

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

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

ACHES.

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

aches they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint, and those who have tried them will find that the pills will cure in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all such head

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

London, Tuesday, Feb. 4.

SMILES AND TEARS.

You meant to wound me? Then forgive, O friend, that when the blow fell, I turned my face from you to the wall to smile, instead of die.

You meant to grieve me? Dear friend, whose praise like jewels I have kept, forgive me, that for your joy I bent my happy head and wept.

ANNETTE.

A Story of a Woman's Faithfulness.

"For of course," he continued, "as I have told you time and time again, my father will disinherit me, but I am willing to sacrifice my fortune for your sake. And now, have you no word to say to me?"

"I have," she answered in a low, trembling voice. "If you will only make me an honest woman, as the old saying goes, I will not be a burden to you, nor force you to live with me. We can separate immediately after the ceremony, and arrange for a divorce, so that you may be free to marry her whom you love so much more than you do me."

"Nonsense, Annette," he said in his old-time airy manner. "You are the only woman I love or ever shall love, and I marry you to live with you without all this secrecy and deceit, and when the only cause of dissension between us shall be removed, we shall be as happy as the generality of married people."

Annette drew a long sigh. He said: "I have yielded to your conditions. Will you now grant me one?"

"What is it?" she asked.

"That we shall not be married in a church."

Annette started, flashing an uneasy look upon him, which he rightly interpreted, and replied:

"Oh, you needn't be afraid of my playing you any trick this time. I will bring minister here—to this house, who will marry us fast and sure, in presence of all you choose to call in as witnesses—the butcher the baker, the candlestick-maker, the milkman, the bootblack, and any other of your bosom friends."

She winced.

"They can certify that the minister is a minister, and he can certify that the ceremony is a strictly legal one. Why do you not speak?"

"Because," she stammered, "I am too surprised—too happy to speak."

"Then say nothing, my darling, but come and give me a kiss and seal the bargain."

Bursting into tears of joy, she flung herself into his arms. He held her to his heart, murmuring, as he kissed her again and again.

"Truly the old poet was right when he said,

"The falling out of faithful friends
Renews all of love."

And, now, dear, let us come back to earth. I am desperately hungry, having refused a splendid supper in order to get to you sooner. Have you anything in the house to eat?"

"Nothing very nice."

"Anything will do—a little bread, and a bottle of wine, if you have any."

"Oh yes, there's plenty of champagne. I will have something ready for you in the dining-room in a minute or two."

Annette hurried off, her heart overflowing with new and unexpected happiness.

How quickly it would have been replaced by fear had she but glanced back suddenly, and surprised the black, threatening look on his face!

She soon prepared a little cold collation, and called him into the dining room.

He ate something, then opened a bottle of wine, poured out a glass, put his lips to it, and set it down, saying that it was too warm to drink.

"I will get some," said the girl.

"And another wine-glass please."

As soon as she had left the room he took the perfume-bottle from his pocket and stealthily poured its contents into the empty glass. The liquid was colorless. Nevertheless, he held his hand over the top of the glass until Annette came back with the cracked ice in a saucer. He put a spoonful into the glass, then a drop or two of wine, raised it to his lips, but took good care not to taste it.

"It's flat," he said, still holding it. "A bit of bread will make it off. I will fill your glass for you, my love; you drop a piece of bread into it, and toss off the wine the moment it bubbles up."

He held the glass of poison in one hand, and the bottle of wine in the other, and when she dropped a bit of bread into it he handed the glass to her saying:

"Now I drink to you!"

She unsuspectingly, unsuspectingly, drank the wine to the last drop.

As she set down the glass she caught his eyes fixed upon her with such a strange expression in them, that she, sinister, and so triumphant, that she struck instant terror to her heart, and in a tone of wonder and alarm she asked:

"Why do you look at me so strangely?"

"Do I show you how foolish you are?"

Always imagining something. I was only thinking how thirsty I am."

"Setting her empty glass well away from him, he filled himself a goblet of wine, threw back his head and drank it."

As he was setting down the empty glass he looked again at Annette, and instantly perceived that a change had come over her features.

Her under lip was dropped, and her eyes opened to their utmost extent, were fixed upon him, while her whole frame had assumed a sort of rigidity. She was staring up, motionless, with a vacant expression upon her white, set features.

"What's the matter?" he asked in a voice trembling with fear and hope.

There was no answer.

He repeated his question in a loud tone, as if he thought she had suddenly been struck with deafness.

Still no answer, nor any sign that she heard or saw him, although her strained eyeballs were still directed towards him.

"Turning away his eyes to avoid that stony stare, he hurriedly asked:

"Can't you hear or speak? Are you ill?"

No reply, nor any change in that fixed position.

The girl resembled one struck with cataplexy, in which the sufferer remains rigid in any position in which he may be placed, without the power to change it.

The thought of this disease occurred to Perry. Overcoming his reluctance to touch the form once so dear to him, he placed his hand upon her shoulder and shook her slightly.

As if smitten by magic she instantly sank to the floor, without any attempt to save herself, the light raking having deprived her of the sustaining power of her lower limbs. She went down in a sitting posture, all of a heap, and so suddenly that he was startled and amazed.

"By heaven!" he said to himself, "the drug has made quick work of her, though I had not much faith in it. Annette! Annette!" he called, bending over and forcing himself to look into the wide open eyes to ascertain any shade of reason lingered there, but found himself unable to determine what lurked behind their changeless stare.

"Annette," he called again, close to her ear, "if you cannot speak, give me some sign that you hear me, see me. Look me," he went on, going to the table, "while I break this glass, and if you can, nod your head or wink so I can tell that you know what I am doing."

He snatched up the glass which had contained the poison, and dashed it to the floor, then, with his heel, ground, not pieces into infinitesimal fragments. Not satisfied with this, he ran to the kitchen, got a broom, came back, and swept away every glittering bit of shattered glass. As he flung the shining particles in every direction, he kept glancing sideways at the huddled-up figure on the floor—look at her straight he could not. The fixed eyes seemed to follow his actions; like those of a portrait which appear to watch you, though you know they cannot move.

(To be Continued.)

FUN, FACTS AND FICTION.

A Judicious Compound of Wit and Wisdom.

Mother (to her old maid daughter)—Why, Julia, what do you mean by using the family bible in that way? You are scratching out figures in the family record and inserting others. Julia—It is a record of my birth, isn't it? Mother—Yes, it is. Julia—Well, I'm lowering the record.

A man's wife should always be the same especially to her husband, but if she is weak and nervous and uses Carter's Little Liver Pills, she will be for they will make her feel like a different person, at least so they all say, and their husbands say so, too.

He—Miss Waddington, you are a puzzle to me. I never know how to take you. She (sighs)—You never tried.

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.

My son, don't advertise your griefs. If you have crooked legs do not wear striped pantaloons.

Mr. J. R. Allen, upholsterer, Toronto sends us the following: "For six or seven years my wife suffered with Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Inward Piles and Kidney Complaint. We tried two physicians and any number of medicines without getting any relief, until we got a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. This was the first relief she got, and before one bottle was used the benefit she derived from it was beyond our expectation."

Regrets never follow virtuous actions. No one is sorrowful because, in looking back on his past life, he sees that it has been a life of duty and full of labor for others. If he does grieve at the retrospect it is because his efforts have been so imperfect and because he has done far less than it was his duty to do.

A Dinner Pill.—Many persons suffer excruciating agony after partaking of a hearty dinner. The food partaken of is like a ball of lead upon the stomach, and instead of being a healthy nutriment, it becomes a poison to the system. Dr. Parmenter's Vegetable Pills are wonderful correctives of such troubles. They correct acidity, open the secretions and cover the food partaken of with healthy nutriment. They build the system and give the body a healthy tone.

STRENGTHENING COUGH can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. W. T. Strong, 184 Dundas Street, London.

It is the man of unflinching integrity who has the most faith in the general honesty of the community—a faith not shaken by the occasional experience he meets of the reverse.

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Gray is a favorite shade in new wools. Dark green is also much used.

THE NEW FACTORY

Of Day & Martin, the Great English Blacking Manufacturers.

For two reasons the ratapayers of St. George's have to congratulate themselves that the vast concern which is carried on under the name of "Day & Martin" will in a couple of months have transferred its headquarters from Holborn to the Boro' road. The first reason is that some 400 workmen will be brought into the district, who will, of course, add to the sum now spent weekly by week in the locality. The second is that Day & Martin have pulled down a few shops with a low assessment, and taken over some vacant land in the rear, and in the place of this property, which added little to the rates, are putting up a magnificent building, the assessment of which is certain to largely exceed that of the buildings which it has displaced. Therefore they will help to lighten the load of present ratapayers.

In the neighborhood of the Boro' we are already many notable firms, but the immigration of Day & Martin to the district certainly adds to the number one which will be by no means the least noteworthy. This firm has stood the test of time—that is to say, its goods have stood the test of time, experience, and the firm has stood straight on against imitation and competition for 100 years, and now stands easily first in its own particular line. There is no need to say what that line is. When one thinks of Day & Martin, he thinks of blacking because he can't help it—the article and the name of its leading manufacturers are so closely interlinked that in thinking of the one you think of the other in the most natural way possible.

Of course the business only started in a small way. There were not so many pairs of boots to be cleaned, for one thing, a century back, and besides, the baby firm had to grow into favor. Whether the legend about a soldier giving a barber the receipt for making this blacking, and the latter laying the foundation to the present great business, be true or not, we are unable to say, but the present head of the firm regards the tale as pure romance. Certain it is that in the last quarter of the last century the firm did commence operations in what is now known as High Holborn, and has been from time to time overhauling and adding pieces of property here and there, as business increased, till this year of grace they found further expansion in their present headquarters quite impossible, and therefore had to cast about for a fresh home. They have even tried the expedient of manufacturing in a second town—Liverpool—but still the demands which must be supplied from a London center have gone on increasing so rapidly, that to stick to the old place, much as time has attached them to it, was out of the question.

The magnitude of the business may be well imagined when we state that all day long, and the year through, nearly a score of their own vans alone are delivering to retail firms, railways, docks, etc. When it is remembered that before it reaches the delivery stage the blacking has to be manufactured, the papers printed, the blacking enclosed and folded up, packed in boxes, and the boxes made, a fair idea of a brisk business will be conveyed up in the mind.

The operations of the firm are not entirely confined to the manufacture of blacking. There is the kid renovating polish, which has a positively wonderful effect upon kid that has become "rough" or "tanned" with age. Also a new preparation known as "Russet Cream," specially prepared for application to the brown leather boots which have just come from the maker, and rapidly attaining public favor; Brunswick Black, Brass Polishing Paste, Dublin and Harness Blacking—none of them to be compared in magnitude with the main article which the firm supply, but still occupying a large share in their manufacturing operations.

Besides the blacking Day & Martin were the first to introduce the liquid preparation, which is so convenient to use, and in popular esteem; and a waterproof blacking which is largely used by people whose avocations expose them to weather of all kinds, and at all seasons of the year.

Most people know where the new building is being erected. As the traveler passes along the Boro' road towards Newington Causeway he sees on his left hand a high shaft, in front of which are the mangle with "Day & Martin." At present he cannot see what has been or is being built behind the boarding, but we can tell him. The land acquired by Day & Martin is no less than 3,600 square yards, and the thoroughfare comprises two and a half acres. The factory, which lies farthest from the Boro' road, is built in the form of a hollow square—that is, as near the center of the building as possible is a vacant space is left by which means light is admitted to parts of the factory to which it could not otherwise penetrate. In front a roadway is being made where the vans will load up or stand whilst waiting to be dispatched; and again in front of this roadway, and running right on to the footpath in the Boro' road, is the main entrance to the administrative offices of the concern.

The building, over which we had the privilege of being conducted, is a rapidly approaching completion, and is a vast structure, five stories high, and covers an area of 80 feet, and on these the tower looks down from an altitude of an additional 70 feet. Portland cement has been used throughout the building, and very little oil machinery will be transferred from Holborn. Already in one part of the basement may be seen a new 100-horse-power engine, and two steel boilers 7 feet 6 inches in diameter and 22 feet 6 inches in length. Other parts of the basement will be used for storage and for the shafting which will supply the power to work the machinery throughout the building. Here, too, can be seen the ingenious principle on which the shaft is built. Circular in shape, it rises up through a square space. It will thus be apparent that where the sides of the square meet there are vacant spaces. Apertures are made in the wall on each floor, and through them the vitiated air from the building will find its way and be carried out at the roof—a most ingenious arrangement. Above the basement is a fireproof floor, and as one ascends from story to story he sees successive spacious rooms, with double iron sliding doors, all well lighted, and with lofty ceilings. Another fireproof floor divides the fourth from the fifth story.

The building has two main characteristics—solidity and safety from fire. The idea of solidity is given by the massive nature of the walls, and the heavy joists and malleable iron columns meet at every turn; the safety from fire is as nearly as possible ensured by the absence of any quantity of inflammable material used in the construction of the building, the several cement floors, the iron doors, and the provision on the west side of a double iron staircase running outside the building from roof to ground.

Taken altogether, it is a grand edifice. Messrs. Downes are the contractors, and the firm of Day & Martin are represented on the premises by Mr. Ferguson, one of their own staff. The building will, we hope, long stand as a gigantic monument of enterprise and an eloquent testimony to the value of the article manufactured by the old-established house.—(Ratepayers' Chronicle for Southwark, Newington, and Bermondsey.)



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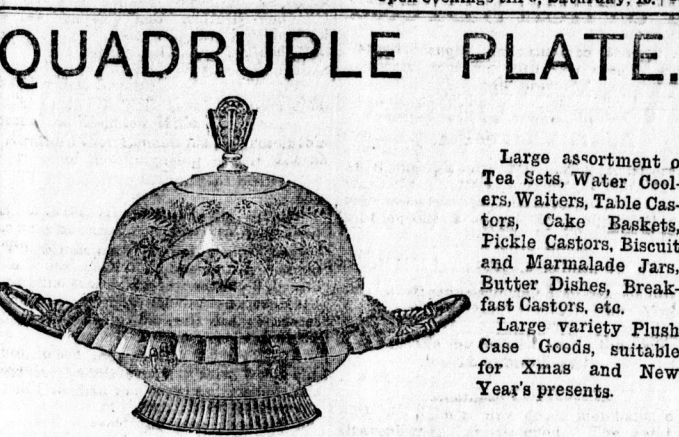
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