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 by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

London, Wednesday, Oct. 15.

Desperate Remedies

By Thomas Hardy,

AUTHOR OF "A PAIR OF BLUE EYES," "THE TRUMPET-MAJOR," ETC.

Cytherea was silent. She feared she might be again a burden to her brother.

"However, you stand a very good chance," the man went on, "for I think she likes you more than common. I have never known her send the pony carriage to meet one before; 'tis always the trap, but this time she said, in a very particular lady-like tone, 'Roobert, goaw with the pony-carriage.' There, 'tis true, pony and carriage too are getten rather shabby now," he added, looking round the vehicle as if to keep Cytherea's pride within reasonable limits.

"'Tis to be hoped you'll please in dressen her to-night."

"Why to-night?"

"There's a dinner-party of seventeen; 'tis her father's birthday, and she's very particular about her appearance at such times. Now look; this is the house. Livelier up here, isn't it, miss?"

They were now on rising ground, and had just emerged from a clump of trees. Still a little higher than where they stood was situated the mansion, called Knapwater House, the offices gradually loosing themselves among the trees behind.

§ 2. Evening.

The house was regularly and substantially built of clean gray freestone throughout, in that plainer fashion of Greek classicism which prevailed at the latter end of the last century, when the copyists called designers had grown weary of fantastic variations in the Roman orders. The main block approximated to a square on the ground plan, having a projection in the center of each side, surmounted by a pediment. From each angle of the north side, ran a line of buildings lower than the rest, turning inwards at their further end, and forming within them a spacious open court, within which resounded an echo of astonishing clearness. These erections were in their turn backed by ivy-covered ice-houses, laundries, and stables, the whole mass of subsidiary buildings being half buried beneath close set shurbs and trees.

There was an opening sufficient through the foliage on the right hand to enable her on nearer approach to form an idea of the arrangements of the remoter or south front also. The natural features and contour of this quarter of the site had evidently dictated the position of the house primarily, and were of the ordinary, and upon the whole, most satisfactory kind, namely, a broad graceful slope running from the terrace beneath the walls to the margin of a placid lake lying below, upon the surface of which a dozen swans and a green punt floated at leisure. An irregular wooded island stood in the midst of the lake; beyond this and the further margin of the water were plantations and greensward of varied outlines, the trees, heightening, by half veiling, the softness of the exquisite landscape stretching behind.

The glimpses she had obtained of this portion were now checked by the angle of the building. In a minute or two they reached the side door, at which Cytherea alighted. She was welcomed by an elderly woman of lengthy smile and general pleasantness, who announced herself to be Mrs. Morris, the housekeeper.

"Mrs. Graye, I believe," she said.

"I am not—oh, yes, yes—we are all mistress," said Cytherea, smiling but forcedly, The title accorded to her seemed disagreeably like the first slight scar of the brand, and she thought of Owen's prophecy.

Mrs. Morris led her into a comfortable parlor called The Room Here tea was made ready, and Cytherea sat down, looking whenever occasion allowed, at Mrs. Morris with the greatest interest and curiosity, to discover, if possible, something in her which should give a clue to the secret of her knowledge of herself, and the recommendation based upon it. But nothing was to be learnt, at any rate just then. Mrs. Morris was perpetually getting up, feeling in her pockets, going to the cupboards, leaving the room for two or three minutes, and trotting back again.

"You'll excuse me, Mrs. Graye," she said, "but 'tis the old gentleman's birthday and they always have a lot of people to dinner on that day, though he's getting up in years now. However, none of them are sleepers—she generally keeps the house pretty clear of lodgers (being a lady with no intimate friends, though many acquaintances), which, though it gives us less to do, makes it always duller for the younger maids in the house." Mrs. Morris then proceeded to give in fragmentary speeches an outline of the constitution and government of the estate.

"Now, are you sure you have quite done tea? Not a bit or a drop more? Why you have eaten nothing I'm sure. Well now it is rather inconvenient that the other maid is not here to show you the ways of the house a little, but she left last Saturday, and Miss Aldclyffe has been making shift with poor old clumsy me for a maid all yesterday and this morning. She is not come in yet. I expect she will ask for you, Mrs. Graye, the first thing. I was going to say if you really had done tea, I will take you upstairs, and show you through the wardrobes—Miss Aldclyffe's is not laid out for to-night yet."

She preceeded Cytherea upstairs, pointed out her own room, and then took her into Miss Aldclyffe's dressing-room, on the first floor; where, after explaining the whereabouts of the various articles of apparel, the housekeeper left her, telling her that she had an hour yet upon her hands before dressing-time. Cytherea laid out upon the bed in the next room all that she had been told would be required that evening, and then went again to the little room which had been appropriated to herself.

Here she sat down by the open window, leant out upon the sill like another Blessed Damozel, and listlessly looked down upon the brilliant pattern of colors formed by the flower-beds on the lawn—now richly crowded with late summer blossom. But the vivacity of spirit which seemed to have enlivened her hitherto, was fast ebbing under the pressure of prosaic realities, and the warm scarlet of the geraniums, glowing most conspicously, and mingling with the vivid cold red and green of verbenas, the rich depth of the dahlias, and the ripe mellowness of the calceolaria, backed by the pale hue of a flock of meek sheep feeding in the open park, close to the other side of the fence, were, to a great extent, lost to her eyes. She was thinking that nothing seemed worth while, that it was possible she might die in the workhouse; and what did it matter? The petty vulgar details of servitude that she had just passed through, her dependence upon the whims of a strange woman, the necessity of quenching all individuality of character in herself, and relinquishing her own peculiar tastes to help on the wheel of this alien establishment, made her sick and sad, and she almost longed to pursue some free, out-of-doors employment, sleep under the treef or in a hut, and know no enemy but winter and cold weather, like shepherds and cowkeepers, and birds and animals—ay, like the sheep she say there under her window. She looked sympathizingly at them for several minutes, imagining their enjoyment of the rich grass.

"Yes—like those sheep," she said aloud, and her face reddened with surprise at a discovered she made that very instant.

The flock consisted of some 90 or a 100 young stock ewes; the surface of their fleece was as rounded and even as a cushion and white as milk. Now she had just observed that on the left buttock of every one of them were marked in distinct red letters the initials "E. S."

"E. S." could bring to Cytherea's mind only one thought; but that immediately and for ever, the name of her lover, Edward Springrove.

"Oh, if it should be——!" She interrupted her words by a resolve. Miss Aldclyffe's carriage at the same moment made its appearance in the drive, but Miss Aldclyffe was not her object now. It was to ascertain to whom the sheep belonged and to set her surmise at rest one way or the other. She flew down stairs to Mrs. Morris.

"Whose sheep are those in the park, Mrs. Morris?"

"Farmer Springrove's."

"What Farmer Springrove is that?" she said quickly.

"Why, surely you know? Your friend, Farmer Springrove, the cider-maker, and who keeps the Three Tranters Inn; who recommended you to me when he came in to see me the other day?"

(To be Continued.)

FUN, FACTS AND FICTION

Fame is a glorious thing to achieve, but a small salary is more negotiable.

Advice to Mothers.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.

Though a woman can keep a secret if she just has to, she can't keep secret the fact that she has a secret to keep.—[Indianapolis Journal.

A doctor's bill is seldom less than five dollars, and this doesn't include the cost of filling prescriptions. One dollar purchases a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which, in nine cases out of ten, is all the medical treatment needed. Try it, and save your money for a rainy day.

About the first thing that strikes the man who runs away is the scarcity of places to run to.

Baldness is catching, says a scientist. It's catching flies in summer time. Use Hall's Hair Renewer and cover the bald place with healthy hair and flies won't trouble.

Hubly—This crying youngster is enough to drive me distracted. Wife—Wait a moment and I'll sing it to sleep. Hubly—On second thought, you'd better let it cry.

Timely Wisdom.

Great and timely wisdom is shown by keeping Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry on hand. It has no equal for cholera, cholera morbus, diarrhea, dysentery, colic, cramps and all summer complaints or looseness of the bowels.

"Ten dimes make [one dollar," said the schoolmaster. "Now go on, sir. Ten dollars make one—what?" "They] make one mighty glad these times."

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

She—Why do you wish that you were poor, Mr. Hifler? He—Why, see how much money I could save if I was too poor to keep a yacht.

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.

Watts—Now, I never judge a man's income by his clothes. Do you? Potts—No, not until I have seen his wife's clothes, also.

Imperial Federation

Will present an opportunity to extend the fame of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, the unfailing remedy for cholera, cholera morbus, colic, cramps, diarrhea, dysentery, and all summer complaints, to every part of the Empire. Wild Strawberry never fails.

"So you, too, have won a wife at last?" "I have; but, alas! she's the one, and I'm two."

Hair Magic.

Is a good name of Dr. Dorenwend's German preparation for the hair. It really works like magic. All who have used it pronounce it to be unequaled for remedying the lost vitality of the hair roots, restoring gray hair, removing dandruff, etc. Just try it. It is first-class. All druggists sell it.

Some very strange accidents are brought to light by the accident insurance business. For instance, a man at Zaliski, Ohio, a stationary engineer, was kicked very severely by a hog. It disabled him for quite a number of weeks, and he was paid $97. Another case was that of a man of Chillicothe, Ohio. As he was stooping to pick up some kindling wood a game rooster gaffed him in the waist, cutting an artery, which disabled him for some time.

Equal Rights.

All have equal rights in life and liberty and the pursuit of happiness, but many are handicapped in the race by dyspepsia, biliousness, lack of energy, nervous debility, weakness, constipation, etc. By completely removing these complaints Burdock Blood Bitters confers untold benefits on all sufferers.

Finnan haddies, bloaters, fresh oysters, Jersey sweet potatoes. A. MOUNTJOY, City Hall.

Anxious to Oblige.

I'm afraid you will have to look for a new place before the first of the month, Bridget."

"What fur, Ma'm?"

"Mr. Smith objects to so much waste in the kitchen."

"Lor' Ma'am, if that's all, I'll lace mesilf widin an inch of me loife."

Must be Near

Mr. Blugo—What's the matter, Tommy? Tommy (crying)—I dropped my penny on the floor.

Mr. Blugo—Never mind. It won't go far. A dollar wouldn't go far in this house.

Cause.

Lady Guest—I leave this house in an hour.

Clerk—Is there anything wrong, madam?

Lady Guest—Wrong! Well, I should say so. Why, the next room and mine are connected by a door and you have actually stopded up the keyhole.

Parried.

Wife—Did you notice Mrs. Stunner's bonnet in church this morning?

Husband—No, indeed, I was lost in admiration of your own.

Worth Ten Dollars a Bottle.

Any person who has used Polson's Nerviline, the great pain cure, would not be without it if it cost ten dollars a bottle. A good thing is worth its weight in gold, and Nerviline is the best remedy in the world for all kinds of pain. It cures neuralgia in five minutes; toothache in one minute; lame back at one application; headache in a few moments; and all pains just as rapidly. Why not try it to-day? Large bottles 25 cents, sold by all druggists and country dealers. Use Polson's nerve pain cure —Nerviline.

The Head Surgeon

Of the Lubon Medical Company is now at Toronto, Canada, and may be consulted either in person or by letter on all chronic diseases peculiar to man. Men, young, old, or middle-aged, who find themselves nervous, weak and exhausted, who are broken down from excess or overwork, resulting in many of the following symptoms: Mental depression, premature old age, loss of vitality, loss of memory, bad dreams, dimness of sight, palpitation of the heart, emissions, lack of energy, pain in the kidneys, headache, pimples on the face or body, itching or peculiar sensation about the scrotum, wasting of the organs, dizziness, specs before the eyes, twitching of the muscles, eyelids and elsewhere, bashfulness, deposits in the urine, loss of will power, tenderness of the scalp and spine, weak and flabby muscles, desire to sleep, failure to be rested by sleep, constipation, dullness of hearing, loss of voice, desire for solitude, excitability of temper, sunken eyes surrounded with LEADEN CIRCLE, oily looking skin, etc., are all symptoms of nervous debility that lead to insanity and death unless cured. The spring or vital force having lost its tension every function wanes in consequence. Those who through abuse committed in ignorance may be permanently cured. Send your address for book on all diseases peculiar to man. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Front Street East, Toronto, Ont. Books sent free sealed. Heart disease, the symptoms of which are faint spells, purple lips, numbness, palpitation, skip beats, hot flashes, rush of blood to the head, dull pain in the heart with beats strong, rapid and irregular, the second heart beat quicker than the first, pain about the breast bone, etc., can positively be cured. No cure, no pay. Send for book. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Front Street East, Toronto, Ont. Consultations free.

Sciatica.

Sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, gout, lumbago, etc., permanently cured by taking Kern's Rheumatic Cure. Try it. It will not fail to benefit you. For sale by all druggists. Price, $1 per bottle.

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11-tf

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