CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

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

that 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 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 by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

London, Monday, March 16.

ARMY PORTIA.

By Charles King, U. S. Army.

Author of "THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER," "DESERTER," "FROM THE RANKS," "DUNRAVEN RANCH," "TWO SOLDIERS," ETC.

It was a misunderstanding, probably, at first. Cross," said the colonel, in contrition. The mood, to the old officer of the day was relieved him after guard-mount. Leave was given to understand that Al Hemen, who had just come from the joined now with Colonel Lawler, had the City of the department commander to dine in town with them, so as to be ready to make certain depositions early in the morning."

But Cross eyed his commander unflinchingly and said no word.

Among the infantry officers the opinion was openly expressed that between Abrams and Lawler and Trooper Welsh the colonel was simply demoralized. The crowd at dress-parade for several evenings was almost as big as that before spoken of, and, though the Palladium had not again take position on the colonel's left during the ceremony itself, he was frequently at that officer's side when he made his way through the curious throngs, both in going to and returning from his post. And afterwards, with the eyes of the towns-people upon them, Private Welsh and the unterrified correspondent paced up and down the road in front of the cavalry barracks for half an hour; and the group sitting on Lane's piazza one evening especially could not help noting how ostentatiously the two conversed as they neared the white wicket-gate.

"Wharton," quoth Martin, as for the sixth or seventh time the swarthy trooper and his champion approached the captain's quarters, "I'm consumed with envy. The time was when good-looking cavalrymen, like you and me, could command some small attention from the eyes of our friend sand fellow-citizens in town; but our day is done. There are the popular heroes of the hour. Now, here comes Hearn's first sergeant. Surely he's not going to have the unbearable effrontery to remind Trooper Welsh that he ought to be cleaning up for guard to-morrow, when a gentleman of the press wants to talk to him?"

"Is Welsh for guard to-morrow?" asked Captain Lane, in some surprise.

"He is. The colonel relieved him from durance vile before guard-mount this morning, and I heard the first sergeant tell Hearn an hour ago that it was Welsh's turn for guard, and wanted to know whether he was to order him or not. Hearn said certainly."

"And the man cut parade to-night on plea that Mr. Abrams wanted to talk with him. He was the 'one private absent' reported from C troop," said Wharton. "That's the reason the sergeant is after him now, I fancy, either to arrest him, or else warn him for guard."

"If I were Hearn I'd quit attempting to discipline that young man," said Major Kenyon, pessimistic and glowering as ever. "He ought to have sense enough to know that the worst blackguard in the service, with the press behind him, is more than a match for any officer who seeks to do his duty."

"And if I were Hearn," drawled Martin, "I'd make that particular protege of the Palladium do his duty, if I died for it, especially after the marked copies that came to-day. Now watch."

The first sergeant, a trim, soldierly fellow with determined face and manner and quick energetic step, had by this time overtaken the pair who, strolling together, had almost reached the picket fence and were within ear-shot of the Lane's piazza. Mrs. Lane glanced eagerly up the road for Miss Marshall and Lieutenant Hearn at that very moment came from the Whartons' quarters next door and appeared upon the gravel walk, Wallace following with Jeannettes McCrea.

Sergeant Wren had stopped short on overtaking the trooper, and, with scant ceremony, addressed him in tones that all could hear:

"Welsh, you're for guard to-morrow, and you've got mighty little time in which to get ready. Did the lieutenant excuse you from parade?"

"I didn't ask him. Colonel Lawler was good enough for me."

"Colonel Lawler left the post at five o'clock, and couldn't have wanted you."

"All the same I was acting under his orders and nobody else's. If you want any other authority you can go to Colonel Morris; I'm busy now." And with his hands in his pockets, and a jerk of the head to his companion, Welsh whirled about and led the way down the road toward the store, Abrams slowly following in his wake, but looking back as though curious to see the sequel. The first sergeant stood an instant flushing and with wrathful eyes, but raised his hand in respectful salute as the young troop-commander came quietly along, Miss Marshall leaning on his arm.

"You warned him for guard, sergeant?" said Hearn, answering Wren's salute.

"Yes, sir; and he says Colonel Lawler excused him from parade."

"I reported the absence to Colonel Morris, and he tells me that there may have been some such understanding, sergeant. At all events, as Colonel Lawler has gone, he would give Welsh the benefit of the doubt; so we have nothing further to do with the matter."

Wren ground his teeth as he briskly strode back to his quarters.

"What does the loot'nant say?" demanded Duffy, as he with half a dozen of his comrades clustered about the office, eagerly watching the sergeant's face and his clinching hands, as he returned.

"Nothing. Don't ask questions now, you men. The lieutenant can't do anything to him; the colonel won't let him."

"The colonel won't, is it?" said Duffy, with a wrathful grin. "Be jabers, if I were colonel I'd command my regiment, and no newspaper man would scare me out of it. It's the Palladium that commands Fort Ryan to-night, and that blackguard Welsh is post adjutant—more shame to us all!"

"Silence there, Duffy! No more of that talk!" ordered Wren, as he banged to the door of his own little den, and the knot of troopers scattered away. "All the same," muttered he to his faithful second, Sergeant Ross, "Duffy only tells the truth, and hang me if I ever thought the day would come when my old chief would knuckle down like that."

And if in garrison circles that night it was predicted that something would be the outcome of the detail of Welsh for guard-duty, no one was destined to disappointment. He appeared at the appointed time and was curiously scanned by the other members of the troop, as, carbine in hand he came slowly and indifferently down the stairway just as the trumpets began to sound the assembly of the details. Unluckily for everybody who hoped to see Welsh brought up with a round turn by the snappy young adjutant, a drizzling rain had set in, and undress guard-mounting in overcoats was the result. Welsh's forage-cap and accoutrements might pass muster in a shower, but his full-dress rig every man knew to be wofully out of shape, and such was the fellow's unpopularity among his comrades by this time that audible regrets were expressed by the men that the weather had "gone back on them."

"Step out, there!" shouted Wren sharply to the dawdling soldier, as he gave the command to fall in.

"Get a move on you, Mister Welsh," laughed Duffy from the upper gallery. "Or don't they ever step out in the excellent family down East? Sure, isn't he a fine-looking, intelligent young man of twenty-five?"

"Twenty-five? 'Faith, it's thirty-six in months he'd get, if I was commanding," muttered Kerrigan. "How are your patriotic motives this morning, Mister American-Blood-with-the-Assumed-Name?"

"Sure his name is Dennis," laughed Duffy again. "Quit your sneering, Kerrigan. The young soldier's eyes are blazing with pent-up feelings again, don't you see?" And indeed a most malignant scowl was that which Welsh launched aloft at his persecutors, whose fun was cut short by the stern voice of Sergeant Ross, ordering silence. And in another moment the detail of C troop was dancing away in double time, with a parting adjuration from Duffy not to go too fast; "it's too aisy to set the blood boiling in Welsh's veins anyhow."

It was in the ugliest possible mood that Welsh tossed up his carbine for the inspection of the officer of the guard. He had expected to pose as a hero and martyr. But, whatever might be the mistaken sentiments aroused in the East by the efforts of a paper that had exhausted local well-springs of scandal and sensation, here among those who knew the facts, and, above all, knew him, he had gained only ridicule and contempt. In all the garrison, now that Goss was gone, there was not a soldier who had ever stood his friend. In his own troop especially, where the rank and file were devoted to their young lieutenant, there was wrath and indignation at his expense and well he knew that nothing but discipline saved him from a ducking in the river or a hearty kicking down the barrack stairs. Still, with Abrams to stand by him and the Palladium to champion his cause, he felt secure against fate; only he had thought to be looked upon as liberator and leader among the men, and they were all laughing at him. This was bitter indeed. He almost hoped that the adjutant would order him back, replaced by the supernumerary, for the rust he knew to be about the breech-block of his carbine, and which the officer of the guard would be sure to discover. But the young lieutenant contented himself with pointing to it with white-gloved finger and passing on, probably thinking it best to get him on duty at any price.

(To be Continued)

What It Costs

Must be carefully considered by the great majority of people in buying even necessities of life. Hood's Sarsaparilla commends itself with special force to the great middle classes, because it combines positive economy with great medicinal power. It is the only medicine of which can truly be said "100 Doses One Dollar," and a bottle taken according to directions will average to last a month.

Wm. Dradge, Ellen street, Barrie, Ont., says: One bottle of Miller's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil brought back appetite which other Emulsions took away; removed cough entirely and gained five pounds. I tastes just like cream, the oil being perfectly disguised. Sold by all druggists. 2

A Timely Wedding.

"Yes, papa, Jack is poor, but he loves me. Mayn't I marry him, papa?"

"Well, yes, if you want to."

"You dear old thing—but when?"

"Immediately."

"Oh, but you know it's Lent."

"Yes, but wouldn't it be well to get broken in to fasting right away?"

Bound To Be in the Van.

Teacher—Johnny, why is George Brown absent?

Johnny—Wy, George Brown says his sister's got a cole; but dat ain't nothin', one o' my sister's is got de scarlet fever, and tother one de measles, but I come all the same.

"If you insist on breaking our engagement, Miss Ficken, I shall make your letters public." "You are welcome to do so, Mr. Scamper; there is nothing in them that I am ashamed of except the address.

Henpeck—Why do you call Jameson a cultivated man? He is a single man, isn't he? Gubbins—Yes, but what difference does that make? "Because a man can't be very well cultivated who has never been under the harrow."

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Tally Ho! Stable.

This stable still maintains its good name for turning out a first class livery of all descriptions to suit the public. In the stable are two fine Tandems to let with or without drivers, also a fine buss for sleighing parties. J. FULCHER, proprietor. Telephone 678.

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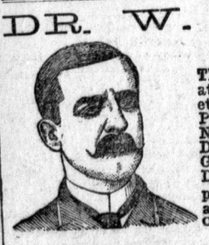

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RAILWAY TIME TABLES

CORRECTED TO JAN. 1, 1891.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

LONDON TIME.

Canada Southern Division—Going East.

	Leave London	Leave St. Thomas.
North Shore Limited (daily)	8:30 p.m.	11:00 p.m
N. Y. Express (daily)	8:20 p.m.	3:05 a.m
American Express (except Monday)	9:50 a.m.	11:15 a.m
Atlantic Express (daily)	9:50 a.m.	1:50 p.m
Mail (except Sundays)	2:25 p.m.	3:15 p.m
Limited Express (daily)	8:30 p.m.	2:05 a.m
N. Y. and Boston Express (daily)	2:25 p.m.	5:05 p.m
Accom'd'n (except Sunday)	8:30 p.m.	7:00 a.m

Canada Southern Division—Going West.

North Shore Limited (daily)	8:30 p.m.	7:23 a.m
Chicago Express (daily)	8:30 p.m.	5:05 a.m
Chicago L'Ld Exp. (daily)	9:50 a.m.	10:55 a.m
American Express (except Mondays)	9:50 a.m.	1:35 p.m
Mail (except Sundays)	2:25 p.m.	9:10 p.m
Pacific Express (daily)	2:25 p.m.	5:45 p.m
Accom'd'n (except Sunday)	8:30 p.m.	7:40 a.m

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

JOHN PAUL, City Ticket and Passenger Agent, 395 Richmond street.

GRAND TRUNK—Southern Division

MAIN LINE—Going East

	ARRIVE.	DEPART
Limited Express (A)	4:15 a.m.	4:35 a.m
Mail	.....	6:00 a.m
Atlantic Express (A)	11:05 a.m.	11:30 a.m
Day Express	10:50 a.m.	2:20 p.m
St. Louis Express (A) (D)	4:20 p.m.	4:25 p.m
Mixed—No. 38 Freight (C)	5:45 p.m.	6:50 p.m
Erie Limited	11:20 p.m.	11:40 p.m

MAIN LINE—Going West.

	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
Chicago Express (A)	5:10 a.m.	5:30 a.m
West End Mixed	.....	6:45 a.m
St. Louis Express (A)	11:20 a.m.	11:25 a.m
Erie Limited	12:05 p.m.	.....
Accommodation	12:45 p.m.	2:15 p.m
Pacific Express (A)	6:50 p.m.	7:10 p.m
Mail	9:45 p.m.	.....
Accommodation	.....	7:20 p.m

Sarnia Branch.

	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
Limited Express (B)	4:20 a.m.	.....
Atlantic Express (B)	11:25 a.m.	.....
Accommodation	2:15 p.m.	.....
Accommodation	8:45 p.m.	.....
Erie Limited (B)	11:55 p.m.	.....

Sarnia Branch.

	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
Chicago Express (B)	.....	5:20 a.m
Accommodation	.....	7:35 a.m
Erie Limited (B)	.....	12:10 p.m
Accommodation	.....	2:20 p.m
Pacific Express (B)	.....	7:00 p.m

London, Huron and Bruce.

	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
Express	10:15 a.m.	8:05 a.m
Mail	6:45 p.m.	4:25 p.m

London and Port Stanley.

	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
Mail	.....	6:40 a.m
Accommodation	7:20 a.m.	6:30 a.m
Mail	2:10 p.m.	7:20 p.m
Accommodation	6:35 p.m.	7:00 p.m
Mixed	6:50 p.m.	.....
Mail	11:15 p.m.	.....

St. Marys and Stratford Branch.

	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
Mixed—Mail	11:20 a.m.	7:35 a.m
Express	5:40 p.m.	2:15 p.m
Express—Mixed	9:20 p.m.	6:00 p.m

Toronto Branch.

Hamilton—Depart—						
a.m. *7:00	a.m. 8:15	a.m. 10:50	p.m. 12:25	p.m. 4:10	p.m. 6:40	p.m. a7:00	p.m 9:25
Hamilton—Arrive—						
a.m. †12:30	a.m. 8:45	a.m. †9:00	p.m. 2:45	p.m. 4:00	p.m. 6:25	p.m.	a.m 12:30

* These trains for Montreal.
† These trains from Montreal.
(A) Runs daily, Sundays included.
(B) Runs daily, Sundays included, but makes no intermediate stops on Sundays.
(C) No. 38 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.

ERIE & HURON RAILWAY.

Trains South.

Stations.	Exp	Exp	Mix	Mix
	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.
Sarnia (G. T. R.)	.....	5:10	7:40	.....
Courtright	.....	5:55	8:20	.....
M. C. R. Junction	.....	.....	8:20	.....
Chatham (C. P. R.) arr	7:45	7:45	10:25	8:20
Chatham (C. P. R.) dep	7:45	.....	10:40	6:40
Fargo (M. C. R.)	8:10	.....	11:05	6:20
Blenheim arr	8:22	.....	11:20	6:35

Trains North.

Stations.	Exp	Exp	Mix
	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Blenheim dep	8:30	2:30	5:40
Fargo (M. C. R.)	8:43	2:45	5:55
Chatham (C. P. R.) arr	9:05	3:20	6:20
Chatham (C. P. R.) dep	9:15	4:40	.....
M. C. R. Junction	11:20	.....	.....
Courtright	11:35	7:05	.....
Sarnia (G. T. R.) arr	12:00	7:40	.....

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Going East.

DEPART—			
London	4:05 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	5:30 p.m
Woodstock	4:55 a.m.	8:50 a.m.	6:28 p.m
Guelph	6:02 a.m.	9:50 a.m.	7:20 p.m
Toronto	9:20 a.m.	11:05 a.m.	8:40 p.m
Peterboro	11:33 a.m.	12:00 noon	9:55 p.m
Kingston	.....	.....	12:13 a.m
Ottawa	6:45 p.m.	.....	6:00 a.m
Montreal	7.55 p.m.	.....	8:15 a.m
Quebec	6:30 a.m.	.....	3:00 p.m
Portland, Me.	9:30 a.m.	.....	8:35 p.m
Boston	8:10 a.m.	.....	8:50 p.m
Halifax, N. S.	10:35 p.m.	.....	.....

Trains arrive from the east at 11:25 a.m., 6:50 p.m., 10:00 p.m.

Going West.

DEPART—			
London	8:15 a.m.	11:35 a.m.	7:00 p.m
ARRIVE—			
Chatham	11:15 a.m.	1:05 p.m.	8:50 p.m
Detroit	.....	2:45 p.m.	10:40 p.m
Chicago	.....	10:15 p.m.	7:20 a.m
St. Louis	.....	7:15 a.m.	6:15 p.m
Kansas City	.....	6:10 p.m.	9:20 a.m

Trains arrive from the west at 4:00 a.m., 12:15 noon, 5:25 p.m.

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