

# THE FORMULA OF "FRUIT-A-TIVES"

Is On The Outside Of Every Box  
For All The World To See

Every user of "Fruit-a-tives" knows exactly what is being taken. The formula of this famous fruit medicine is printed plainly on the outside of every box. We have stated many times—and now state clearly—that "Fruit-a-tives" is made of the juices of apples, oranges, figs and prunes, with valuable heart and nerve tonics and antiseptics.

Everyone knows that fruit juice is healthful—but perhaps some do not understand why this is true. Fruit juice consists of about 91% water, 8% of sweet principle, and 1% of a bitter substance. It is the quantity of bitter principle in fruit that gives the fruit value as a medicine. An eminent physician of Ottawa, after years of experimenting, found a method of increasing the bitter principle in fruit juice, thus increasing the medicinal or curative qualities.

The juices are first extracted from fresh, ripe oranges, apples, figs and prunes. By a secret process, some of the sweet atoms are replaced by the bitter principle. Then tonics and antiseptics are added, and the whole made into tablets, now known far and wide as "Fruit-a-tives."

"Fruit-a-tives" is the only medicine in the world that is made of fruit juices, and is one of the few remedies that have let their composition be known from their introduction to the public. "Fruit-a-tives" is nature's stimulant for the liver, bowels, kidneys and skin. In cases of obstinate Constipation, Liver Trouble, Indigestion, Backache, Rheumatism, Headaches and Impure Blood, this wonderful fruit medicine cures when everything else fails.

"Fruit-a-tives" is sold everywhere at 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, or trial box, 25c., or will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

## For The Man Who Isn't Sure

we have a book that will show him what  
to wear for all occasions.



It's the Fit-Reform Style  
Book—for fall and winter  
—and illustrates the Suits  
and Over-coats that Fit-  
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approved.

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B. B. MANZER  
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**Ladies' 1 Piece Dresses**  
At the New Store.

We have just got delivery of our SUMMER ONE PIECE COSTUMES, in many attractive Styles and Colors, and we have marked them at prices that will be as low as consistent with quality.

As we are trying to give the Lowest Prices on our Ladies' Clothing and Tailoring Departments we will be obliged to SELL FOR CASH.

We have also splendid ranges of Ladies' Waists, Separate Long Coats, for both rainy and dry days.

Everything almost in Hosiery for Ladies, Misses and Children, Gloves in wash fabrics, Kid, the "Reynier" make, that are fully guaranteed, in all the leading shades.

The Dress Goods, Ginghams, Prints, Hamburgs, Laces, Insertions, and lots of other things that are wanted at this season of the year can be found at this store, in Style, Quality and Value which will prove satisfactory to those who are looking for anything in these lines, and it will delight us to have you call and ask to see them.

Pictorial Patterns always in stock.

The New Store.  
**JAMES S. McMANUS**

G. E. NICHOLS.

AN IMPOSSIBLE THING to find, a

## The Woman In the Alcove

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN.

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

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(Continued from last week)

"Mr. Durand his suspicions of his own," I explained determinedly to myself. "He met some one going in as he stepped out. Shall I ask him to name this person? No, I did not have the courage, not while his face wore so stern a look and was so resolutely turned away."

The next excitement was a request from Mr. Ramsdell for us all to go into the drawing room. This led to various cries from hysterical lips, such as, "We are going to be searched!" "He believes the thief and murderer to be still in the house!" "Do you see the diamond on me?" "Why don't they confine their suspicions to the favored few who were admitted to the alcove?"

"They will," remarked some one close to my ear.

But quickly as I turned I could not guess from whom the comment came. Possibly from a much belated, bejeweled, elderly dame whose eyes were fixed on Mr. Durand's averted face. If so, she received a defiant look from mine, which I do not believe she forgot in a hurry.

Alas, it was not the only curious, I might say searching, glance I surprised directed against him as we made our way to where I could see my uncle struggling to reach us from a short side hall. The whisper seemed to have gone about that Mr. Durand had been the last one to converse with Mrs. Fairbrother prior to the tragedy.

In time I had the satisfaction of joining my uncle. He betrayed great relief at the sight of me, and, encouraged by his kindly smile, I introduced Mr. Durand. My conscious air must have produced its impression, for he turned a startled and inquiring look upon my companion, then took me resolutely on his own arm, saying: "There is likely to be some unpleasantness ahead for all of us. I do not think the police will allow any one to go till that diamond has been looked for. This is a very serious matter, dear. So many think the murderer was one of the guests."

"I think so, too," said I. But why I thought so or why I should say so with such vehemence I do not know even now.

My uncle looked surprised. "You had better not advance any opinions," he advised. "A lady like yourself should have none on a subject so gossamer. I shall never cease regretting bringing you here tonight. I shall seize on the first opportunity to take you home. At present we are supposed to await the action of our best."

"He cannot keep all these people here long," I ventured. "No. Most of us will be relieved soon. Had you not better get your wraps so as to be ready to go as soon as he gives the word?"

"I should prefer to have a peep at the people in the drawing room first," was my perverse reply. "I don't know why I want to see them, but I do; and, uncle, I might as well tell you now that I engaged myself to Mr. Durand this evening—the gentleman with me when you first came up."

"You have engaged yourself to—this man—to marry him, do you mean?"

I nodded, with a sly look behind to see if Mr. Durand were near enough to hear. He was and I allowed my enthusiasm to escape in a few quick words.

"He has chosen me," I said, "the plainest, most uninteresting puss in the whole city." My uncle smiled. "And I believe he loves me; at all events, I know that I love him."

My uncle sighed, while giving me the most affectionate of glances. "It's a pity you should have come to this understanding tonight," said he. "He's an acquaintance of the murdered woman, and it is only right for you to know that you will have to leave him behind when you start for home. All who have been seen entering that alcove this evening will necessarily be detained here till the coroner arrives."

My uncle and I strolled toward the drawing room and as we did so we passed the library. It held but one occupant, the Englishman. He was seated before a table, and his appearance was such as precluded any attempt at intrusion, even if one had been so disposed. There was a fixity in his gaze and a frown on his powerful forehead which bespoke a mind greatly agitated. It was not for me to read that mind, much as it interested me, and I passed on chatting as if I had not the least desire to stop.

I cannot say how much time elapsed before my uncle touched me on the arm with the remark: "The police are here in full force. I saw a detective in plain clothes look in here a minute ago. He seemed to have his eye on you. There he is again! What can he want? No, don't turn; he's gone away now."

Frightened as I had never been in

most way could I be said to be connected with it; why, then, had I caught the attention of the police? Looking about I sought Mr. Durand. He had left me on my uncle's coming up, but he remained, as I supposed, within sight. But at this moment he was nowhere to be seen. Was I afraid on his account? Impossible; yet—

Happily just then the word was passed about that the police had given orders that, with the exception of such as had been requested to remain to answer questions, the guests generally should feel themselves at liberty to depart.

The time had now come to take a stand and I informed my uncle, to his evident chagrin, that I should not leave as long as any excuse could be found for staying.

He said nothing at the time, but as the noise of departing carriages gradually lessened and the great hall and drawing rooms began to wear a look of desolation he at last ventured on this gentle protest:

"You have more pluck, Rita, than I supposed. Do you think it wise to stay on here? Will not people imagine that you have been requested to do so? Look at those waiters hanging about in the different doorways. Run up and put on your wraps. Mr. Durand will come to the house fast enough as soon as he is released. I give you leave to sit up for him if you will. Only let us leave this place before that imperious little man dares to come around again!" he artfully added.

But I stood firm, though somewhat moved by his final suggestion, and being a small tyrant in my way, at least with him, I carried my point.

Suddenly my anxiety became poignant. A party of men, among whom I saw Mr. Durand, appeared at the end of the hall, led by a very small but self-important personage whom my uncle immediately pointed out as the detective who had twice come to the door near which I stood. As this man looked up and saw me still there, a look of relief crossed his face, and after a word or two with another stranger of seeming authority he detached himself from the group he had ushered upon the scene and approaching me respectfully enough said with a deprecatory glance at my uncle whose frown he doubtless understood: "Miss Van Arsdale, I believe?"

I nodded, too choked to speak. "I am sorry, madam, if you were expecting to go," Inspector Dalsell said.

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But once seated within and out of the range of peering eyes and listening ears he allowed a sigh to escape him which expressed the fullness of his agitation.

"My dear," he began and stopped. "I feel—here he again came to a pause—'that you should know'—"

"What?" I managed to ask.

"That I do not like Mr. Durand and—that others do not like him."

"Is it because of something you knew about him before tonight?"

He made no answer.

"Or because he was seen, like many other gentlemen, talking with that woman some time before—a long time before—she was attacked for her diamond and murdered?"

"Pardon me, my dear, he was the last one seen talking to her. Some one may yet be found who went in after he came out, but as yet he is considered the last. Mr. Ramsdell himself told me so."

"It makes no difference," I exclaimed in all the heat of my long suppressed agitation. "I am willing to stake my life on his integrity and honor. No man could talk to me as he did early this evening with any vile intentions at heart. He was interested, no doubt, like many others, in one who had the name of being a captivating woman, but—"

I paused in sudden alarm. A look had crossed my uncle's face which assured me that we were no longer alone—Who could have entered so silently? In some trepidation I turned to see. A gentleman was standing in the doorway, who smiled as I met his eye.

"Is this Miss Van Arsdale?" he asked.

Instantly my courage, which had threatened to leave me, returned and I smiled.

"I am," said I. "Are you the inspector?"

"Inspector Dalsell," he explained with a bow, which included my uncle. Then he closed the door.

"I hope I have not frightened you," he went on, approaching me with a gentlemanly air. "A little matter has come up concerning which I mean to be perfectly frank with you. It may prove to be of trivial importance, if so, you will pardon my disturbing you. Mr. Durand—you know him?"

"I am engaged to him," I declared before poor uncle could raise his hand.

"You are engaged to him. Well, that makes it difficult, and yet, in some respects, easier for me to ask a certain question."

It must have made it more difficult than easy, for he did not proceed to put this question immediately, but went on:

"You know that Mr. Durand visited Mrs. Fairbrother in the alcove a little while before her death?"

"I have been told so."

"He was seen to go in, but I have not yet found any one who saw him come out; consequently we have been unable to fix the exact minute when he did so. What is the matter, Miss Van Arsdale? You want to say something?"

"No, no," I protested, reconsidering my first impulse. Then, as I met his look, "He can probably tell you that himself. I am sure he would not hesitate."

"We shall ask him later," was the inspector's response. "Meanwhile, are you ready to assure me that since that time he has not intrusted you with a little article to keep? No, no, I do not mean the diamond," he broke in, in very evident dismay, as I fell back from him in irrefragable indignation and alarm. "The diamond—well, we shall look for that later; it is another article we are in search of now, one which Mr. Durand might very well have taken in his hand without realizing just what he was doing. As it is important for us to find this article, and as it is one he might very naturally have passed over to you when he found himself in the hall with it in his hand, I have ventured to ask you if this surmise is correct."

"It is not," I retorted fiercely, glad that I could speak from my very heart. "He has given me nothing to keep for him. He would not!"

Why that peculiar look in the inspector's eyes? Why did he reach out for a chair and seat me in it before he took up my interrupted sentence and finished it?

"Would not give you anything to hold which had belonged to another woman? Miss Van Arsdale, you do not know them. They do many things which a young, trusting girl like yourself would hardly expect them to do."

"Not Mr. Durand," I maintained stoutly.

(Continued)

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Contains no Opium.

Is the one Safe and Effective Cough Remedy for general family use.

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Father Morrissey, the famous priest-physician, was especially successful in devising a prescription for the prompt relief of these ailments. Many thousands of families keep a bottle of Father Morrissey's Liniment constantly in the house, ready for any emergency.

Unlike most liniments, it has both a pleasant feeling and a clean, wholesome smell. It is a splendid rubbing liniment, as it makes the skin soft and smooth, and does not blister. Better yet, it goes straight to the seat of the trouble, very little remaining on the skin.

In rheumatism and backache, it is a helpful adjunct to Father Morrissey's "No. 7," and in cases of sore throat and cold on the chest it supplements his well-known "No. 10."

The liniment should be always on hand against a family of 25c. a bottle, at your druggist's, or from Father Morrissey Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.B. 89

## Sir Leonard Tilley

The monument erected to Sir Leonard Tilley in New Brunswick, just unveiled, commemorates the life of one of the noted band of statesmen who made Canada. He came into the public eye in his early days as an apostle of Temperance when intemperance was common and the "cause" was not especially popular. He was called to public life and became easily a leader and a force in his own province. When Confederation came he was one of those who entered the wider and untried arena of Dominion affairs, throwing in his lot with Sir John A. Macdonald, and proved to be one of the most practical and able of the brilliant coterie of public men the Lower Provinces have contributed to Canadian public life.

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We have in stock the very latest models of Winchester and Marlin Rifles, Single and Double Barrel SHOT GUNS, Rifle Cartridges to suit all Rifles, loaded with Black and Smokeless Powder. Shot Cartridges for Deer, Duck and Partridge, both in smokeless and black powder. Our Goods the Very Best and Prices Right.

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The Hardware Dealers

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P. A. WATSON  
Carriage Maker,  
KING STREET.

Wishes to announce that he is building a limited number of LIGHT and HEAVY WAGGONS, and guarantees that they will be up to date and finish. Also that he is now ready to receive orders for Painting, Trimming and Jobbing of all kinds at the lowest possible price consistent with first-class work. And we wish to add that Mr. Watson has bought the land and premises that he now occupies and has built a large blacksmith shop in the rear of the building formerly used for that purpose and intends adding another story to the building facing the street. He has also bought all kinds of machinery adapted to carriage work, which he intends to install as soon as warm weather will permit. Give him a call and you will be satisfied that you will save time and money by giving him your work.

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Synopsis of Canadian Northwest Land Regulations.

ANY person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties.—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm at least 80 acres, solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead, Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties.—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.