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.

"I wonder," said Lilias, "whether our minds are formed, Helen, to suit our fate? I mean that our griefs are made for us, like our dwellings, with an individual fitness in them all. It seems so strange sometimes, as if on one person had fallen the fate which properly belonged to another; yet it must be that we are suited always—our minds with our trials."

"It must be," said the bolder Helen, "for what would be joy to one is nothing to another, Lilias. I think I could fancy what my troubles would be, and yours?"

"Tell me, Helen."

"Calm, grave, quiet sorrows, which will not have the fever of doubt and hope in them, which you will know certainly, and be able to weep silent tears for. Lilias, I think these will be yours; and for me—I do not know—I think strong troubles that I can fight and battle with; unquiet, living griefs that will keep me strained and laboring. Lilias, is it not my foolish fancies that make you sad?"

"No. I do not see the sun just now, that is all," said the pale calm Lilias, shutting the eyes which were again full. "Helen, Helen, let us not say any more."

CHAPTER III.

Concealment, like a worm i' the land,
Preyed on her damask cheek.
—Twelfth Night.

The good Mossgray was pained for the dimness which hung about his adopted child. It was not positive sorrow—it was only a shadowy quietness as of a cloud, and very still and patient was Lilias. She was trying to live in the present only, because the future, when she tried to look upon it, made her heart sick; but it is not in the nature of humanity to do this, and her effort to confine herself to those individual hours, as one by one in their quietness they glided past her, made her only languidly indifferent to them all. For Lilias was alone; the hope in peril was her sole hope; kindly ties of kindred there were none for her, and except the old man, her guardian, to whom she looked with tenderness and reverence as to a father, but who yet was not her father, nor had part in all the associations of the past as members of one family have, she had none in the world but this one—and he!—

Where was he? was it peril or illness, or, painfulest of all, was it change, which produced this agony of silence? She tried to interdict herself from the constant speculation to which she would give no answer, but the yearning wonder and anxiety were too strong for the sorrowful heart; yet she said nothing. She could not blame him, she could not have another fancy that on his truth there lay the faintest suspicion; and with that haze of mild, subdued patience about her, she waited, and when she did think of future time at all, thought of what lay beyond that fated, solemn day, on which tidings might and surely must come, as of some dreamy, unknown chaos, strange and chill, another life.

"I dinna ken what's come to Miss Lilie," said Mrs. Mense, with a sigh.

"She's ower muckle made o', that's it," responded the scurer Janet.

"Woman, woman!" said the housekeeper, bitterly, "have ye nae memory o' being ance young yoursel', and maybe having troubles in your ain heart that wadna bear telling? but I needna speak to you."

"Na, I reckon no," said Janet. "Me! I wad just like to hear onybody say that I ever had a trouble a' my born days that mightna hae been visible to the haill world if it likit."

"And that just shows how little ye ken about it," said Mrs. Mense; "if ye ever had a heart ava, it maun hae grown to bane twenty year ago. Are ye gaun to iron thae bits o'laces for the young lady or are ye no? for if ye're no, I'll do't mysel'—"

"The young lady—set her up!" said the housekeeper de facto. "Muckle right she has to the auld Lady Mossgray's guid lace. He'll be gleing her the land next; there's nae fails like auld fails."

"Janet Mense," said the old woman, "ye hae eaten the laird's bread mony a year, and hae suffered ye in the house, for a' your ill tongue, and for a' sae little worth as ye are; but if ye daur to say anither word against Mr. Adam, I'll take ye by the shouthers and put ye forth from this door. I'll do it with my ain hands; sae ye ken."

Janet judged it prudent to sound a retreat. She began to spread the lace upon the table, preparatory to the process of ironing.

"The wife's in a creel," said Robbie Caryle the fisherman, entering with his basket of flounders, thinly covered with a few grilse. "Wha's she gaun to pit to the door? If it's Effie, I'll hae nae meir dealings wi' ye, Mrs. Mense, for Effie's Jamie Caryl's daughter, and Jamie's my second cousin; sae we'll be to agree again."

"And "wha'll tire sunest o' that, Robbie, my man?" said the housekeeper.

"Faith, I dinna ken," said the bold fisherman, "there's waur folk nor me, guid wife; and if I missed your custom, ye wad miss my ca', ye ken; for I'm guid company—especially when I bring the cuddie."

"I would like to ken, Robbie Caryl," said Janet, "what the like o' you has to do wi' a cuddie."

"The like o' me? Ye're a sensible woman, Jen, but ye dinna ken a'thing; it's no to be expected. I ken few that does, by mysel', and Mossgray, and the minister; the like o' me! as if I wasna as 'sponsible a man as there is in the parish, and as weel entitled to hae ease to my shouthers! There's thristles and dockens enow aboon tidemark to mainteen a dizzen cuddies, and he taks nae cleeding, puir beast; he's cheeper than a wean."

"Eh, Robbie!" said Mrs. Mense, reproachfully, "to even the bits of innocent bairns to a brute beast!"

"He's a very decent beast," said Robbie. "I hae kent mony a waur Christian. The bairns? I hae half a dizzen curly pows o' them, ilk ane a greater sorrow than the tither, and I can tell ye it's Blackie out there that has the maist cause to compleen o' being evened to them. He's a decent, sober, 'sponsible beast, like my ain sel', and the little anes are even-down spirits, never out o' mischief, if it binna when they're tumbled in a tub; and then ane has the fash o' fishing them out again."

"It maun be awful' dangerous for bairns, that weary marsh," said Mrs. Mense, sympathetically.

"Hout, we never fash our heads about it," said the fisherman; "they're a' born to plouter amang saut water; it comes natural; when they do get a fa' the oldest anes can scramble out again, and there's nane o' them ower young to skirl. The wife whiles makes a fyke about it, but nane of them 'll drown. You might maist say they were born in the sea; onyway, the tide was up on the very doorstane the nicht Sandy was born. It was an uncommon high tide; and the weans hae a story that he came in on the tap o' a muckle wave. Little Mary wad maist swear she saw the bit wee beld pow o' him in amang the foam; and the foam's nane o' the clearest, I can tell ye, when the firth's in a roar."

"Wasna Monday nicht uncommon coarse doun-bye?" said Janet. "Did ye hear if there was ony skaith dune, Robbie?"

"Hout, woman, do ye ca' yon coarse?" answered the saltwater man. "Skaith! no, if it werena that auld carless body Willie Tamson that brought in his heavy brute o' a boat ower the nets, and had nigh coupit her! forbye driving I kenna how mony stakes out of the shore, and garring us lose a day's kep. The fish are aye maist plentiful when the water's troubled; puir beasts! they haena muckle variety in their life—I'm thinking they'll like a storm for the sake o' change; onyway, they're aye strong when the firth's champing like an illy-willy horse."

"And are you doing ought weel, Robbie?" said Mrs. Mense.

"No to compleen o'," answered Robbie, "it hauds us gaun, I'm thinking we'll be no that ill this year; the red fish looks weel. See to that grilse; ye'll be needing it for the laird's dinner the day. Did ye ever see a bonnier beast in the water or out o't?"

After considerable bargaining, the grilse was laid aside together with store of flounders.

"For there's nae saying," said Robbie, "when I may be round again, and it's better to hae a wheen ower mony than ower few—that's philosophy—ye can ask the laird. I'm thinking to send Peter mair; he's a muckle callant grown, and I see nae occasion I have, to keep a doug, and bark mysel; if it wasna that it wad be an awfu' loss to the haill countryside—I dinna ken what ye wad a' do, wanting me."

"You've aye a guid word o' yoursel, Robbie Caryl," said Janet.

"There's ne'er a ane kens me as weel, Jen, my woman," retorted the undaunted Robbie, "if it binna the wife; and the wife's gift is mair for finding out folk's faults than their guid qualities; but when I gie ower coming ye'll find it out; see if ye dinna be gieing weary looks ilka market-day for Robbie Caryl and the cuddie."

"We'll wait till that time comes, Robbie," said Mrs. Mense; "but, man, hae ye nae mair news than that?"

"Hearken till her noo," said Robbie, reflectively; "hearken till the gate o' thae women—ne'er a thing but news in the heads o' them. Jen, I'm awa'—hae ye ony message to your joe? I'm the canniest man gaun I ne'er was blackfit at a courtin' yet but it throve; and speaking about marryin'—that's what ye ca' news, I'm thinking? the wives in the toun are thrang on the top o' ane e'en now."

(To be Continued.)

Your Blood

Undoubtedly needs a thorough cleansing this season to expel impurities, keep up the health-tone and prevent disease. You should take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier and system tonic. It is unequaled in positive medicinal merit.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, effective, but do not cause pain or gripe. Be sure to get Hood's. h

More has been accomplished by those who keep in touch with the sympathies of the people than by those whose eyes and thoughts never reach the ground.

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant, sure and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

Some people are like the insects we see around the evening lamp; they are vacillating, running first one way then another, and accomplish nothing.

Mr. Job Scales, 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 Northrup and 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."

It is not so much what one does as it is the manner of doing it that counts.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

It is sometimes a mistake to clothe a beautiful thought in elegant language, as some take note of the words only, and pay no heed to the thought.

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 person," at least so they all say, and their husbands say so too.

Through the influence of the Princess of Monaco, the gambling establishment at Monte Carlo is to be converted into a hospital for consumptives.

WORDS THAT BURN.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Because we once drove together
In the moonlight over the snow,
With the sharp bells ringing their tinkling chime
So many a year ago.

So now as I hear them jingle,
The winter comes back again,
Though the summer stirs in the heavy trees,
And the wild rose scents the lane.

We gather our furs around us,
Our faces the keen air stings,
And noiseless we fly o'er the snow-hushed world
Almost as if we had wings.

Enough is the joy of mere living,
Enough is the blood's quick thrill;
We are simply happy—I care not why—
We are happy beyond our will.

The trees are with icicles jeweled,
The walls are o'er surfed with snow;
The houses with marble whiteness are roofed,
In their windows the home-lights glow.

And jingling with low sweet clashing
Ring the bells as our good horse goes,
And tossing his head, from his nostrils red
His frosty breath he blows.

And closely you nestle against me,
While around your waist my arm
I have slipped—'tis a bitter bitter cold—
It is only to keep us warm.

We talk, and then we are silent:
And suddenly—you know why—
I stooped—could I help it? You lifted your face—
We kissed—there was nobody nigh.

And no one was ever the wiser,
And no one was ever the worse;
The skies did not fall—as perhaps they ought—
And we heard no paternal curse.

I never told it—did you, dear—
From that day unto this;
But my memory keeps in its inmost recess
Like a perfume that innocent kiss.

I dare say you have forgotten,
'Twas so many a year ago:
Or you may not choose to remember it,
Time may have changed you so.

The world so chills us and kills us,
Perhaps you may scorn to recall
That night with its innocent impulse—
Perhaps you'll deny it all.

But if of that fresh sweet nature
The veriest vestige survive,
You remember that moment's madness,
You remember that moonlight drive.

—W. W. Story.

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE.

Anger is a short madness.—Horace.

We measure great men by their character, not by their success.—[Neos.

A benefit consists not in what is done or given, but in the intention of the giver or the doer.—[Seneca.

Begin; to begin is half the work. Let half still remain; again begin this and thou wilt have finished.—[Ausonius.

The general of a large army may be defeated, but you cannot defeat the determined mind of a peasant.—[Confucius.

No man can be brave who thinks pain the greatest evil; nor temperate who considers pleasure the highest good.—Cicero.

The most certain sign of wisdom is a continual cheerfulness; her state is like that of things in the regions above the moon, always clear and serene.—Montaigue.

Man's unhappiness as I construe comes of his greatness; it is because there's an infinite in him, which with all his cuning he cannot quite bury under the fine.—[Carlyle.

Made from the purest natural fruit extracts. Every bottle labeled Pure Old. Manufactured only by Pure Gold Manufacturing Company, Toronto.

He who stands hands in pocket on the street corner waiting for some good fairy to leave him a fortune gets most awfully left.

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.

Don't be too afraid of playing "second fiddle"; it is not so much the position as the way it is filled that counts.

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.

It is not the comparisons we object to; they are only odious when they present us in an unfavorable light.

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

You may have grand, good thoughts, but if no one profits by them what does it signify?

"How to Cure All Skin Diseases."

Simply apply "SWAINE'S OINTMENT." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, etc., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for SWAYNE'S OINTMENT. Lyman, Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents. ywt

There is something in the knowledge that a piece of work is almost done that rests one up amazingly.

THE FALL FAIRS.

List of Coming Exhibitions Under the Auspices of County and Township Agricultural Societies.

Secretaries of agricultural societies are requested to forward the dates of their annual fall fairs for publication in this column.

WESTERN	LONDON	Sept. 15-24
Midland Central	Kingston	Sept. 1-9
Industrial Exposi'n	Toronto	Sept. 8-17
Hay Agl. So.	Zurich	Sept. 12-13
Montreal Exposi'n	Montreal, Que.	Sept. 15-21
Lincoln Union	St. Catharines	Sept. 19-23
Culross	Teeswater	Sept. 20-21
Wellesley, NE Hope	Wellesley	Sept. 20-21
Central	Guelph	Sept. 20-22
Center Bruce	Paisley	Sept. 20-21
Dundas	Dundas	Sept. 21-22
North Simcoe	Stayner	Sept. 21-23
North Bruce	Port Elgin	Sept. 22-23
Central Canada	Ottawa	Sept 23-Oct
London Township	Ilderton	Sept. 26
Malahide & Yarm'h	Aylmer	Sept. 26-28
Barrie	Barrie	Sept. 26-28
Stephen & Usborne	Exeter	Sept. 26-27
Palmerston Hort'l	Palmerston	Sept. 26-27
Northern	Ailsa Craig	Sept. 26-27
East Muskoka	Huntsville	Sept. 27-28
North Ontario	Uxbridge	Sept. 27-28
Mitchell	Mitchell	Sept. 27-8
S. Oxford Union	Tilsonburg	Sept. 27-28
South Grey	Durham	Sept. 27-28
Mornington	Milverton	Sept. 27-28
Northern	Ailsa Craig	Sept. 27-28
South Perth	St. Marys	Sept. 27-28
Peel county	Brampton	Sept. 27-28
Southern	Brantford	Sept. 27-29
Essex Union	Windsor	Sept. 27-29
Great Northern	Collingwood	Sept. 27-30
Northern	Walkerton	Sept. 27-30
Elgin Fair Ass'n	St. Thomas	Sept. 27, 28, 29
West Middlesex	Strathroy	Sept. 27, 28, 29
North Oxford	Woodstock	Sept. 28-29
Northwestern	Goderich	Sept. 28-30
North Perth	Stratford	Sept. 29-30
Welland	Welland	Sept. 29-30
Wilmot	New Hamburg	Sept. 29-30
Orillia	Orillia	Sept. 29-30
Walpole Township	Jarvis	Sept. 29-30
Elma	Atwood	Sept. 29
Muskoka	Bracebridge	Sept. 29-30
North Norwich	Norwich	Sept. 30-Oct. 1
Mosa and Ekfrid	Glencoe	Oct. 3-4
Moore Ag'l. Society	Bridgen	Oct. 4
East Wawanosh Ag. So.	Belgrave	Oct. 4-5
East Lambton	Watford	Oct. 4-5
N. and W. Oxford	Ingersoll	Oct. 4-5
Haldimand	Cayuga	Oct. 4-5
North Brant	Paris	Oct. 4-5
Collingwood Tp	Clarksburg	Oct. 4-5
South Huron	Seaforth	Oct. 4-5
Hibbert	Stafa	Oct. 4-5
Dufferin Central	Shelburne	Oct. 4-5
West Williams	Parkhill	Oct. 4-5
West Nissouri	Thorndale	Oct. 5.
West Kent	Chatham	Oct. 4-6
East Algoma	Sault Ste. Marie	Oct. 4-6
Brooke & Alvinston	Alvinston	Oct. 5-6
East York	Markham	Oct. 5-7
Leamington	Leamington	Oct. 5-7
Middleton	Courtland	Oct. 6
Huron Central	Clinton	Oct. 6-7
Center Wellington	Elora	Oct. 6-7
Milton	Milton	Oct. 6-7
South Waterloo	Galt	Oct. 6-7
East Huron	Brussels	Oct. 6-7
South Norwich	Otterville	Oct. 7-8
Aldboro	Rodney	Oct. 7
Delaware Tp	Delaware	Oct. 7
W. Zorra & Embro	Embro	Oct. 7
Monck	Wellandport	Oct. 7-8
East Nissouri	Lakeside	Oct. 11
West Elgin	Wallacetown	Oct. 11-12
Howard Branch	Ridgetown	Oct. 11-13
Plympton and Wyoming	Wyoming	Oct 12
Burford township	Harley	Oct. 13-14
Toronto Township	Cooksville	Oct. 14
Bosanquet	Thedford	Oct. 14
Camden	Dresden	Oct. 14-15
Norfolk Union	Simcoe	Oct. 17-19
W. York & Vaughn.	Woodbridge	Oct. 18-19

A LITTLE GIRL'S DANGER.

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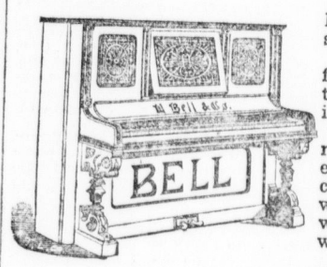

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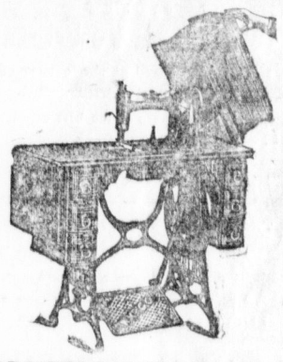

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