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Our 1911 Catalogue containing views of our splendid new quarters will soon be ready for distribution. Send for one. You may enter any time.

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FOR SALE

A 250 acre Farm, 1 1/2 miles from Woodstock, fronting on the River St. John and including one of the Islands therein. 130 acres cleared, 65 of this on the island and along the river front, balance of farm well wooded. 200 fruit trees. Two 2-story houses with good cellars, one 2x2x6, 1x1x18, all finished and nearly new; the other 2x2x4 with all 1x1x4, and a combined wood-house, wagon-house and carriage-house 40x20 connected. Running water in both houses. Barns 6x20, 20x36, 30x48 and 18x30, all in good condition, besides other out-houses. These premises are suitable for a stock farm, there being plenty of upland for pasture and well watered. Could be divided into two farms. On account of the nearness to Woodstock, produce could be marketed at any time of the year.

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Sept 30, 1910 - 45-39

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Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, builds new blood in old veins, cures nervous debility, mental and physical weakness, sexual weakness, emaciation, spermatorrhea, and effects of abuse or excess. Price 1/2 per box, six for \$5. One will please, all will cure. Sold by all druggists or mailed on plain paper, on receipt of price. Free samples, enclosed free. The Wood Medicine Co. (formerly Windsor) Toronto, Ont.

The Woman In the Alcove

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN.

Author of "The Millionaire Baby," "The Fillmore Ball," "The House in the Mist," "The Amethyst Box," Etc.

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(Continued)
"You can see I am putting you very nearly where we are ourselves. Nor do I see why I should not add that this passion of the seemingly subdued but really hot-headed steward for a woman, who never showed him anything but what he might call an insulting indifference, struck us as a blow to be worked-up, especially after we received this answer to a telegram we sent late last night to the nurse who is caring for Mr. Fairbrother in New Mexico."

He handed me a small yellow slip, and I read:
"The steward left Mr. Fairbrother at El Moro. He has not heard from him since."

ANNEITA LA SALLE
For Anneita Fairbrother
"At El Moro?" I cried. "Why, that was long enough ago!"

"For him to have reached New York before the murder. Exactly so, if he took advantage of every close connection."

CHAPTER XIV.
I CAUGHT my breath sharply. I did not say anything. I felt that I did not understand the inspector sufficiently yet to speak. He seemed to be pleased with my reticence. At all events, his manner grew even kinder as he said:
"This Sears is a witness we must have. He is being looked for now, high and low, and we hope to get some clew to his whereabouts before night—that is, if he is in this city. Meanwhile we are all glad I am sure you are also to spare so distinguished a gentleman as Mr. Grey the slightest annoyance."

"And Mr. Durand? What of him in this interim?"
"We will have to await developments. I see no other way, my dear."

It was kindly said, but my head drooped. This waiting was what was killing him and killing me. The inspector saw and gently patted my hand.
"Come," said he, "you have heard enough to see that it is never wise to force matters." Then, possibly with an intention of rousing me, he remarked: "There is another small fact which may interest you. It concerns the waiter, Wellgood, recommended, as you will remember, by this Sears. In my talk with Jones it leaked out as a matter of small moment, and so it was to him, that this Wellgood was the waiter who ran and picked up the diamond after it fell from Mr. Grey's hand."

"Ah!"
"This may mean nothing—it meant nothing to Jones—but I inform you of it because there is a question I want to put to you in this connection. You smile."

"Did I?" I meekly answered. "I do not know why."

"This was not true. I had been waiting to see why the inspector had so honored me with all these disclosures, almost with his thoughts. Now I saw. He desired something in return."

"You were on the scene at this very moment," he proceeded, after a brief contemplation of my face, "and you must have seen the man when he lifted the jewel and handed it back to Mr. Grey. Did you remark his features?"

"No, sir; I was too far off. Besides, my eyes were on Mr. Grey."

"That is a pity. I was in hopes you could satisfy me on a very important point."

"What point is that, Inspector Dalzell?"

Whether he answered the following description? And, taking up another paper, he was about to read it aloud to me, when an interruption occurred. A man showed himself at the door whom the inspector no sooner recognized than he seemed to forget me in his eagerness to interrogate him. Perhaps the appearance of the latter had something to do with it. He looked as if he had been running or he looked as if he had some extraordinary adventure. At all events, the inspector arose as he entered and was about to question him when he remembered me, and, casting about for some means of ridding himself of my presence without injury to my feelings, he suddenly pushed open the door of an adjoining room and requested me to step inside while he talked a moment with this man.

Of course I went, but I cast him an appealing look as I did so. It evidently had its effect, for his expression changed as his hand fell on the door-knob. Would he snap the lock tight, and so shut me out from what concerned me as much as it did any one in the whole world, or would he recognize my anxiety—the necessity I was under of knowing just the ground I was standing on—and let me hear what this man had to report?

I watched the door. It closed slowly, too slowly to latch. Would he catch it anew by the knob? No; he left it thus, and while the crack was hardly perceptible, I felt confident that the least shake of the floor would widen it and give me the opportunity I sought. But I did not have to wait for this. The two men in the office I had just left began to speak and to my unbounded relief, were sufficiently intelligible even now to warrant me in

giving them a my rueful attention. After some expressions of astonishment on the part of the inspector as to the plight in which the other presented himself, the latter broke out:

"I've just escaped death! I'll tell you about that later. What I want to tell you now is that the man we want is in town. I saw him last night or his shadow, which is the same thing. It was in the house in Eighty-sixth street, the house they all think closed. He came in with a key and—"

"Wait! You have him?"
"No. It's a long story, sir—"

"Tell it!"
The tone was dry. The inspector was evidently disappointed.

"Don't blame me till you hear," said the other. "He is no common crook. This is how it was: You wanted the suspect's photograph and a specimen of his writing. I knew no better place to look for them than in his own room in Mr. Fairbrother's house. I accordingly got the necessary warrant and late last evening undertook the job. I went alone—I was always an equal-foot chap, more the play-and-with-no-further-pretension than a passing explanation to the officer I met at the corner I hastened up the block to the rear entrance on Eighty-seventh street. There are three doors to the Fairbrother house, as you probably know, two on Eighty-sixth street (the large front one and a small one connecting directly with the turret stairs) and one on Eighty-seventh street. It was to the latter I had a key. I do not think any one saw me go in. It was raining, and such people as went by were more concerned in keeping their umbrellas properly over their heads than in watching men skulking about in doorways."

"I got in, then, all right, and being careful to close the door behind me, went up the first short flight of steps to what I knew must be the main hall. I had been given a plan of the interior, and I had studied it more or less before starting out, but I knew that I should get lost if I did not keep to the rear staircase, at the top of which I expected to find the steward's room. There was a faint light in the house, in spite of its closed shutters and tightly drawn shades, and having a certain dread of using my torch, knowing my weakness for pretty things and how hard it would be for me to push so many fine rooms without looking in, I made my way up stairs, with no other guide than the handrail. When I had reached what I took to be the third floor, I stopped. Finding it very dark, I first listened—a natural instinct with us—then I lit up and looked about me."

"I was in a large hall, empty as a vault and almost as desolate. Blank doors met my eyes in all directions, and I felt myself in a maze. I had with me here and there an open passage-way. I felt myself in a maze. I had no idea which was the door I sought, and it is not pleasant to turn unaccustomed knobs in a shut up house at night, with the rain pouring in torrents and the wind making pandemonium in a half dozen great chimneys."

"But it had to be done, and I went at it in regular order till I came to a little narrow one opening on the turret stairs. This gave me my bearings. Sears' room adjoined the staircase, and I was not far from it. There was no light in the room, and I was about to open the door and thrust my head in, when I saw the inspector's light. I crossed to this door and flung it open. I had been right in my calculations. It was the steward's room, and I made at once for the desk."

"And you found?"
"Mostly locked drawers. But a key on my bunch opened some of the and my knife the rest. Here are the specimens of his handwriting which I collected. I doubt if you will get much out of them. I saw nothing compromising in the whole room, but then I hadn't time to go through his trunks, and one of them looked very interesting—old as the hills and—"

"You hadn't time? Why hadn't you time? What happened to cut it short?"

"Well, sir, I'll tell you." The tone in which this was said roused me if it did not the inspector. "I had just come from the desk which had disappeared, and was casting a look about the room, which was as bare as my hand of everything like ornament—I might almost say comfort—when I heard a noise which was not that of swishing rain or even gusty wind—these had not been absent from my thoughts for a moment. I didn't like that noise; it had a sneaking sound, and I shut my light off in a hurry. After that I crept hastily out of the room, for I don't like a setup in a trap."

"It was darker than ever now in the hall, or so it seemed, and as I backed away I came upon a jug in the wall behind which I crept. For the sound I had heard was no fancy. Some one else besides myself was in the house, and that some one was striking matches as I heard the light."

Women and children by the thousand use it daily as a dressing and no home is complete without it. It contains nothing that can harm the hair—it is not sticky, oily or greasy and prevents as well as cures diseases of the scalp.

Money back if it fails
Druggists and stores everywhere guarantee Parisian Sage and will refund your money if it fails. Ask the druggist, E. W. Mair, what he thinks of it. He sells it at 50c. per large bottle or you can secure it by mail postpaid from Giroux Manufacturing Co., Fort Erie, Ont. See that the Girl with the Auburn Hair is on each package. Sold and guaranteed by E. W. Mair.

(Continued on fifth page)

COBBLER SEXTON.

The shareholders of the Cobbler-Sexton Mining Co. Ltd. will, no doubt, be glad to learn, that through the efforts of the directors of their company, the diamond drill has been secured and put in position on Patchell's Mountain, and despite rumours to the contrary is at work boring at the rate of 15 feet per day, with a plentiful supply of water. Some difficulty was met with at first in locating a supply of water near at hand, but pipes have been laid and an eight horsepower boiler set to force the water up the hill a few hundred feet to the drill.

It is now up to the stock-holders to furnish the funds to thoroughly test the ore bodies on their property. Now that the drill is at work they are liable to strike a body of ore any day, and of course that would mean that the stock could not be purchased for the small sum of 5 cts per share.

There is no reason to believe that ore bodies do not exist in this country as well as any other—in fact the indications are greatly in favor of the existence of such bodies. Any farmer in the vicinity of the Cobbler-Sexton Mine can show you samples of high grade ore which he has picked up in his fields. Where do those samples of mineralized rock come from? Evidently from the formation under the soil, and the veins which may be traced across the farms.

Will the bodies of ore be discovered if they are not searched for? Will a country thrive if it does not make a venture? Are not those ore bodies worth searching for? Think what it means for the prosperity of the country if a mining industry is established. Can it be established without an effort? Can prospecting be carried on without expense? Let the efforts of the Cobbler-Sexton be a test case—help them to establish the fact that ore bodies do exist, or that they do not exist. Help them by purchasing their stock at the low price of 5 cents per share. If they fail you do not lose much—if they are successful you will be plentifully rewarded and the country will be benefited.—Com.

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Booth's Kidney Pills carry a guarantee that if you derive no benefit your money will be refunded. Booth's Kidney Pills are a specific for all diseases of the kidneys and bladder. Sold by all druggists, 50c. box, or postpaid from the R. T. Booth Co., Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont. Sold and guaranteed by E. W. Mair.

Mr. A. Bowder, Immigration Agent for New Brunswick in Great Britain, announces that he will bring a party of very desirable settlers to the Province in April next.

Parisian Sage

WILL GROW MORE HAIR

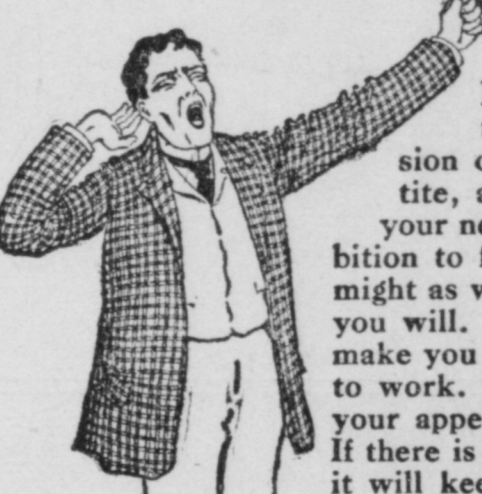
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Parisian Sage is without peer. It contains nothing that can harm the hair—it is not sticky, oily or greasy and prevents as well as cures diseases of the scalp.

Women and children by the thousand use it daily as a dressing and no home is complete without it. It contains nothing that can harm the hair—it is not sticky, oily or greasy and prevents as well as cures diseases of the scalp.

Money back if it fails
Druggists and stores everywhere guarantee Parisian Sage and will refund your money if it fails. Ask the druggist, E. W. Mair, what he thinks of it. He sells it at 50c. per large bottle or you can secure it by mail postpaid from Giroux Manufacturing Co., Fort Erie, Ont. See that the Girl with the Auburn Hair is on each package. Sold and guaranteed by E. W. Mair.

(Continued on fifth page)



Do You Feel This Way?

Do you feel all tired out? Do you sometimes think you just can't work away at your profession or trade any longer? Do you have a poor appetite, and lay awake at nights unable to sleep? Are your nerves all gone, and your stomach too? Has ambition to forge ahead in the world left you? If so, you might as well put a stop to your misery. You can do it if you will. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will make you a different individual. It will set your lazy liver to work. It will set things right in your stomach, and your appetite will come back. It will purify your blood. If there is any tendency in your family toward consumption, it will keep that dread destroyer away. Even after consumption has almost gained a foothold in the form of a lingering cough, bronchitis, or bleeding at the lungs, it will bring about a cure in 98 per cent. of all cases. It is a remedy prepared by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., whose advice is given free to all who wish to write him. His great success has come from his wide experience and varied practice. Don't be wheedled by a penny-grabbing dealer into taking inferior substitutes for Dr. Pierce's medicines, recommended to be "just as good." Dr. Pierce's medicines are of known composition. Their every ingredient printed on their wrappers. Made from roots without alcohol. Contain no habit-forming drugs. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Have a Cough,
Have Lung Troubles,
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