservation and dry, and scrutinized the walls on either side; then she saw at the end of the room, opposite to the door, a grating like a deep recess in the wall, and to that spot she advanced.

Pushed back into the recess, in exploring the depths of which Dora found her hands almost more serviceable than her eyes, was a large old-fashioned casket, the numerous apartments of which were stuffed with packages of various sizes. One of these Dora pulled out and carried across the chamber, the grating in the wall. The little light that filtered through the thick screen of leaves showed Dora that what she held in her hand was a canvas bag filled with burning with some hard and heavy substance.

(To be Continued.)

Purely Vegetable.
First the bud, then the blossom, then the perfect fruit. These are the several stages of some of the most important ingredients composing the painless and sure cure—Putnam's Pain-Expeller. The juices of plants greatly concentrated and purified, guns and salams in harmonious union, combined give the grand result. Putnam's Extractor takes no more time, does no harm up for a week, but gets on quietly doing its work until a perfect cure results. Beware of imitations.

A poet says that a baby is a "new wave upon the ocean of life." It strikes us that a "fresh squall" would express the idea better.

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

A man who cannot be a good man in a small circle of social acquaintances would find it much harder if he were higher up.

CATHARTIC CURED, health and sweet breath secured by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Putnam's Pain-Expeller. V. T. Strong, 184 Dundas Street, agent.

NEW GOODS.

Extra fine Olives in bulk, Clams, Mackerel in Tomato, Ox Tail Soup, Mock Turtle Soup, Hotch Potch Soup, Green Pea Soup, Julienne Soup, Mayonnaise Sauce, Preserved China Ginger, Calves' Feet Jelly, Jams and Marmalade in 7-pound tins. New York Biscuits.

FITZGERALD, SCANDRETT & CO.,

169 DUNDAS STREET.

THE TEMPLE REPAIRED.

BY LYMAN ABBOTT.

Joshua was minded to repair the house of the Lord, the Temple, at Jerusalem. The episode which has been selected by the committee for this week's lesson gives, when taken out of its connection, a thoroughly false idea of the character of Joshua and of his reign. Whatever was good in him or his administration was due to Jehovah; whatever was evil was due to himself.

At the death of Jehoshaphat the evil effects of the alliance which he had formed with Ahab began to be felt. His son Jehoram, yielding a victor of Ahab and his wife, Athaliah, daughter of Ahab and the high places, prostituted the daughters of Judah to the infamous rites of Ashoreth, and guarded himself against the dangers of a disputed succession by murdering all his young brothers as soon as his father died. Disaster followed disaster, and at length, after eight years' reign, he died unregretted. His son Ahaziah became but nominal king; Athaliah remained after her husband's death, even more than during his lifetime, the true power behind the throne. The revolution in Israel under Jehu, which destroyed her mother and all the house of Ahab, and in which Ahaziah himself also fell a victim, did nothing to daunt the bold, bad spirit of the queen-mother—a worthy child of Jezebel.

She slew all her own grandchildren and usurped the throne herself. She made Jerusalem a refuge for the worshippers of Baal, and the northern kingdom, and erected a Phoenician deity within the very court of the temple of Jehovah. She did not, indeed, attempt to exterminate the Jewish worship. It was probably too strongly entrenched in the reverential traditions of the people. During the years of her usurpation the worship of Jehovah and of Baal went on side by side.

We have said that she massacred all her grandchildren; one, however, escaped. This was a broken bar which had been used as a bolt to the door lying ready at her hand, and using this, first as a lever and then as a prop, she succeeded in raising the door half-way; and this much achieved, she was able to see, in the twilight beneath, a short flight of stone steps, descending almost perpendicularly to some place not yet visible.

The door being raised half-way, Dora could, without much difficulty, throw it back completely.

She was in the act of doing this when her exertions and her thoughts were rudely interrupted by the clanging of the luncheon-bell. She had taken no heed of time, and noticed that it was very near luncheon-hour when she began her operations.

Should she neglect the bell until she had explored the region that lay at the bottom of the stone steps?

She was much tempted to do so, but she reflected that if she delayed long Kate would almost certainly come to the tower in search of her. So for once in her life, Dora prepared reluctantly to go to luncheon.

She left the trap-door still right, calculating that some few hours would probably elapse before Anthony returned from Knockdrum; and with Anthony out of the way, there was only the remotest chance that her work would be disturbed or discovered by anybody else.

Dispatching her luncheon with very unusual haste, she returned to continue her investigations.

Half-way down the steps that led from the trap-door she paused in a delicious fright. Suppose she should be detected. Suppose her uncle should return and find her at the door. It was only because she knew that this was utterly unlikely to occur, that she enjoyed the respite. At the foot of the steps she paused again, till her eyes grew accustomed to the semi-darkness of the solid walled passage in which she found herself. This passage, which was only a few yards in length, opened at its extremity into a stone chamber, lighted solely and very dimly by means of a wide grating in one of the walls, grating entirely hidden from external view by an overgrowth of weeds and ivy.

This was the only chamber to be seen, and to all appearance it was as bare as the passage which led to it.

Dora stood in the entrance and looked around, without discovering anything to recompense her labors.

She crossed the stone floor, which was of good preservation and dry, and scrutinized the walls on either side; then she saw at the end of the room, opposite to the door, a grating like a deep recess in the wall, and to that spot she advanced.

Pushed back into the recess, in exploring the depths of which Dora found her hands almost more serviceable than her eyes, was a large old-fashioned casket, the numerous apartments of which were stuffed with packages of various sizes. One of these Dora pulled out and carried across the chamber, the grating in the wall. The little light that filtered through the thick screen of leaves showed Dora that what she held in her hand was a canvas bag filled with burning with some hard and heavy substance.

(To be Continued.)

Purely Vegetable.
First the bud, then the blossom, then the perfect fruit. These are the several stages of some of the most important ingredients composing the painless and sure cure—Putnam's Pain-Expeller. The juices of plants greatly concentrated and purified, guns and salams in harmonious union, combined give the grand result. Putnam's Extractor takes no more time, does no harm up for a week, but gets on quietly doing its work until a perfect cure results. Beware of imitations.

A poet says that a baby is a "new wave upon the ocean of life." It strikes us that a "fresh squall" would express the idea better.

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

A man who cannot be a good man in a small circle of social acquaintances would find it much harder if he were higher up.

CATHARTIC CURED, health and sweet breath secured by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Putnam's Pain-Expeller. V. T. Strong, 184 Dundas Street, agent.

Carried Home.
Mr. Samuel Adams, Montreal, St. King St., London, Eng., states that for more than a year he suffered with sciatica; at times taken suddenly, he had to be carried home. He was pronounced curable by leading medical men and he had given up all hope of recovery, when he was advised to use St. Jacobs Oil. The first rubbing relieved him, and before the contents of a second bottle was used he was completely cured, and has had no return of the pain. (North-orn Daily Telegraph, Blackburn, Eng.)

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is more excellent who can suit his temper to any circumstances.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARNOLD, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Croup, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eruptions, Erysipelas, gives sleep, and promotes growth. Without injurious medication.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

OAK HALL

The Great One Price Clothiers.

Stop and look in Oak Hall's east window. Only a glass jar filled with peas and beans, and sealed up at that.

BOYS, when you purchase a suit of clothing ask for a guess card. If you come nearest to the number of beans and peas in the globe the fine bicycle you see in the window becomes your property. Employees of the firm are not allowed to guess.

OAK HALL

150 Dundas street, London.

ALF. TAYLOR, Manager.

Housekeepers

NOW IS THE TIME TO HAVE YOUR LACE CURTAINS RELAUDED

EQUAL TO NEW, Twenty-five to Fifty Cents Each

BY THE WORLD-RENOVED Parisian Steam Laundry.

BRANCH OFFICES—62, Dundas street, 632 Dundas street, 410 Hamilton road 485 Richmond street, and 752 Waterloo street.

Main Office and Works, 73 and 75 Dundas street. TELEPHONE NO. 559.

MARSHALL BROS.

Wholesale Importers of TEAS and COFFEES

67 Dundas Street, London, Ont.

LONDON MANUFACTURING TRADE

THOS. BRYAN, LONDON BRUSH FACTORY.

Awarded Silver Medal at Western Fair, 1887.

Price List on Application. 61 TO 65 DUNDAS STREET

CHAS. CHAPMAN

Bookbinder, Account Book Manufacturer AND DEALER IN ARTISTS' MATERIALS

NO. 61 DUNDAS STREET, LONDON, ONT. Telephone No. 559.

WM. MALLOCH & CO., MACHINISTS

MANUFACTURERS OF ELEVATORS, PULLEYS, SHAFTING, HANGERS AND SPECIAL MACHINERY

Repairing a Specialty. 154 Fullerton Street, London

RAILWAY TIME TABLES

Corrected to JAN. 1, 1901. MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

LONDON TIME

Canada Southern Division—Going East.

North Shore Limited (daily) 8:30 p.m. 11:00 p.m.
N. Y. Express (daily) 8:30 p.m. 11:00 p.m.
American Express (except Mondays) 8:30 p.m. 11:00 p.m.
Mail (except Sundays) 8:30 p.m. 11:00 p.m.
Limited Express (daily) 8:30 p.m. 11:00 p.m.
N. Y. and Boston Express (daily) 8:30 p.m. 11:00 p.m.
Accommodation (except Sundays) 8:30 p.m. 11:00 p.m.

Canada Southern Division—Going West.

North Shore Limited (daily) 8:30 p.m. 11:00 p.m.
Chicago Express (daily) 8:30 p.m. 11:00 p.m.
American Express (except Mondays) 8:30 p.m. 11:00 p.m.
Mail (except Sundays) 8:30 p.m. 11:00 p.m.
Pacific Express (daily) 8:30 p.m. 11:00 p.m.
Accommodation (except Sundays) 8:30 p.m. 11:00 p.m.

NOTE.—No trains to or from London on Sundays.

JOHN PAUL, City Ticket and Passenger Agent, 385 Richmond Street.

GRAND TRUNK—Southern Division

Corrected May 11, 1901.

MAIN LINE—Going East.

Limited Express (A) 8:30 a.m. 11:00 a.m.
Mail 8:30 a.m. 11:00 a.m.
Atlantic Express (A) 8:30 a.m. 11:00 a.m.
Day Express (A) 8:30 a.m. 11:00 a.m.
St. Louis Express (A) 8:30 a.m. 11:00 a.m.
Accommodation (A) 8:30 a.m. 11:00 a.m.
Mail 8:30 a.m. 11:00 a.m.
Accommodation (A) 8:30 a.m. 11:00 a.m.

London, Huron and Bruce.

Express 8:30 a.m. 11:00 a.m.
Mail 8:30 a.m. 11:00 a.m.

London and Port Stanley.

Mail 8:30 a.m. 11:00 a.m.
Accommodation 8:30 a.m. 11:00 a.m.

St. Marys and Stratford Branch.

Mixed-Mail 8:30 a.m. 11:00 a.m.
Express-Mixed 8:30 a.m. 11:00 a.m.

Toronto Branch.

Hamilton-Depart 8:30 a.m. 11:00 a.m.
Hamilton-Arrive 8:30 a.m. 11:00 a.m.

These trains for Montreal.

(a) Runs daily, Sundays included.

(b) Runs daily, Sundays included, but makes no intermediate stops on Sundays.

(c) No. 28 carries passengers between London and Port Stanley.

(d) This train connects at Toronto for all coastlines, the North-West and British Columbia via North Bay and Winnipeg.

E. DE LA HONDE, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, No. 333 Main Street.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Going East.

Depart 8:30 a.m. 11:00 a.m.
Woodstock 8:30 a.m. 11:00 a.m.
Oshawa 8:30 a.m. 11:00 a.m.
Georgetown 8:30 a.m. 11:00 a.m.
Toronto 8:30 a.m. 11:00 a.m.
Oshawa 8:30 a.m. 11:00 a.m.
Georgetown 8:30 a.m. 11:00 a.m.
Woodstock 8:30 a.m. 11:00 a.m.
Depart 8:30 a.m. 11:00 a.m.

Trains arrive from the east at 11:25 a.m., 7:30 p.m., 10:00 p.m.

Going West.

Depart 8:30 a.m. 11:00 a.m.
London 8:30 a.m. 11:00 a.m.
Chatham 8:30 a.m. 11:00 a.m.
Georgetown 8:30 a.m. 11:00 a.m.
St. Louis 8:30 a.m. 11:00 a.m.
Chicago 8:30 a.m. 11:00 a.m.
Canada City 8:30 a.m. 11:00 a.m.

Trains arrive from the west at 5:55 a.m., 12:15 noon, 5:30 p.m.

ERIE & HURON RAILWAY.

Trains South.

Stations Exp. Exp. Mix. Mts.

Sarnia (G. T. R.) 8:30 a.m. 11:00 a.m.

Courville 8:30 a.m. 11:00 a.m.

St. C. Junction 8:30 a.m. 11:00 a.m.

Chatham (G. T. R.) 8:30 a.m. 11:00 a.m.

Fargo (G. T. R.) 8:30 a.m. 11:00 a.m.

Blenheim 8:30 a.m. 11:00 a.m.

Trains North.

Stations Exp. Exp. Mix. Mts.

Blenheim 8:30 a.m. 11:00 a.m.

Fargo (G. T. R.) 8:30 a.m. 11:00 a.m.

Chatham (G. T. R.) 8:30 a.m. 11:00 a.m.

M. C. R. Junction 8:30 a.m. 11:00 a.m.

Courville 8:30 a.m. 11:00 a.m.

Sarnia (G. T. R.) 8:30 a.m. 11:00 a.m.

Trains arrive from the west at 5:55 a.m., 12:15 noon, 5:30 p.m.

THE BEST SERVICE TO NEW YORK, BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA

And all points east. For rates, time tables, maps and tickets call at the City Office, 385 Richmond Street, or depot, corner Clarence and Bank Streets.

JOHN PAUL, City Pass. Agent.

Michigan Central Rail'd

Through Tickets to All Points

Low rates now in force to Pacific Coast, Oregon, Washington Territory

—AND ALL— NORTHWESTERN POINTS</