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

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.

Adam Graeme, of Mossgray.

By Mrs. Oliphant.

"Yes," said the somewhat rough voice of Mr. Wright of Fairholm; "a minister's life is a very hard life, Miss Buchanan; we have to labor as you say; the very Sabbath, which is a resting day to everybody else, is a hard working day to a minister."

Helen turned rapidly away; it was a strange anticlimax.

"Miss Buchanan did not mean that," said Mrs. Whyte. "Miss Buchanan likes the good, wholesome work. She thinks we do too little, instead of too much, Mr. Wright."

"No doubt, no doubt," said the cumbrous, heavy man, "there is a great deal of truth in that. The people ought to know their own duty, and not leave the work entirely to us as they do; and the elders really need stirring up; but a minister—few people know how much is laid on the shoulders of a minister."

"And you, Mr. Inches?" asked Mrs. Whyte, smiling as her quick eye glanced over the great, stooping, uncouth figure of the strong man beside her in whom was no impulse to work, and who actually felt fatigued more easily than would the nervous girl.

Mr. Inches hesitated; it was not his policy to differ with Helen; but he had not received the inspiration much more than his sluggish brother. He was still, to a considerable extent, a matter-of-course man, doing what he must do, and not very much more.

"The ministerial life," said the Reverend Robert, with some dignity, "is a life of great exertion. We are never perfect of course, but it is a most laborious life, the life of a conscientious minister."

It was a compromise—it pleased nobody. Helen turned away, unconscious y disappointed. She had expected something better.

"'Deed, Robert," said Miss Inches, "I'm aye feared the ither way about you. It's my terror, Mrs. Whyte, that he'll just wear himsel' out, and I'm sure if he was to get a wife and I kent beforehand wha she was to be, I would warn her no to put such nonsense notions into his head; for ye see, Miss Buchanan—Eh! Robert, is there onything ails ye?—are ye no weel?"

But Robert was not "no weel"—he was only frowning upon his too-honest sister, and making an elaborate face. It was too late; all the eyes in the room were turned to the blushing, angry countenance of the Reverend Robert, and he heard tittering in the corners. He turned away full of wrath—it would not do; there was no putting the restraints of delicacy or prudence over the simplicity of Janet.

CHAPTER VI.

You are altogether governed by humors.
—King Henry IV.

The cri is did come, though not as Miss Inches anticipated. Helen carefully guarded herself, as they returned home from the society of the Reverend Robert, and managed that the opportunity he sought should not be afforded to him. She was thoughtful and grave that night, Mrs. Buchanan perceived; for the shadow of a selfish pride had darkened for the time the firmament of Helen. The banker showed no sign of courtesy or kindness; the banker's wife, on the rare occasions when she met her, never mentioned William's name. William himseli, busy in the distant city, seemed to have given up the contest; to have forgotten the romance of his youth; to have left Fendie, because she was too humble and too quiet. She did not care—she would not care—she protested to herself, with a proud flush on her cheek, and proud tears in her eyes, that it was nothing to her; but involuntarily an evil, angry feeling had sprung up in her mind—she could avenge herself!

A week ago she had felt painfully that it was just possible that even she might be inconstant—that the Reverend Robert might some time glide into William's place.

She felt now that this was impossible; that her own rapid pace could never harmonize with that slightly ostentatious dignity of the Reverent Robert's; that her impetuous mind must be chafed and irritated beyond measure, if it ever were yoke-fellow vith his; yet the very discovery goaded her to go blindly on. In the bitterness of her pride she thought she could not reject the only man who thought her good enough to be his equal; and when she remembered how long a time it took before even he ceased to be ashamed of his incipient tenderness for the poor schoolmistress, the bitterness increased until it flooded her very heart. There was a gloom upon the world; the evil and misery over which she had spread the golden tissue of young hope began to appear darkly exaggerated to the opposite extreme. Those whom she would have remembered forever, forget her, and those who made her their choice, were ashamed of the power which compelled them so to do. Her deep melancholy fell upon Helen, as it had never fallen before; the coming of a new day did not dispell it. It was such a sorrow as she could not tell, and so she bore it proudly, bitterly, and in silence.

At the midday interval the watchful Mrs. Buchanan prevailed her daughter to go out, to do some simple errands in the town. She generally managed all these matters herself; but the good mother was a skilled physician, and knew how something trivial enough in itself, might clear the atmosphere in a moment and bring out the sunshine. Mrs. Buchanan too was anxious and uneasy; when it seemed now sure that the Reverend Robert must succeed, she thought remorsefully of William, the son of her own training, to whom her house had been so long a second home. She remembered the confidence that there had been between them, and how old ties would have been made stronger and tenderer, had it been he who was the new son; and then she begon ta feel that Mr. Insches, with all his good qualities was a stranger; that he would introduce a new intruding element—that her sole child would be no more her own.

So the mother sent Helen forth with quiet sighs, and Helen went about her errand sadly, the gloom in her heart obscuring the gentle skies of May.

She walked slowly as her manner was in her times of depression, taking in the common sights and sounds around her into the mist in her own heart, where they remained to bring back in other moods remembrances of that dark hour. She had executed all her mother's commissions, and concluded her business by a visit to Maxwell Dickson's low dark shop on her way home. She got such literature as he had from the librarian of Fendie, and it served now and then to enliven the long solitary evenings—the evenings which were not sufficiently solitary now.

On Maxwell Dickson's counter lay an unbound book, very clean and very new. Helen took it up as she put the volumes which she brought with her into the librarian's hands. It was still damp from the press, no one had opened it before. The subject attracted her; it was one of the publications of the New Crusade.

The social science—how to make men better, nobler, purer; how to attack in their own camp the declared evils of our land and time—was the subject of this book; the science of this great discontent which has seized upon so many able minds, happily now—the science of aggression against all vileness, all pollution. This was the subject of the book, and the name of it kindled a little the dim light in the eyes of Helen. She turned it over rapidly to glean what she could of its contents.

Maxwell Dickson in vain tries to make his young customer hear what he is saying to her. A sudden flush has covered her face—a sudden thrill springs up through the bounding pulses which were so languid a moment before; the slight nervous start—the head lifted so swiftly—the motion of the eager fingers which hold these pages open. From some unseen hand the electric touch is given; what is the cause? Helen is reading in the new book—

"The writer remembers well the arguments urged upon him once with the enthusiastic faith of youth, by one who desired a new order of chivalry vowed and dedicated to the service of God and the poor. 'It is not well—surely it is not well to withdraw from the evils which are in us and around us. I say we are bound to do battle with them—not to stand on our defense alone, but to carry the war into the camp of the enemies. I think sometimes that the state of war must be the only good state for those who have sin natural to them as we have, and that if these words resist and struggle, were withdrawn from our language we would be no longer human; for when we let our hands fall, our hearts fall, and weariness comes upon us, and distrust and gloom; and out of the living world we come into the narrow chamber of ourselves, and the sun sets upon us—' It is the philosophy of a young heart; of one who has not yet traveled far from the East, and whom the vision splendid still attends upon the way; but because it is youthful and has the breath of enthusiasm in it, it is no less true."

Maxwell Dickson is impatient; he pulls Miss Buchanan's sleeve, and with that thrill of nervous strength upon her she is compelled to withdraw those new damp pages from their office of shading her flushed cheek and moving features; but Helen is not angry; she lifts her eyes, which dazzle him with their unusual brightness, to the honest man's stolid face. He does not know what to make of this variable visitor of his; he thinks she looked very different when she entered the shop, but he fancies it must be one of the whims of "the women."

"I'm saying," said Maxwell Dickson, "that the new books have come noo, for this month, Miss Buchanan. This is the twalt—I got Blackwood and the rest o' them the day—and the minister's got Blackwood; but yet may hae your pick o' the rest."

(To be Continued.)

The Pleasure of It.

"We have pleasure in saying," writes Mr. H. I. McIntosh, secretary and treasurer of the Universal Knitting Machine Company, Toronto, Ont., "a good word for St. Jacobs Oil. Our employes use it extensively and report it an invaluable cure for pains, bruises, etc. Cases have been reported to us where it has worked like a charm. There's nothing like it."

Everybody says so.

A Cincinnatian has a pair of 2-months-old fox terriers which are curiosities. While their heads, bodies and hind legs are all perfectly formed, neither of the puppies has any sign of fore legs.

We have no hesitation in saying that Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is without doubt the best medicine ever introduced for dysentery, diarrhœa, 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.

If you wish to open an accounts with a bank provide yourself with a proper introduction. Well managed banks do not open accounts with strangers.

Carter's Little Liver Pills must not be confounded with common Cathartic or Purgative Pills as they are extremely unlike them in every respect. One trial will prove their superiority.

The finest mineral oils are found best for light bearings and high velocities, sperm or lard oil being used with the mineral to give greater tenacity.

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 makes her "feel like a different d reen," at least so they all say, and their husband s say so too.

Franklin was a journeyman printer and son of a tallow chandler and soap boiler.

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.

WORDS THAT BURN.

TO A PHOTOGRAPH.

Oh, Dick, after all that we've gone through
And suffered together, it does seem hard
That all remaining to me of you
Is this little bit of pictured card,
And a few dear letters yellow with years,
And some books that were pencil-marked by you.
I cannot read them through falling tears,
For you were tender and I am true.

I cannot forget the fearful day
You charged by my side through raging shell!
Our knees together—our sabres' play,
Or your maddened face when you saw I fell
With my sword-arm broken; there I lay,
In a little pool from my wounded side,
Till you bore me in your arms away—
But, that you nursed me, I had died.

And ever and always after then
We clung together in march or fight,
And seldom quarreled like other men;
Your heart was pure as your sword was bright.
We prayed with Stonewall and fought again;
We followed Stuart, and both are not;
Ourselves and swords were with Early when
The men in the White House heard his shot.

Always ragged and often starved,
With jingling spurs on our naked feet,
We helped our hero while he carved
His cumbered way on the last retreat!
When all was over and Lee had bowed,
Then parted forever the shattered band.
We left that land of weeping loud—
Peace offered the olive, sword in hand.

And together we came to our people dear.
The welcome we had right dearly cost:
Some of the loved ones were not here—
And they all had prayed for us as lost.
She whom you loved had passed away—
Grieving for you, to the spirit land;
My mother looked on the brighter day,
And, Dick—your going was near at hand!

And now you have gone—but I must stay,
With nothing of you but this pictured card—
Some books, your letters, your coat of grey:
The heart it covered is still. Oh! hard,
I wait for the hour with little fear,
When my name shall be placed on the muster roll,
To the beautiful gates of pearl draw near,
And meet my spirit—oh! brother soul!

—E. W. Thompson.

PARENTS EXPECT GREAT RESULTS.

Never Disappointed When Lactated Food is Used.

Parents are usually very chary and cautious regarding the introduction of artificial foods in the home for the babies and young children. The large majority of the foods now offered for sale are totally unfit for infantile nutrition, and are often a source of danger.

Thousands of mothers in Canada have discarded the common foods and are now using the pure Lactated Food with grand results. No other food has saved so many babies' lives, and no other is so well spoken of in every direction.

A recent letter from a Toronto gentleman, Mr. H. Lovelock, dealer in badges, regalia, etc., No. 100 Belleville avenue, says:

"I desire to substantiate what is said about Lactated Food. Our little baby is 1 year old, and if ever a child looked the picture of health and contentment, our dear little pet girl does, and she owes it all to your Lactated Food. She has never known the luxury of a mother's breast. For the first three weeks of her existence we were at a loss to know what to give her as she could keep nothing on her stomach. A kind friend suggested your Food, and from that time to the present, we have constantly used it, and now desire to thank you for your life-giving food.

"I cannot speak too highly of it, and have thought it only just that I should drop you a line or two in appreciation of your efforts on behalf of our darlings.

"Yours very thankfully,
H. LOVELOCK."

The spring window shade, the stylographic pen, the marking pen and rubber stamps each brings $100,000 a year to their inventors.

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.

Almost all galleries in Europe, public and private, are open at certain times to students or to any well-behaved persons.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia. Lyman, Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents. ywt

T. C. Thornhill, optician, jeweler, watch maker and engraver; lawn mower sharpened and repaired. A call solicited 402 Talbot street.

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Teacher—It seems you are never able to answer any of my questions. How is this, my boy?

Johnnie—If I knew all the things you asked me, ma'am, dad wouldn't send me here.

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W. Chapman, BUTCHER,

Fresh and Salt Meats, Beef, Mutton, Fowls, etc. Goods delivered to any part of the city.

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A LITTLE GIRL'S DANGER.

Mr. Henry Macombe, Leyland St., Blackburn, London, Eng., states that his little girl fell and struck her knee against a curbstone. The knee began to swell, became very painful and terminated in what doctors call "white swelling." She was treated by the best medical men, but grew worse. Finally

ST. JACOBS OIL

was used. The contents of one bottle completely reduced the swelling, killed the pain and cured her.

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

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Marvellous Effect!!
Preserves and Rejuvenates the Complexion.

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The ingredients are perfectly pure, and WE CANNOT SPEAK TOO HIGHLY OF THEM.
The Soap is PERFECTLY PURE and ABSOLUTELY NEUTRAL.
JUVENIA SOAP is entirely free from any colouring matter, and contains about the smallest proportion possible of water. From careful analysis and a thorough investigation of the whole process of its manufacture, we consider this Soap fully qualified to rank amongst the FIRST OF TOILET SOAPS.—T. Redwood, Ph.D., F.I.C., F.C.S.; T. Horne Redwood, F.I.C., F.C.S.; A. J. De Hailes, F.I.C., F.C.S.

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London Furniture Manfg. Co.,
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The Circular Saw 22 years ago was as much a novelty and as difficult to run as the Band Saw is to-day. With the experience gained in handling the Circular, knowledge of the Band Saw is much more readily acquired. Special improved tools also facilitate the work. We furnish an expert with each mill to instruct in the use of tools and work on saw.
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