

"I FEEL IT MY DUTY To Give You a Statement In Regard To 'Fruit-a-tives'"

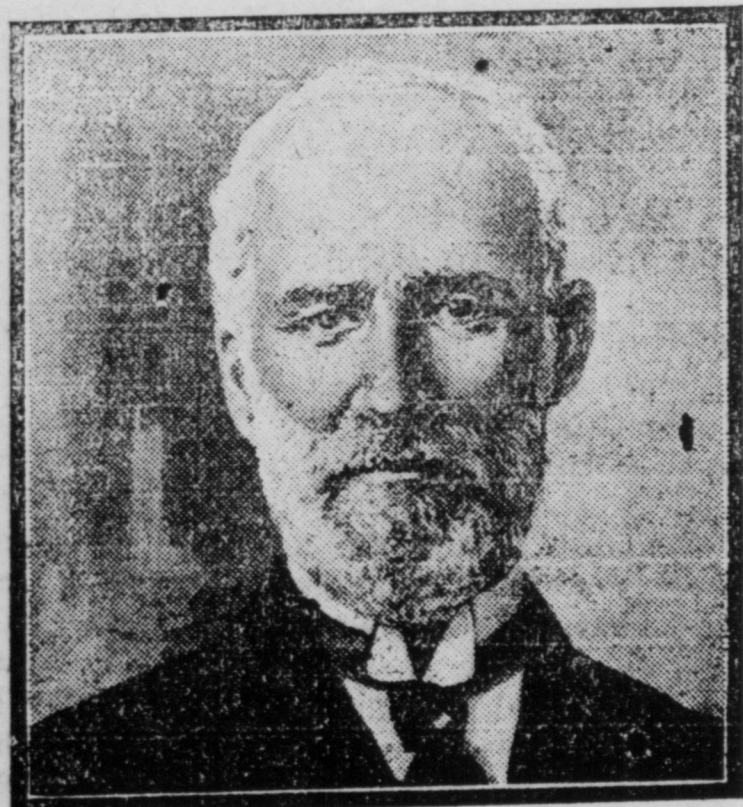
HARDWICKE, MIRAMICHI, N.B., Jan. 17th, 1910.

"I feel it my duty to give to you and the world an unsolicited statement in respect to the wonderful cure I received by taking 'Fruit-a-tives.' Chronic Constipation was the complaint I suffered with for years. My general health was miserable as a result of this disease, and I became depressed and alarmed. I was treated by physicians without the slightest permanent benefit, and I tried all kinds of pills and tablets but nothing did me any good.

I saw the strong testimonial in favor of 'Fruit-a-tives' by New Brunswick's 'Grand Old Man', the Hon. John Costigan, and I knew that anything he stated was honest and true and given only to help his fellow-men. I tried 'Fruit-a-tives' and the effects were most marvelous, and now I am entirely well from all my Chronic Constipation that I suffered from for so many years. My general health is once more excellent and I cannot say too much to express my thanks for the great benefits derived from taking 'Fruit-a-tives.'"

A. G. WILLISTON.

"Fruit-a-tives" is not gotten up by druggists or expert chemists—who know nothing about disease and the needs of the human body—but is the scientific discovery of a well known physician, and is the only medicine in the world made of fruit juices. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, or trial size, 25c. At all dealers, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.



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What Fit-Reform has done in creating styles, has been repeated in the Suits for this season.

Fit-Reform Garments—in all their newness and general excellence—are ready for you to see and try on.

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Woodstock, New Brunswick.

Bank of New Brunswick

East Florenceville Branch.

Both large and small accounts are welcomed at this Bank and the highest current rate of interest allowed on Savings Deposits of \$1 or more.

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W. F. DIBBLEE & SON

The Hardware Dealers

Woodstock, N. B.

The Woman In the Alcove

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN.

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

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(Continued from last week)

Instantly (and with an account for such phenomena) there floated into view before my retina a reproduction of the picture I had seen, or imagined myself to have seen, in the supper room; and as at that time it opened before me an unknown vista quite removed from the surrounding scene, so it did now, and I beheld again in faint outlines, and yet with the effect of complete distinctness, a square of light through which appeared an open passage partly shut off from view by a half lifted curtain and the tall figure of a man holding back this curtain and gazing, or seeming to gaze, at his own breast, on which he had already laid one quivering finger.

What did it mean? In the excitement of the horrible occurrence which had engrossed us all, I had forgotten this curious experience; but on feeling anew the vague sensation of shock and expectation which seemed its natural accompaniment, I became conscious of a sudden conviction that the picture which had opened before me in the supper room was the result of a reflection in a glass or mirror of something then going on in a place not otherwise within the reach of my vision; a reflection, the importance of which I suddenly realized when I recalled at what a critical moment it had occurred. A man in a state of dread looking at his breast, within five minutes of the stir and rush of the dreadful event which had marked this evening!

A hope, great as the despair in which I had just been sunk, gave me courage to drop my hands and advance impetuously toward the inspector.

"Don't speak, I pray; don't judge any of us further till you have heard what I have to say."

In great astonishment and with an aspect of severity, he asked me what I had to say now which I had not had the opportunity of saying before. I replied with all the passion of a forlorn hope that it was only at this present moment I remembered a fact which might have a very decided bearing on this case; and, detecting evidences, as I thought, of relenting on his part, I backed up this statement by an entreaty for a few words with him apart, as the matter I had to tell was private and possibly too fanciful for any ear but his own.

He looked as if he apprehended some loss of valuable time, but, touched by the involuntary gesture of appeal with which I supplemented my request, he led me into a corner, where, with just an encouraging glance toward Mr. Durand, who seemed struck dumb by my action, I told the inspector of that momentary picture which I had seen reflected in what I was now sure was some window pane or mirror.

"It was at a time coincident, or very nearly coincident, with the perpetration of the crime you are now investigating," I concluded. "Within five minutes afterward came the shout which roused us all to what had happened in the alcove. I do not know what passage I saw or what door or even what figure, but the latter, I am sure, was that of the guilty man. Something of the outline (and it was the outline only I could catch) expressed an emotion incomprehensible to me at the moment, but which in my remembrance impresses me as that of fear and dread. It was not the entrance to the alcove I beheld—that would have struck me at once—but some other opening which I might recognize if I saw it. Cannot that opening be found, and may it not give a clue to the man I saw skulking through it with terror and remorse in his heart?"

"Was this figure when you saw it turned toward you or away?" the inspector inquired, with unexpected interest.

"Turned partly away. He was going from me."

"And you sat where?"

"Shall I show you?"

The inspector bowed, then with a low word of caution turned to my uncle.

"I am going to take this young lady into the hall for a moment at her own request. May I ask you and Mr. Durand to wait here?"

Without pausing for reply, he threw open the door, and presently we were pacing the deserted supper room seeking the place where I had sat. I found it almost by a miracle, everything being in great disorder. Guided by my homing, which I had left behind me in my escape from the table, I lay hold of the chair before which it lay and declared quite confidently to the inspector:

"This is where I sat."

Naturally his glance and mine both flew to the opposite wall. A window was before us of unusual size and make. Unlike any which had ever before come under my observation, it swung on a pivot and, though shut at the present moment, might very easily swing open, presenting its huge pane at some angle of catching reflections from the many mirrors decorating the reception room situated directly across the hall. As all the

doorways on this lower floor were of unusual width, an open path was offered, as it were, for these reflections to pass, making it possible for scenes to be imaged here which to the persons involved would seem as safe from any one's scrutiny as if they were taking place in the adjoining house.

As we realized this a look passed between us of more than ordinary significance. Pointing to the window, the inspector turned to a group of waiters watching us from the other side of the room and asked if it had been opened that evening.

The answer came quickly.

"Yes, sir—just before the—"

"I understand," broke in the inspector, and, leaning over me, he whispered, "Tell me again exactly what you thought you saw."

But I could add little to my former description.

"Perhaps you can tell me this," he kindly persisted. "Was the picture, when you saw it, on a level with your eye or did you have to lift your head in order to see it?"

"It was high up—in the air, as it were. That seemed its odd feature." The inspector's mouth took a satisfied curve.

"Possibly I might identify the door and passage if I saw them," I suggested.

"Certainly, certainly," was his cheerful rejoinder, and, summoning one of his men, he was about to give some order when his impulse changed, and he asked if I could draw.

I assured him, in some surprise, that I was far from being an adept in that direction, but that possibly I might manage a rough sketch, whereupon he pulled a pad and pencil from his pocket and requested me to make some sort of attempt to reproduce on paper my memory of this passage and the door.

My heart was beating violently, and the pencil shook in my hand, but I knew that it would not do for me to show any hesitation in fixing for all eyes what, unaccountably to myself, continued to be perfectly plain to my own. So I endeavored to do as he bade me and succeeded to some extent, for he uttered a slight ejaculation at one of its features and, while duly expressing his thanks, honored me with a very sharp look.

"Is this your first visit to this house?" he asked.

"No, I have been here before."

"In the evening or in the afternoon?"

"In the afternoon."

"I am told that the main entrance is not in use tonight."

"No. A side door is provided for occasions like the present. Guests entering there find a special hall and staircase, by which they can reach the upstairs dressing rooms without crossing the main hall. Is that what you mean?"

"Yes, that is what I mean."

I stared at him in wonder. What lay back of such questions as these?

"You came in, as others did, by this side entrance," he now proceeded. "Did you notice, as you turned to go upstairs, an arch opening into a small passageway at your left?"

"I did not," I began flushing, for I thought I understood him now. "I was too eager to reach the dressing room to look about me."

"Very well," he replied; "I may want to show you that arch."

The outline of an arch, backing the figure we were endeavoring to identify, was a marked feature in the sketch I had shown him.

"Will you take a seat nearby while I make a study of this matter?" I turned with alacrity to obey. There was something in his air and manner which made me almost buoyant. Had my fanciful interpretation of what I had seen reached him with the conviction it had? If so, there was hope—hope for the man I loved, who had gone in and out between curtains, and not through any arch such as he had mentioned or I had described.

Providence was working for me. I saw it in the way the men now moved about, swinging the window to and fro, under the instruction of the inspector, manipulating the lights, opening doors and drawing back curtains. Providence was working for me, and when, a few minutes later, I was asked to reseat myself in my old place at the supper table and take another look at that slightly deflected pane I knew that my effort had met with its reward and that for the second time I was to receive the impression of a place now indelibly imprinted on my consciousness.

"Is not that it?" asked the inspector, pointing at the glass with a last look at the imperfect sketch I had made him and which he still held in his hand.

"Yes," I eagerly responded. "All but the man. He whose figure I see there is another person entirely; I see no remorse or even fear in his looks."

"Of course not. You are looking at the reflection of one of my men. Miss Van Arsdale, do you recognize the place now under your eye?"

"I do not. You spoke of an arch in the hall, at the left of the carriage en-

trance, and I see an arch in the window pane before me, but—"

"You are looking straight through the alcove—perhaps you did not know that another door opened at its back—into the passage which runs behind it. Farther on is the arch, and beyond that arch the side hall and staircase leading to the dressing rooms. This door, the one in the rear of the alcove, I mean, is hidden from those entering from the main hall by draperies which have been hung over it for this occasion, but it is quite visible from the back passageway, and there can be no doubt that it was by its means the man whose reflected image you saw both entered and left the alcove. It is an important fact to establish, and we feel very much obliged to you for the aid you have given us in this matter."

Then, as I continued to stare at him in my elation and surprise, he added, in quick explanation:

"The lights in the alcove and in the several parlors are all hung with shades, as you must perceive, but the one in the hall, beyond the arch, is very bright, which accounts for the distinctness of this double reflection. Another thing—and it is a very interesting point—it would have been impossible for this reflection to be noticeable from where you sit if the level of the alcove flooring had not been considerably higher than that of the main door. But for this freak of the architect the continual passing to and fro of people would have prevented the reflection in its passage from surface to surface. Miss Van Arsdale, it would seem that by one of those chances, which happen but once or twice in a lifetime every condition was propitious at the moment to make this reflection a possible occurrence—even the location and width of the several doorways and the exact point at which the portiere was drawn aside from the entrance to the alcove."

"It is wonderful," I cried, "wonderful!" Then, to his astonishment perhaps, I asked if there was not a small door of communication between the passageway back of the alcove and the large central hall.

"Yes," he replied. "It opens just beyond the fireplace. Three small steps lead to it."

"I thought so," I murmured, but more to myself than to him. In my mind I was thinking how a man, if he so wished, could pass from the very heart of this assemblage into the quiet passageway, and so on into the alcove, without attracting very much attention from his fellow guests. I forgot that there was another way of approach even less noticeable—that by the small staircase running up beyond the arch directly to the dressing rooms.

"And Mr. Durand?" I stammered as I followed the inspector back to the room where he had left that gentleman.

"You will believe his statement now and look for this second intruder with the guiltily hanging head and frightened men?"

(Continued)

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Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are absolutely the finest medicine that ever a woman took. At special periods a woman needs a medicine to regulate her blood supply or her life will be a round of pain and suffering. It is at such times that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are worth their weight in gold, for they make new, rich blood, that banish the secret symptoms of distress that only women and growing girls know. They strengthen every vital organ for its special task, and bring rosy cheeks and shapely forms that tell of womanly health and happiness. Mrs. Richard Lobb, Red Deer, Alta., says: "At that critical period in my life known as the change I suffered so much that I hardly hoped to pull through. I doctored for months, but did not get any relief, and I grew so weak that I could hardly walk about, and it was impossible for me to do my housework. Only women who have suffered similarly can tell how much I endured—the constant misery, the dragged out feeling and the terrible backaches that beset me. No woman could have been in a more wretched condition than I was at this time, and it was then that my attention was directed to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I got a half dozen boxes and before they were all gone there was a good improvement in my condition. Then I got six more boxes and before I had used them all I felt like a new woman and was enjoying better health than I had done for years. Not only have Dr. Williams' Pink Pills proved a blessing to me, but they also worked a great change in the case of my daughter, who was in a very miserable condition after childbirth. I know also of two young girls whom I believe would have been in their graves now but for the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Considering what they have done for me and what I have seen them do for others, I am justified in my enthusiasm for this medicine and I never lose an opportunity to recommend it."

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The poorest woman in the land can have just as good bread as the richest. The children who walk can have just as delicious pies and cakes and "goodies" as the children who ride in carriages.

All the money in the world cannot buy better flour than "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" for there isn't any better.

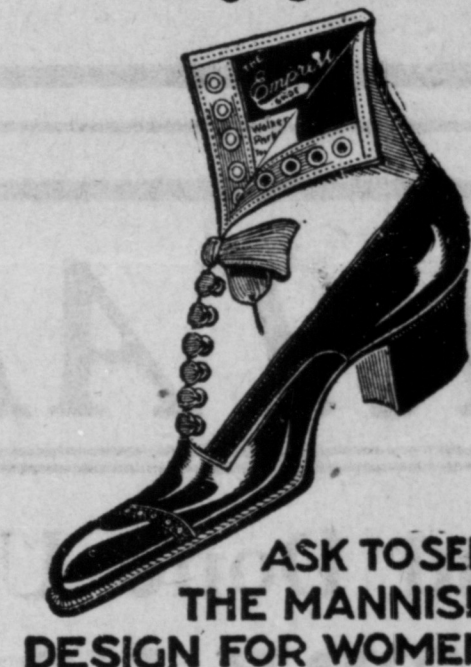
And the woman who does her own baking can have just as good bread as is served to the Royal Household of England, and that is made from ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR sent to England from Canada.

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"ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" produces many more loaves than a barrel of ordinary flour. The bread is better—sweeter, nicer to eat—and more wholesome—has more health and strength in it—makes more delicious pies, cakes, biscuits and doughnuts. Children, whose mothers use "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" at home, can have just as good baked things as the Princes and Princesses of England.

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Synopsis of Canadian North-west Land Regulations.

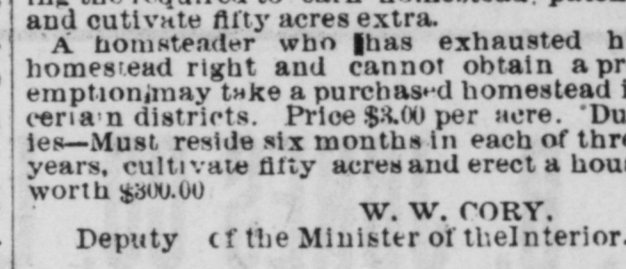
ANY person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years of age, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at 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.

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Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.



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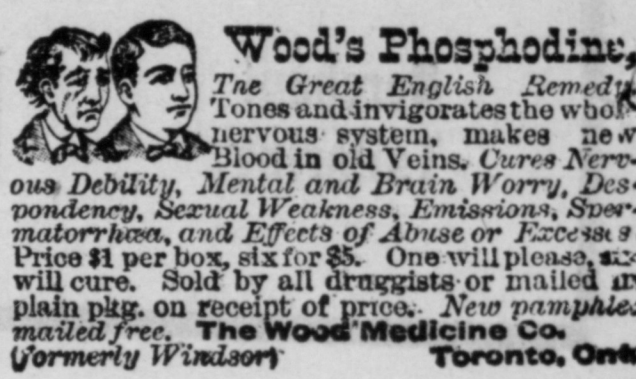
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