THE ARNCLIFFE PUZZLE,

BY GORDON HOLMES

Author of "A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE."

(Continued.)

The inquest, adjourned a week previously, after the hearing of formal evidence of identification, was the inevitable corollary of the post-mortem examination — an examination from which Dr. Smalley, whose presence had been invited as a matter of professional courtesy, emerged nervous and crest-fallen, while Lester and Sir Henry Mathieson exhibited, in contradistinction, the bland, decorously cheerful satisfaction of the scientist who has lighted upon an unusually interesting exhibition of some rare phenomenon which he thoroughly understands.

The time arrived for the resumption of the inquest; and the jury, looking more like condemned criminals than men who were to sit in judgment, shuffled into their places. There was, however, one exception to the general air of dejection. The unabashed Perkins was appointed foreman, and he intended to justify the liquid refreshment he had received and hoped to receive from his appreciative fellow-villagers.

For convenience, the proceedings were held in the library, and the unwonted scene offered ample scope to the reporters —impressionists from the great dailies— who would describe the glint of sunshine athwart the coroner's desk in a column and the death story of Lord Arncliffe in a phrase.

Mrs. Warren, the essence of dignified bereavement; her son, flushed with the effort to appear at his ease; Edith Holt, tremulous, but smiling wistful gratitude for the sympathy of Aingier and his wife; these were the chief personages present, and, for a background, the huddled servants and gaping yokels. There were, too, the doctors and a granite-faced man from Scotland Yard, but these last, impassive and apparently indifferent, added no touch of human interest to the scene.

The coroner briefly recapitulated the formal evidence taken at the previous sitting, and then recalled Simpson, the valet, who had deposed to finding Lord Arncliffe dead in his study.

"When did you last see Lord Arncliffe alive" asked the coroner.

"At five in the afternoon, sir."

"He did not appear to be unwell?"

"No, sir. He asked for his beef tea, and I went to the kitchen for it, but found that Miss Holt had already fetched it."

"Did Miss Holt usually give Lord Arncliffe his beef tea?"

"Yes, sir. I went back and just met her taking it in. She had been into the laboratory for some of his lordship's papers."

"Very well. Now, Mr. Simpson, you have been in Lord Arncliffe's employment for a very long period, have you not?"

"Thirty-eight years, sir. And a better master ——"

"Quite so. Tell me, have you ever had reason to suppose that there was any one who bore a grudge against his lordship— in short, that he had an enemy?"

"No, sir," said the man, positively, "in all the years I served Lord Arncliffe, I don't believe he ever harmed so much as a fly. But I know he was poisoned, and I'll never forgive myself for not believing him when he told me so."

"Ah! he told you so. Please explain the circumstances to the jury as well as you can remember them."

"Well, sir, it was just after one of his lordship's fainting fits, and he said to me: 'Simpson,' said he, 'I'm being murdered!' Of course I was a bit taken aback, but I thought his mind was wandering a little, though he was a wonderful intelligent gentleman, for all his age, and I tried to speak cheerful like. 'Not a bit of it,' I told him. 'Your lordship will live to be a hundred yet, if you only do as Dr. Smalley tells you.' "

"And what did Lord Arncliffe reply? asked the Coroner.

Dr. Smalley coughed modestly.

"If you will excuse me for using such language about a gentleman above my station sir," answered Simpson, "his lordship replied that Dr. Smalley was a confounded old fool!"

With one exception, everybody tittered. The Coroner busied himself with some imaginary notes for a moment, and then continued his examination of the witness.

"Did Lord Arncliffe persist in his assertion that an attempt was being made to kill him?"

"Yes, sir. He said he would be a dead man within a fortnight."

"You did not mention this matter to anybody?"

"No, sir. His lordship forbade me to do so. He told me that nothing could save him, and he did not want to be bothered."

"But it was your duty to take some steps."

"I did not think for a moment it was true, but, in any case, I knew my place better than to interfere with his lordship's wishes."

"Very well," said the Coroner, wearily; "you can stand down." He knew the hopelessness of arguing with a witness of this stamp.

"Just hold a moment," interrupted Perkins, the foreman. "Did you notice anything strange in the young lady's manner when she brought in his lordship's beef tea? Did she seem upset?"

"No, not then——"

"Has Miss Holt appeared to be upset at any time recently?" asked the Coroner, quickly.

"Well, sir," said Simpson, with some reluctance, "I thought she had been crying when I went in earlier in the day. And his lordship certainly spoke rather sharper than usual."

Edith, listening tensely, went deathly pale, and leaned forward as though eager not to miss a word. The fickle attention of the spectators was instantly concentrated on her. This callous scrutiny in itself was sufficient to deepen the agitation of a young girl suddenly placed in so trying a position. But, in reality she was oblivious to the glances leveled at her, and one person at least, the detective from Scotland Yard had noted the fact.

"You say Lord Arncliffe spoke sharply." continued the Coroner. "Can you tell me the substance of his conversation?"

"Why, sir, I was taking his lordship a letter, and Miss Edith—I'd scorn to listen, but the door was on the jar—said something about not letting a young life be ruined because of one false step. Then his lordship said: 'It's three hundred pounds now; next time it will be three thousand."

""And what did Miss Holt say to that"

"I didn't hear any more, sir. I knocked at the door and went in. It was then I noticed that the young lady seemed a bit upset."

"And that was all?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, gentlemen," said the Coroner. "I propose to call the medical evidence, as I understand one of the witnesses is anxious to return to London. Sir Henry Mathieson!"

The Home Office expert stepped forward, the embodiment of that frock-coated urbanity which regards poor human clay as a mere adjunct of the laboratory. At this juncture, Inspector Hobson, the officer sent to Arncliffe by the Scotland Yard authorities, slipped quietly out of the room, taking Mr. Aingier with him. He did not return until the evidence of the expert was nearly finished.

"I believe, Sir Henry, you conducted the post-mortem examination of Lord Arncliffe's body?" commenced the Coroner.

"That is so."

"Have you formed any opinion as to the cause of his lordship's death?"

"Yes; he unquestionably died of arsenical poisoning."

"And can you tell us, approximately, when the poison was administered?"

"I don't know," said Sir Henry, bluntly. "I found altogether twelve grains of arsenious acid in the abdominal viscera. Of that quantity the stomach contained nearly two grains, which were unabsorbed, and no doubt had been recently administered. In addition, there were rather more than four grains in the brain, and the latter fact proves conclusively that some considerable time elapsed between the first and the last doses."

"Arsenic is a cumulative poison, is it not ?"

"Yes, but the quantities I have mentioned are absolutely preposterous. Arsenic is not, comparatively speaking, a rapid poison, but four grains alone would kill a man before a quarter of that amount found its way to his brain."

"Then what is your conclusion, Sir Henry?"

"I have reached none, excepting that death was due to arsenical poisoning. As you are no doubt aware, arsenic is highly irritant in its effects; we expect to find definite indications even in the case of a slight overdose. But Lord Arncliffe exhibited few of the usual signs, and none of them in a marked degree. In fact, I must confess myself at a loss to account for this exceptional absence of the ordinary symptoms."

Sir Henry Mathieson could afford to admit ignorance. That is one of the privileges of real knowledge. He retired, and Lester, taking his place, described how he had been called to see Lord Arncliffe, and how the slight irritation of neck and scalp had led him to suspect arsenical poisoning.

"I should like to add," he said, with a generosity which the fussy local practitioner scarcely deserved, "that had I been in regular attendance on Lord Arncliffe, and thus without an open mind on the point, these indications might possibly have escaped me. Lord Arncliffe was suffering from a form of heart disease which must inevitably have had a fatal termination at some early date. Under the circumstances, the very suddenness of his death pointed to natural causes."

"I presume, Dr. Lester, that you are in accord with Sir Henry Mathieson?"

"Entirely. Perhaps I should mention that Lord Arncliffe was extremely emaciated. He was naturally a man of spare build, but Dr. Smalley tells me that the loss of flesh since he examined him about a month ago is remarkable."

"Is that a condition you would expect in a case of slow poisoning by arsenic?"

"Certainly; but the quantity of arsenic found in the body is not compatible with the theory of slow poisoning, nor are the other symptoms nearly so definite as they should be. I am afraid I can offer no suggestion, excepting that Lord Arncliffe was poisoned by arsenic, administered in some form not at present known to medical science."

The evidence of Dr. Smalley opened up fresh ground. He dealt lightly with his own failure to detect the presence of poison, but he had a great deal to say about the foibles and eccentricities of the deceased peer.

"He was a most difficult patient," he said. "Although I visited him frequently, he had a strong objection to discussing the state of his health, and, under no circumstances, would he take medicine in any form."

"Was he, of late years, what you would describe as a mentally vigorous man?"

"He was a man of high intellect and considerable attainments, and, in one sense, I should say his powers were retained to the last. But his conduct in respect to the alleged poisoning points strongly, in my opinion, to mental derangement. We have the extraordinary codicil to his will, and on top of that he imparts his suspicions—to three persons. I understand—under a strict pledge of secrecy—all the time, mark you, without taking any steps for his protection and without seeking medical assistance. If we are to accept the evidence of the valet as to his lordship's estimate of my abilities," added Dr. Smalley with some bitterness, "it may account for his omission to make me acquainted with his suspicions, but one would surely expect him to seek some advice."

"Will you allow me to say, Mr. Coroner," interposed Lester, "that Dr. Smalley's general deductions are such as most medical men will indorse. But Lord Arncliffe was one of the greatest authorities on poisons, and eminently qualified to deal with his own condition. I do not think there is the shadow of a doubt that he knew the nature of the poison from which he was suffering, whether it was self-administered or not, and that he was perfectly aware no earthly skill could avail him."

"Is there no antidote?"

"I know of none to arsenic, except the stomach pump," answered Lester, with decision. "When once a fatal dose has been absorbed into the system, the patient is doomed, and although certain drugs—magnesia, hydrated sesquioxide of iron, and the like—are often exhibited as a forlorn hope, I have never known them do any good."

Lester retired, with an apology for his interruption, and Dr. Smalley, rather ruffled at this fresh instance of what he considered the younger man's interference, continued his evidence.

"Are we to assume, Dr. Smalley, that you consider it probable Lord Arncliffe was responsible for his own death?"

"I consider it highly probable. We have just been reminded of his attainments as a toxicologist, and I think you will agree with me that such studies are highly dangerous to a layman. Even from the little I have seen of his laboratory, I should imagine it contains sufficient poisons to destroy countless thousands of people. He may have experimented upon himself with some newly discovered solution of arsenic. But his semi-mysterious references to an attempt upon his life certainly suggests the purposeless cunning of a deranged mind."

With this dignified pronouncement, Dr. Smalley stepped down, fairly well satisfied with himself, all things considered.

It was now the turn of Edith. As she moved forward to the witness-stand there was a little buzz of excitement.

CHAPTER VII.

Some Disquieting Revelations.

It was common knowledge that Lord Arncliffe had made her his heiress, and there are no conceivable circumstances under which a beautiful young woman with forty thousand a year is not an object of interest.

"Sweet young creature!" murmured women with marriageable sons.

"Peroxide of hydrogen, my dear!" whispered the mother of three hopeless daughters. "I expect her hair is nearly black at the roots."

Edith took her place with quiet dignity. Her cheeks remained colorless, and the fear that had come upon her when Simpson spoke of the conversation he had overheard still gripped her heart. But unconscious pride of blood still kept her head erect, freed her voice from tremor, and gave her courage to return, at least with her eyes, the smile of kindly encouragement which met her as she passed close to Lester.

"I believe, Miss Holt, you acted as private secretary to the late Lord Arncliffe?" was the first query.

"Yes."

"How long were you employed in that capacity?"

"In the full sense, only about four years, but I have assisted him with his papers ever since he undertook my guardianship ten years ago."

"Then I presume you became Lord Arncliffe's amanuensis merely as a matter of what may be termed family arrangement?"

"Not at all. I owed my later education to him, but I had my living to earn, and as I had some experience of his methods, he was good enough to engage me. Lord Arncliffe showed me unvarying kindness, and did not treat me as a servant; but he had strict ideas of business."

"You did not, then, regard yourself in the light of his heiress?"

"No. Such a thought never entered my mind. Lord Arncliffe had always impressed upon me that I must consider myself dependent on my own exertions."

"Now, Miss Holt, you have heard the evidence of the witness Simpson that you gave Lord Arncliffe his beef tea on the day of his death. It that correct?"

"Yes; and it is also correct that I went into the laboratory on my way back for a book Lord Arncliffe wanted."

"Was the beef tea ever out of your possession from the time the cook handed it to you until you brought it to Lord Arncliffe?"

"I am not sure. I could not find the book I was looking for, and I went to ask Lord Arncliffe where he had put it; but I cannot say whether I left the beef tea in the laboratory. If I did, it was not for more than a minute."

"Did Lord Arncliffe ever mention to you his belief that he was being poisoned?"

"Yes, several times within the last month. But his state of health was very low, and I really thought it was a delusion brought on by constant study of works dealing with toxicology. He seemed so positive, however, that I begged him to consult Dr. Smalley, but he said—he said——"

Edith hesitated in some confusion, and her pale lips parted into the ghost of a smile. Dr. Smalley, by some strange instinct conscious of impending calamity wiped the perspiration from his brow, while a ripple of laughter went round the room.

"Go on, Miss Holt, go on," said the Coroner, encouragingly.

"He said that—that he himself knew more about the subject than any doctor."

Smalley recovered his self-possession. The crisis had passed.

Miss Holt was obviously keeping something back, but the Coroner was merciful. "And, as he insisted that I should not speak of what he had told me, there was nothing more to be done," she added.

"But did you not think it your duty to take some steps in so serious a matter?"

"Lord Arncliffe would never have tolerated disobedience. Moreover, I did not regard it seriously. Had I done so I should of course, have disregarded his prohibition."

"Do you think Lord Arncliffe was a man to commit suicide?"

"No, most decidedly not. He regarded self destruction as a cowardly act under any circumstances. Nor do I imagine that he poisoned himself accidentally. He was always most scrupulously careful in handling poisons."

"Did anybody except Lord Arncliffe have access to the various poisons in his laboratory?"

"Only myself. All the drugs were kept under lock and key, and no servant, excepting Simpson, was allowed to enter the laboratory."

"But how came you to have access to all these poisons?"

Edith opened her eyes in astonishment. "I assisted Lord Arncliffe in his experiments," she explained. "I have done so for years. You must remember he was working for the good of humanity."

The girl saw nothing extraordinary in this, but in the eyes of the jury—hopelessly thick-headed, as coroner's juries often are—it made her a potential murderess at once. Perkins, the foreman, rubbed his hands. He intended to figure prominently in the public eye presently.

"I do not think we need trouble you any further, Miss Holt," said the Coroner. "I presume, gentlemen," to the jury, "you have no questions to ask the witness?"

"Oh, yes, we have, begging your pardon," broke in Perkins, offensively. "We should like to know what the young lady and the old gentleman was quarrelin' about afore his lordship died."

"I certainly was not quarreling with Lord Arncliffe, then or at any other time," said Edith, haughtily. She did not flinch, but it was patent that she was agitated to a far greater degree than the occasion seemed to warrant.

The Coroner saw that she was overwrought, and decided to give her some little time to recover herself. "Well, gentlemen," he said, "I think we had better adjourn for luncheon now. No doubt, when the court reassembles, Miss Holt will explain any doubtful points to your satisfaction."

Edith retired to a private room with Mr. and Mrs. Aingier. When the solicitor's wife gave her a sympathetic squeeze of the arm, she promptly burst into tears.

"There, there, my dear!" said Mrs. Aingier soothingly.

Probably none but a woman knows precisely what "There, there!" means, but the formula appears to have a mysterious efficiency.

"Don't cry, my child," entreated the old lawyer. "Confound it! What does that idiot of a juryman mean by bothering you with his absurd questions? Things are coming to a pretty pass if you are to be badgered on account of an eavesdropping servant."

(To be continued.)

System Requires Frequent Cleansing

Not only outside but inside as well your body must be frequently cleansed and purified. Otherwise it becomes loaded with wastes that clog up the wheels of health.

Much better to act in time. Use Dr. Hamilton's Pills, they strengthen and regulate the bowels, assist digestion, enrich the blood and thereby fortify the nerves and lay the foundation of lasting good health.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills bring vim and vitality so much so for today they infuse a feeling of freshness and spirit in those who have been ailing for years. Really no medicine so potent. Price 25 cts., at all dealers or by mail from N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., or Hartford, Conn., U. S. A.

Travellers Guide

TRAINS DEPART FROM ST. JOHN.

6.00 a. m.—Express for Pt. du Chene, Halifax, Sydney, etc.
6.25 a. m.—Express for Boston, Fredericton, Quebec, etc.
7.45 a. m.—Mixed for Moncton, etc.
9.25 a. m.—Suburban for Welsford, etc.
11.00 a. m.—Express for Pt. du Chene, Halifax, Quebec, Montreal. (Connections with Ocean Limited).
11.45 a. m.—Express for Pt. du Chene, Pictou and Halifax.
1.10 p. m.—Suburban for Welsford, etc.
1.15 p. m.—Suburban for Hampton, etc (Connections Hampton and St Martins, except Sat.)
5.05 p. m.—Suburban for Welsford, etc.
5.15 p. m.—Express for Sussex, etc. (Connects Hampton & St. Martins on Saturday.)
5.40 p. m.—Express for Montreal and coast Fredericton and St. Andrews.
5.55 p. m.—Express for Boston, etc.
6.10 p. m.—Express for Fredericton, etc.
6.15 p. m.—Suburban for Hampton, etc.
7.00 p. m.—Express for Quebec and Montreal, Pt. du Chene.
10.30 p. m.—Suburban for Welsford, etc.
11.25 p. m.—Express for Pictou, Halifax and Sydney.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

6.25 a. m.—Express from Sydney and Halifax, etc.
7.45 a. m.—Suburban from Hampton, etc.
7.50 a. m.—Suburban from Welsford, etc.
8.55 a. m.—Express from Fredericton, etc.
9.00 a. m.—Express from Sussex, etc. (Connects Hampton & St. Martins on Mondays).
10.40 a. m.—Express from Boston, etc.
11.20 a. m.—Express from Montreal, Fredericton, etc.
12.10 p. m.—Suburban from Welsford, etc.
12.50 p. m.—Express from Montreal, Quebec, Pt. du Chene, etc. (Connects Hampton and St. Martins, daily except Monday).
3.20 p. m.—Suburban from Welsford, etc.
3.30 p. m.—Suburban from Hampton, etc.
4.30 p. m.—Mixed from Moncton, etc.
5.00 p. m.—Express from Pt. du Chene and Moncton.
5.15 p. m.—Express from Halifax, Pictou, Campbellton. (Connects Ocean Limited, from Montreal.)
9.30 p. m.—Express from Moncton, etc.
10.00 p. m.—Suburban from Welsford, etc.
11.00 p. m.—Express from Boston, etc.
1.40 a. m.—(Sunday only) Express Sydney and Halifax, etc.

Trains on the New Brunswick Southern Railway leave west side daily for St. Stephen at 8.10 a. m., arriving at west side on return at 7.10 p. m.

RIVER STEAMERS.

DEPARTURES.

8.00 a. m.—May Queen leaves Indiantown for Chipman, Gagetown and Grand Lake points Wednesdays and Saturdays.
8.30 a. m.—Victoria or Majestic, for Fredericton and intermediate landings, daily, Sunday excepted.
9.00 a. m.—Hampton, for Hampton, Clifton, Kingston and Kennebecasis landings, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays.
10.00 a. m.—Crystal Stream, for Cole's Island, the Narrows and landings on the Washademoak, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.
12 noon—Champlain, for the Belleisle.
3.00 p. m.—Hampton, for Hampton, Mondays and Saturdays.
5.00 p. m.—Elaine, for Queenstown and intermediate landings, Saturday 5.00 p. m. for Gagetown.
5.30 p. m.—Majestic for Hampstead and intermediate landings, on Saturdays.
8.00 a. m.—Majestic, from Hampstead every Monday.
9.00 a. m.—Hampton, from Hampton.
10.00 a. m.—Elaine, from Wickham daily.
1.30 p. m.—Crystal Stream, from the Washademoak, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
2.30 p. m.—Champlain, from Belleisle, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
3.30 p. m.—Victoria or Majestic, from Fredericton daily.
4.00 p. m.—May Queen, from Chipman for Grand Lake points, Monday and Thursdays.

FERRY STEAMERS.

Ferry steamers cross the harbor from the foot of Princess street, east side, to Rothesay wharf, west side, every 20 minutes, commencing at 6 a. m., the last boat leaving the east side at 11.30 p. m. On Sundays the first trip is from the west side at 8 a. m. and the last trip from the east side at 11.10 p. m. On Saturday evenings only, boat leaves west side at 11.45 and St. John at 12.

The E. Ross, from Indiantown to Milford makes three trips an hour, daily (Sunday excepted), from 6.15 a. m., till 10 p. m. and Saturdays till 10.40 p. m. On Sunday from 8 a. m. till 9 p. m.

The Maggie Miller between Millidgeville, Summerville, Kennebecasis Island and Bayswater:—
Leaves Bayswater at 6.00, 7.30 and 10.30 a. m., and 2.45 and 5.15 p. m.
Leaves Summerville at 6.20, 7.45, and 10.45 a. m. and 3.00 and 5.30 p. m.
Leaves Millidgeville at 6.45 and 9.30 a. m. and 2.00, 4.00 and 6.0 p. m.
Boat will leave Millidgeville every Monday morning at 5.00 o'clock.

SATURDAY.

Leaves Bayswater at 5.30, 7.00 and 10.30 a. m., and 3.45, 5.45, and 7.45 p. m.
Leaves Summerville at 5.50, 7.20, and 10.45 a. m., and 4.00, 6.00 and 8.00 p. m.
Leaves Millidgeville at 6.15 and 9.30 a. m. and 3.00, 5.00 and 7.00 p. m.

SUNDAY.

Leaves Millidgeville at 9.00 and 10.30 a. m. and 2.30 and 6.15 p. m.
Leaves Bayswater at 9.45 and 11.15 a. m. and 5.00 and 7.00 p. m.
Leaves Summerville at 10.00 and 11.30 a. m. and 5.20 and 7.20 p. m.

Commencing July 1, steamers leave St. John at 8 a. m. on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays for Lubec, Eastport, Portland and Boston. For Boston direct on Tuesdays and Saturdays at 6.30 p. m.
Returning from Boston via. Portland, Eastport and Lubec, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 9 a. m. From Boston direct Mondays and Thursdays at 12 noon.

Steamer Prince Rupert for Digby leaves her wharf daily at 7.45 a. m., connections for Halifax and Yarmouth; returning arrives about 4.30 p. m.

Steamer Senlac sails Thursday evenings at 6 o'clock from Reid's Point wharf, for Yarmouth, Barrington, Shelburne, Rockport, Liverpool, Lunenburg and Halifax. She arrives in St. John Wednesday evenings at 6 o'clock.

Steamer Westport III. leaves Knox's wharf every Friday at 12 noon for Westport, Weymouth, Yarmouth, etc. She arrives in St. John Thursdays.

Steamer Aurora, for Grand Manan, Campobello, Eastport, etc., leaves Tuesdays at 10 a. m. and arrives Mondays at 2.30 p. m. at Merritt's wharf.

Steamer Granville, for Lower Granville, Annapolis, etc., leaves Tuesdays at 12 noon and arrives Mondays at I. C. R. pier.

Steamer Brunswick, for Spencer's Island, Canning, Wolfville, etc., leaves Tuesday evenings and arrives Mondays at Thorne's Wharf.

Steamer Beaver, for Harvey, Albert, Hillsboro, etc., leaves Thursdays and arrives Wednesdays at Thorne's wharf.

James Jack left Saturday for British Columbia.

Local Merchants and Manufacturers, Attention!

The McGowan Manufacturing Company is controlled solely by St. John capital. We solicit your patronage and support, because we are a local concern and for the reason that our devices are the very latest ideas and consequently more up-to-date than older firms are able to furnish.

Our prices are lower because the perfect simplicity of our system permits of a substantial saving in the cost of manufacture. We can deliver orders for Binders or printing without delay or restrictive conditions.

If you are using an old system and are dissatisfied, ask our representative to call and explain why the "Utopia" is the best Loose Leaf system for you to have.

Our work is all done in St. John, the money spent in wages here comes back to you in purchases from employees.

Patronize Home Industry and Keep Your Money Circulating Where it Will Do Your Business the Greatest Good.



The McGowan Utopia Ledger
Is a Perfect Ledger
CARD INDEX SYSTEMS and OFFICE SUPPLIES

—THE—
McGOWAN UTOPIA Loose Leaf Ledger

has few equals and no superiors. Has points found in no other loose leaf ledger now on the market, because it is the latest ledger made, and is an improvement on all other makes.

We are Makers of

Round Back Ledger Binders	Ledger Sheets
"C" Clamp Transfer Binders	Invoice Forms
Automatic Order Binders	Order Forms
Delinquent Current Binders	Shipping Forms
Loose Sheet Holders	Binders, and Printers of
Ring Books, Price Books	High Grade Goods only.

LOOSE LEAF DEVICES

are our specialty. Our Workmanship is the Best and our Prices are Reasonable

UTOPIA LOOSE LEAF DEVICES

for the office are money savers, because they save time and labor, thereby increase the efficiency of your help.

The McGowan Manufacturing Co.,

ST. JOHN.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

The

EVENING TIMES

"The Enterprising Paper."

Read this popular afternoon journal. It publishes all the news as, well as special features, from day to day to make it interesting reading.

25c. a Month

Brings this up-to-date paper to your door. You will crave the TIMES regularly once you become acquainted with it.

'Phone 705 TODAY and order THE TIMES sent direct to your home every afternoon.

All the local, Telegraphic, commercial and sporting news of the day.

Twelve pages on Saturday.

BETTER LINIMENT AND BETTER VALUE, DR. SCOTT'S WHITE LINIMENT, FOR Sprains, Strains, Bruises, Cuts, Burns, Rheumatism, etc. Large bottle 25 cents.